

SHADY CXVPHER

Eminem

My name is King Crooked, I snap on you rappers often
When I'm spazzin' I'm just gettin' my passion and point across
Like a hood cat clappin' his hands when he's talkin'
Now that I got your attention, I feel I should really mention
Don't come around here flossin', Big Willies, we really lynch 'em
Pull out the chopper, rappers hittin' the ground
Like every bar is a bullet, when I pull it, it sound like
B-b-b-b-b a couple of bullets are comin' your way then it jam
Like got damn
Then I pick up somethin' quicker, start killin' everything in the vicinity
The proximity, the Glocksimity, we on Yosemite Sam
Bam, bam your body drop
Van Damme, karate chop
The Baretta's a better competitor
Pop pop turn your sweater to a crop top
Killin' you and whoever in that drop top
Etcetera, etcetera and it will not stop
Just shoot, shoot like doot doot
And booku, booku, I'm cookoo
I'm a star goin' to war with you clones like Count Dooku
I'm worlds apart from you rappers
Like I walk in the booth rockin' a biosuit made of plastic
And NASA's galactic elastic travelin' through space, interstellar rapid
Broadcastin' from uninhibited planets
When I come back, that's it
You see a flash in the sky, it's that nigga, I
When I land, you wack niggas die
And your casket is your last hit
You wack bitch, fuckin' bastard
Back to the hand clappin'
You die quicker than Darren Wilson walkin' through Ferguson
Dressed like the grand dragon of the Klan
Passin' niggas with pants saggin'
With their hand on a black Magnum
To clap him backwards so their last words is [?]
That's backwards for "Fuck them damn niggas"
Buck them damn triggers
Charge us, bodies fill up them damn rivers
Cause everybody wanna be the best rapper alive
But I only like dead rappers
Compare me to the best rappers who died
And you rappers I used to look up to
I gotta cancel you now
Like Simon Cowell, I can't let you ex factors survive
Nah, the time's right and they finally limelightin' the god of this rhyme wr
itin'
My mic can only be likened to Poseidon's trident and Zeus' lightin' strike
And my metaphors are what Thor was to the Norse viking
I'm a born titan and at-point kill 'em like swordfightin'
I'm slicin' organs with songwritin'
I dwarf giants, I hope I'm rubbin' you pussies wrong sorta like poor dykin'
I smoke philosophy, I snort science
That means I'm higher than higher learnin', look in my eyes
That's where the fire's burnin'
Try to deny music's messiah returnin'
You die and you fry in my iron furnace
I am on my get rich and die tryin' like when Em was signin' Curtis cause I a

m murderous

(Joe Budden, Jersey City, New Jersey)

Now we can do this a couple of different ways, it really depends
Could give them classic NY jeans over the Timbs
Or I could spit about my car and how it sit on the rims
I could tell you why I'm hot and disappear like MIMS
But the bars there, put that on God, ask an atheist
And if ain't a bomb at least I'm in the blast radius
I'm beating these kids' indictment, shit, I like the terror
APB on my actions, I'm in the viking era
Moment of truth, I give you facts right now
Fuck the cypher, my mind ain't on rap right now
So it's fuck metaphors and punches, all the witty shit
Got a missing uncle and another need a kidney flip
Face says I been stressed
I got an aunt getting her ass kicked by MS
Nigga, why am I here? For the look, for the promo
Shit that bothered from the start
Cause the cancer left his lungs and it's on my grandfathers heart
Yeah, just not decided to be his own
I'm supposed to put that to the side when the beat is on
I'm planning the funeral, I'm getting the hearse ready
These niggas only wanna ask me if the verse is ready
Not the how do I feel, not the how do I deal
If that's the life, nigga, then how is it real?
These last couple of days I've been speaking to my peers
Giving them cries for help, I guess they need to see the tears
But wait, wildest part of all of that is
They'll shoot a suicidal rapper right here on the bridge
But fuck it, gotta pardon 'em, shout out to my squad and 'em
House Gang, Shady, I'm gone, nigga, my job is done

Yelawolf, Gadsden, Alabama

My name is Wayne, I'm from Alabama

Here's the back story

I just fell off the turnip truck with Ernest Tubb

I'm 33, I've got 3 kids and I just popped 3 pills

I don't know which one's which or what it's for

Safe [?]

