

# Art Of War

## D12

[Proof]

Tired of niggas rapping the same  
Talking the same, ya, hah  
Living in the same place  
What style is Proof gonna do this time?  
Ya really wanna know, huh?  
What is he gonna do?  
You got niggas who said,  
"I'm out, I'm out the door this year"  
Fuck, all them niggas  
Fuck \*Einstein\*  
Nigga said me and Bizarre hate each other  
Fuck you  
Fuck Low Key  
Fuck that nigga  
Talking 'bout he battled me and beat me  
Fuck you  
And when I see you on the streets  
I'm in your grill  
Ya know what I'm saying?  
Listen  
By the age of aquarius  
My mind state was gugarious  
Various opponents whose stature was hilarious  
Like you  
Throwing fairy dust  
Then frowning hard on whack chorus  
Proof was on the scene before Nat Morris  
Cold as a black forest in these starving streets  
A garbage heap that was brought  
Stars could eat  
The nerve of haters  
Diss us perging gators  
So I spit venom at you through your serve in vegas  
The primitive fool again  
None can match that  
Blast at your rib cage  
Making your spine hatch back  
You lack fat tactics

And thoughts of Dexatrim  
Whippin' my dick out on nuns  
If they say sex is sin  
Next to Slim  
I'm Shady as a Tetris win  
Dirty Dozen solo are respected men  
Get known for craft  
Irritate me like infected skin  
The future ain't lookin' the same  
Like a neglected twin  
Some test the scary  
That's unnecessary  
To kill your crew, family, your friends  
Your tech can carry  
Knock your paws off sync  
Left you flat like a soft drink  
Got more styles than Diana Ross swing  
Zone like Rick James when he smoke crack  
You and Charli Baltimore  
Got something in common  
Y'all both whack  
Proof the king P-I-N  
If I ain't the best this year  
The motherfucker be my twin  
[Bizarre]  
Who's the bitch ass nigga  
That's mentioning my name?  
No one to blame  
I just cock back your name  
None of y'all bitch ass niggas wanna test  
'cause five minutes or less  
I'll be at your assets  
You're just a bitch  
And I wanna test you  
And the niggas you was with  
They already left you  
So duck down 'cause Bizarre Kid's comin' here  
Shootin' at you and your peers  
And cousins you ain't seen in years  
Hope you believe in God  
'cause nigga you better pray  
Pull your kids from the window  
And duck from this AK  
And already done called the Proof and Denaun  
And even if I want to

I can't change my nigga's lines  
'cause you on the shit list  
These bullets are relentless  
And ain't no way in hell that you avoidin' this  
Ain't no apologies  
Yo I see your number on my caller ID  
Bitch, stop callin' me  
Fuck the truce  
Nigga I pull the deuce deuce  
And my niggas go wild  
Like a bunch of rats that got loose  
I'm comin' for you nigga  
So hide behind your door  
'cause all my niggas believe in the Art Of War  
Chorus (x4)  
What you startin' for?  
Is you on for war?  
Trife assassins  
Bringing you the art of war  
[Kuniva]  
Straight wylin'  
Burying bodies right on top of each other  
So when somebody ask  
I just say you under the weather (Killer Eel)  
No matter what the problem  
Revolvers can solve 'em  
Keep a nigga breathless  
The tech whips regardless  
Heartless  
Walking you punks right to the edge of darkness  
We're way beyond that  
When I pull me out a cartridge  
I bank shots  
Wettin' up your white tank top  
While my nigga Bugz is stickin' up  
Your nearest gang spot  
Just another scarred liar retired  
We make niggas pass out like fliers  
Flossin' my teeth with barbed wire  
Leavin' a bloody mess  
Then harass kids  
And buy 'em a candy bar  
So they can tell me where you live  
[Kon Artist]  
Highly dangerous

Spraining my wrist  
Lickin' off this black tech  
With my eyes flossed bitch  
Look up the Art of War  
In the ghetto dictionary  
And see Bizarre holding your kids  
Hostage for their Crunch Berries  
My pump stay hot  
Coat stomachs like Malox  
Run away spots  
Setting it off with the guns that Dre got  
Ghetto sÃ©ance  
But ass backwards  
Fuck bringing you back to life  
Nigga we putting you in your caskets  
Running off with the mop like you got somethin'  
But in my mind I'm thinking  
Blast soon as I spot somethin'  
And when you fall  
I know damn well I done shot somethin'  
And I'm cleaning your brains  
Off my windshield for frontin'  
D-12 is  
Your local weed sellers  
Throwing pipe bombs in your church  
To kill your elders  
The men on bitches like tracks  
You notice these  
Banging clits and ovaries  
Till they drop the sheets  
Niggas'll die from these  
Blows we inflict  
You supposed to be in some shit  
'cause you the underdog bitch  
Chorus (x2)  
[Bugz]  
Bugz'll murder you  
In less than a word or two  
Bring the art of war to your door  
Call me Sonny Zoo  
Nigga don't be mad 'cause your broad is a trick  
Always dialing 976-need-a-dick (bitch)  
Niggas like you  
I'm known to smack, stab, and spit on  
Kick at, hit on, you hear me bitch? It's still on

Calling through my crib  
Like your bout it with your shouts  
Ain't you the same nigga  
Who was crying on his couch  
Apologize on site boy  
If you like your life boy  
(Yo Bugz, leave that nigga alone  
You know he just a white boy)  
Fuck that  
I smack him off the wheels  
And take his bleel  
Or bought a royal mope  
And destroy him with my steal  
You pussy ass  
How you figure it will linger  
Take your bitch on Jenny Jones  
Then beat your ass on Jerry Springer  
Don't fuck with it  
Or get your head split and mouth bruised  
That's a promise  
Fuck \*Hal Shoes\*  
Chorus 'till fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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