

Eminem

"Bitch Please Part II"

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Yeah, whattup Detroit? Nu uh, nu uh, nuh, no, he didn't
Ahh! they didn't do it again
What 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 what?
Yeah, its a toast to the boogie baby, uhh, to the boogie
oogie oogie
Yeah, yknow! What's crackin' Dre?

Just let me lay back and kick some mo simplistic pimp
shit
On slims shit and start riots like Limp Bizkit
Throw on guilty conscience at concerts
And watch moshpits 'til motherfuckers knock each
other unconscious

Some of these crowds that slim draws
Is rowdy as Crenshaw Boulevard when its 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

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 its like a nightmare, just bein' Andre
But I

Somehow, someway, tell 'em, 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, whats 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 bay!

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 gauge, about to bust
Its like ashes to ashes and dust to dust
I might leave in the body bag, 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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Aw naw, big Slim Dogg
Eighty pound balls, dick six inch long
Back up, in the, heezy bay bay
He's sha-day, he's so cra-zay!

Hahaha! gimme the mic, let me recite, 'til Timothy
White
Pickets outside the inter scope offices every night
What if he's right? I'm just a criminal, makin' a living
Off of the worlds 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, theres 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
Its just me being me, here want me to tone it down?
Suck my fuckin' dick, you fagot, you happy now? Look
here

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