Eminem, The Sauce

[Eminem talkin']
Its all bad now man, its all bad
But yal done fucked up now
Yeah ha ha, new shit, hey yo
I just want the whole world to know:
That I did not start this, but I will finish it

[Verse]
Comin up it never mattered what color you was
If you could spit then you could spit, thats it, thats what it was
Back when, motherf*ckers was straight back packin
Cypherin, fightin for life in this rap
for the mic to get past and you psyched and you gasped
and you hyped cuz you last and you might whoop some ass
If you lost then you lost shake hands like a man
and you swallowed it, when the unsigned hype column
at The Source was like, the only source of light
When the mics used to mean somethin, a four was like
you were the shit, now its like the least you get
three and a half now just means you a piece of shit
four and a half or five, means you Biggie, Jigga, Nas,
or Benzino I dont think you even realize
you playin with motherf*ckers lives, I done watched Dre
get ****ed on The Chronic, probably cuz I was on it
Now you fucked me outa my mics twice I let it slide
I said I wouldnt hold my f*cken breath to get a five
Sh*t I was right, Ida f*ckin died already tryin
I swear to God I never lie I bet thats why
you let that b*tch give me that bullsh*t review
I sat and took it, I aint look at the sh*t we knew
You'd probly try to f*ck us with Obie and 50 too
F*ck a relationship we through
No more Source with street cred, them days is dead
Dre's got A-Ks to Dave May's head
Every issue there's an eight page Made-Mens spread
Will somebody please tell whoever braids his head
That I am not afraid, hes just a f*ckin waste of lead
on my pencil, for me to write some sh*t this simple
So listen closely, as I break it down and proceed
This old Gs bout to get smoked like rolled weed
You dont know me or my motherf*ckin mother you motherf*ckin punk
Put me on your fuckin cover just to sell your little sell out mag
I aint mad I feel bad, heres an ad, heres a poster of Ray-Ray and his dad
You wanna talk about some sh*t that you dont know about? ya
Lets talk about how your puttin you own son out there
To try to eat off him, cuz you missed your boat
Your never gonna blow b*tch your just too old
No wonder your sore now lordy your bored now
Im pushin thirty your kickin fourty's door down
B*tch this is war now, and youl never beat me
all you do is cheat me out of QUATABLES but you know
that youl always see me on your TV
Cuz you gotta stay up till three in the mornin
To see your video played once on bet
So he-he-he who has the last laugh?
Aftermath ya so on behalf on our whole staff
kiss our ass-hole cracks we'll never fold or hold back
Just know that Benzinos wack
no matter how many times I say his name, hell never blow jack
Your better off tryin to bring R-S-O back
Look at your track record thats how far it goes back
Its extortion n Ray own's a proportion
so half of the staff up there is fresh outta jail from boston
Bullyin and bossin, Dave like a slave they've completely brainwashed him

And forced him to stay locked in his own office afraid of the softest
fakest, wannabe gangster in New York
And its pitiful, cuz I would have never said sh*t to you if you'd have kept your mouth shut
B*tch now what? Hit it Clue, spit it Slay
New sh*t, exclusive, yo Lantern, Whoo Kid
You know what to do with this: use it
Im through, this is stupid, I cant believe I stooped to this
bullsh*t to do this...

And who you callin a b*tch? B*tch. You owe me.