Eminem, Old Times Sake

This is your ****ing captain speaking
We will soon be reaching an altitude of four million and a half feet
Thats eight million miles in the sky
Please, undo your seatbelt for takeoff
You are now free to smoke about the cabin
Im Dre from back in the day from
NWA from black and the gray from
Choking a bitch to smacking her face from
Stacking up bodies to
Racking their kegs up
from Racking a bitch to
Stacking them crates up
Im still hungry and Im back with a tapeworm
And we was happening and rapping Entertainment
Me & Shady for us competition
Faggot, There aint none
Speak of the devil
Its attack of the rain man
Chainsaw in hand, blood stain on my apron
Soon as the blade spun run, they run away from
Who wanna play dungeon?
No one is safe from
In search of a brain surgeon
A great one
Wait, the day aint funny man
Its urgent I need one
Two boxes of detergent and a paint gun
And an emergency squirt gun to spray A-1
So one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way
And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)
I said one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way
And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)
Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon wireless
A nice environment
Surprised, entirely hypnotized by the sound I surround the hydrants
taking lives of firemen
Say goodbye, here I am again
Naked wives and vicadin
Before I begin to get so high; pussy boy, I could spin
Fin, fin
**** the handle I fly off the hinge
Let that boy off the bench, coach and throw it to him
There he goes in his trench coat, no clothes again
Baby, make us some French toast and show us some skin
I show you every inch grows of my foreskin
Show me nipple I pinch, throw up, and throw up a ten
Now you know its a sin to tease, blow us again
The sorcerer of intercourse - if its forced, its him
Dont fight the feeling if youre feeling the force within
And when you wake up in the morning next to the porcelain
So one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way
And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)
I said one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way

And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)
Now wheres theres smoke, theres fire
Where theres fire, theres flames
Wheres theres flames, theres chronic
Either you high or you aint
I got no time for no games
Nah, uh he aint playing
Hes gonna get the AKA and aim it right at your brain
Im slightly insane
Vodka and creatine
Hypnotic and red bull
Its an incredible energy drink
And its given me wings
I believe I can fly
While I pee on a girl
You catch me, CSI
Its as easy as pie
And as simple as cake
Dre, get on the mic and make them dribble and shake
Now put your smoke up in the air
And raise your henny and coke
And if you really wanna get ****ed up, just let me know
We can smoke till theres no more lighter fluid to do it
Lets get into it
You smoking with the triest and truest
I got the Midas touch
When it comes to rolling **** up
You mother****ers aint smoking
You just holding **** up
Now here we go
Lets get up, get down hold up a blunt
I smoke the kinda stuff that make the records go number one
Cuz if at first you dont succeed, wont hurt to smoke some weed
Now them words are just a little more personal for me
Seeing is how I blew up off of puffing them trees
Well puffing aint enough for me
**** yeah, light it up Cheech, come on
Smoke me out, cuz
Give me contact buzz
Get me on track
They love me when Im on that stuff
But this earth calling Shady, man come on back (what?)
Man were losing him; he wont even respond back (****!)
Now look at all the pretty women in here
(Damn bitches)
Dre, its hot
I think we better go check on their temperatures
I give them the thermometer
You get the bandages
Now baby just bend over
This wont hurt a damn it just
So one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way
And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)
I said one more time for old times sake
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way
And lets go
Were now smoking with the best (the best)