

# Eminem

## "2.0 Boys"

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[Royce Da 5'9']

Ryan's a homicidal misfit  
I write the solution of biophysics  
On the side of a cliff and some hieroglyphics  
This my admission to having violence psychotic  
With the vile polish politics by the way I'm higher than  
the Eiffel tower tip  
I like writing but I will stick this pencil in your ass before  
I bite ya shit  
Pause, inhale hell n kush, us and Yealwolf like a heavy  
foot gas pedal push  
Felon's, crooks, going door to door like he's selling  
books, Dolly Parton style, melons mush  
Now my bitch dancer, I'm bout as sick as cancer  
If you could swallow my style, you probably rip ya pants  
off  
If you could bottle my style and sell it to somebody  
It'd probably smell like cologne made out of bits of  
panther  
They call me anchor man, I'll hold down the ship  
Leave you n-ggas floating in water and go and drown a  
fish  
F-ck I'm f-cking heinous, I'll make you f-cking famous  
Them lead showers is coming, f-ck is you sayin'

[Eminem]

F-ck, it's f-cking raining, shit, it's lightening  
Bitch, its thundering, cause I'm hushing up I'm a storm  
if you wonderin'  
Shit, you could muster up a thought, to take a toter?  
and a brain fart  
Want urine in your face, all you had to do was say it  
You wish you woulda just stayed pissed off in the first  
place  
We came to monopolise the game  
Illuminati is here, yeah, human oddities  
at odds with us, just whats gotta be  
Cause we started out cold and it snowballed  
We froze, soon as we rolled up on these hoes  
All's we know is you over the bar like Limbo/ Limbaugh  
You know who you are  
So quit f-cking the dark before we start callin' you

bizaare  
Shit screw the boots, ya'll dun raped a pitbull  
Fell in love with Shih-tzu  
This is directed directly at you  
And as for these hoes who don't know me from a can  
of paint  
You must be huffin', f-ck a ballsack if the taints can't  
take you on a date  
You mistake me for a gentleman, your 2000 and late  
man, Will-I-aint  
I'm the bad guy, type of guy that will drag 5 girls up on  
stage  
Pour ice in their pants and the first one who pee's gets  
a black eye

[Hook - Eminem]  
You must be outta ya mind  
You think you f-cking with us  
Suck on these nuts  
Bitch hang it up, this game is over

[Joell Ortiz]  
Puffing loosies, watching I Love Lucy with Gary Busey  
Crazy, how the f-ck 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 speak kung fu yazy  
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 coming, 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 p-ssy's, don't ask what we came for  
I write til my right arm vein's 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 with a jaws bite all night  
Coming up, never saw light, but never lost sight

[Joe Budden]  
Jets and movers, cess-poolers, 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 nay hood, bigger than 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 laying on the  
Louboutin floor  
It's raw, you keep acting like you don't know Mouse, n-  
gga  
And you gon' need the best doctors, house n-gga  
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 staring at a picture of Obama's face  
Talking funds, n-ggas ain't never seen stock  
I don't need the key to the game, I pick a mean lock

[Hook - Eminem]

You must be outta ya mind  
You think you f-cking 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 grinding  
Now rappers are lining up jackers, I'm climbing 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, particles  
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 coming 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

Getting head like clean clippers, with haters on my dick  
like a jeans zipper  
When I throw up 16?s 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  
Popping the trunk, my pumper stay cocking 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 f-ckin' 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  
playing  
Skinny-ass pants sagging, it's only yourself you playing  
Call me a clown, but you love where the clown's  
hanging  
And the freakshow's at the county carnival then you  
pay  
Bitch, I'm on a trapeze with no legs in the dark  
Yelling "Go Shady" driving 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 getting 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 f-cking 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 porno 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

[Yelawolf]

Game over

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