

Eminem, Scary Movies

[Em] Yo, Slim Shady!

[R5] Yo, Royce 5-9

[Em] Y'all wanna make a movie?

[R5] What..

[Em] We got the film right here

[Royce]

What?

Yeah I'm one of them pretty rappers

Buck if I really hafta, I really slap ya

King of Detroit who they namin the city after (what?)

Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the hard shit

Into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with

Experts, Bad and Evil is comin soon

MC's get stuck, head first back in they mother's womb

This shit is written, in my eyes I'm the illest MC spittin (what?)

Leavin all of you cats shittin kittens

I gotta diss you, my niggaz be cockin pistols

Shot and split you, fuck splittin the profits with you (what?)

Six percent, of y'all niggaz is just pretend

Clicks with clits, pussy niggaz stink with dicks (what?)

Niggaz act bully, and blast for the fast penny

My auto is fully, plenty of niggaz packin semi

Speak darts; yo you get paid? Rhymin about it is the sweet part

You can't be street smart with a cheap heart

Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feelin (what?)

I keep illin, my steez willin to keep killin (what?)

Fuck rap, a lot of y'all all is just acts

Trust that - you rhyme all wack on rough tracks

Bust and then we all black when you get bust back at

Fuck that, you get blast at, you get laughed at

And I'ma spit thunder (what?) stick to my guns

Niggaz is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit wonders

What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique stalls

I'ma pit bull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw (what?)

Split y'all, holla, "It's on!" Then I diss y'all

All of y'all niggaz get pissed on claimin you pissed off

[Eminem and Royce]

Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?

Rappers comin in with they team and carry toolies

You can jump right out of the screen and barely move me

We hard-hittin, directin and starrin in it

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[Eminem]

The one man on the planet that'll drive off of the Grand Canyon

Hop out of a Grand Am and land in it handstandin

Any man plannin to battle will get snatched out of his clothes

So fast it'll look like an invisible man standin

I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail

Bill Clinton, hit this, and you better inhale

Cause any MC that chooses to go against me

Is gettin takin advantage of like Monica Lewinsky (Leave me alone!)

Came home in a frenzy, pushin a ten speed

Screamin to Aunt Peg (AUNT PEG!!!!)

With three spokes stickin out of my pant leg

Fuck a headache, give me a migraine

Damnit I like pain (AHH!)

And you should be anywhere that I might gain

You rap knowin you wack

You act up and I'm throwin you down a flight of steps

Then I'm throwin you back up em

If they don't like the track, fuck em

The rap struck em harder then gettin hit by a Mack truck
And then backed up on
And any half-assed known rapper to trespass
Better be ready for the second Celebrity Deathmatch (Ding! Ding!)
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly (Hurry up man!)
I'm sicker than a Tupac dedication to Biggie
I'm free-fallin feet first out of a damn tree
To stampede your chest till you can't breathe
And when I'm down to my last breath
I'ma climb the Empire State Building and get to the last step
And still laugh half bent
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[Em] Bad.. the bad..
[R5] Uhh, when the bad meets the bad.. yo..
[Em] The evil
[R5] Take the evil with the evil
[Em] Put em together
[R5] What? Nine-nine
[Em] Two times.. Slim Shady.. Royce the Five Nine