

Eminem

"Scary Movies"

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Yo, Slim Shady
Yo, Royce 5 9
Y'all wanna make a movie?
What
We got the film right here

What? Yeah, I'm one of them pretty rappers
Buck if I really hafta, I really slap ya
King of Detroit who they namin' the city after
(What?)
Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the
hard shit

Into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with
Experts, Bad and Evil is comin' soon
MC's get stuck, head first back in they mother's womb
This shit is written, in my eyes I'm the illest MC spittin'
(What?)

Leavin' all of you cats shittin' kittens
I gotta diss you, my niggaz be cockin' pistols
Shot and split you, fuck splittin' the profits with you
(What?)
Six percent, of y'all niggaz is just pretend

Clicks with clits, pussy niggaz stink with dicks
(What?)
Niggaz act bully, and blast for the fast penny
My auto is fully, plenty of niggaz packin' semi
Speak darts, yo you get paid? Rhymin' about it is the
sweet part

You can't be street smart with a cheap heart
Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feelin'
(What?)
I keep illin', my steez willin' to keep killin'
(What?)
Fuck rap, a lot of y'all all is just acts

Trust that, you rhyme all wack on rough tracks
Bust and then we all black when you get bust back at
Fuck that, you get blast at, you get laughed at

And I'ma spit thunder, stick to my guns
(What?)

Niggaz is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit
wonders
What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique
stalls
I'ma pit bull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw
(What?)
Split y'all, holla, "It's on", then I diss y'all
All of y'all niggaz get pissed on claimin' you pissed off

Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?
Rappers comin' in with they team and carry toolies
You can jump right out of the screen and barely move
me
We hard-hittin', directin' and starrin' in it

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The one man on the planet that'll drive off of the Grand
Canyon
Hop out of a Grand Am and land in it handstandin'
Any man plannin' to battle will get snatched out of his
clothes
So fast it'll look like an invisible man standin'

I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail
Bill Clinton, hit this, and you better inhale
(Here)
'Cause any MC that chooses to go against me
Is gettin' takin' advantage of like Monica Lewinsky
(Leave me alone!)

Came home in a frenzy, pushin' a ten speed
Screamin' to Aunt Peg
(Aunt Peg)
With three spokes stickin' out of my pant leg
Fuck a headache, give me a migraine

Dammit I like pain
And you should be anywhere that a mic ain't
You rap knowin' you wack
You act up and I'm throwin' you down a flight of steps

Then I'm throwin' you back up 'em
If they don't like the track, fuck 'em

The rap struck 'em harder then gettin' hit by a Mack
truck
And then backed up on

And any half-assed known rapper to trespass
Better be ready for the second Celebrity Deathmatch
(Ding ding!)
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly
(Hurry up man)
I'm sicker than a Tupac dedication to Biggie

I'm free-fallin' feet first out of a damn tree
To stampede your chest 'til you can't breathe
And when I'm down to my last breath
I'ma climb the Empire State Building and get to the last
step
And still have half left

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Bad, the bad
Uhh, when the bad meets the bad, yo
The evil
Take the evil with the evil
Put 'em together
What? Nine-nine
Two times, Slim Shady, Royce the Five Nine

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