

Yo, heh
Once upon a time in America
Yo, you know what?

If I was president, I'd have pushed the button already
Sitting in the White House, my palms would be sweaty
Selling coke, that's why the house white
If you talk shit, I'ma turn out your lights
You get stupid, I get stupider
You from Earth, I'm from Jupiter
The bitch with the big titties, you know who, uh huh
Don't fuck with Esham, bombs like nuclear
I swoop down in the pigeon coupe no roof
That's like Eminem recovery with no proof
How you gon' rep the D without no truth?
Your style regurgitating, throwing up soul food
And all these boot-licking butt-kissing niggas just stop
'Cause even with 'em on the verse your shit still flop

Yo, Eminem, let me ask you
What you got against Detroit and hip hop?
Oh, okay, you know what?

Say something, say something, say something
Back to me (Bitch)
Say something, say something, say something
Back to me, let me get some of that money

We just battling, but you tattling, babbling
About what Kimmy did to Allison
I found a pair of bloody panties at the Radisson, they said
That you left 'em there when you was there with Madison
They wouldn't let us in the game 'cause you already
Served 'em a placebo, but they know we got the medicine
They said them boys getting too much lettuce
Then they said forget us, then you start east coast dick lickin'

Shade 45
Shade 45
Shade 45
East coast dick lickin', uh
You ain't even from NYC like me
I'm from Amityville
Yeah, with skills to kill
Yeah, but I was raised in the D
On the E-A-S-T-S-I-D-E
Yeah, Detroit
You are afraid of Detroit hip hop, yeah
Hip hop