There's nothing, there's nothing There's nothing, no there's nothing Won't lose it, can't lose it There's nothing but this music (2x)

My mind is broke, too many lines of coke Open mind for beefin, no reason I'ma choke Time to quote somethin you never heard Pour my heart when I talk and spit it with every word We ain't playin no more, sayin no more No games no mourn, on the grind and we came for yours In a four-double, Billboard trouble This industry ain't ready for no more rebels Kill at will, with the will to kill Keep it real with steel, these pills'll feel Proof for poppin, they used to joggin I take out your block cause my future callin Don't confuse it y'all, I used to brawl (pop pop, pop) 'Til your producer fall Who's involved? They don't wanna do nothin Whoop style, I make 'em all move some'n Clap the mag up, back the gas up Leave 'em scrapped and smashed up, then wrapped in plastic Ask the hood, this the platinum classic Now quit the yackin bitch and pass the acid, c'mon

What they want right now is a nigga with nothin to lose
- Ohh nothin to lose
He got no shame in his game about the stuff that he do
- Ohh the stuff that he do right now
Jump off stage right now nigga start punchin a fool
- Ohh punchin a fool
Y'ALL BITCH, that's why we ain't fuckin witchu!
- We ain't fuckin witchu, no no

Hit the metal with devilistic tongues Just frontin for the ghetto kissin misfits to hum Along with red and yellow biscuits to munch Just think before you was never meant to come Forever rich and dumb, brawl out any day You heard Slim, we some all out "Renagades" To the end of days, put the scare away Who better than D12? That's a sin to say Can you follow this? Y'all swallow shit Of politics, I like the {?} wrist Taste the motherfuckin dust in this laced blunt Take the world with me fool nigga like Pacewon Ain't none ready slapbox for kicks Pack box to spit and smack cops with dick This is narcotics and dark knowledge that's symbolic Sin sonic demonic and my heart's rotted Make plans, on insanity sands I'm like damn, too much in me Incredible Man And I got a Grammy to chant in enemy land I'm bustin off on your block like Yosemity Sam

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Uhh, sittin in here with a blunt and a ice cube Plottin with Satan, to snatch guys light fuse Didn't like school, I never liked you I'm burnin Bibles while I'm sniffin on this white glue Fight, dudes, blacks to white fools Then act cocky, I'm Rocky, shit I might lose What I got it I'm bout it bout it, about it Lonely in life or see Christ without it Victory is meant to be Where my father has been has been a mystery But I don't give a fuck, I'ma live it up Gettin drunk, get in clubs and I'm sellin off prescription drugs And I miss you Bugz! I'm almost steady now Proof is here, the world ain't ready now If you gay you gay, you straight you straight You violate today in the mistake you make, hey Are you swallowin? Hey lil' finger pop Don't need a greasy college to see you drop Proof the king of bars hit the pretty coffin I'm like a sucker punch (why?) Cause I ain't seen it often Genius artist, so retarded Broken hearted, my soul's like a open target And I'm ready to leave Earth You step to my death next year on my T-shirt

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That Derty Harry, well well King Gordy, well well Dirty Dozen, WELL well Fat Killer, Fat Killer!