One Shot 2 Shot

Eminem

I told ya'll mothafuckas I was comin' back
(Oh shit)
What now nigga, what now?
(What are you doin'?)
What?
Proof, the projects, nigga
One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off
Security's gone I'm dropped in the club
And I'm tryna run and get my muthafuckin' gun
(Nigga, what about your wife?)
Nigga fuck my wife, I'm tryin' ta run and save my muthafuckin' life
Oh shit, the shooter's comin'
Bitches hollerin', niggas runnin', people shot all over the floor
And I'm tryin' ta make it to the St. Andrew's door
That's the sound of the glock
Even DJ House fucked around and got shot
I done messed around and forgot my tec
I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex
(Kuniva you awright)
These niggas is trippin'
(Where's Bizarre at?)
I'm tryna slip through the exit and get to where my car is at
Bitches screamin' everywhere and niggas is wildin'
Two minutes ago we was all jokin' and smilin'
This chick is clingin' onto me sobbin' and sighin'
Sayin' she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she cryin'
But it's real and it's on and cats is gettin' killed
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
And she got hit now she's yellin'
(Don't leave me)
I told her I'd be right back and the dumb bitch believed me
I squeezed through the back door and made my escape
I ran and got my 38, I hope it's not too late
One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off
(I been tryna call you all day, mothafucka, where you at?)

I'm on seven mile, what the fuck was that
Damn somebody hit me from the back
(With they car?)
With a gat nigga and my tire flat
And I just hit a pole, them niggas some hoes
(Is you hit?)
I don't know but I can tell you what they drove
It was a black Mitsubishi
(Shit, that's the clique we beefin' wit)
Man and I was on my way there
Believe me I'm leavin' a caucus today
I'ma park my car and walk the rest of the way
I'm in the mood to strut, my AK ain't even tucked
I'ma meet you at the club, we gon' fuck these hoes up
One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off
I never seen no shit like this is my life before
People are still camped out from the night before
Sleepin' outside the door waitin' in line
Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform
The fire marshalls know, the venue's too small
People are wall to wall, three thousand and some odd fans
And some cum-wad from out the parkin' lot
Gets in an argument over a parkin' spot
Decides to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off
Missed who he's aimin' for six feet away's the door
Into St. Andrew's hall, now the strays flyin' all over the place
Sprays one bitch in the face, another one of 'em came through the wall
Before anyone could even hear the first shot go off
I'm posted up at the bar havin' a mazel tov
Bullet wizzed right by my ear damn near shot it off
Thank God I'm alive, I gotta find Denaun
And where the fuck is Von, he usually tucks one on him
Wait a minute I think I just saw Bizarre
No, I guess not, what the fuck, oh my God it was
I never saw him run so fast in my life
Look at him haulin' ass, I think he left his wife
There she is on the ground bein' trampled
I go to grab her up by the damn hand but I can't pull her
Goddamn, there just went another damn bullet, I'm hit
My vest is barely able to handle it, it's too thin
If I get hit again I can't do it, I scoop deep
Follow Bizarre's path ran through it
And made it to the front door and collapsed on the steps

Looked up and I seen Swift shootin' it out
But I can't see who he's shootin' it out with
But Denaun's right behind him squeezin' his four fifth
One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off
It's Friday night came to this bitch, right
Big ass to my left and Desert Eagle to my right
I ain't come in this bitch to party, I came in this bitch to fight
Although I can't stay here to fight 'cuz I'm poppin' niggas tonight
That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge
Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryna check when I get in
Swift told me to meet him here so it's clear that the schmuck that
Shot out the back of his truck is up in this mothafucka
So one shot for the money, two's to stop the show
Third's for the bartender
(There's plenty of shots to go)
(I just wanna know who's drivin' a black Mitsubishi)
He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee wit a three piece
One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

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