

# Fight Music

## Cooli Hi

[Chorus: Eminem] This kinda music  
Use it and you get in to do shit  
Whenever you hear some shit  
And you can't refuse this  
Just some shit  
For these kids to trash their rooms with  
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit  
The type of shit  
That you don't have to ask who produced it  
You just know  
That's the new shit  
The type of shit that causes mass confusion  
And drastic movement of people acting stupid  
[Kon Artis] I come to every club with intention to do harm  
With a prosthetic arm  
And smelling like boon's farm (?)  
Hiding under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid Dee Dee Dees to steal from his own mom  
Kuniving Kon  
  
Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screaming  
"Let's get it on"  
A lust that love the drank  
Drunk driving a tank  
Rolling over a bank  
Cops see my and faint  
It's drastic  
And I'm passed my limit of coke  
I think I'll up my high by slitting your throat  
Push a baby carriage into the street  
Till it's minced meat  
Your mens been beat  
The minute I step foot on your street  
This is fight music!  
[Bizarre] You know why my hands are so numb? (No)  
'cause my grandmother sucked my dick  
And I didn't cum (Oh)  
Smacked this whore for talking crap (Bitch)

So what if she's handicapped (What?)  
The bitch said Bizarre couldn't rap

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