Eminem, Scary Movies

[Em] Yo, Slim Shady!
[R5] Yo, Royce 5-9
[Em] Y'all wanna make a movie?
[R5] What..
[Em] We got the film right here
[Royce]
What?
Yeah I'm one of them pretty rappers
Buck if I really hafta, I really slap ya
King of Detroit who they namin the city after (what?)
Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the hard shit
Into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with
Experts, Bad and Evil is comin soon
MC's get stuck, head first back in they mother's womb
This shit is written, in my eyes I'm the illest MC spittin (what?)
Leavin all of you cats shittin kittens
I gotta diss you, my niggaz be cockin pistols
Shot and split you, fuck splittin the profits with you (what?)
Six percent, of y'all niggaz is just pretend
Clicks with clits, pussy niggaz stink with dicks (what?)
Niggaz act bully, and blast for the fast penny
My auto is fully, plenty of niggaz packin semi
Speak darts; yo you get paid? Rhymin about it is the sweet part
You can't be street smart with a cheap heart
Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feelin (what?)
I keep illin, my steez willin to keep killin (what?)
Fuck rap, a lot of y'all all is just acts
Trust that - you rhyme all wack on rough tracks
Bust and then we all black when you get bust back at
Fuck that, you get blast at, you get laughed at
And I'ma spit thunder (what?) stick to my guns
Niggaz is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit wonders
What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique stalls
I'ma pit bull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw (what?)
Split y'all, holla, "It's on!" Then I diss y'all
All of y'all niggaz get pissed on claimin you pissed off
[Eminem and Royce]
Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?
Rappers comin in with they team and carry toolies
You can jump right out of the screen and barely move me
We hard-hittin, directin and starrin in it
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[Eminem]
The one man on the planet that'll drive off of the Grand Canyon
Hop out of a Grand Am and land in it handstandin
Any man plannin to battle will get snatched out of his clothes
So fast it'll look like an invisible man standin
I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail
Bill Clinton, hit this, and you better inhale
Cause any MC that chooses to go against me
Is gettin takin advantage of like Monica Lewinksy (Leave me alone!)
Came home in a frenzy, pushin a ten speed
Screamin to Aunt Peg (AUNT PEG!!!!)
With three spokes stickin out of my pant leg
Fuck a headache, give me a migraine
Damnit I like pain (AHH!)
And you should be anywhere that I might gain
You rap knowin you wack
You act up and I'm throwin you down a flight of steps
Then I'm throwin you back up em
If they don't like the track, fuck em

The rap struck em harder then gettin hit by a Mack truck
And then backed up on
And any half-assed known rapper to trespass
Better be ready for the second Celebrity Deathmatch (Ding! Ding!)
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly (Hurry up man!)
I'm sicker than a Tupac dedication to Biggie
I'm free-fallin feet first out of a damn tree
To stampede your chest till you can't breathe
And when I'm down to my last breath
I'ma climb the Empire State Building and get to the last step
And still laugh half bent
[Eminem and Royce]
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[Em] Bad.. the bad..
[R5] Uhh, when the bad meets the bad.. yo..
[Em] The evil
[R5] Take the evil with the evil
[Em] Put em together
[R5] What? Nine-nine
[Em] Two times.. Slim Shady.. Royce the Five Nine