

Eminem, Bus A Rhyme (Feat. Missy Elliot)

[Missy] Slim Shady (4X)

[Eminem]

Well I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled
Pop the same shit that got Tupac killed
Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode
and punch a bitch in the nose, til her whole face explodes
There's three things I hate: girls, women and bitches
Smack bitches that walk up, and drop-kick midgets
Call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks awkward
Stick figure, with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg
Comin through the airport, sluggish, walkin on crutches
Hit a fuckin [*pregnant chick*] in her [*stomach*] with luggage
It's like a dream I can't snap out, I black out, and back out
Lookin for some other thug, to beat the crap out
I'm bringin you rap singers two middle fingers
I flip you off in French, then translate in English
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come back
speakin so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand it

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Eminem]

I had a huge attitude, started off staticky
Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically (one more time)
I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity
who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween following
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me
I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology
College girls, live in an alcoholic's world
full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls *flush*
Covered in throw-up, and I refuse to grow up
I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up (SHUT UP!)
I made this rap game suspenseful, cause now I got a impulse
to give you insults wrote with a pencil (bitch)
and waste the paper on you, choppin down the oakwood
Cause everything that you wrote in your notebook was no good
And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin
You motherfuckers are puttin your words together for nuttin

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah.. who?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Missy]

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want what you got is it hot? (Is it hot?)
Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want (yo) what you want (yo) ahh uhh yo
"A person from another planet might disagree with you"
"Well if you want my opinion, it comes from right here on Earth"

[Eminem]

Slim Shady.. Misdemeanor..

Timbaland.. Slim Shady..

Misdemeanor..

I'm homicidal, and suicidal with no friends
Holdin a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends
Sprayin tecs at you until you see your fuckin legs
with the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin next to you
(AHH!) Fuckin mad dog, foamin at the mouth
Fuck mouth, my whole house, is foamin at the couch
Jumped out of the 93rd floor of a building
and shot every window out on the way down to the ground (KEEP FILMING!)
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed, chopped em in half
Suffocated the oxygen mask
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the East and West beefin again
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire
[Missy]
Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track
Don't shoot Missy!!! Get back
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die
Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind!
I think somebody done pissed her off this time!
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and
uhh, you will have to clean up the mess (uh-huh)
It's rainin rainin and it's pourin loud
Never fear, cause pissy Missy's through the crowd
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow
Who shot me damnit? Bitch get down
Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile (uh-huh)
Lay em on down, like they lived underground (uh)
For the sound, that me and, Timbaland, we found
Get your ass, kicked later, or get your ass, kicked now
Uhh.. one-two
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady
Timbaland, motherfucker
Uhh uhh uhh
Cool, cool, cool
Triple zero