

D12, Pistol Pistol

[Bizarre]Yeah, welcome to Amityville

[Swifty]Detroit Nigga

[Bizarre]The reason why rappers gotta pack Pistols

[Swifty]Why is that?

Laughing

[Chorus: Eminem]

(Can't go nowhere without my gun)

Slick criminal with this shit I spit chews

(I walk the streets I got my gun)

Like a bullet came back that just missed then hit you

(I'm goin to sleep I got my gun)

I say the type of shit parents slit they wrist to

(Can't go nowhere without my gun)

need an anthem to amp you then this the shit to

(Can't go nowhere without my gun)

To many enemies on my list to sift through

(I walk the streets I got my gun)

Nobody got my back in this bitch but this tool

(I'm goin to sleep I got my gun)

Sorry officer I don't care how pissed I get you

(Don't go nowhere without my gun)

But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

[Swifty]

Nigga we violently active

So fuck with us

See I'm backwards

I slap niggaz and punch bitches

Just for askin

They must have been wanting to meet the lord

When my parents talked to me they got mean mugged and ignored

They was snoopin trough my closet

Seein drugs on the floor

Shells from the forty four scattered over they porch

Bussin pistols in your windows with intentions to destroy you

Tryin to break your neck to conversate

Bitch, I I do it for you

Catch me laughin at your funeral when they lower you

You and your hoe

You got's to go

Bitches died slow and horrible

There's no tomorrow fo any nigga

We'll shower you

We young strapped and powerful

And I ain't gotta lie to you

[Proof]

Stepped in the door wavin the fo fo

Blazin at popo

escapin and lay low

they call my tongue yayo

But I spit fire

I lit five inside a fuckin dickrider

The clip slider

Love to blast the mag

You a fag

You love bein ass to ass

Grab a gun by the nose with the but the gat spank ya

Never say that I'm a gangsta ([Swifty]: Now that's gangsta)

Y'all niggaz sound like Jigga but act like Pac

Yo my trigga got the flu and this gat might cough

It ain't nuttin to tell

Empty shells for the witness
I'm the hot nigga that's gonna put hell out of business
It won't be the same since we touchin the game
Make the hardest nigga in your crew
Tuck in this chain
Y'all think this shit's a game and I bluffin for fame
I squeeze of this tech until nothing remains

Chorus

[Kuniva]
he only time that I'm at peace is when I'm close to one
Cuz I don't know what's waitin for me when my vocals are done
Toke the gun
It's my way of life and it works
These cowardly niggaz'll put your fuckin life in the dirt
Cause it was wrong how they left my dawg he was priceless
Alone in the streets bleedin starin layin lifeless
That's why I'm heated
You never know who start creepin
Wakin you up with AK's while you lie sleepin
I'd rather pack the heat and not need it
Rather then need one and not have it
I married this glockmatic

Nowhere without my gun

[Kon Artist]
You know the sound when I'm spinnin rounds
Spittin these rounds from fo pounds
While the whole crowd is screamin this loud from they mouth
Is they possibly alive
Shooting and screaming
Nothing is parrallel to makin you carousel aerial somersault
Like fast wheels who will perish shells
Denaun carry the nine where I go
Bullets whistling hit you while I'm shootin at five-o's
So semi-auto...matic with statics to motto's
swingin like Columbine kids from Colorado

Chorus

[Bizarre]
This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock
It'll make Jehovah witnesses think b4 they knock (Sorry sorry)
It'll make your grandmother come out of her purse
It'll make Limp Bizkit get rid of Fred Durst
It'll make Holyfield start fighting
It'll make Ma\$e say fuck church and then go back to writin
It'll make Shyne say that he sounds like Biggie Smalls
It'll make R. Kelly give respect to Erron Hall
It'll make Christopher Reeves start walkin
It'll make a dog with no voice suddenly start barkin
It'll make a nun turn into a filthy slut
It'll make the hardest pitbull turn into a fuckin mutt
It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde
It'll make a redneck start to read the holy Koran
It'll make Ike stop beatin Tina
It'll make Slim Shady fall back in love with Christina

Chorus

[Eminem]Pistol Pistol
[Swiftly]Nigga, you better have aim
[Eminem]I ain't goin nowhere without my Pistol Pistol

[Swifty]Cuz if you don't you finished
[Swifty]Flat out
[Bizarre]Detroit
[Swifty]Nigga
[Bizarre]Detroit
[Eminem]I'm sorry
[Swifty]What?
[Eminem]Fuck it
[Bizarre]The fuck we stayin
[Swifty]Fuck around and get popped
[Swifty]With no hesitation
[Swifty]Straight up
[Bizarre]Look where the fuck we stay at
[Bizarre]Nigga what where the fuck we stay at
[Bizarre]Fuck around with us
[Bizarre]You get us popped
[Bizarre]You fuckin get us popped

Laughin