I still smoke to the cigarette butt

I still drink till I end up being that klutz

Clumsy, self-destructive dummy

Stumbling over my words, mumbling

I'll probably do it tonight

Leave the bar, leave the car

And pass out like a fetus in a jar with my feet up to the stars

And dream about that light that leads up to the lord

I have nightmares about my momma getting beat up in the yard

Wake up feeling like half a human

Hit the studio and unleash this guilt and regret

For my lack of union between rap, you and the rock and roll community

For unity between country music and MCs, I'm claiming immunity

Still I'm working, sawing, milling this tree

Building this house exactly the way Charlemagne the god and Lord Jamar thought it would be

Wait a minute... the lord and the god hate me

Jesus Christ, I am the white devil!

Nah...

I'm still working, sawing, milling this tree

Building this house exactly the way I thought it should be

Wanna take a tour? Let's see

I've got floor-to-ceiling windows and a cabin-style mansion

Books, bears, trucks, boats, tyres, spares, four-wheelers
Three-wheelers, two-wheelers, a drug dealer on call
Plaques on the wall, racks on the wall for my guns on the wall
Lift gets low while there's chop shops, hi tops, low tops, cowboy boots
Ditsy flags, American flags, Slumerican tags on my Slumerican ass
CEO
I've got my name on the bathrobe, and the flame on the back porch is lit
Guess who's coming to dinner?
André 3000 and Hank the Third, go figure
I've got two stand-
up jetskis, a top pedigree horse, just a pet to feed of course
Who rides a horse in an ash field? I might
I've got bicycles for the kids, tricycles for the babies
And mateys, bottle rockets, bottles in my pocket
Moonshine, gold watches, gold rings
All fake, no bling, don't hate, that's my thing
I've got new clothes, old clothes, vintage, tremendous, endless style
Goodwill loves me Mackle-more than you
I've got flat screen TVs, with skate videos on repeat
All the latest CDs and P3s and Beats by Dre
Thank you very much, Jimmy Iovine for the check
I've got my black woman fine as she can be

But these cyphers, I treat 'em like a war, don't want no mediators
Nah, this that grow up in the P's behavior, next door to the greasy neighbor
s
People thank you, I do this for all the mean creators
I was someone who never needed favors to get where I'm at
Now they deem me a savior
But to be honest I ain't feelin' like that, I just really like rap
I'm not lucky, trust me
I'm opposite the hands of Sandusky
With the shit that my pen states, these rappers can't touch me
Ugly? Shit, you serious? I'm hideous
I was better than all you silly kids when I was tryna find out who I really
is
As a younger dude, life was somethin' rude
I barely made it to the first like a Cutler move
No rubber groove on my shoes had to fight, so suspensions
I had 3 in one week, yeah that was public school
Did I say 3 in 1? That's funny cause there's 4 of us in the Slaughter
That's 3 to 1, I learned that in public school too
Like what's in between a 3 and 1 and House Gang, I spoke to all 3 on 1 call
Like I dropped 2 albums and #3 is 1 second from bein' done
Just need y'all 3 to send me 1 verse apiece
For this Heatmakerz beat and brothers keep it 1
Simple mathematics, I'm addin' up to all these rap addicts
I don't like to divide dough so I multiply flow
And subtract maggots
Like a brand new craftmatic boy I'm back at it
Smokin' these new boys like my last habit
Dabnabbit I tried to quit but everything I kick's like the last dragon
Hoes suckin' my drummer dick, they on my bandwagon
I just gotta laugh cause y'all pushin' a lot of swag
I'm pushin' this big ole hearse, don't get body bagged

These new rappers be askin' me
Why I don't be hangin' out where they be hangin' out
I tell 'em, I say "Look, lil nigga listen here"
If I don't got no business there, I don't got no business there
See there's a difference here
You hustlin' so you can be seen
Nigga I'm grindin' so I can disappear

