

# Eminem, Rush Ya Clique ( With Outsidaz )

{Pace Won}

Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?  
Outz in the area tearing things up  
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?  
Outz in the area tearing things up (Sing it with me!)  
Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?  
Outz in the area tearing things up  
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?  
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{Az-Izz}

Yo, I'm finally convinced my kindness and innocence  
Is a crime in a sense, climbing a fence  
Diagonally bent, dying in agony in a magically event  
Outz in a fear of family presents  
Capped in clak smoke, pack toast in a black coat  
To roast motherf\*\*kers, over lactose  
Stay skeed off laced weed  
I take cheese, and page trees in the Bricks  
Rolling box of Tracies

{Pace Won}

Call a go-go dancer  
Get up in that ass and wreck shop like colon cancer  
Hit it from the back, bitch can't hold her pants up  
Once for my cock, twice for my block,  
I got it locked like handcuffs  
Pacer got a razor, get you and your man cut  
Swing a blow you can't duck  
Throw up your hands, what?  
Nobody on earth could see Pacer  
I get your shit then peel off like Speed Racer

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{Slang Ton}

I hit you bastards raps fast as Janet Jackson's coochie  
Your raps is half mastered, mad average, wack bologna  
And if you ever wanna get a deal  
You should either OD off skill pills  
Or steal my reel-to-reel  
Most of y'all emcees ain't tight as y'all should be when  
I'm tighter than the jeans that show hoochie chicks' coochie prints  
Outsidaz, we hot as Hell's flames is  
And I'm Slang-iz, my tapes get pumped like twelve gauges

{Eminem}

I'm so weeded (How weeded are you?)  
I'm so weeded I can freestyle for sixteen bars (Ha ha ha)  
Right off the top, then go back to the top  
And then repeat it (Ha)  
Write it down on the paper  
And still be able to read it (Sorry)  
I can't read, but I still write to my pen pals (Uh, uh, dear)  
I can't fly, but I still float on cement clouds (Whee!)  
I can't see cause my eyes already been gouged out

I been down with the Outz for ten thousand years  
{Pace Won} So dunn, here?  
Some weird kids with piercings in more than one ear  
Lauryn, huh? Hill?  
{Pace won} There's more than one? I'lllllll  
What? You want me to stop? Here?

{Pace Won}  
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{Young Zee}  
Yea  
Your girl could suck my dick chewing Big Red  
Till she choke and scrape her wisdom tooth on my dick head  
Puff a tray bag, Outz never pay cabs  
Bust a A-rab, front on taking us up eighth Ave  
Yea, we all of the a volumes  
What be the outcome?  
We selling twenty million albums  
Ay your record, ain't nobody buy that  
You fell off, and had to take your five mic  
And push a Withe Ac, with a bike rack

{Axe}  
It's the A, the X, the E  
Why pay for ass, if I can sex for free?  
F' with we, what you expect to see  
Death's your destiny, when it's my time for rest in peace  
Bet they find my pistol next to me  
My dick is giving ecstasy  
Shit I say, spread like leprosy  
I'm on a quest to be, the best emcee  
Living recklessly, cock the weaponry  
Lay you on your back like Lei Wulong from Tekken 3  
Yo follow, never question me

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{Pace Won}  
C'mon yo  
Bust your lip, rush ya clique, what?  
Crush your chick, touch your trick, what?  
Snuff your bitch, crush your whip, what?  
Outz in the area tearing things up

Outworld baby