Fight Music

DJ Stylin

[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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