

## Kel Mitchel

### "Scary Movies"

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"What's your favorite scary movie?"

[Em] Yo, Slim Shady!

[R5] Yo, Royce 5-9

[Em] Y'all wanna make a movie?

[R5] What..

[Em] We got the film right here

[Royce]

What?

Yeah I'm one of them pretty rappers

Buck if I really hafta, I really slap ya

King of Detroit who they namin the city after (what?)

Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the  
hard shit

into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with  
experts, Bad and Evil is comin 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 spittin  
(what?)

Leavin all of you cats shittin kittens

I gotta diss you, my niggaz be cockin pistols

Shot and split you, fuck splittin the profits with you  
(what?)

Six percent, of y'all niggaz is just pretend

Clicks with clits, pussy niggaz stink with dicks (what?)

Niggaz act bully, and blast for the fast penny

My auto is fully, plenty of niggaz packin semi

Speak darts; yo you get paid? Rhymin about it is the  
sweet part

You can't be street smart with a cheap heart

Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feelin (what?)

I keep illin, my steez willin to keep killin (what?)

Fuck rap, a lot of 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'ma spit thunder (what?) stick to my guns

Niggaz is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit  
wonders

What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique

stalls  
I'ma pit bull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw (what?)  
Split y'all, holla, "It's on!" Then I diss y'all  
All of y'all niggaz get pissed on claimin you pissed off

Chorus: Eminem and Royce (repeat 2X)

Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?  
Rappers comin in with they team and carry toolies  
You can jump right out of the screen and barely move  
me  
We hard-hittin, directin and starrin in it

[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 handstandin  
Any man plannin to battle will get snatched out of his  
clothes  
so fast it'll look like an invisible man standin  
I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail  
Bill Clinton, hit this (here) and you better inhale  
Cause any MC that chooses to go against me  
is gettin takin advantage of like Monica Lewinsky  
(Leave me alone!)  
Came home in a frenzy, pushin a ten speed  
Screamin to Aunt Peg (AUNT PEG!!!!)  
with three spokes stickin out of my pant leg  
Fuck a headache, give me a migraine  
Damn it I like pain (AHH!)  
and you should be anywhere that a mic ain't  
You rap knowin you wack  
You act up and I'm throwin you down a flight of steps  
then I'm throwin you back up em  
If they don't like the track, fuck em  
The rap struck em harder then gettin 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  
(Ding! Ding!)  
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly  
(Hurry up man!)  
I'm sicker than a Tupac dedication to Biggie  
I'm free-fallin 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'ma climb the Empire State Building and get to the last  
step  
and still have half left

## Chorus

[Em] Bad.. the bad..

[R5] Uhh, when the bad meets the bad.. yo..

[Em] The evil

[R5] Take the evil with the evil

[Em] Put em together

[R5] What? Nine-nine

[Em] Two times.. Slim Shady.. Royce the Five Nine

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