

# Eminem

## "The Re-Up"

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[Intro - Eminem]

[Beatboxing] Yeah, we should do something like that...

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up!  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, b-boom, Shady!

[Verse 1 - Eminem]

There's never been this, much of a menace in this  
game as this  
And it's the, most sinister duo in the business  
Once again it's the, illest and realest killas  
The most villainous Dre protege, Shady apprentice  
Drop them zeros and get with these heroes  
Do you want losers or winners, this music is in us, and  
it's  
Not over 'till we say it's finished and G-Unit spinners  
Will keep spinnin', this is Hip Hop when it's in it's  
Truest form, the greatest, Hate us or love us  
Make voodoo dolls of us and keep stickin' those pins in  
us  
Thick as his skin is or as short as his wick is  
The trick is to be able to walk big as his dick is  
And as sick as his music is, or was, still is  
Whatever, forever, he will be the illest  
To ever sh-shock the world, what to do next  
He's already reconciled with his ex [reversed], a  
chainsaw and an axe  
Jump a bitch's desk, strangle her neck  
While we have sex while Bill Clinton plays the sax  
I sprays the vex, yeah bring Shady on back  
The maniac of rap, devil baby on crack  
Resurrect, I never left, baby I'm bad  
I've gone mad, my comrade Dre-zy automatically  
He says I'm too broke to fix, way beyond that  
I may be off drugs, but it's made me off track  
In fact, this right here very well could be the last rap

I ever do spit, I'll never do shit, that's that  
Fuck it I quit, suck on a dick, jackass  
I'm done with this wack ass rap, kiss my black ass

[Verse 2 - 50 Cent]

Nah, Em, tell 'em to kiss my black ass, to clean parts, to  
shitty parts,  
My bullet wounds, my beauty marks, the Fif'll tell you're  
ass apart!  
A game in this game, crush a motherfuckers free start,  
Shady paid me, Shady crazy, Fifty crazy rich, bitch,  
Different day, nothing change, it's the same shit, trick,  
Teflon wrapped on, case I get clapped on,  
D's searching the whip, glad I left the mac home,  
Still grindin', still shinin', nigga lord knows,  
You rocking wit the kid to spit sicker sick flows,  
I carried Game's style for nine months and gave birth  
to it,  
Now I'm feeling like a proud father watching him do it,  
E'eryday Dre day, front and cause a maylay,  
Turn the town upside down with a frown upside down,  
I smile through summan' fowl, and watch my money  
pile,  
I'm fuckin' with strict stacks, I'm kickin' you stripped  
fats,  
I hit you with it, bag it, pump it, bring me mines right  
back!

[Hook - 50 Cent (Eminem)]

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, Go 'head, funky funk up!  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up!  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, I hit yo' ass up!  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, Yeah, that's what's up! (Yeah!)  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck!  
Boom boom chuck, (It's the Re-Up!)  
Shady, Shady....

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