

# 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  
Heckle 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 razers, 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 repelent, 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 [?])