

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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