Eminem, Eminem Feat. J-Black, Masta Ase

[Announcer]
Welcome back, to the stage of history
[Eminem]
Yo.. Slim Shady!
Yo.. I'll fuckin.. I'll..
I'll puke, eat it, and freak you (eww)
Battle? I'm too weeded to speak to
The only key that I see to defeat you
would be for me to remove these two Adidas and beat you
and force feed you 'em both, and on each feet is a cleat shoe
I'll lift you off your feet so fast with a roundhouse
you'll think I pulled the fuckin ground out from underneath you
(Bitch!) I ain't no fuckin G, I'm a cannibal
I ain't tryin to shoot you,
I'm tryin to chop you into pieces and eat you
Wrap you in rope and plastic, stab you with broken glass
and have you with open gashes strapped to a soakin mattress
Coke and acid, black magic, cloaks and daggers (ahhh!)
Fuck the planet, until it spins on a broken axis
I'm so bananas I'm showin up to your open casket
to fill it full of explosive gasses
and close it back with a lit match in it
while I sit back and just hope it catches
Blow you to fragments
Laugh, roll you and smoke the ashes
[Chorus: J-Black (repeat 2X)]
I see the light at the end
But every time I take a step, it gets dim
Tell me is this hell we're livin in?
If so, heaven's got to be better
But if we're hellbound, whatever, let's go down
[J-Black]
Am I the worst? Because I, never go to church (never)
I run a red light then sideswipe a hearse
I'ma drink 'til my liver rot, see the doc
Leave the E.R., then hit a bar for a liquor shot, 'til the liver spot
One day we all gon' die
But when I die, I'ma be so high
that I'ma get up and walk, leavin the concrete bare
with the chalk outline still there
I smoke 'til I choke and I sex a lot
I got a cross on my chain but it's just a rock
Now if I pray everynight (night)
Do I still have to hold my trey very tight?
You feel me God? I done did so much shit while on Earth
I smoke, I drink, I curse, and to make matters worse
I bust my gun first, and then I chat with your corpse
Since way back, I was one to never like back-talk
See me at the pearly gates in line, wearin a Nordface
Nickle nine at my waist, God done lost faith
Angels greet me but I don't reply back
Just show me to my quarters, and oh yeah, where's Thai at?
[Chorus 1/2]
[Announcer]
Maxie was seriously wounded but the soul still burns
Final battle, fight!
[Masta Ace]
Analyze the strength of my game, like Lee Corso
Call me a lost soul, with a vest on my torso
And of course, yo, y'all know I'm no stranger to danger
Like Christ in a manger, feel a whole range of my anger
I breathe down shit so hard you can see sound
And beat down these rap clowns in like three rounds
My pen 'bout as sharp as a dagger, walk with a swagger

Tie your wife to the back of a black Jag and I drag her
Ten blocks, untie the bitch and I still bag her
Give her a smack in the ass and a six pack of lager
My shit go as deep and as dark as a train tunnel
My flows spill like usin the wrong end of a funnel
Everyday I grow more older, and more colder
Fly you to Colorado, roll you over with a Boulder
I know you want to retaliate but you won't dare
Cause you fuckin with some niggaz like this who just don't care
[Chorus]
[J-Black]
But every time I take a step, it gets dim..
Tell me is this hell we're livin in?
Haha..
[Announcer]
Time's up!
You lose!