

## Str8 Outta Detroit

### Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Bitch, you can straight up eat a mothafuckin' dick! I'm lookin' at the mothafuckin' frontline. I see Violent J....Anybody Killa...and that mothafuckin' dead homie, BLAZE!! See, we represent a mothafuckin' hatchet on the daily. WORLD WIDE BABY!! But for this moment in time, we wanna give up props to D-Town (DETROIT!!!)

Straight outta Detroit, crazy mothafucka named Blaze  
Back from the dead, tell my story on the front page  
When I'm jackin'  
I got a Mack-10  
Squeeze the trigger off for criminals and axes  
Which wanna y'all's wanna fuck with me?  
The police are gonna have to come and get me  
We stompin' yo ass, bitch I ain't goin' out  
All you suckas, ain't nobody showin' out  
Niggas wanna set trip  
Try and talk shit  
Cold cock yo' ass and leave you with yo' wigsplit  
Goin' off on any bitch like that  
With a gat  
That's pointed at yo' dome!  
So give it up sucka  
I'm down with Anybody, "Drive-By, muthafucka!!"  
He's a murderer, best keep yo' distance  
Down with the Family, like Charles Manson  
Crook throwaway is a mothafuckin' tool  
Don't make me act a mothafuckin' fool  
Me and you can go, toe to toe, maybe  
On the corner, strapped, slangin' rocks daily  
And turned weekly, monthly, and yearly  
All the thugs in the hood represent me  
Cuz I'm down with a capital D-E-T  
Bitch, you can't fuck with me!  
When I'm in yo' neighborhood, you better duck  
Ya Dead Homie, still crazy as fuck  
Mashin' on you bitches, I think you get the point  
Eastside, mothafucka, comin' straight outta Detroit

"Yo, Anybody, tell em' where you from!"  
Straight outta Detroit, the name is Anybody Killa  
Every bitch I choke, yo, my rep gets bigga  
I'm a thug muthafucka, and you know this  
But you playa hatin' bitches better never ever show this  
I don't give a fuck, I make my cheese  
Middle finger in the air screamin' "Fuck the police!"  
Straight servin', we call a cop car, jack it  
Run your donuts, your guns, and your badges  
Shoot a muthafucka in a minute  
For some hood rat pussy and go up in it  
So if you at a show  
In the front row  
I'ma call you a bitch if yo' ass ain't a juggalo  
Bitches gettin' mad, bitches ain't shit  
Bitches and hoes can eat a muthafuckin' dick  
I'm a crazy muthafucka from the streets  
With them thug ass lyrics and them thug ass beats

Anybody controls the automatic  
So any punk muthafucka that start static  
With my dead homie, or by myself  
Everytime, I pull the AK off the shelf  
Security is maximum and that's a law  
K-I-double-L-A, I'm raw  
Bitch, I'm a muthafuckin' villan  
Stand in my way and you're witnessin' the killin'  
Creepin' up without a clue  
And once you in the scope, yo' ass is through  
So bitch, you better get a grip  
Cuz Anybody Killa's on a gangsta tip  
Straight outta Detroit!

"J is his name and the boy's comin'..."  
Straight outta Detroit!  
Is it nut that I'm cut  
Like whut?  
And make your sister eat butt  
Dangerous  
A thug claimin' Southwest  
I'll leave an axe hangin' outta yo' chest  
See I don't give a fuck, that's the problem  
I see a muthafuckin' cop, I'ma stop him  
Play it smart and ask for directions  
And then shank him in the fuckin' midsection  
To me, it's kinda funny, this Prozac  
I don't know where the fuck I'm goin' or where the fuck I'm at  
I'm just rollin', lookin' for some ecstasy  
So I can get high and fuck this bitch next to me  
Ruthless...is the label that's floppin'  
But the hatchetman be choppin'  
Cuz it really don't matter bout me  
It's all Anybody Killa and Blaze Ya Dead Homie  
Feel a little gust of wind and you're dead  
Cuz an axe just severed yo' head  
And what about the bitch that got shot?  
She gave me herpes so I shot her in the back  
This be an autobiography  
Of Blaze, he's dead and gone, but ain't lonely  
Dark Lotus will slaughter your mother  
And slap your brother  
Straight outta Detroit!

"Oh my God!"

"Oh my...Oh my God!"

"Oh my...Oh my God!"

"Oh my God!"