Eminem, Not Alike (ft. Royce da 5'9)

brain dead, eye drops pain meds, cyclops
they bad, ipod
Maybach my bitch
trainwrecks, sidewalks
pay less, high-tops
k-fed, ihop
playtex, ice sports

that’s how much we have in common
that’s how much we have in common
up on this mic, wjhen we’re on it
that’s how much we have in common
that’s how much we have in common
that’s how much we have in common
we are not alike
there’s not alike us on the mic

I don’t do Jordans and Audemars
I do explosives and Molotovs
y’all blowin smokes as if y’all ain;t washed
I blow the smoke from the car exhaust
flyin’ to a party I am not invited to
feelin’ like the streets need me
I ain’t gotta dance long as my Ferraro Spyder move like C Breezy
I don’t gotta hire goons
I’d rather try to buy the moon and breathe freely
the sky is blue, th tie is now
the Maserati white and cool like G-Eazy
while these dudes tryna figure out
how to do freestyle as fly as me
I’m confused tryna figure out how to do Kapri Syles and Mya G

everybody doin’ chick joints
probably rob these ltle dudes at fst point
remember everybody used to bite Nickel
now everybody doin’ Btcoin
we don’t got nothing; in common
we don’t got nothing; in common
y’all into stuff like double-up Styrofoam cups
on them uppers-and-dwoners
I’m into stuff like doublin’ commas
find me a brother who’s solid

to count the shit up and them bust the shit down
when the cops hit us up
we can flush the shit down
we can not give a fuck, shit, a fuckin’ colonic
sellin’ your cock and your butt for a follower
possible cup, for dollars you powder sniff
now you’re slipping
call it a power trip
a product of politics
y’all went from profit and troppin the charts
to dropped in the park in a pile of shit
knowledge s power, but powerless
if you got it and you do not ackwnowledge it
y’all music sound ike dr. Seuss inspired it
hirin’ strippers, prositut retiring
we can spit it for jya advance
I;m fit to be king
you’re cut out to fit in prnce pants
you niggas

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you say you’re affiliated with murders, killas
the people you run with are thuggin
but you’re just a wannabe gunna
like you was gonna so something
acting like you catching bodies
and you got juice
lil youngin
you’re buggin
you ain’t never ebven bben charged in connection with battery
bitch, youain’t plugged into nothin’
rap God spit lyrical bullets

and gets cock, your parents better tool up
this has not to do with muscular
but have guns for sure
you better pu a
strap on
in other word if you’re gonna roll up with your gang
you’re gon; nneed a Arsenal
cause this bar is ober your head
dso you better have arms if you’re gonna pull up
you run the streets
now you wanna come and fuck with me
this little cock-sucker, he must be feeling himself
he wants to keep up his tough demeanor
so he does a future, decides to team up with Nina
But next time you don’t gotta use Tech N9ne
If you wanna come at me with a sub-machine gun
And I’m talkin’ to you, but you already know who the fuck you are, Kelly
I don’t use sublims and sure as fuck don’t sneak-diss
But keep commentin’ on my daughter Hailie