

## **Eminem f/ Bobby Creekwater & Cashis**

### **"Crack A Bottle Remix"**

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Ooww Ladies and gentlemen  
The moment you've all been waiting for ..  
In this corner : weighing 175 pounds,  
with a record of 17 rapes, 400 assaults, and 4  
murders,  
the undisputed, most diabolic villain in the world :  
Slim Shady!

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitch3s hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got  
clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Whose got the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them  
and there's really not that many of us.  
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust.  
It's on till the break of dawn  
and we're starting this party from dusk

Ok â€¦ let's go

Back wit Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk  
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust  
Just one of my mothers sons who got thrown under the  
bus  
Kiss my butt. Lick the fumunda cheese from under my  
nuts  
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks  
Its a must I redeem my name n haters get mushed.  
Bitch3s lust. Man they love me when I lay in the cut.  
Fist the cup. The lady gave her eighty some paper cut.  
Now picture us. Its ridiculous you curse at the thought  
Cuz when I spit the verse the shit  
gets worse then worcestershire sauce  
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every  
time  
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes  
Its elementary. The elephants have entered the room.  
I venture to say we're the center of attention its true  
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the

signal

Of the bat symbol. The platinum trio's back on you  
hoes.

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle.

Don't act like a snobby model.

You just hit the lotto.

O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe .

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got  
clothes

Now wheres the rubbers? Whose got the rubbers?

I noticed there's so many of them

and there's really not that many of us.

Ladies love us, my posses kicking up dust.

Its on till the break of dawn and were starting this party  
from dusk.

Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre

They see that low rider go by they're, like Oh my!

You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why.

I dip through in that six Trey like sick em Dre.

I'm an itch that they cant scratch, they sick of me.

But hey, what else can I say? I love LA.

Cuz over and above all, its just another day

And this one begins where the last one ends.

Pick up where we left off and get smashed again.

I'll be dammed, just fucked around and crashed my  
Benz.

Driving around with a smashed front end

Lets cash that one in.

Grab another one from out the stable

The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado

The hell if I know.

Do I want leather seats or vinyl?

Decisions, decisions

Garage looks like Precision Collision.

Or Maaco beats quake like Waco

Just keep the bass low speakers away from your face  
though

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle.

Don't act like a snobby model .

You just hit the lotto.

O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe .

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got  
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Ladies love us, my posses kicking up dust.

Its on till the break of dawn and were starting this party  
from dusk.

And I take great pleasure in introducing: 50 Cent

It's bottle after bottle  
The money ain't a thang when you party with me  
Its what we into its simple  
We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe  
I'm the napalm the bomb the don i'm King Kong  
Get rolled on wrapped up and reigned on  
I'm so calm through Vietnam ring the alarm  
Bring the shaun dawn burn marajauan do what you  
want  
Nigga on and on till the break of what  
Get the paper man i'm caking you know i don't give a  
fuck  
I spend it like it don't mean nothing  
Blow it like its supposed to be blown  
Motherfucker i'm grown  
I stunt i style i flash the shit  
I gets what the fuck i want so what I trick  
Fat ass burgundy bags classy shit Jimmy Cho shoes  
I say move a bitch move

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle.  
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