

Eminem

"0 Boys (feat. Joe Budden, Joell Ortiz, Royce Da 5'9", Sla"

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Oh
Told you

(Royce da 5'9')

Ryan's a homicidal misfit
I write the solution to biophysics
On the side of a cliff in some hieroglyphics
This my admission to having violent psychotic
Quick devour polish it, politics
By the way I'm higher than the Eiffel Tower tip
I like writin',
but I will stick this pencil in your ass before I bite your
shit
Pause, inhalin' hella kush
Us and Yelawolf like a heavy foot gas pedal push
Felons, crooks, goin' door-to-door like we sellin' books
Dolly Parton style, melons mushed
Now my bitch a dancer, I'm 'bout as sick as cancer
If you could swallow my style, you'd prob'ly rip your
pants off
If you could bottle my style and sell it to somebody
It prob'ly'll smell like cologne made out of bits of
panther
They call me Anchorman, I hold down the ship
Leave you niggas floatin' in water, then go and drown a
fish
Fuck, I'm fuckin' heinous, I make you fuckin' famous
Them lead showers is comin', fuck is you sayin'?

(Eminem)

Fuck, it's fuckin' rainin'! Shit, there's lightning!
Bitch, it's thunderin', 'cause I'm hustlin' up a storm if
you wonderin'
Shit (Shit), you couldn't muster up enough thought
To take a dump during a brain fart, jump if you want
Urine in your face, all you had to do was say
That you wish you would've just stayed pissed off in the
first place
We came to monopolize the game, Illuminati is here

Yeah, human oddities, at odds with us, your squad's
gotta be
'Cause we started out cold in a snowball, we froze
Soon as we rolled up on these hoes, all's we know
Is y'all lowered like bar like limbo, you know who you
are
So quit fuckin' the dog 'fore we start callin' you bizarre
Shit, screw the pooch? Y'all done raped a pit bull
Fell in love with the shih-tzu, this missile's directed
directly at you
And this for these hoes who don't know me from a can
of paint
You must be huffin', fuck a ballsack, if the taints cain't
Take you on a date, you mistake me for a gentleman
You 2000 and late, man, and Will I ain't, I'm the bad
guy
Type of guy that'll drag five girls up on stage
Pour ice in their pants, and the first one who pees gets
a black eye

(Eminem)

Must be outta your mind, you think you fuckin' with us
Suck on these nuts, bitch, hang it up, this game is over

(Joell Ortiz)

Puffin' loosies, watchin' I Love Lucy with Gary Busey
(Crazy!) How the fuck could you son me? (I'm Shady!)
Will there ever come a day when they could slay me?
I don't know, fifth month, black and yellow insect,
maybe
'Til then I kill the bad man tryna slay me
Everything you kick weak, your spit kung fugazi (Hi-ya!)
All my homeboys, 2.0 Boys
Nickle, I just picked up a Phantom, look how it rolls,
Royce!
Even if I wanted to quit, I ain't got no choice
Verses keep comin', I should invoice my own voice
You should see the kind of asses that my pole hoist
Hoes be like diamonds in your chain, man, so moist
Bang bang, bang bang, House Gang, chainsaw
Here to kill you pussies, don't ask what we came for
I write 'til my right arm veins sore
Forearm feel like Thor's arm in a gang war
You hear that (YAOWA), you know who finna file out
Definitively finish you, my fist stick out that eyeball
Piranha mentality wit' a Jaws bite all night
Comin' up, never saw light, but never lost sight

(Joe Budden)

Jets and movers, cesspoolers, meth abusers
You step to us, text Rugers to respect the shooters
My men think in sync, roll with the best crew
Move to the beat of the same drum without Lex Luger
Welcome to Nayhood, big in the 'jects, G
Cheated death multiple times without riggin' the deck
So I'm well-prepped if you just want war
There'll be blood everywhere, you be layin' on the
Louboutin floor
It's raw, you keepin' actin' like you don't know Mouse,
nigga
And you gon' need the best doctors, House, nigga
Guard your jewels and avoid large tools
'Cause after I spill you at the light, you be in a car pool
Keep your distance from idiots, 'cause the truth told
They food for thought's rotten, they gems are fool's
gold
Need results from my actions, mistakes I'll exonerate
I'm Martin King starin' at a picture of Obama's face
Talkin' funds, niggas ain't never seen stock
I don't need the key to the game, I pick a mean lock

Must be outta your mind, you think you fuckin' with us
Suck on these nuts, bitch, hang it up, this game is over

(Crooked I)

Takeoff

You invited inside of the mind of a psychotic rhymer
I'm kind of a (Dahmer!), I'm grindin' up rappers
I'm linin' up jackers, I'm climbin' up ladders
I buy enough clappers to retire you factors, fire at
drama
You liars and actors, I'm the genuine article
But read me wrong, get my gun and split you to
particles
(The gold hand) Tell me when and I'm there
Not only heir to the throne, but my chair is suspended
in air
Stay fly like a limited fare
You got us pegged wrong, my circle don't fit in with
squares
I smell shit and piss, know where it's comin' from
You stepped on number two just to be number one
Now I'ma step on you, bring it to yo' yard
Bogart for arts, we go hard
You frauds just blow hard like broads, I coast guard the
west
I'm Mozart, I compose dark shit with no heart

(Yelawolf)

I got no Jim Beam in the liver
Gettin' head like clean clippers,
wit' haters on my dick like a jeans zipper
When I throw up 16s like I drink liquor
You think you seen sick? Well, bitch, you ain't seen
sicker
Then I'll crack, and then I'll hop around in a hospital
gown
Poppin' the trunk, my pumper stay cockin' the round
I shit logs and I piss river brown
'Cause I drink creek water and spit the river Nile
And that's as close as I get to a pyramid
Shit, they think I'm Illuminati, so fuckin' ignorant
Sick with a grin, here with this pen, so innocent
But when you win, they say you a sin, but in the end
They jump on the bandwagon and dance to the band
playin'
Skinny-ass pants saggin', it's only yourself you playin'
Call me a clown, but you love where the clown's hangin'
And the freakshow's at the county carnival, then you
payin'
Bitch, I'm on a trapeze with no legs in the dark
Yellin' "Go Shady!" Drivin' slower than an old lady
In an old '89, no piece if you pay me
Gimme peace sign on my grill, no Mercedes
I'm gettin' paid for these shows that I throw lately
Same shows a year ago woulda broken most of you
crazies
They call me crazy 'cause I made it
Bitch, you crazy 'cause you quit, look at my clique
lately
You ain't fuckin' wit' Budden, you ain't got no choice
with Royce
You don't wanna see the Crooked I, well, listen to Ortiz
voice
That dirt road hit the 8 Mile, the Point-Oh Boys
And if Marshall want me to clap, then, homie, I deploy
Game over

(Eminem)

(Yo, I don't think they heard you, tell 'em again)

Game over

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