

## **Bad Meets Evil "Scary Movies"**

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[Intro]

What's your favorite scary movie?  
Yo, Slim Shady (Yo, Royce 5'9?)  
Y'all wanna make a movie? (What)  
We got the film right here

[Verse 1: Royce]

Yeah, I'm one of them pretty rappers, buck if I really  
have to  
I really slap you, King of Detroit who they naming the  
city after  
Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the  
hard shit  
Into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with  
Expert, Bad and Evil is coming soon  
MC's get stuck, head first back in they mother's womb  
This shit is written, in my eyes I'm the illest MC spitting  
Leaving all of you cats shitting kittens  
I gotta diss you, my niggas be cocking pistols  
Shot and split you, fuck splitting the profits with you  
Six percent, of y'all niggas is just pretend  
Clicks with clits, pussy niggas stink with dicks  
Niggas act bully, and blast for the fast penny  
My auto is fully, plenty of niggas packing semi  
Speak darts; yo, you get paid? Rhyming about it is the  
sweet part  
You can't be street smart with a cheap heart  
Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feeling  
I keep illing, my steez willing to keep killing  
Fuck rap, a lotta y'all all is just acts  
Trust that, you rhyme all wack on rough tracks  
Bust and then we all black when you get bust back at  
Fuck that, you get blast at, you get laughed at  
And I'mma spit thunder, stick to my guns  
Niggas is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit  
wonders  
What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique  
stalls  
I'm a pitbull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw  
Split y'all, holler, "It's on!" Then I diss y'all  
All of y'all niggas get pissed on claiming you pissed off

[Hook]

Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?  
Rappers coming in with their team and carry toolies  
You can jump right out of the screen and barely move  
me  
We hard-hitting, directing and starring in it

[Verse 2: Eminem]

The one man on the planet that'll drive off of the Grand  
Canyon  
Hop out of a Grand Am and land in it handstanding  
Any man planning to battle will get snatched outta his  
clothes  
So fast it'll look like an invisible man standing  
I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail  
Bill Clinton, hit this, and you better inhale  
Cause any MC that chooses to go against me  
Is getting taking advantage of like Monica Lewinsky  
(Leave me alone!)  
Came home in a frenzy, pushing a ten speed  
Screaming to Aunt Peg with three spokes sticking outta  
my pant leg  
Fuck a headache, give me a migraine, dammit I like  
pain  
You should be anywhere that a mic ain't  
You rap knowing you wack, you act up and I'm throwing  
you  
Down a flight of steps then I'm throwing you back up  
them  
If they don't like the track, fuck them, the rap struck  
'em harder  
Than getting hit by a Mack truck and then backed up on  
And any half-assed known rapper to trespass  
Better be ready for the second Celebrity Deathmatch  
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly  
I'm sicker than a 2Pac dedication to Biggie  
I'm free-falling feet first out of a damn tree  
To stampede your chest 'til you can't breathe  
And when I'm down to my last breath, I'mma climb the  
Empire State Building  
And get to the last step and still have half left

[Hook]

[Outro]

Bad, the Bad (Uhh, when the Bad meets the Bad, yo)  
The Evil (Take the Evil with the Evil)  
Put 'em together (What? Nine-nine)  
Two times, Slim Shady, Royce da 5'9?

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