

Shit on You

D12

I'll shit on you, da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you, da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you, da da, da da, da da
I'll shit on you, da da, da da, da da I'll shit on you! I will shit on you
I'll shit on you! Girl you know, its true
I'll shit on you! Bitch or man, its true
I'll shit on you! I will shit on you I remain fatter than gluttony
Tapin' bombs to the back of record companies
Blow 'em up if they ain't want me
The national guard, they scared to hunt me
I love beef, I got you hoes duckin' me
A drug thief, bitch I'll take your marijuana
These slugs with keep your ass away from my corner
I drown niggas in hundred degree saunas
You can act a fool if ya wanna (biatch!)
It's this lyrical piranha
Strapped wit a grenade, in the pool with ya mama
Attack her by the legs then I pull her to the bottom
Twist nothin' up like a condom
Slap it if you fuckers got a problem
When I see 'em, you hoes endin' up in a fuckin' mausoleum
Or hidden in the trunk of a black and gold BM
Pull in the garage while you screamin'
Keep the motor on then I'm leavin' (I'll shit on you!)
I'll shit on you! I will shit on you I don't care who you are
I'll shit on you!
I don't give a fuck about you or your car
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your wife, fuck your kids, fuck your family
I'll shit on you! I'm a alcoholic, with the fuckin' toilet
Pass the hot dogs (Bizarre aren't you Islamic?)
Bitch shut your fuckin' mouth
I'm a keep eatin' 'til Richard Simmons comes to my house
With a chain saw to cut me out (me out, me out!)
I'll fuck your wife, I had sex since I met her
Too busy fuckin' wit (your twelve year old) baby sitter (ha ha ha)
And all women ain't shit, only good for cookin', cleanin'

And sucking dick and that's it (I said it)
I was responsible for killin' John Candy
Got Jon Benet Ramsey in my '98 Camry
I don't give a fuck who you are
I'll shit on anybody; truly yours the idiotic Bizarre
My adolescent years weren't shit 'til what I do now
I never grew up I was born grown, and grew down
The older I get, the dumber the shit, I get in
The more ignorant, the incident is, I fit in
Ignorin' the shit how borin' it gets
When there's no one to hit
I don't know when to quit throwin' a fit
I know I'm a bit flaky but they make me
Its they who rapped me and say they can take me
Its they who legs I brake and make achy
Its they who mistake me and make me so angry
(I'll shit on you!) I'll spit on you
Start pissin' and do the opposite on you
You weren't listenin', I said I'll cop a squat on you
Start spillin' my guts like chicken cordon blew and
Straight shit like Notorious B.I.G. did to that bitch
On his skit on his last album
Pull my pants downward I will shit on you I don't care who you are
I'll shit on you!
I don't give a fuck about you or your car
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your wife, fuck your kids, fuck your family
I'll shit on you! Is Richard Pryor still alive?
If not I'm sicker than he was prior to him dyin' (what?)
Born brainless, this steel ain't stainless
Your bloodstains are all over this steel god dang-it
Bitch bring it, these niggas that I hang with
I hang you up naked by your ankles danglin' (ow, ow)
My need I stay stranglin, I don't need your help
If you gon' give me the pussy
I'll un-loosen my belt (I'll shit on you!)
I'm what your daddy's not, your mom's kinda cock
Your sister tends court, your aunt supply her rocks
Buck fifty cross your neck
Floss your teck, I'll beat you wit it across your chest
Yo it's only right I jack your car keys and run
Spent all of my advancements on weed and guns
For fun, when I'm drunk
I'll run a truck through the weed house
Jump out and beat ya peeps down worst than Steve Stout

Put you in choke holds I learned last week
From the Police man who caught me stealing weed from his jeep
(hey, hey, hey!) I see hoes biting, y'all don't wanna brawl
That's like D-Bo fightin' Peablo Bryson (I'll shit on you)
So what you hollerin' and yellin' about
I'll reach in your mouth and pull your fuckin' skeleton out
Niggas get hit wit a two piece; bling bling
Wit a poisonous sting, I'm such a violent thing I will shit on you I don't care who you are
I'll shit on you!
I don't give a fuck about you or your car
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch
I'll shit on you!
Fuck your wife, fuck your kids, fuck your family
I'll shit on you! Once I get on two, hits of X
My disk slips and disconnects
'til I walk around this bitch with a twisted neck
But still shit on the first bitch who disrespects
(C'mon, I'll shit on you!) Over reaction is my only reaction
Which only sets off a chain reaction
And puts five more zainiac than maniacs in action
A rat pack in black jackets who pack ten
Nine millimeters, five criminals pulling heaters
And spilling liters of blood like swimmin' pools
Shiesty individuals shoot at bitches too (*bullets spray*)
A lot of people say misogynistic which is true
I don't deny it matter of fact I stand by it
So please stand by it before we start up a damn riot
If you don't wanna get stampeded then stand quiet
Boy, girl, dog, woman, man, child (I'll shit on you!) I will shit on you I don't care who you are
I'll shit on you
I don't give a fuck about you or your car
I'll shit on you
Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch
I'll shit on you
I will fuck you wife if you fuck with me
I'll shit on you You heard me
Bitch, I'll shit on you
D-12 will shit on you
I'll shit on you Your life
Your wife
Your kids
Your car
I'll shit on you
Your house

Your spouse
Your rings
Your things
I'll shit on you
I'll shit on you
I'll shit on you
I'll shit on you

Songwriters

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ONDRE / PORTER, DENAUN / SMITH, LONNIEPublished by

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