

Eminem

"Bitch Please LI"

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Yeah, whatup Detroit?
Nu-uh, nu-uh nuh, no he didn't
Ahh, they didn't do it again
What-what, what?

Did you shit on these niggaz two times Dr. Dre?
Oh, fo' sho', uh-uh, naw, ya smell that?
This is special right here, what-what, what-what?

Yeah, it's a toast to the boogie, baby
Uhh, to the boogie-oogie-oogie
Yeah, y'know, what's crackin' Dre?

Just let me lay back and kick some mo' simplistic pimp
shit
On slim's shit and start riots like Limp Bizkit
Throw on 'Guilty Conscience' at concerts
And watch mosh pits 'til motherfuckers knock each
other unconscious

Some of these crowds that Slim draws
Is rowdy as Crenshaw Boulevard when it's packed and
fulla cars
Some of these crowds me and Snoop Draw is niggaz
from Crenshaw
From Long Beach to South Central

Whoa, not these niggaz again
These grown-ass ignorant men with hair-triggers again
You and what army could harm me?
D R E and Shady with Doggy from Long Beach

They came a long way to makin' these songs play
It'll be a wrong move to stare at me the wrong way
I got a long uz' and I carry it all day
Sometimes it's like a nightmare just bein' Andre
But I

Somehow, someway, hello, nigga
You know about Dogg-ay
Now, let me cut these niggaz up and show 'em
Where da fuck I'm comin' from

I get the party crackin' from the shit that I be spittin' son

Hit-and-run, get it done, get the funds, split and run
Got about fifty guns and I love all of 'em the same
Bang, bang, damn, baby girl what's your name?
I forgot

What'd you say it was? Damn a nigga buzzed
Hangin' in the club with my nephew Eminem
Whattup cuz? The great white American hope
Done hooked up with the king of the motherfuckin'
West coast
Bay-bayy

And you don't really wanna fuck, with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the Devil, they always wanna dance

I'm the head nigga in charge, I'm watchin' you move
You're found dead in your garage with ten o'clock news
coverage
Gotta love it 'cause I expose the facade
Your little lungs is too small to hotbox with god

All jokes aside, come bounce with us
Standin' over you with a twelve gage, about to bust
It's like ashes to ashes and dust to dust
I might leave in the bodybag but never in cuffs

So who do you trust? They just not rugged enough
When things get rough I'm in the club shootin' with puff
Bitch, please, you must have a mental disease
Assume the position and get back down on your knees,
c'mon

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Aww naww, big Slim Dogg
Eighty pound balls, dick six inch long
Back up in the heezy bay-bay
He's Shady, he's so crazy

Gimme the mic, let me recite, 'til to Timothy White
Pickets outside the interscope offices every night
What if he's right? I'm just a criminal, makin' a living
Off of the world's misery

What in the world gives me the right
To say what I like and walk around flippin' the bird
Livin the urban life like a white kid from the 'burbs
Dreamin' at night of screamin' at Mom, schemin' to
leave
Run away from home and grow to be as evil as me

I just want you all to notice me and people to see
That somewhere deep down, there's a decent human
being in me
It just can't be found, so the reason you've been seeing
this me
Is 'cause this is me now, the recent dude who's being
this mean

So, when you see me dressin' up like a nerd on TV
Or heard the CD usin' the fag word so freely
It's just me being me, here want me to tone it down?
Suck my fuckin' dick, you faggot, you happy now? Look
here

I start some trouble everywhere that I go
Ask the bouncers in the club 'cause they know
I start some shit they throw me out the back do'
Come back and shoot the club up with a fo'-fo'

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2001 and forever, Slim Shady, Dr. Dre
Snoop Dogg, X to the Z, Nate Dogg
C'mon, yeah

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