

# Smack You

Eminem

Suge shot me, Suge shot me, Suge shot me, Suge shot me  
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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 e  
ver 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  
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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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Stupid, I'm gonna make you shut up once I get out there too  
Smack you across the face