

Eminem

"Ricky Ticky Toc [bonus Track]album: "curtain Call" (2005)(Reviews)"

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Once you call my name out things will never be the same...

They should have never let us get off foot in this game...

Ever since I was introduced to rap music

I been missing a screw like Bishop and Juice

I could lose it at any moment

Those who know me know it

So they're probably told you go with the flow

Just so that I don't explode

And have another episode where I let it go as far as

The one with Benzino did I'm waiting for that next beef,

I'm cocked, locked and loaded

I'm ready to go so bad I'm going bananas,

My dick's so hard Anna Nicole could use it to fucking pole vault with

Oh shit, I mean when she was still bloated

Before they cut her stomach open and lipoed it

Anybody I throw flames at gets a name it's a game

Cause they know that they don't spit the same

It's a shame, what people do for 10 minutes of fame

Everyday it's the same thing,

People in this game try to buddy buddy us

Just to get close enough to study us

Everybody just wants to have something to do with that

They all trying to get that stamp

They after that Shady - Aftermath money

It's like a monopoly

They probably just now finally understand how to rob fully

50 Cent was like a fucking jackpot for me

And Dre, it's like we hit the fucking lottery

And a damn slot machine at the same time as each other

Why the fuck you think we ride like we brothers

When we rhyme with each other

In time we discovered that we have more in common

Then we thought with each other

Both robbed of our mothers

Our fathers ain't want us

What was wrong with us, was it our fault

Cause we started thinking god doesn't love us
Two odd motherfuckers who just happened to meet at
the right time
What a coincidence cause when 50 got shot up in
Jamaica Queens
I still remember the call up in ??
Big L had just got popped just a month before
If 50 lives he's getting dropped from Columbia
Two years later me and Doc had to come and, uh,
operate
That's when he popped up a number one
And we ain't never gonna stop if you wond-ering
Even if I'm under the gun
You ain't gotta agree all the time with me
Or see eye to eye there'll always be animosity between
you and I
But see the difference is if it is I could give a shit
Still gonna conduct motherfucking business as usual
Ego's aside, fore I bruise em' all
Swallow your pride fore I step on it with shoes you call
Nike's
Earth links how do you like these you gotta love them
Look at the bottom of em' they're like cleats
Stomping, I been romping since Tim Dogg was
hollering
'Fuck Compton'
I was whilin', free styling back when they was still
making Maxell cassettes
I wasn't even raps Elvis yet
That tells us that any doubts in your head that seals the
shit
Ricky-Ticky-Toc-Ticky-Ticky-Toc
Still with the Diggy-Diggy-Doc-Diggy-Diggy-Doc
And you don't stop

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