

Eminem f/ 50 Cent

"The Re-Up"

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[Eminem]

(Beatboxing) Yeah, we should do something like that...

[Hook - 50 Cent]

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!

Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up!

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!

Boom boom chuck, b-boom, Shady!

[Verse 1 - Eminem]

There's never been this, much of a menace in this
game as this

And it's the, most sinister duo in the business

Once again its the, illest and realest killas

The most villainous Dre protege, Shady apprentice

Drop them zeros and get with these heroes

Do you want losers or winners, This music is in us, and
it's

Not over 'till we say it's finished and G-Unit spinners

Will keep spinnin', this is Hip Hop when it's in it's

Truest form, the greatest, Hate us or love us

Make voodoo dolls of us and keep stickin' those pins in
us

Thick as his skin is or as short as his wick is

The trick is to be able to walk big as his dick is

And as sick as his music is, or was, still is

Whatever, forever, he will be the illest

To ever sh-shock the world, what to do next

He's already reconciled with his ex [reversed], a
chainsaw and an axe

Jump a bitch's desk, strangle her neck

While we have sex while Bill Clinton plays the sax

I sprays the vex, yeah bring Shady on back

The maniac of rap, devil baby on crack

Resurrect, I never left, baby I'm bad

I've gone mad, my comrade Dre-zy automatically

He says I'm too broke to fix, way beyond that

I may be off drugs, but it's made me off track

In fact, this right here very well could be the last rap

I ever do spit, I'll never do shit, that's that

Fuck it I quit, suck on a dick, jackass

I'm done with this wack ass rap, kiss my black ass!
(50 Cent!)

[Verse 2 - 50 Cent]

Nah, Em, tell 'em to kiss my black ass, the clean parts,
the shitty parts
My bullet wounds, my beauty marks, the Fif'll tell you're
ass apart!
A came in this game, crush a motherfuckers from tha
start
Shady paid me, Shady crazy, Fifty crazy rich, bitch
Different day, nothing change, it's the same shit, trick
Teflon wrapped on, case I get clapped on
D's searching the whip, glad I left the mac home
Still grindin', still shinin', nigga lord knows
You're rockin with the kid that spit sicka sick flows
I carried Game's style for nine months and gave birth
to it
Now I'm feeling like a proud father watching him do it
E'eryday Dre day, front and cause a maylay
Turn the town upside down wit a frown upside down
I smile through sumthin' fowl, and watch my money pile
I'm fuckin' with strict stacks, I'm kickin' you stripped
fats
I hit you with it, bag it, pump it, bring me mines right
back!

[Hook - 50 Cent] (Eminem)

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!
Boom boom chuck, Go 'head, funky funk up!
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!
Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up!
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!
Boom boom chuck, I hit yo' ass up!
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!
Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up! (Yeah!)
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!
Boom boom chuck, (It's the Re-Up!)
Shady, Shady...

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