

Welcome 2 Hell (feat. Royce Da 5'9)

Eminem

Yeah, told you we'd be back
Welcome 2 HellThere's a switch, I flip, emotions cut off
So cold I done froze my butt off
And this ain't even the tip of the iceberg yet
It's like squirting a squirt gun in the ocean, fuck all
Other words I didn't put a dent in the game compared
To the damage I've yet to do
Long as you still have feelings to hurt
I'll be around as long as you let me get to you
Long as I got two balls to palm
I'll be the bomb, you're just a false alarm
Get scared little pissants
And see if I don't come along and stomp your farm
Thunder and lightning, rain, hail
Sleet with a tornado's the kind of brainstorm I get
So when the wind starts blowing, shit
Talking about going in? Going insane is more like it
Wizard of words when he spits hazardous with it
Like a disastrous blizzard
So you better listen quick fast don't miss it
Yeah, go ahead little prick bastard, diss it
But when you get hit with a sick ass explicit flow
Don't ask how much of his passion is it that goes in it
Just know, that all he knows is this
It's better to kick ass than kiss it
Dick dastardly of audacity
Mental capacity, unmatched it has to be stopped
But it can't be, but man I can't just keep
Doing them like that or no one will rap with me
Except one, you asked who is it? Guess who just came through the blast, you bitches
With the ratchet, the book of Matthew
A book of matches, lighting them under white linen
You about to have to admit it, they pass you the mic
Asked you to spit it, you got handed your own ass
Your ass in your own hands, I'm sure they gon' laugh
When you're going to the bathroom with it
Now with what would you come against us
Better be something with a big foot pedigree
Easily these are the reasons

That we need to be in your prayers
Each region breeds some MCs that wanna be
Which means they wanna breath our air
With these ideas, anybody thinkin' That the game don't need, the Bad and the Evil regime
That's like saying that bad boy Piston team didn't need Isaiah
Sip piss and bleed, this is a different breed of MCs I swear, better be aware, there's too much at stake
And to find someone this raw on a beat is rare
You can kiss my ass and the shit stains on my underwear that I don't even wear This gotta be no fair
This like hittin' the lottery, oh yeah
Who you know hotter there gotta be no pair
Shotty that I got a lobotomy, your hair Classic, smack it, smother it, read it and weep it
And perhaps you'll have no rebuttalin'
In fact, you seein' me in this rap
And it's like saying Tila Tequila can sing like Jasmin Sullivan Back to bash her skull again
Push a bitch out the Aspen until I get the fuck out of Dodge (Dodge Aspen)
Shouldn't have to explain my metaphors
You has-beens are duller than color books that ain't colored in
Second and third, fourth wind, gotta another win
Here they come again, none other than, Bad and Evil
Also known as Saddam and Osama Bin
It's been a long time
But I bet neither one of us have felt sicker than we do right now
And we only get iller with time
Me and Nickel fucking shit up on the dime so tellin' us to pipe down
It's like talking to a meth head
Bruce Willis on his death bed, last breath with an infection
Fighting it while he's watching internet porn About to meet his death with an erection
My God, what I mean is
David Carradine jacking his penis in front of his tripod Choking his own neck, what part you don't get?
I'm saying I die hard When you listen to my bars, nothin' but the F-I-R (E)
Comin' out your iPod (we) come up in a place
Chicks heads start spinning like motherfuckin' white walls Got your mother suckin' my balls
(While we) fuck each other (we) punch each other in the eyeballs
And I never say I'm sor (ry, the Five-Nine and the) Fire Marshall
(We) spit with an intensity to shut shit down (in the industry
Two different entities, with a propensity
To put these N-U-T-S up inside of your fucking mouth
Welcome to the CD
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.