

# Hell Breaks Loose

Eminem

I want you, to understand something  
That when I come up in this bitch I want the fans jumping  
I want the fists, pumping in the air, I don't look like a millionaire  
But I feel like a million bucks, ladies won't ya fill your cups  
Shady's come to fill ya up, are you a D or a C cup?  
You could even be a B, it's just me and D-R-E  
You'll be in the E.R., we are strapped with so much TNT  
We may blow, no not even CPR from the EMT's  
Could help you to resuscitate, you busters must be flustered, wait  
You can't cut the mustard, what's your problem, can't you bust a grape?  
{\*chka-chk-chk\*} What's my name? Shady came and just crushed the game  
It's really not even fair to them, cause they pale in comparison  
So much they might as well wear his skin  
Don't you wish you could just share his pen?  
Cause this shit's getting embarrassing  
The fog is thick and the air is thin  
Cause he won't even let them try to breathe  
La-didi-da-da-da-didi  
He makes it look so easy, girl you just hit the lottery

Now this'll be the part of the song that they drop the needle on  
And hell, breaks, loose  
Try to restrain us you can't contain us, we're still gonna make a stink  
No matter what, we, do  
Everywhere we go it seems we're looking for any excuse  
To just, cut, loose  
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This is when shit hits the fan, like it just splattered on Stan  
This is the only moment that matters, your homie rolling with Mathers  
Like chaos erupts, Em's in back, Dre's in the front  
So do what we say at once, this song's like a seance, it hums  
(It makes them stay in a trance, no choice, they have to dance)  
It's like the playoffs, just making sure that we stay in the hunt  
Take a day off for what? Man, you better lay off the blunts  
You must be smoking something  
You think I ain't smoking nothing, stay off my nuts  
Now hit the flo' baby, time to wipe away all the rust  
Shake all them cobwebs loose, loosen up with a little bit of Grey Goose  
Yeah girl shake that caboose, I don't wanna see you try to make no excuse  
D-R-E is on the loose, a mongoose when it comes to the chronic use  
You know I can't stand to lose, me and my goons are like animals  
We come through like a pack of wolves, and we came here to retract the roof  
Yeah man ain't that the truth, girl your man's back in the booth  
Definitely back up in this bitch, and this is when all hell breaks loose

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Now I know you're feeling discouraged but homie just mark my words

I'm mur-ur-during the flow, liquid courage I'm fin' to blow  
As soon as we hit the do' power surges head to toe  
I'm sure to push it as far as words are meant to go  
We're in the indigo Winnebago with tinted windows  
Ferocious as we proceed to beat up the block wit yo' ho  
With speakers knocking it's 3 o'clock, me and Doc then proceed to drop  
"E" and hop out the vehicle and knock on your do'

Yeah, so let us in 'fore we huff and puff and we blow  
We ain't bluffing for nothing, we'll knock the stuffing out you  
Revenge is so sweet, move 'til you injure your feet  
Yeah, move it or lose it freak, move to the beat, lose yourself indubitably  
Pass up on that little cute chick  
Right there that'll be pretty damn stupid of me  
Born and raised in the C-P-T, yeah Los Angeles, rules of the streets  
Them haters hating on me, but I refuse to lose any sleep  
Keep that deuce-deuce in the seat, "Dre fell off", that's news to me

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