Eminem, There He Is

[Intro: Bobby Creekwater]
Yesssss, ladies and gentlemen (yeah man)
Bobby Creekwater, today's host
Today's narrator, yeah
(We do this shit every year around this time)
Today's what-the-fuck-ever you wanna call it
But I need y'all to sit back, and listen
Listen man (fuck what you write man, just go get 'em)
[Verse One]
An executive mindframe, fuck tryin to rap
Niggaz represent a corner, I refined the map
Artesian water, this is flow untapped
And rep for 'em like Mike on playoff night; that's if the payoff right
The dream team, Bobby Creek, Em, 50 and them
We +Run the City+ like Diddy and them
The opposition we just pityin them, it's no chance
Put you niggaz in the special olympics is no dance
I'm nice like a meal twice, nigga no grams
Get them bitches out they pants, I did it with no hands!
See, one thing's for sure I'm pure uncut
Baby you can either stay down or get gunned up
Mr. Night Life, I can give you niggaz sun up
I just get an order, let my niggaz pick the gun up
That's when I bone ya, nigga wake yo' punk ass up
This is ammonia, fuck your face up
Bitches won't even telephone ya
I can space age pimpin, a pocket full of stone ya
Ya dig? Take the world over that's the gig
Sell enough units have Paul and Jimmy dancin the jig
Roll the Maserati through the city, me and Riggs
Bumpin Obie Trice, shoot a bird at the pigs
Ever since a nigga got rich
Life is still a bitch but she a high class bitch
I just wanna fuck with me a high class bitch
Nigga pitch that on some eyeglass shit
See I classic, enough to get the mics back right
And I'm a fan of record sales, I don't like that hype
I'm here to end it
[Chorus]
Oh Lord that nigga mean, ain't he?
Yea, goddamn that nigga clean, ain't he?
Yea, see he a greedy baby
But some people tend to call him the return of Shady
There he is - goddamn that nigga clean, ain't he?
Yea, oh Lord that nigga mean, ain't he?
Yea, see he a greedy baby
But some people tend to call him the return of Shady
Bobby Creek, Bobby Creek...
[Verse Two]
Yea, yeah
Nice like Mike right, you niggaz soft as night lights
Diamond's a tall order I'm just tryin to get the hype right
I'm throwed off, so hard, so soft, sold out
Bought the Coupe a color of nice weather and rolled out
I can't hold out, hot like a fish fried
Who the fuck is this guy? The ruler on the disc I
Hit you in your suit coolers, I'm in the Coupe cooler
than pigskin men base runners and hoop shooters
A loose screw ban money like the legendary Roots crew
This is just the shit that I am used to
Oh nah, I don't bust a chopper but I used to
Now I put the word out - I'm sure you niggaz heard 'bout
Young boss sold money, old school new paint
Ball knowin you can't, give a fuck what you think

Member of the mighty Shady Records, nigga you ain't
Think you fuckin with me then double whatever you drink
You can't fathom what the bitch throwin at him
Couple niggaz hatin on him but the fans waitin on him
like a, PlayStation 3, money for your advance
My vacation fee, ain't no use in hatin me nigga
And don't shit-talk pimp, I'd rather flush
anyone with big enough nuts to come and fuck with us
I bust but keep in mind, pressure bust pipes
And you niggaz wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
What the fuck? (yeah)
[Chorus]