

Eminem

"BET Shady 2.0 Cypher"

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[Eminem]

Welcome to Detroit

This is the BET Shady 2.0 Cypher 2011

Myself, Slaughterhouse and Yelawolf

White dog, get em!

[Yelawolf]

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 f*ck it

I just feed em a cow

Plenty of white boys to 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 might drink this Sprite by the 2 liter

Holler, Shady records

[Joe Budden]

Say I'm from the new school, I'ma 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
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 cocking 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 comes for 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
Then dead her in that holiday inn
Learnt that from Max B
That's why the haters of every kind wanna send me
Llamas
I made it right before the eyes like I was Benihanas
Is it me? Or is what I'm hearing just 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 walk with the black ball way I bounce off the
asphalt with cat paws
Glass jaw, hoody and mask would be the black folk with
no passport
Body be found in the mansion in one of my trap doors
If pumps had awards ya status whore category
Probably be that if awards were Michael Rappaport and
Kenny Lattimore
I know hip hops alive and well
If it died, you other crews wouldn't survive the smell

(Ladies & Gentlemen... you're scared now)
(Make that face at 'em dawg)
(Crooked I.. get 'em)

[Crooked I]

I spot a victim, the plot'll thicken when the clock is
tickin'

I caught em slippin', I gotta give em a shot,
I hit em with proper spittin'
Hottest writtens and compositions, so competition's 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 richer,
The sickest lyric kicker diggin' a ditch for different
spitters
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 to
Flow is going postal evening, open season
Heart close to freezing, ruthless is easy
Approach I'm squeezing, believe me
Dope as Westcoast is breathing
So most y'all 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 y'all ain't even real
We about to die in this cypher
Before you die you should do the Jada and leave a Will
Foreal

[Joeel Ortiz]

Yaoowa

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's? 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 sixteen's I'm a fiend feinding a studio
Near a needle with a mean lean, probably writing bars
that (?)
Getting my Yaoowa on, may all the Olajuwon's 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 to
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 hairy shit
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 red dot '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 cul-de-sac
Yeah, this what 2 million singles sold and a album that's gold
Look like, without having to sell your soul
Nickle

[Eminem]
Wait, can I rap?

(You da Boss, you better get 'em)

Ayo... lyrical miracle spiritual individual criminal
subliminal
In your swimmin' pool

(Boo.. come on man, get back on.. kick that shit)

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 ill 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 when I'm gone "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 f*ck 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 f*ck 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 b*tch, 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 a aqua blue
Monster
Swallowing a popsicle, playing tonsil pool
So kill the rumors it ain't happenin'
I'ma rap till I'm fossil fuel

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