

I'm On Everything (ft. Mike Epps)

Bad Meets Evil

All these little young kids ain't got no direction
Shit, these lil' kids is on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything I'm on syrup painkillers, cigarette, weed
Sober don't interest me
I'm on everything
Bout to sip the liquor like it's Caine
That's how high I am I take painkillers to ease the pain
Though I ain't in pain
No, we, ain't the same, we drunk
I'm on everything 'Cept when I kick it, gout
Me sobering up, ha, alf
Cash rules everything, acid tab, hash, 'shrooms
I done woke up with a fucking tiger in my bathroom
I am fucking high, high, high, high
Menace to society I feel sorry for your mother
Me and Vicious on 'shrooms
Call us the Mario brothers
Back down, we never back down
Never laid out
Can't put my back down Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything Painkillers, I call 'em Caine pillars
'Cause they'll hold me up when I take 'em
I need a cane and pillows
I'm on everything Sick when I kick it, barf
Me sobering up, fart
I crush ya brain like a pill crusher, lets crush a pill yeah

Fuck, I think I just crushed my last Tylenol three up
Grab the key up off the counter till the camp all left the crib
Man, who'd knew that three in the morning I'd still be up
Could barely see up over the steering wheel, crashed the whip, tore a tree up
On my way to the dealer's, tryna re-up
Call me Brett Favre, spell it F-A-V-R, E, yep
It's wrong, other words I just fucked my RV up
Bitch, it's on again yeah, break that Klonopin in half
While I smoke some chronic in the cab with Donovan McNabb
And I dye my hair back blond again and laugh I'm the real macaroni you cheesy bitch, I'm demonic with the
craft
There's a devil in my noodle, you angel hair pasta
Flows dreaded like some fucking tangled hair rasta
Farian, Jamaican, relax, man
I'll send a fucking axe at you if you insist on a fucking accent
Bad and Evil is back with an epidural, check ya girl
'cause after we prop you up, we propping her up
So, baby, come put ya feet up in these stirrups
Your boyfriend better find another fucking whore to smash the stir up
We rap like we're on Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything I'm on syrup painkillers, cigarette, speed
Uh, classic!
It's Eminem and him again, my sentiments exactly
I told that bitch to get at me, then the bitch attacked me
Kid you not, I'm lit up as fuck, tablecloth tucked in my pants
Then I'm hearing dishes drop, 'cause I walked away from my dinner with schmucks Then I aimed to the front of
the K-Mart shopping center
With' a coupon book and a hundred and ten bucks
And a bunch of change and wife beater with a mustard stain
I'll crush your brain like I'm crushing pills
What the fuck's the muthfuckin' deal?
This shit's making me feel like I'm tryna do a mothafuckin' cartwheel up a hill How many bars, how many tabs?
A-c-i-d, y-e-s, 'cause I'm sniffin n-y-e-s
F-you-c-k'ed up, and it's obvious
Smoking Henny in my chest
I'm b-a-n-a-n-a-s
I'm a c-o-c-o-n-you-t Put this CD in and then you'll see

The sequel to Scary Movie, bad is to evil,
the roofie to Roethlisberger
You are gonna wind up six feet deep
Under that shit creek so I hope that you brought preservers
You could put a turd on the plate
Silverware on the tablecloth to serve us
You don't bring shit to the table
I mean your grill like a Seville when a mark gets murdered
You pushing the envelope, and I'm shovin' that whole post office further
Right off the surface, to the serpents in the darkest and the farthest corner
How many bars, how many bars
Maui, wow wee, sour diesel, how many jars,
To all my people I'll be the Mars, mommy come on
She can actually wrap my nut sack 'round the back of her neck in a bathroom stall
And she can just puke from sipping this piss from my twenty four inch catheter cord
I'm the type that'll take a
bath with' a whore
Drown her, bang her head on the passenger door
When I'm stashin' 'er in the back, smackin' her forehead on the dash
And its accidentally blowin', a Benz jeep horn
My friends be knowin' that when I'm on a binge, I'm stingy
Even when I'm ten deep in a room with the MG and and with' Lindsay Lohan and she on
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka

Songwriters

Porter, Denaun M / Mathers, Marshall B Iii / Montgomery, Ryan / Jackson, Horace / Merzin,

Alexander
Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC. Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>