

Busa Rhyme

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Slim Shady

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Well, I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled
And pop the same shit that got Tupac killed
Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode
And punch a bitch in the nose, till her whole face explodes
There's three things I hate, girls, women and bitches
I'm that vicious to walk up and drop-kick midgets
They call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks awkward
Stick figure with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg
Comin' through the airport, sluggish, walkin' on crutches
Hit a fuckin' [incomprehensible] luggage
It's like a dream, I can't snap out, I black out, I back out
I'm lookin' for someone [incomprehensible] to beat the crap out
I'm bringin' you rap singers two middle fingers
I flip you off in French, then translate in English
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come back
Speakin' so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand it
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim motherfuckin' Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy?
I had a huge attitude, started off staticky
Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically
I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity
Who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween following
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me
I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology
College girls live in an alcoholic's world
Full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls
Covered in throw-up and I refuse to grow up
I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up
I made this rap game suspenseful 'cause now I got a impulse
To give you insults wrote with a pencil
And waste the paper on you, choppin' down the oakwood
'Cause everything that you wrote in your notebook was no good
And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin'
You motherfuckers are puttin' your words together for nuttin'

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim motherfuckin' Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady
Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy?
Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want? What you got? Is it hot? Is it hot?
Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily
What you want? What you want?
A person from another planet
Might disagree with you
Well if you want my opinion
It comes from right here on Earth
Slim Shady, Misdemeanor
Timbaland, Slim Shady
Misdemeanor
I'm homicidal and suicidal with no friends
Holdin' a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends
Sprayin' tecs at you until you see your fuckin' legs
With the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin' next to you
Fuckin' mad dog, foamin' at the mouth
Fuck mouth, my whole house is foamin' at the couch
Jumped out of the ninety-third floor of a building
And shot every window out on the way down to the ground
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed
Chopped 'em in half, suffocated the oxygen mask
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the East and West beefin' again
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire
Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track
Don't shoot Missy, get back
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die
Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind
I think somebody done pissed her off this time
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and
Uhh, you will have to clean up the mess
It's rainin', rainin' and it's pourin' loud
Never fear, 'cause pissy Missy's through the crowd
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow
Who shot me dammit? Bitch get down
Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile
Lay 'em on down, like they lived underground

For the sound that me and Timbaland, we found
Get your ass kicked later or get your ass kicked now

Uhh, one, two
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady
Timbaland, motherfucker
Uhh, uhh, uhh
Cool, cool, cool
Triple zero

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