Eminem, Off The Wall (Feat. Redman)

Yo
(Yo)
Look!
(Yo)
(Chorus 1)
Eminem-
No matter what people say
I'm gon' keep rapping this way
No matter what you may think
I'm gon' keep doing my thing
One of the worst things
Is fat, bald men decided to write songs
And teach Mouseketeers to sing
I'll stick Britney Spears in a room full of mirrors
So she gets fifty years of bad luck
Causing terror to Christina Aguilera
When I grab her by the hair and drag her across the Sahara
(Bitch!)
You aware of this rap terrorist with a therapist
With a hair up his ass like a rabbit crawled up his pants
Got a habit of holding Tylenol in his hands
Till it melts in his fucking palms and dissolves in his glands
(So who is it?)
Fool who visits the playground
With two biscuits to lay down the school district
Get pissed with a whip with a Marseburg
With a pistol grip and fed pit bull shit
Sniff glue sticks like I give two shits
If I get too rich I just get sued
Redman-
Yo I leave with no injure
After I blow four one in ya
One handstand on top of your ninja
Crashin' Doc stir the madness
We all out of work like Tony Atlas
Walking with cans in a laundry basket
America's most with the army after us
Fuck flossin' we take what's yours
Unload fifteen like an ace and four
I'm out of work but Doc laid them off
(Shit! The power's out)
The tape is off
Yo who target it from arsonists?
Paper make pens filled with arsenic
I got hoes that don't know what Prada is
Doc can shave up, cut your barber miss
?
I turn out camps in to crystal lakes
And fuck bitches face is what I'mma do
Cause that's what white boy Tyno do
(Chorus 2)
Eminem-
So how's everybody doing tonight?
Hope you in the mood to get drunk
To screw and to fight
Cause uh we getting down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if y'all don't wanna bump to this
(Chorus 3)
Redman-
So how's everybody feeling tonight?
Hope you in the mood to get rude
And illin' to fight
Cause uh we getting down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if you don't wanna bump

(Chorus 1)
Redman-
Yo when my gat spit it hospital son admitted
Rip your lips off kiss my ass with it
Slap bitches, Doc, Marshall Maths..
(Print it!)
We ex and ass of tabs did it
I'm what's happening with no rerun
Doc rob Dinero when the heat come
My barrel hangs out the Camero
Aimed at the nose when them hoes is hard to breathe from
Flash the gat your town bow guarded
Your wallet, your chain the main target
Beef is like cold engine, don't start it
Bust in the air and hit an airplane pilot
We pound you, rap surround sounds around you
From ten speed and brown shoe
Doc and Eminem, cock the M&M
Blood flows with 2Paclypse and them
It's like Funk Doctor
Eminem-
Mr. Punk Rocker
Got the drug stock inside the lunch box
Pop junk like I just got jumped
Pop the trunk and pull out the shotgun pump
Knock wood, it's all good
Thank God for vodka
But with my luck, I'll probably get shot by a stalker
Probably got a Fanatic waiting upstairs in the attic
With an automatic calling me up there
My man Stan with a gat in his hand
Staking my house out in a damn tinted Sedan
Pull your mouth out till you can't finish a damn
Ham sandwich or your canned spinach or Spam
You gotta sip through a straw
Shop lift through the mall
Pictures of me on my mom's living room wall
Hey ma maybe I'll give you a call
SIKE! YOU FUCKING BITCH!
Suck a dick and two balls
I'm giving you all my shocking script
Which is to piss a priest off with this
Pop more pills than police officers
Arrive at the scene to pull me off of Kim
Teeth off my dick, hands off my balls
But y'all can kiss my ass, pants off and all
Cause I'm so goddamn off the wall
I might as well be a painting smashed on the floor
(Chorus 3)
(Chorus 2)
(Chorus 1)
Eminem-
No matter what people say
I'm gon' keep doing my thing
No matter, OH!