

Trade Off

Eminem

One, two, three

This here's the verbal onslaught
We decide who's gonna set it off with a coin toss
Pull out the big pencil while the coin's suspended in air
Before it can hit the floor I'ma give you about fifty-nine
Reasons in the form of a lyrical beating
Why nobody could compete with a flipped nickel
I'm with your chick though, she said you ain't a man, damn
She said all you can do is split though, like Van Damme
You could put me on any tempo
I'll be buggin' out and findin' the pocket in it
More phantom than the one where that man asked that other man
To give his hand out of it before they slayin' a brother mouth

Outta Oz, I'm a wizard with the speech
Y'all all under that house like the Wicked Witch feet
Sittin' in enemies' suite, feminine geeks against the elite
Diss Eminem's fleet, dress better than fleek
These ain't knocks, why you checkin' my sneak's?
Once I'll go get the receipt, these was like eleven pockets
Julian Edelman deep, I settle the beef with my enemies
Huckle a Koch killer A1, independently
Clear out vicinities like I'm wearin' out her virginity
Synergy, energy's unmatched, Canelo and Dempsey
Say hello to your senseis, 'cause since we been
On the scene, y'all been sensitive, I can sense all the nonsense and envy

I wish you unimaginative pigs
Didn't choose rappin' as a gig
Last rapper I couldn't stand I kidnapped him while he was nappin' in his crib
Backin' the hammer, I cracked him in the wig
Call it a hairline fracture, that's for the wack rappin' that he did
Man, he panicked and he slid out the rope, had to jack him up again
Snapped his arm backwards
He seen his own fuckin' bone pass through his skin
I shoved the bone inside of his abdomen
He had to be mad at me for usin' a part of his own anatomy
To happily stab him in the ribs, ha, laughin' again
Tragedy has to happen when rapping with Em

Stick a javelin in his Adam's apple and if I can't get it in
Start unravelling his intestine in less than a half minute, then
Stretch it like elastic until it begins to snap like a chin
Strap and then stand with a grin
Your majesty, glad you're back, it's King Mathers
The only thing these only faggots get held as is the captive
And when it comes to then pen, I keep goin' in, get served like a fuckin' pig
With a napkin and paper fork, get the coroner, rigor mortis
Has competition, the stiffest boards, boydin' all, godspeed
So forgive me, Lord, appalling your jaw droppings to the sickened whore
Even hot emcees all cop pleased with a piss in drawers
Get the shotty and I'll cock, squeeze like a frickin' whore
So why are you all called police? The decision's poor
'Cause not even law stops me, you were misinformed

Forget the morgue, why the fuck y'all cops need a mortician for?
Nobody at all tops E, like a missin' corpse

Somebody get Paul, lock me in a prison ward
With Nadia and let her top me 'til my tip is soft
For practice, should've known we'd attack this
My whole squad criminal minded, check the blacklist
Paper chasers, caged razors, abrasive
Based off hatred, a nigga faced with cases
Raised in the matrix Biz marks get a the taste of the vapours
Chance of seein' me is greater with LASIK, Joey
Not a rook, shorty with me, could tell a vet
A bill maker deflate balls, come give my bell a check
If I hit the yard on the bar gettin' hella wrecked
Won't though, normally I'm free for the bail to set
I be in [?] tell me who the hell is next?

The smell of sex, fire, accelerants, decks and cellar [?]
Inhalants, X, and I'm high on Chanel, and Insect repellent, meth, and
C'mon, Em, stop
I mean, stop
Ain't no stoppin' the vel-ocity of skill, ill
Shocking, like Silkk the Shocker in silk stockings
And still copping a feel like Bill Cosby at will
After pill poppin' and spilled Oxy's in Jill's coffee
And send her out to the lobby a lil' wobbly and still groggy
I'm real cocky 'til I get real sloppy, then she'll probably
Just squeal on me, 'til then I'ma chill like Chill Rob G
You still serial kill, copy, you Xerox me
But lyrics are top tier, you career's flopping
That's why you're salty as tear drops, I can make Aaliyah stop in
Mid air and drop in the ocean and all you hear is plopping
Then float up to the sky when I talk, bitch, I'm so fly, when I walk, my ear
s pop

I'm on the East side of New York, near the fish spot
Poke you with the side of this fork, my grits not
Ha, I pull over, it looks like I made a pit stop
Wouldn't stop cars through the streets, it feel like I skip blocks
Bitches get back to me right away
I give 'em the signal, fuck 'em, then let 'em go like they got the right of
way
I'm tyna write away the anger from my past
When they wouldn't let me smash, but I guess I'll get 'em back
When I fuck 'em in they ass, have 'em suffer and suck on my bubble bag
You better not fuckin' gag either, Guzzle, brag
Your mouth's raising my kids, that's the plan, B
Smile, show me one big happy family

I met her on the East coast, somewhere near D&D
Preemo said she did porn, and she be on TMZ
I took here somewhere far away that I don't care being seen
She saw me use this application called AirBnB
Started asking questions, bullshit that I ain't wanna hear at all
Stressing, if we being honest, I ain't care at all
Man, I hate them questions, told her that's an application
I got on my phone to find a place so I can fuck her
She found it so sexy, I kept it so brutally honest with her
Ever since then, man, she's been waving my flag like a patriotic mother
I'm holding the four boards, the tu-tu
I heard them boys ran down on you like you do for a new shoe (new shoe)

So fuck you too, whore, and screw you, I knew

You would probably go screw Royce, but you blew
Schoolboy Q, Posdnuos, Trugoy, Plug Two too
You bout to get fingered by you four, I move boot
Up your poop chute
And down two floors, I threw you
So shooby-di-dooby-di-woo, joy, treat you, you
Like a shitzu with a new chew toy, I chewed you
A new one, this, you won't be an issue
But, bitch, you might have to learn the shit [?], fist you
Like a pistol, 'cause bitch, even if you
Went away, only way I'll say I missed you is if I swung and I didn't hit you
Wicked intentions, I'm sick with the pen when I diss you
But I'll stick it with pencils then I'm pickin' up ginsus and switchin' to k
itchen utensils
This is the most suspenseful, potentially gross and intense moment, the wenc
h dove
At me, hence I just bent over, she went, "No"
And she went out the window of the tenth floor, hit the Smithso-
Nian, winds blowing, this hoe's in a trench coat
She begins floating and hits a fencepost
I hate this bitch, but I cringed though as both her shins broke
Michael Douglas and Glenn Close, if only that French toast
Would've been on that stove when I came home, you wouldn't have got beat

Thick skull, sicko
Drinking at Big Gulp with a slit throat, spit fro-
Zen coke from my lymph nodes (Em!), in pimp mode
Get the nympho's info with the symposium while I sniff blow
Listen, we get it, we get it, we get it, we get it
That's enough, we gotta let them hear the rest of this album
We'll let them hear the rest of this song later ([?] clip show [?])
We'll let them hear the rest of this song later (Tryna tiptoe in snow [?] an
d [?])