

## Eminem

### "Bus A Rhyme Feat Missy Elliot"

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Missy] Slim Shady (4X)

[Eminem]

Well I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled  
Pop the same shit that got Tupac killed  
Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode  
and punch a bitch in the nose, til her whole face  
explodes  
There's three things I hate: girls, women and bitches  
Smack bitches that walk up, and drop-kick midgets  
Call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks awkward  
Stick figure, with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg  
Comin through the airport, sluggish, walkin on crutches  
Hit a fuckin [\*pregnant chick\*] in her [\*stomach\*] with  
luggage  
It's like a dream I can't snap out, I black out, and back  
out  
Lookin for some other thug, to beat the crap out  
I'm bringin you rap singers two middle fingers  
I flip you off in French, then translate in English  
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come  
back  
speakin so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand it

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady  
[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim  
motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady  
[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Eminem]

I had a huge attitude, started off staticky  
Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically (one  
more time)  
I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity  
who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween  
following  
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me

I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology  
College girls, live in an alcoholic's world  
full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls  
\*flush\*  
Covered in throw-up, and I refuse to grow up  
I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up (SHUT  
UP!)  
I made this rap game suspenseful, cause now I got a  
impulse  
to give you insults wrote with a pencil (bitch)  
and waste the paper on you, choppin down the  
oakwood  
Cause everything that you wrote in your notebook was  
no good  
And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin  
You motherfuckers are puttin your words together for  
nuttin

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim  
motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah.. who?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Missy]

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors  
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas  
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily  
What you want what you got is it hot? (Is it hot?)

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors  
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas  
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily  
What you want (yo) what you want (yo) ahh uhh yo

"A person from another planet might disagree with  
you"

"Well if you want my opinion, it comes from right here  
on Earth"

[Eminem]

Slim Shady.. Misdemeanor..

Timbaland.. Slim Shady..

Misdemeanor..

I'm homicidal, and suicidal with no friends  
Holdin a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends  
Sprayin tecs at you until you see your fuckin legs

with the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin next to  
you  
(AHH!) Fuckin mad dog, foamin at the mouth  
Fuck mouth, my whole house, is foamin at the couch  
Jumped out of the 93rd floor of a building  
and shot every window out on the way down to the  
ground (KEEP FILMING!)  
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed,  
chopped em in half  
Suffocated the oxygen mask  
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the East and West  
beefin again  
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire

[Missy]

Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track  
Don't shoot Missy!!! Get back  
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line  
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die  
Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind!  
I think somebody done pissed her off this time!  
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and  
uhh, you will have to clean up the mess (uh-huh)  
It's rainin rainin and it's pourin loud  
Never fear, cause pissy Missy's through the crowd  
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow  
Who shot me damnit? Bitch get down  
Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile (uh-huh)  
Lay em on down, like they lived underground (uh)  
For the sound, that me and, Timbaland, we found  
Get your ass, kicked later, or get your ass, kicked now

Uhh.. one-two  
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady  
Timbaland, motherfucker  
Uhh uhh uhh  
Cool, cool, cool  
Triple zero

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