

Eminem Featuring J "lack And Masta Ase Hell Bound"

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Announcer]

Welcome back, to the stage of history

[Eminem]

Yo.. Slim Shady!

Yo.. {*words reversed*}

I'll puke, eat it, and freak you (eww)

Battle? I'm too weeded to speak to

The only key that I see to defeat you

would be for me to remove these two Adidas and beat
you

and force feed you 'em both, and on each feet is a
cleat shoe

I'll lift you off your feet so fast with a roundhouse

you'll think I pulled the fuckin ground out from
underneath you

(Bitch!) I ain't no fuckin G, I'm a cannibal

I ain't tryin to shoot you,

I'm tryin to chop you into pieces and eat you

Wrap you in rope and plastic, stab you with broken
glass

and have you with open gashes strapped to a soakin
mattress

Coke and acid, black magic, cloaks and daggers
(ahhh!)

Fuck the planet, until it spins on a broken axis

I'm so bananas I'm showin up to your open casket

to fill it full of explosive gasses

and close it back with a lit match in it

while I sit back and just hope it catches

Blow you to fragments

Laugh, roll you and smoke the ashes

Chorus: J-Black (repeat 2X)

I see the light at the end

But every time I take a step, it gets dim

Tell me is this hell we're livin in?

If so, heaven's got to be better

But if we're hellbound, whatever, let's go down

[J-Black]

Am I the worst? Because I, never go to church (never)

I run a red light then sideswipe a hearse

I'ma drink 'til my liver rot, see the doc

Leave the E.R., then hit a bar for a liquor shot, 'til the
liver spot

One day we all gon' die

But when I die, I'ma be so high

that I'ma get up and walk, leavin the concrete bare

with the chalk outline still there

I smoke 'til I choke and I sex a lot

I got a cross on my chain but it's just a rock

Now if I pray everynight (night)

Do I still have to hold my trey very tight?

You feel me God? I done did so much shit while on Earth

I smoke, I drink, I curse, and to make matters worse

I bust my gun first, and then I chat with your corpse

Since way back, I was one to never like back-talk

See me at the pearly gates in line, wearin a Nordface

Nickle nine at my waist, God done lost faith

Angels greet me but I don't reply back

Just show me to my quarters, and oh yeah, where's Thai at?

Chorus 1/2

[Announcer]

Maxie was seriously wounded but the soul still burns

Final battle, fight!

[Masta Ace]

Analyze the strength of my game, like Lee Corso

Call me a lost soul, with a vest and my torso

And of course, yo, y'all know I'm no stranger to danger

Like Christ in a manger, feel a whole range of my anger

I breathe down shit so hard you can see sound

And beat down these rap clowns in like three rounds

My pen 'bout as sharp as a dagger, walk with a swagger

Tie your wife to the back of a black Jag and I drag her

Ten blocks, untie the bitch and I still bag her

Give her a smack in the ass and a six pack of lager

My shit go as deep and as dark as a train tunnel

My flows spill like usin the wrong end of a funnel

Everyday I grow more older, and more colder

Fly you to Colorado, roll you over with a Boulder

I know you want to retaliate but you won't dare

Cause you fuckin with some niggaz like this who just
don't care

Chorus

[J-Black]

But every time I take a step, it gets dim..

Tell me is this hell we're livin in?

Haha..

[Announcer]

Time's up!

You lose

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