

Yelowolf

"Shady 2.0 Cypher"

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[Eminem:]

Welcome to Detroit

This is the BET Shady 2.0 cypher 2011

Myself, Slaughterhouse and Yelowolf

[Yelowolf:]

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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