

Alabama

"3hreeSix5ive"

Visit "[3hreeSix5ive](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

Skam:

Yo I'm tryin to be the man of the day

Three six five a year

See the bullshit you sayin, Skam ain't tryin to hear (Fuck that!)

Bustin lyrics in the air

Keepin some up in the chamber

Eminem:

Yo Skam, what the fuck you doin?

Skam:

Man, I'm releasin anger

Eminem :

I'm tryin to be the illest of the day

Three six five a year

See that bullshit you sayin, Shady ain't tryin to hear

Spittin lyrics in your ear

Keepin some up in the chamber

Skam:

Aiyyo Shady what the fuck you doin?

Shady:

I'm releasin anger

[Verse 1: Skam]

Man I'm tired of bein tired, everytime I wake up

Tired of these fake ducks, tired of bein late for the bus

Tired of all be blendin, and endin up datin sluts

So my facial expression stay stuck up, and shut the fuck up!

To the pity ass rappers, that ain't shit with out make-up, wake up

Gold diggin bitches, the buck stops here

The road to riches is closed for repair

So if the shoe ain't fittin, girl leave that shit alone

You aint Erykah Badu, what I look like Tyrone?

I rip your tissue out your ear

Spittin like I don't care
My hair look like I ain't come it, shit a damn near year
So I burn, zig-zag, I leave the next man with his heels
up
Brain dead, and be reincarnated at a speed bump
When we done we stay hard, so you don't land shit
Suck Skam's dick, off of what a dead man spit
Yo that's it, I don't plan shit, you know how we go down
They need to slow down, and take a look who the hoe
now
At every industry party, gettin so damn drunk
Can't remember the lass ass you kissed, or dick you
sucked
Remind me of my ex, in the street got me veck
Tryin to roll up on Miami, leavin with a broke neck
Oh shit, leathal lyric equal land mind
I be stackin up white rappers like im throwin gas signs
And I'm, buck wild exposin the plain truth
You couldn't mess with me, fuckin shit up in the same
room
Hey you, I don't know you but fuck it, let me get a dollar
For this bad car, that go along with the breath
Some show the mad bomb, and steal the show like a
theft
Cause in Miami, the baby jammin like three up in the
chamber
(Yo Skam what the fuck you doin?)

(Chorus)

[Verse 2: Eminem]

Some people say I'm strange, I tell them ain't shit
change
I'm still the same lame asshole with a different name
Became late to the last show with a different dane
Brain ate from the last ode that I snifed the cane
Yo know your spaced the fuck out like George Lucas
When your pukus, turnin to yellow with orange mukus
So when I grab a pencil and squeeze it between fingers
I'm not a rapper, I'm a demon who speaks English
Freak genuis, too extreme for the weak and squeemish
Burn you alive till you screamin to be extinguished
Cause when I drop the science, motherfuckers tell me
to stop the violence
Start a fire and block the hydrants
I'm just a mean person, you never seen worse than
So when Slim gets this M-16 burstin
You gettin spun backwards like every word of obscene
cursin
On the B-side of my first single with the clean version
Stoppin your short life when you still a teen virgin

Unless you get a kidney specimen from a spleen
surgeon
In the best hospital possible for emergency surgery
To try to stop the blood from your rushing sternly
eternally
I'll take it back before we knew each other's name
Run in an ultrasound and snatch you out your mother's
frame
I'll take it further back than that
Back to Lovers Lane, to the night you were started
Cock block your father's game
I'll plead the fifth like my drawers were muzzled
So suck my dick while I take a shit and do this
crossword puzzle
And when I'm down with ten seconds left, then to hope
out
I'ma throw a head-but so hard, I'll knock us both out

(Chorus)

Visit [Alabama](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.