

Smack You

Eminem

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Hopin' my thug motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odd, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke (Come on!) (21-gun salute!)

I'm holding Irv responsible, the Cookie Monster of Rap
Won't give Hailie back her Oscar, they lost it up Ja Rule's ass
We forgot an Oscar's a statue of a naked man
We told her if she goes to take it back that he'll break her hand (Grr)
But that's okay, baby, let's leave this faggot alone
Let him have it, next your daddy'll bring you home two more
And remember that pretty little dress that you wore
To his show to match his when we saw him perform? (Yeah?)
Well, we gon' send that to his son
(You mean his son is a girl?) No, but he likes to dress like one (Haha)
And I think he's got a daughter too
But we ain't gotta talk about his dirty-ass little kids like he did to you
'Cause we don't need to stoop to Ja Rule's level
'Cause if we do (Yo), then that would mean we'd only be one foot two
Then we'd be as tall as the statue that we shoved up his ass
And then who knows? He might have room to fit us up there too
Aight, big ears, it's time for you to go upstairs, boo
Give Daddy kisses, Kim, you fuckin' slut, where are you?
Come put Hailie to bed, I'll be finished up with this shit in a minute
Just in time for you to make the last call at fuckin' Skinnies
Hailie's gone, what's up now, punk? Since you brought her up
Let's talk about her, chump, you already called her a slut
Bitch, don't you ever question how we bring our daughter up
You don't even raise your kids, your waddling Donald Duck
Fat-ass bitch of a wife who lives at McDonald's does
You stay in LA, tryna parlay with all the plugs
Beggin' Suge to get him to follow you to all the clubs
But you're too dumb to see that your publishing's all he wants
Thinkin' you friends 'til he gets it and you're the next rapper
Sittin' on the passenger side of that Benz that gets hit again
And LAPD'll be sayin', "Who did this shit again?"
Knowing who did it, but still nobody admits it
But if I get killed for this shit, I know who did it
Y'all ain't gotta go to limits to solve it, just expect a visit
From forty to fifty vatos on your steps
Ready, set to let the shots go, Pac, tell 'em, who shot you? (Suge shot me,
Suge shot me)

I'm holding Suge responsible for the deaths of the two greatest rappers to ever grace the face of this planet (Suge shot me, Suge shot me)
If only the late great mister Christopher Wallace could talk, He could tell

you himself (Suge shot me, Suge shot me)
I'm holding Suge responsible for the death of Ja Rule or anyone else down with the Row (Suge shot me, Suge shot me)
In the immortal words of Pac, speaking for me and any other rapper next to get shot (Suge shot me, Suge shot me)

This game is gonna be the death of me
But I'm gonna expose the truth even if it kills me
This game is gonna be the death of me
But I'm gonna expose the truth even if it kills me
This game is gonna be the death of me
But I'm gonna expose the truth even if it kills me
This game is gonna be the death of me
But I'm gonna expose the truth even if it kills me (And it probably will)

I don't know why the fuck you even gotta get me started
I swear to God, you gotta be retarded, you're regarded
The hardest workin' artist since Pac? Stop, no, you're not
Oh my God! Knock it off, Ja, get off his jock
You spoke on the Doctor, that's vodka
That ain't Ja talkin', Dre, give me the word, I'll sock him
Fuck is the problem? Let's get to the root
Irv's brother ain't the only one shootin' himself in the foot
To say that they jumped out of a window and hit the pavement
Off the Empire State Building would be an understatement
It'd be understatement to say that they made a fatal fuckin' mistake
For fuck's sake, what did you just take?
Let me get some of whatever you're on to be where you at
'Cause you gotta be a fuckin' moron to even do that
Roll it up, smoke it and throw on a freakin' durag
Ja, you got Outlaw on your forearm, let's see the new tat
You gotta be seeing somethin' we don't see
Let us know if you know something we don't, please
'Cause I just don't see the vision, you ain't even our division
You might even fuckin' die and it ain't even our decision
You made a deal with the devil whose giving you his permission
To imitate a legend we all love so much, we miss him
And now this shit's just getting disgusting 'cause it's sickening
'Cause we see it, but no one says a fucking thing, we just
Pretend that it doesn't exist, but it does, and it's been itching
And just eatin' at me so fuckin' much, and it's just getting
To the point you might as well go to Suge, assume position
Drop to your fuckin' knees and just suck his fuckin' dick and
Get it over with, your reign is over with and you know this shit
You just don't want no one to notice it, that Jodeci shit
Ain't even entertaining, you're crying, your voice is straining
Like you're dyin', but look in the sky, it ain't even rainin'
Come outta the rain

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Against all odds

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This game is gonna be the death of me
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This game is gonna be the death of me
But I'm gonna expose the truth even if it kills me (And it probably will)

Stupid, I'm gonna make you shut up once I get out there too
Smack you across the face