I don't do it like other rappers do
When it's on time it's skull and bone signs at the stu
We got guns you only find on your cheat code screen
If you think I remind you of any of these niggas you wildin' out
Like Chico Bean
When there's drama I don't ask no questions, I just clap in that direction
I look at this gat like it's an actual accessory
I'm anti-social so relax when you step to me
Nigga I shoot the breeze with actual weaponry
Your lil' stare downs won't fare well
I got a pale conscience, I'm the grey area
Last person I had a bond with was a bail bondsman
Now imagine me hangin' with y'all and we rappin' on the same song
Nigga I'd rather juggle a couple of chainsaws
Or run through hell with a pair of gasoline Hanes on
I'm a star but not on some I wanna be a star kinda shit
The only celebrity that give a fuck less than me is Marshawn Lynch
Glock in the stash as a backup but the MAC'll burst
Cripple your style, your first born child'll come out
With a colostomy bag as the afterbirth
I don't give a fuck
Nigga I'll show up to Beyonce's show posin' as Jay Z
Stagger in your studio session with a bomb strapped to my chest
Lookin' like Omarion holdin' his baby
Jump in the 4 door Mercedes with a .44 listenin' to JoJo and KC
Drinkin' and sniffin' enough blunts that it got me thinkin' that I can exchange sicknesses
This ebola for rabies
That's it, just livin' the rapper life
Banana clip in the air, lookin' like it's 'bout to start singin' it's MAC to night
MACs, I use this MAC as a component for thugs rollin' up
I got this MAC on and you better stay in that corner
Cause shit can turn into that song except I don't give a fuck what day it is
I'll have this club goin' up, fuck with me
Mack magnet, attractin' enormous green
Slap this clip in this gat then call this arm Christy Mack
Cause this bitch is stacked, war machine
Life of a giant, but who needs size when you're wack and your team's soft
Drag your girl down this hill 'til she admits that it feels like she's jackin' the beanstalk
We both got marketing plans
Yours is to sell records and try to net more than you gross for
Mine is to punch you in your face if you ever disrespect me
And then go invest into a grocery store
Rolled up with the Smith & Wesson and drew on you like let's fight now
I do numbers, I turn you and your crew into two plumbers
Translation, get your shit together and pipe down
Fuck a mic, I don't write, I chew and spit
I'll shoot you and your sis if you insist
I got my eyes on the barrel
Silence is so big it look like I got Bobby Schmurda tied to the barrel
And he doin' this

(My name is Marshall
I'm repping that motherfucking Motor City, bitch)
I just turned Slaughterhouse to a quintet
Began to trend set, murdered the friend's pet
Made shit as ill as it can get went in depth
Like a fucking vignette and two bars skins wet
I'm already covered in sweat
I wasn't even ready to come in yet
AHH, let me set this drink down

Beat up a gal, start beef with a pal
Probably be wild 'til I'm wrinkled and senile
And "Rap God" was a freestyle
Off the top of the dome piece while I was sleep on the couch
And I'm freestyling now
I need a towel, sweat leaks from my brow
It's burning my eyes, my cerebral is foul
Cause shit I'm thinking about should be illegal
I need my head banned like the guy who left Cleveland Ohi-
And went to South Beach with his talents
Scream "fuck you" on the way out and wink with a smile
This whole game can eat a dick, I'm going back deep underground
But right now I'm back on that bullshit and you I'm singling out
Cause you're so fucking outdated you should mingle a while
What the fuck is this clusterfuck of busters
Bunch of Buster Douglas', motherfuckers is one hit wonders
One swing and you're crowned
Knocked one out the park, one catchy jingling now
You think you fucking with me cause you sold like 300 thou
Bitch, I can jump without my feet ever leaving the ground
Reach up, swing from a cloud with 3 thousand people around
Evil and vile enough to leap in the crowd
And heave a child in a sink hole on Cinco De Mayo
When I'm sprinkled in pico de gallo
Mardi Gras beads in a towel
I just made that up
I don't know much Spanish, I'm not bilingual
But I'll show you a Mexican stand off
Between just these two amigos
Cause neither really wants to say what we're thinking outloud
But I sure as fuck think I know how rebody English, no doubt
Cause we're trying to kill each other, but lyrically
The fuck is humility? What is a real emcee?
Royce, he came up in the shit with me
Never spit that hustling shit, it wasn't a fit for me
Let them adjust 'til they just get the gist of me
Just not giving a fuck and plus with the history
And muscular dystrophy, it wasn't a mystery
Why this middle finger was stuck in this upper-positony
So what in the fuck is a list to me?
I'm used to not being on it, I expect it out 'em
Heck, man, I get my respect without 'em
And really been into diamonds since I put my first record out
But I could put a chain around my second album
And wear it as a neck medallion
Became a millionaire, went downhill from there
Became civil, office swivel chair, sterling silverware
Screaming life is still unfair til I get a real career
The fuck am I gonna do until then? This job is too fulfilling
Two gazillion pairs of super villain shoes to fill in
And a mood to kill till I apply my Coupe DeVille
To some children at the food pavilion at Build A Bear
Warrior's mind, I'm pro [?] on euphoria
In the drum imperium line, I'm soaring
I'm pouring Vicodin four at the time ignoring the warning signs
Full on untill I go four wheeler driving
Going violent and whore firing
You surely won't find a more important
With this glorious rhyme with
But I finger her like a witness, show me a line-up
I usually am abusive, but excuse me, m'am
I guess I must've threw you for a loop like toucan Sam
When I said I could use the sample cause you'se a tramp

