

Missy Elliott "Busa Rhyme"

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Slim Shady
Slim Shady
Slim Shady

Well, I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled
And pop the same shit that got Tupac killed
Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode
And punch a bitch in the nose, til her whole face
explodes
There's three things I hate, girls, women and bitches
I'm that vicious to walk up, and drop-kick midgets
They call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks
awkward
Stick figure, with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg

Comin' through the airport, sluggish, walkin' on
crutches
Hit a fuckin' pregnant chick in her stomach with
luggage
It's like a dream I can't snap out, I black out, and back
out
I'm lookin' for someone "Of" to beat the crap "Out"
I'm bringin' you rap singers two middle fingers
I flip you off in French, then translate in English
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come
back
Speakin' so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand
it

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim Shady
Yeah
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim motherfuckin'
Shady
Yeah

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim Shady
Yeah
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy

I had a huge attitude, started off staticky
Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically
(One more time)

I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity
Who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween
following
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me
I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology
College girls, live in an alcoholic's world
Full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls

Covered in throw-up and I refuse to grow up
I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up
(Shut up!)
I made this rap game suspenseful, coz now I got a
impulse
To give you insults wrote with a pencil
(Bitch)
And waste the paper on you, choppin' down the
oakwood
'Coz everything that you wrote in your notebook was no
good
And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin'
You motherfuckers are puttin' your words together for
nuttin'

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim Shady
What's the deal?
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim motherfuckin'
Shady
Yeah, who?

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, Slim Shady
What's the deal?
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want what you got is it hot?
(Is it hot?)

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want
(Yo)
What you want
(Yo)
Ahh uhh yo

"A person from another planet might disagree with
you"
"Well, if you want my opinion, it comes from right here

on Earth"

Slim Shady, Misdemeanor
Timbaland, Slim Shady
Misdemeanor

I'm homicidal, and suicidal with no friends
Holdin' a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends
Sprayin' teecs at you until you see your fuckin' legs
With the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin' next to
you
(Ahh!)
Fuckin' mad dog, foamin' at the mouth
Fuck mouth, my whole house, is foamin' at the couch

Jumped out of the 93rd floor of a building
And shot every window out on the way down to the
ground
(Keep filming!)
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed,
chopped 'em in half
Suffocated the oxygen mask
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the east and west
beefin' again
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire

Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track
Don't shoot Missy, get back
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die
Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind
I think somebody done pissed her off this time
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and
Uhh, you will have to clean up the mess
(Uh-huh)

It's rainin' rainin' and it's pourin' loud
Never fear, 'coz pissy Missy's through the crowd
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow
Who shot me damnit? Bitch get down
Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile
(Uh-huh)
Lay 'em on down, like they lived underground
(Uh)
For the sound, that me and, Timbaland, we found
Get your ass, kicked later, or get your ass, kicked now

Uhh, one-two
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady
Timbaland, motherfucker
Uhh uhh uhh

Cool, cool, cool
Triple zero

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