

Eminem F/ Dr. Dre

"Old Time's Sake"

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[Intro: Eminem] Good evening, this is your fucking captain speaking We will soon be reaching an altitude of, 4 million and a half feet That's 8 million miles in the sky Please, undo your seatbelt for takeoff { *kchht* } You are now free to smoke up out the cabin, cabin, chka [Dr. Dre] I'm Dre from, back in the day from N.W.A. from, black in the grave from Chokin a bitch to, smackin her face from Stackin up bodies to, blacken they K's up From rackin a bitch to, stackin them crates up I'm still hungry and I'm back with a tapeworm And we're what's happenin in rap entertainment Me and Shady, far as competition faggot there ain't none [Eminem] Speak of the devil it's attack of the Rainman Chainsaw in hand, bloodstain on my apron Soon as the blades spun, vrunn, they run away from Who wanna play dungeon, no one is safe from In search of a brain surgeon, a great one Wait, that ain't funny man it's urgent, I need one Two boxes of detergent and a paint gun And an emergency squirt gun to spray A-1 [Chorus: Eminem] So one more time for old time's sake Dre drop that beat, and scratch that break Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way And let's go (you are now smokin with the best, best, chka) I said one more time for old time's sake Dre drop that beat, and scratch that break So just send a little bit of that smoke my way And let's gooo (you are now smokin with the best, best, chka) [Eminem] Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon Wireless A nice environment, surprised entirely Hypotized by the sound, I surround the hydrants Takin lives of firemen Say goodbye, here I am again, naked wives and Vicodin Before I begin to get so high pussy bwoy could spin Vin, vin; fuck the handle I fly off the hinge Let that boy of the binge coach and throw out the hymn There he goes in his trenchcoat and the clothes again They be makin some french toast and show off some skin I'll show you every inch grows on my fore-a-skin Show me nipple, I'm pinch both and throw up a ten Now you know it's a sin to tease, blow us again The sorcerer of intercourse, if it's forced it's him Don't fight the feelin if you're feelin the force within Then when you wake up in the morning next to the porcelain

[Chorus] [Dr. Dre] Now where there's smoke there's fire, where there's fire there's flames Where there's flames there's chronic, either you high or you ain't I got no time for no games [Eminem] Nah-uh, he ain't playin He's gon' get the AK and aim it right at your brai-hain I'm slightly insa-hane, vodka and Creatine Hypnotiq and Redbull, it's an incredible energy drink And it's giving me wings, I believe I can fly While I pee on a girl, you catch me CSI It's as easy as pie, and as simple as cake Dre get on the mic and make 'em tremble and shake [Dr. Dre] Now put your smoke up in the air, raise your Henny and coke And if you really wanna get fucked up, just let me know We can smoke 'til there's no more lighter fluid to do it Let's get into it, you're smokin with the tried-est and truest I got the Midas touch when it comes to rollin shit up You motherfuckers ain't smokin, you just holdin shit up Now here we go let's get up, get down, hold up a blunt I smoke the kind of stuff that make the records go number one Cause if at first you don't succeed, won't hurt to smoke some weed Now them words are just a little more personal for me Seein as how, I blew up off of puffin them trees [Eminem] Well smoke enough for me, fuck yeah, light it up Cheech C'mon, smoke me up cuz, give me contact buzz Get me on track, they love me when I'm on that stuff "But this is Earth callin, Shady man, come on back!" What? "Man we're losin him, he won't even respond back, fuck!" Now look at all the pretty women in here (damn bitches) Dre it's hot, I think we better go check under tan britches I'll get the thermometer, you get the bandages Now baby just bend over just want a {?} [Chorus]

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