

Eminem

"Business With"

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Marshall, sounds like an SOS...

Holy wack, unlyrical lyrics Andre, you're fuckin' right...

To the rapmobile, let's go...

{Marshall, Marshall}, bitches and gentlemen, it's
showtime, hurry hurry, step right up,
introducing the star of our show, his name is,
{Marshall}, you wouldn't want to be anywhere else
in the world right now, so without further ado, I bring to
you, {Marshall}...

You 'bout to witness hip-hop in it's most purest, more
rawest form, flow almost flawless, most
hardest, most honest known artist, chip off the old
block, but ol' Doc is, {back}, looks like
Batman brought his own Robin, oh God, Saddam's got
his own Laden, with his own private plane, his
own pilot, set to blow college dorm rooms doors off the
hinges, oranges, peach, pears, plums,
syringes, {vnn vnn}, yeah here I come, i'm inches,
away from you, dear fear none, hip-hop is in
a state of 911, so...

[Chorus]

Let's get down to business, I don't got no time to play
around, what is this, must be a circus
in town, let's shut the shit down on these clowns, can I
get a witness, {hell yeah}, let's get
down to business, I don't got no time to play around,
what is this, must be a circus in town,
let's shut the shit down on these clowns, can I get a
witness, {hell yeah}...

Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform miracles, gee
willikers Dre, holy bat syllables, look at
all the bullshit that goes on in Gotham when i'm gone,
time to get rid of these rap criminals,
so skip to your lou while I do what I do best, you ain't

even impressed no more, you're used to
it, flows too wet, nobody close to it, nobody says it, but
still everybody knows the shit, the
most hated on out of all those who say they get hated
on in eighty songs and exaggerate it all
so much, they make it all up, there's no such thing, like
a female with good looks, who cooks
and cleans, it just means so much more to so much
more people when you're rappin' and you know
what for, the show must go on, so i'd like to welcome
y'all to Marshall and Andre's carnival,
c'mon now...

[Chorus]

It's just like old times, the dynamic duo, two old
friends, why panic, you already know who's
fully capable, the two capped heroes, dial straight
down the center eight-zero-zero, you can
even call collect, the most feared duet, since me and
Elton played career Russian Roulette, and
never even see me blink or get to bustin' a sweat,
people steppin' over people just to rush to
the set, just to get to see an MC who breathes so freely,
ease over these beat's and be so
breezy, Jesus how can shit be so easy, how can one
Chandra be so Levy, turn on these beats,
MC's don't see me, believe me BET and MTV are gonna
grieve, when we leave, dog fo' sheezy,
can't leave rap alone, the game needs me, 'till we grow
beards, get weird, and disappear into
the mountains, nothin' but clowns down here, but we
ain't fuckin around round here, yo' Dre,
what up, can I get a hell, hell yeah, now...

[Chorus]

So there you have it folks, {Marshall}, has come to
save the day, back with his friend Andre,
and to remind you that bullshit does not pay, because,
{Marshall}, and Andre are here to stay
and never go away until our dying day until we're old
and grey, {Marshall}, so until next time
friends, same blonde hair, same rap channel, good
night everyone, thank you for coming, your
host for the evening, {Marshall}, oh, ha...

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