

## Yeasayer

### "Shady 2.0 Cypher"

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[Eminem:]

Welcome to Detroit

This is the BET Shady 2.0 cypher 2011

Myself, Slaughterhouse and Yelawolf

[Yelawolf:]

Put these muthaf-ckas in a box and I send 'em away

Put em in a grade lac and pop the trunk

Hey throw em in the back, jack hi, dig 'em a grave

Put a brick inside that Xerox, when I print 'em a page

Moving keys I can't relate, cause I live in a cage

I throw up the A, I take 'em to school

I give em a grade

An easy E for effort

That's WWA, white with an attitude

Alphabet soup is on my plate

All I got is Z's they sleeping on me, I can't get 'em  
awake

I spoon feed them the sound in a room full of deceivers  
and clowns

Who believe they making it rain cause

All they see is the clouds

And I watch from the couch of the VIP like a potato with  
a bunch of

Meatheads like fuck it

I just feed em a cow

Plenty of white boys you can pick from this year

But before you can pick a pepper, you better pick up  
your heater

Cause even Peter Piper could pick up a mic but what it's  
like to pick a

Fight with me

It's like putting Nikes on a cheetah with a speedo or at  
least in my case

Addidas

I'm out this bitch drinking Sprite by the 2 liter

Holla, Shady records

[Joe Budden:]

Say I'm from the new school, I'm a say check ya tone  
and watch ya mouth

If they teaching how to dougie, I'm condoning dropping  
out  
Forced a while you birthed and gave me up  
I just perfected being hip hops foster child, now check  
it  
I don't blame y'all for being trash fans and copping it  
The radio's the crime scene the masses are the  
hostages  
In my youth I throw shots, the fan would dodging it  
I'm grown, I ain't watching the throne, I'm sabotaging it  
You see that four headed monster and the storm looms  
Snipe 'em from a distance, the scope got a long zoom  
You Super Mario thugs is in the wrong room  
Got a figure here you won't get bigger if you on  
shrooms  
If it Was left to me I would revive what the game be  
'bout  
I'da took the wine outta Amy's house  
Enough raps from you scrub cats about cockin a snub  
back  
Wayne couldn't teach me how to love that  
But I got this shit from uptown, she my summer bunny  
Both parents broke but she cum from money  
Think my bread is her paper to burn so I lock her out  
and now she doubt  
David is Stern  
She so bad I make her hit the telly from a taxi and dead  
her in that  
Holiday inn  
Learnt that from Max B  
That's why the haters empty condo on a semi lamas  
I made it right before the eyes like I was Beni hanas  
Is it me, or is it what I'm hearing is pitiful  
Airwaves the same now the stereo's typical  
My skin thick so the critics ignore  
So unafraid to die you think I did it before  
The boys Rodman with the trash talk  
Magic or Ward with the black ball the way I bounce off  
the asphalt with cat  
Paws  
Glass jaw, hoody and mask will be to blackfoot with no  
passport  
Body be found in the mansion in one of my trap doors  
If punks had awards ya status whore catagore  
Propbably that, Michael Rappaport and Kenny Lattimore  
I know hip hops alive and well  
If it died, you other crews wouldn't survive the smell

[Crooked I:]

I spot a victim, the plot'll thicken when the clock is  
ticken

I caught em slippin, I gotta give em a shot, I hit 'em with  
proper spittin  
Hottest writtens and compositions, so competitions a  
contradiction  
Somebody mentioned they got it crooked, highly  
fiction, we probably  
Different, got Gotti henchmen, opposition our body  
quick as Bugatti engines  
I'm on a mission to get rich, the sickest lyric kickin'  
diggin a dish for  
Different spittas  
We lyricists get disfigured, sip liquor  
Spit like a sick mixture  
Notorious Pun and L get the big picture  
The poster I'll roast ya, my mind so deadly it's just like  
the beanie is  
Close to a holster  
It's over control my whole coastal region like I'm  
supposed ta  
Flow is going postal even, open season  
Heart close to freezing, ruthless is easy  
Approach I'm squeezing, believe me  
Dopest west-coaster breathing  
So most ya'll hope I'm vegan, no pun, beefing  
Rappers need to keep it trill  
Give me a beat to kill too many people still eating  
sleeping pills  
People sleeping on my ether skills  
And ya'll ain't even real  
You 'bout to die in this cypher before you die you  
should do the Jada and  
Leave a Will  
Foreal

[Joeel Ortiz:]

Yaoowa [x2]

I ain't a rap dude, I'm a dude who rap  
Before this I was moving crack  
Killers y'all would come when y'all rhyme I salute and  
dap  
And if I blink then remove ya snaps, you ain't cool you  
wack  
With ya foolish yac? skinny jeans don't mean ya ass  
shoot

