

# Boom!

## Scrufizzer

"Detroit listeners out there, you better be sure to stop by the  
Galaxy club where there's a freestyle superfly fresh contest going  
On tonight. if you got the skills you better get your hiphop ass  
On down here, cause we got dj clueless on the wheels of steel"  
(The fuck, fucks, trying to freestyle, oh, I'll be down there.  
Yeah, I got something for all these muthafuckas down there. yeah.)

[Esham]

Mortification is my next demonstration  
I'd ask you for a light pumping gas at the station  
Here's my situation: I hate many people  
So I hear no evil say no evil just like kanieval  
Leave you headless, bloody mess  
Like you was ridin a ducati  
Ladey dahdey  
Broke every bone in your body, I'm not sorry  
I'll probably murder you, voices tellin me do what he say  
"kill the dj! fuck what he play! mayday mayday!"  
Boom boom, blood's all over the room  
I fucked your bitch like a witch with the broom  
Dooms-day, murderers say,  
"all why'all must pay when the buck shots spray!"  
Who wants to challenge me?  
Grab the mic and bust your rap  
But then I'm a just go grab my strap and just commence to bustin caps  
Leaving bodies piled up in freestyle clubs. fuck!  
You better make room! boom like what!

[Chorus]

What? why'all make room when we show up boom boom boom  
What what? why'all make room when we show up boom boom boom

Killers run up in this bitch, start bustin off shots  
Hitting mirror balls, lazer lights, and people on the top  
I'm lookin for the dj 'cause he don't see it my way  
I'm 'bout to blow him out his headphones and spin some abk  
I'm like a molitove cocktail breaking on your wall  
I'm setting shit off, I'll blow your lid off, your body fall  
You don't need aluminol, I'm leavin blood everywhere

And I'm aiming for the head and hair of everybody there  
I'm like a grasshopper quick to jump, I'm spreading my wings  
You say the wicked shit'll die, I say you faggots seeing things  
And all you bitches know: I'm gangsta. don't ask me to dance  
I might straight panic, pull the gat, and blow your pussy out your pants  
It's the wicked shit. it's e and j. it's hotter than hell  
And every devil's night, we hunt them down and slaughter d12  
I take the moose gun and shot your butt and blow it out your back  
Turn and face the camera, "where your hatches at?"  
Throw em up why'all

[Chorus]

Make room  
Guess who coming in?  
Grab my gun again  
They told me he was one of them  
So I done him in  
A killer's on the hunt again  
Smoke my blunt again  
Fatality finished him, I won again  
Repentance, my vengeance, so I'm not sentenced a hundred years  
It's burning my ears, and blood is mixed with my tears, fears  
My styles gets rid of this, drive-by's and wheelchairs  
All you see is smoke in the air cause we don't care.

[Chorus]

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