

Eminem Feat. The Notorious B.I.G. "Dead Wrong"

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The weak or the strong, who got it goin' on
You're dead wrong
The weak or the strong, who got it goin' on
You're dead wrong

Relax and take notes, while I take tokes of the
marijuana smoke
Throw you in a choke gun smoke, gun smoke
Biggie Smalls for mayor, the rap slayer
The hooker layer motherfucker say your prayers

Hail Mary full of grace, smack the bitch in the face
Take her Gucci bag and the North Face
Off her back, jab her if she act
Funny with the money oh you got me mistaken honey

I don't wanna rape ya, I just want the paper
The Visa, Kapeesha? I'm out like, 'The Vapors'
Who's the one you call Mr. Macho, the head honcho
Swift fist like Camacho, I got so

Much style I should be down wit the Stylistics
Make up to break up niggaz need to wake up
Smell the Indonesia, beat you to a seizure
Then fuck your moms, hit the skins 'til amnesia

She don't remember shit, just the two hits
Her hittin' the floor, and me hittin' the clits
Suckin' on the tits, had the hooker beggin' for the dick
And your moms ain't ugly love, my dick got rock quick

I guess I was a combination of House of Pain and
Bobby Brown
I was 'Humpin Around' and 'Jumpin' Around'
Jacked her then I asked her who's the man, she said, "B
I G"
Then I bust in her E Y E
(Yo Big, you're dead wrong)

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When I get dusted, I like to spread the blood like
mustard

Trust it, my hardcore rain leaves you rusted
Move over Lucifer, I'm more ruthless, huh
Leave your toothless, you'll kibitz, I'll flip it

Tears don't affect me, I hit 'em with the tech G
Disrespect me, my potency is deadly
I'm shootin' babies, no ifs ands or maybes
Hit mummy in the tummy if the hooker plays a dummy

Slit the wrist of little sis after she sucked the dick
I stabbed her brother with the icepick
Because he wanted me to fuck him from the back
But Smalls don't get down like that

Got your father hidin' in a room, fucked him with the
broom
Slit him down the back and threw salt in the wound
Who you think you're dealin' with?
Anybody step into my path is fuckin' feelin' it
Hardcore, I got it sucked like a pussy

Stab ya til you're gushy, so please don't push me
I'm using rubbers so they won't trace the semen
The black demon, got the little hookers screamin'
Because you know I love it young, fresh and green
With no hair in between, know what I mean?

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Ladies and gentlemen

There's several different levels to Devil worshippin'
Horse's heads, human sacrifices, cannibalism, candles
and exorcism
Animals havin' sex with 'em, camels mammals and
rabbits
But I don't get into that, I kick the habit

I just beat you to death with weapons that eat through
the flesh
And I never eat you unless the fuckin', meat looks fresh
I got a lion in my pocket, I'm lyin', I got a nine in my
pocket
And baby I'm just, dyin' to cock him, he's ready for war,

I'm ready for war

I got machetes and swords for any fagot that said he
was raw

My Uz' as, heavy as yours, yeah you met me before
I just didn't have as large an arsenal of weapons
before

Marshall will step in the door, I lay your head on the
floor

With your body spread on the bedspread, red on the
wall

Red on the ceilin', red on the floor, get a new whore
Met on the second, wet on the third
Then she's dead on the fourth, I'm dead wrong

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Uh huh, and we won't stop, because we can't stop

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