

Bad Meets Evil "The Reunion"

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[Eminem]

Ayo, this next song is a true story (Come here, bitch)

[Intro]

Cause some things in this universe
Don't make sense but somehow (Always seem to
fucking work)

[Verse 1: Eminem]

Driving down I-75 about to hop on 696
I look over this fucking chick's trying to fix her makeup
I'm like bitch, you ain't a plastic surgeon
I advise ya to put up your visor, I'm getting kinda ticked
You're blocking my side mirror, she's like yeah, so? I'm
like so?
You gonna need a stitch you keep acting like that, ho
I look like your husband slut? That's a rhetorical
question
You talk to me like you talk to him, I'll fuck you up
In fact, get in the backseat, like the rest of my dates
No bitch rides shotgun, what taxi?
Stop and pick you some Maxi Pads up is that what you
actually ask me?
Bitch reaches over and smacks me
And says I annoy the fuck outta her, get in the fucking
back
Put on your slut powder, you slut, what? Shut the fuck
up now
Or get your feelings hurt, worse than my last chick
when
I accidentally butt dialed her
She heard me spreading AIDS rumors about her
Turn the radio up louder, make it thump
While I bump that Relapse CD, trying to hit every bump
in that cunt
Thought I snap back in that accent cause she kept
asking me
To quit calling her CUNT, I SAID I CUNT

[Hook: Eminem]

She said, Marshall you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at

Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart

[Verse 2: Royce]

Uh, pull up to the club in a Porsche, not a Pinto
While Marshall's at a white trash party, I'm at drama
central
I walk up in there looking at my phone, on Twitter
tweeting
I'm feeling a bunch of bitches looking at a nigga,
cheesing
I get approached by this little skeezer
She asked me am I the realest G, cause I'm Gucci from
head to feet
I said, yeah, I'm really is cause I spit in your man's face
Like Cam did that kid on Killa Season
She said I'm feeling your big ego, wait, am I talking
wrong?
I said nah, I'm a walking Kanye/Beyonce song
She said I'm mad at you, I said why?
She said why you never make songs for chicks as if it's
hard to do?
I said I make songs for me, leave the studio
And go and fuck the bitch who belong to who making
songs for you
She said I'm feeling your whole swagger and flow, can
we hook up?
I said, umm, you just used the word swagger, so no

[Hook]

You ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart

[Verse 3: Eminem]

We been riding around in this hatchback until I'm
fucking hunchback
Where the fuck's this party at slutbag cunt? Cut what
act?
Think it's an act? Fuck that, I'm trying to shag scuz
Better find this love shack or somewhere to fuck at, ah,
don't touch that

You fat dyke, I'm trying to hear some Bagpipes from
Baghdad
Don't act like you don't like them, them accents, I rap
tight
And I'm a torture until we find this place, yeah that's
right
Thought it was just past this light, past Van Dyke
Better hit that map right, read them directions, oh yeah
You can't read and you can't write, told me that last
night
She took my CD out the deck, snapped in half like
Relapse sucked, I snapped, hit the gas like
Blew through the light, spun out, hit a patch of black ice
Forgot we had a trailer hitch to the back, we jackknifed
Bitch flew out of the car, I laughed like, she deserved it
She didn't think I'd act like that in person
(Royce, Marshall just crashed right in front of the club)

[Verse 4: Royce]

Tell him I'll be there in a minute
I'm trying to break up this cat fight between my
mistress and damn wife
Then a chick wanted a hug, she was fat
So I gave her dap, then I tell her to scat, I'm not mean,
I'm cute
On my way to the front door, taking the scenic route
To avoid this chick with a lace front looking like Venus's
and Serena's hooves
I'm just saying, those chicks got horse asses, they
been attractive
Hope when they see me they don't slap me with they
tennis rackets
My mind drifted back to this shit
I seen my wife push her down, step over her body, then
smack the mistress
Police outside, I turn and pass the gat to Vishis
Then I step out and see my evil twin, he gives me an
evil grin
He mugs the mistress, turns around and gives the
misses hugs and kisses
Looks at me twisted, like Nickel "Yeah, watch this shit"
He smacks the dentures out of the mouth of the fat
bitch he rode with
Looks back to mention, "Royce, it's good to be back to
business"

[Hook]

They said, you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking our heart
(They said) You're breaking our heart

Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking our heart
(They said) You're breaking our heart

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