

## **Eminem & Dr. Dre "Say What You Say"**

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Huh, so I'm out the game, huh?  
Yo Dre, we ridin'?  
Whatever  
Well, I'm witchu homie  
Okay, let's handle this small shit

I was born to brew up storms 'n' stir up shit  
Kick up dust, cuss 'til I slur up spit  
Grew up too quickly, been through too much shit  
Corrupt and now they pour it on like syrup, bitch  
Thick in gritz, sick and twisted Mr. Buttersworth  
Dre tole me to milk this shit for what it's worth

Till the cow just tilts and tips 'n' stumbles to earth  
And if I fumble the verse, keep going  
First take, I make mistakes, just keep it  
No punches, pull no punches, that's weak shit  
Fake shit if I ever take shit, I eat shit  
Was it for him? Wouldn't be shit

Creep wit me, as we take a little trip down Memory Lane  
Been in longer than anyone in the game  
And I ain't got to lie about my age  
But what about Jermaine?

Fuck Jermaine, he don't belong  
Speakin' mine or Timbaland's name  
And don't think I don't read your little interviews  
And see what you're sayin'  
I'ma giant and I ain't gotta move till I'm revoked

When I see you, I'ma step on you and not even know it  
Ya midget, Mini-Me, with a buncha little Mini-You's  
Runnin' around your backyard swimming pools  
Over 80 million records sold  
And I ain't had to do it with 10 or 11 year olds

'Cuz what you say is what you say  
Say what you say, how you say it whenever you sayin' it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin' it  
So who you playin' with, huh, huh, huh, huh?

'Cuz what you say is what you say  
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Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin' it  
So who you playin' with, huh, huh, huh, huh?

Second verse, it gets worst  
It gets no better than this  
Amateurs drink veteran piss  
From a Dixie cup, if you ever mix me up  
Or confuse me with a Canibus or Dre with a Dupri  
Will rub it in, every club you're in, we'll have you  
Blackballed and make sure you never rap a fucken  
again  
Dre ain't havin' it as long as I'm here, play Devil's  
Advocate

If there was some magic shit I could wave  
Over the industry that could save it when I'm gone  
And bury to make sure the tradition carries on  
I would

If I could only use this power for good  
I wouldn't, not even if I could  
From the hood and I'm a hornet  
And I'ma only sting when I'm cornered

And I'ma only sucker punch or swing without warnin'  
And swing to knock somebody's fuckin' head off  
'Cuz I know when they get up, I won't get a chance to let  
off  
Another punch, I'm punk-rock, no one's punk  
Don't give a fuck, white pop, so much spunk  
When I was little I knew I would blow up  
And sell a mil or grow up to be a tiller, go nuts and be a  
killer

And I'm somethin' of a phenom  
One puff of the chron  
I'm unstoppable, I'm alive, I'm on top again  
There's no obstacle that I can't conquer  
So come along with us  
(Come on)

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So who you playin' with, huh, huh, huh, huh?

Now anybody who knows Dre  
Knows I'm about fast cars and alize partyin' all day  
But I handle my business 'cuz it's work before play  
Don't look for trouble but I serve you gourmet  
However you want it, you could have it your way  
You fuck my night up, I'ma fuck up your day

Bullet with your name, sendin' it your way  
That goes for anyone who walks through that doorway  
'Cuz this is my space, you invade it  
Live to regret it and you die tryin' to violate it  
Fuck around and you'll get annihilated  
Eyes dilated

Ha, like my old lady  
'Cuz what you say is what you say  
Sometimes what you mean is 2 different things  
Depending on your mood, if it swings, think too many  
things  
Little hit of Dre's weed, I can do anything  
Catch a contact, then I'm gone and I'm back  
I speed write and my loose leaves my lanch pad

And I can pull any string  
Don't have to prove anything  
Catch a contract on your head  
You headed West, talk shit about Dre?  
You better get a vest, then invest in something  
To protect your head and neck

And it's back and forth all day like Red and Meth  
I joke when I say I'm the best in the booth  
But a lot of truth is said in jest  
And if I ever do live to be a legend  
I'ma die a sudden death, 5 mics in The Source  
Ain't holdin' my fuckin' breath  
But I suffocate for the respect  
Fore I breath the collect, the fuckin, check

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Say what you say, how you say it whenever you sayin' it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin' it  
So who you playin' with, huh, huh, huh, huh?

Watch your fuckin' mouth

Yo, this Timbaland, tell him I said suck my dick  
(Tchka)

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