

Old Time's Sake

Eminem

Good evening!
This is your fucking captain speaking
We will soon be reaching an altitude of four million and a half feet
That's eight million miles in the sky
Please, undo your seat belt for takeoff
You are now free to smoke about the cabin

I'm Dre from back in the day from
NWA from black and the gray from
Choking a bitch to smacking her face from
Stacking up bodies to
Racking their kegs up from
Racking a bitch to
Stacking them crates up
I'm still hungry
And I'm back with a tapeworm
And we was happening and rapping and tame at me
Shady for us competition
Faggot, there ain't none

Speak of the devil
It's attack of the rain man
Chainsaw in hand, blood stain on my apron
Soon as the blade spun run, they run away from
Who wanna play dungeon?
No one is safe from
In search of a brain surgeon
A great one
Wait, the day 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

So one more time for old time's sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way
And let's go
You are now smoking with the best (the best)
I said one more time for old time's sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way
And let's go
You are now smoking with the best (the best)

Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon wireless
A nice environment
Surprised, entirely hypnotized by the sound I surround the hydrants
Taking lives of firemen
Say goodbye, here I am again
Naked wives and Vicadin
Before I begin to get so high; pussy boy, I could spin
Fin, fin
Fuck the handle I fly off the hinge
Let that boy off the bench, coach and throw it to him
There he goes in his trench coat, no clothes again
Baby, make us some French toast and show us some skin

I show you every inch grows of my foreskin
Show me nipple I pinch, throw up, 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 feeling if you're feeling the force within
And when you wake up in the morning next to the porcelain

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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

Nah uh, he ain't playin'
He's gonna get the AK and aim it right at your brain
I'm slightly insane
Vodka and kreatine
Hypnotic and red bull
It's an incredible energy drink
And it's given me wings
I believe I can fly
While I pee on a girl
You won't catch me, CSI
It's as easy as pie
And as simple as cake
Dre, get on the mic and make them tremble and shake

Now put your smoke up in the air
And raise your henny and coke
And if you really wanna get fucked up, just let me know
We can smoke till there's no more lighter fluid to do it
Lets get into it
You smoking with the triest and truest
I got the Midas touch
When it comes to rolling shit up
You motherfuckas ain't smoking
You just holding shit up
Now here we go
Let's get up, get down, hold up a blunt
I smoke the kinda stuff that make the records go number one
Cuz 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
Seeing is how I blew up off of puffing them trees

Well puffing ain't enough for me
Fuck yeah, light it up Cheech, come on
Smoke me out, cuz
Give me contact buzz
Get me on track
They love me when I'm on that stuff
But this earth calling Shady, man come on back (what?)
Man we're losing 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 on their temperatures
I give them the thermometer
You get the bandages
Now baby just bend over
This won't hurt a damn bit,

And give me one more time for old time's sake
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