It means ya booty claps  
Don't play like Tyler Perry, this the Slaughterhouse of  
Pain  
Float brown, tight and heavy  
When it comes to sixteens I'm a fiend feinding a studio  
Near a needle with a mean lean, probably writing bars

to Nas' Thief's Theme

Getting my Yaowa on, may all these Olajuwons be the  
dream team

This is an all day slaughter they feindin for us to break  
like Beyonce's

Water

The four quarters doing all the eating and you gotta  
know why I made the

Cut, I'm Puerto Rican

Ortiz keep the fire ready

And tryna put me out's like tryna steal a transvestite  
from Eddie

[Royce Da 5'9":]

I'm do or die dope

And you can make the sticker sittin on the door

Of that phantom your suicide note

Hi Rihanna...

Is Nicki living with you? Let me know

So I can buy binoculars and telescopes

Hi Rihanna...

I don't need to know you better

You tell me you love my music again, we go together

Bye Rihanna...

Now back to y'all fools

We rock out like the outside of a guitar school

Thousand dollar frames, I prefer to see the world  
through

Don't ask me nothing bout Budden, I beat my girl too

You ask me why do I keep her? I say it's cheaper too

That's why I ride around in a rose like Wiz Khalifa do

Rappers, I'm your daddy, I tell you straight as this

You don't kill but your father will like jaden smith

I tell ya like I tell my Spanish chick

You fly but I ain't going down on no landin' strip

So get your wax on like Daniel-son

I'm a have to run like De La Hoya in drag when cameras  
come

Point out the greatest rapper alive I head shot 'em

Smack his girl on the butt and buy her some red bottom

Bring every deceased rapper back to see his wife

While I'm cyber sexing with Jessica Alba, via skype

I'm on my d-boy, d-bo thing

Spiritual steelo swing like cee-lo green

Get out the camera with yo B Roll bling

You know your flow is whack

We cornered the market like a walmart in a culdesac

Yeah, this what 2 million singles sold and a album  
that's gold

Look like, without having to sell your soul

Nickle

[Eminem:]

Lyrical, miracle, spiritual, individual criminal  
Subliminal, in your swimming pool

You 'bout to see peace destroyed  
It'll never be restored

When I unleash these beastly hoards on your CD stores  
Wanna stop it, you gon need a priest and at least three  
swords

A license to I'll from the Beastie Boys, 3 ouija boards  
And a squeegee and please be warned don't ask for  
the squeegees for

Or the holy water, acid rapper that'll eat these floors  
Eat a hole in the rhyme book, you see these horns?  
And as for me, you ask where I'm going will he be  
mourned?

Is puke luke warm? Should Casey Anthony do porn?  
Can that chick fit a newborn dead baby inside her  
freakin shoebox

With a shoehorn, smother in chloroform so she can go  
get her groove on?

Can she duct tape and Velcro a fetus? Joell yo,  
Tell Joe I need his empty box from his old shell toe  
adidas

So I can put these babies in the fetal position, they're  
getting elbows to

The penis

Yeah, big deal. I took some little kids big wheel  
And spit in his fricken big kids meal

Quit tryna bite me and pinch, you win sit still  
You just put your six inch heel through my Benz  
windshield?

Is it dust we bout to kick up?

Can Yelawolf fit a fifth of rum in a big cup?

Between a stick shift in his fricken pick up  
And drink like a hick, redneck, hillbilly will till he gets  
hiccups?

Flippin the script up like Mike Vick

Get bit in his junk by a pit, yup I'm a sick pup

I'd be a horrible magician

Cause I'd fuck that trick up

Fix ya lips up to say something fly, or zip up

A-B? Let's C. You said you were gonna do X-Y-Z

Till you fuck around and get dropped like an E

When you add an I-N-G

Don't put a K in front of that though, When I MC

Cause I'm not the king of this microphone booth

It's more like a phonebooth

Superman in this bitch, kryptonite won't do

It gives me more power, I bump the fat boys and

Eat rat poison, and take meteor showers  
Fresh outta the mental hospital and me not flossing a  
middle finger  
While I hop in a mosh pit, will be like Nas doing gospel  
or R&B, you crazy?  
Me pushing up daisies, that thought is impossible  
Is it flashing across the news, Posdnuos was caught  
with a prostitute  
With a huge Johnson, boobs, and a monstrous tube of  
lube  
And a bra, some boots, some panties, and an aqua  
blue Mazda  
Swallowing a popsicle, playing tonsil pool  
So kill the rumors it ain't happenin  
I'm a rap till I'm fossil fuel

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