But look how you react to this trigger like
When I call you a bigger dyke than the Hoover Dam
You playing right in Lex Luthor's hands
It's such a ruthless plan, might even lose a fan
But fuck it, Superman wouldn't change in a phone booth for Stan
I'm a brand new being like Grand Puba's band
Happy as Anderson Cooper having a tuba crammed
In his pooper with lubricant, wait, that's two, I can't
Since honesty is the best policy I'll give you the old college try
Try to acknowledge my mistakes, probably won't qualify
As a gentleman and a scholar, but it's time that I swallow pride
To say that I'm sorry, sorry that I can't apologize
I think of all the times I compromised my bottom lines
And thought of rhymes that sodomized your daughters minds
Then I'm like dollar signs
But I may fight for gay rights especially if they dyke
It's more of a knockout than [?] Rice
Play nice, bitch, I punchline [?]
In the face twice like Ray Rice in broad daylight
And in plain sight of the elevator surveillance
Til her head is banged on the railing
Then celebrate with the Ravens
Never dated an [?] that self-medicates with inhalers
I meditate, but I may need a better way to escape
The aggression, rage and the anger
Cause them restraints on the ankles
Heavyweights [?] with handcuffs in in chains
This ain't enough to contain it
But I still get the same respect as Jay if I came on
Stage in a fucking [?] everyday and it's clayborn
Devastated from breakup with Kate Hudson
Wait, slut your friends, what are they gonna say
Cause makeup ain't gonna cover
That eye that's seven/eights of the way shut
Peppersprayed with your face cut
Made my bank like a lay up
Of these effing skanks on the way up
Oh, bitch thinks she's heaven sent
It's evident that she ain't never been with seven inches
Yes, I said seven, I measured it
Seven inches from the floor
While I'm standing on the fourth floor balcony
Get to sharing when I'm stretching it
Bitch, I'm a pimp so a limp dick is all you'll ever get
So if she's hesitant to get the hint
I'll bet you that I get the message sent who she's messing with
Eloquent when I tell a chick not to never use sex as a weapon
When I step in and beat the wrenched wench with a crescent wrench
Extrastential [?] detriments to a lesbian devil
In the a presence stench of an estrogen level
That separatists like a Chechnian rebel
And pressavist [?] with a pencil
A pessimist, with his lips pressed against
The edge of this threshold [?]

Oh in the Shady 2.0
We wrote in roman numerals like they do for the Super Bowls
Cause it's supposed to confuse you hoes
The flows lose you as usual, so juvenile
2 year old when I go to the studio
It's only music but don't be foolish though
You don't know me through it ho but you can blow me to it though
In my homie's Buick

Been known to lose it though so if I overdo it you drove me to it
When I step in the vocal booth like I'm supposed to do
And I murder you on a fuckin' track like Tony Stewart
In one take, if I fuck up I don't redo it
You couldn't sound grown on a beat if you were moaning to it
The day I don't say fuck you all, you can throw me through it
Rootin' this, tootin' this, shootin' this from the hip

With the women, I'm an enemy to them
And the epitome of an inconsiderate idiot
But they consider me equivalent to chlamydia
They tryna get rid of me [?]
But I stiggity stand for the figgity flag
Of the United States and the freedom, I distribute these raps through
And if I catch you doing anything
Hindering or prohibiting that after I give me that
Tattoo of your lips on my ass I'mma be literally
Pickin' up and deliberately rippin' the Statue of Liberty at you WOOOOH