

# Session One

## Eminem

[Eminem]Ladies and gentlemen, make some noooooise!  
Aww shit, yeah  
Y'all ready to get this shit started or what?  
Aight, well I brought some friends with me too  
Now I ain't back just for the sake of just sayin I'm back  
I could relax but I'd rather stack ammo on tracks  
Couple Xanax, light a couple wax candles then black  
out and relapse 'til I act Jack Daniels and yack  
Burp bubbles, attitude's immaturin'  
Double shot of Bacardi, party, vision is blurrin  
Whoa-oh, I can't see shit, my words get to slurrin  
Uh-oh! You can call me R. Kelly now, you're in  
trouble! What's occurin before, after, and durin' the show  
has no bearing on the bad news I'm baring, whoa  
What is it, wordplay? No, I'm pushin you out the do'  
So suck my dick on the couch if you wanna cushion to blow  
Now stomp your fuckin feet 'til you get to squishin a hoe  
It's pandemonium standin O when you see him, oh  
Damn baby you look good, you're givin me wood  
You should, pull over like a sweat-shirt with a hood  
It's neck work, get her polly on, you and me both  
Break bread while I'm coppin over this game to pinch a loaf  
Now homie who's your favorite pain in the ass?  
Who claims to be spittin the same flames as me? I'm Kanye when he crashed  
In other words I got the hood on smash like I stepped on the gas  
Destroyed the front end, deployed the damn airbags from the dash  
Went through 'em and laughed  
Came back an hour after the accident and bit a goddamn Jawbreaker in half!  
So stop fakin the funk and start shakin your ass  
Slaughterhouse in the house with the caucasian of rap  
and Just Blaze on the track, what the fuck's more amazin than that?  
Slut, answer me that, Royce where you at?  
[Royce Da 5'9"]I'm right here Fire Marshall, verbal pair of pliers I pry apart you  
Lump on your head designed by a bar stool  
Designed by a cartoon  
Before I need to be hired, Jimmy Io' fire Marshall  
The 9 tucked against the linin  
I pull it out and flip your partner upside-down like y'all are a couple 69'in  
It's like Rick James is shootin up your house nigga!

[rapid gunfire] FUCK YO' COUCH NIGGA!  
You're screamin fuck the world with your middle finger up  
While I'm over here shovin my dick in a hole in the mud  
My bitch know I'm perfectly fit for murder  
because I murdered her, so you can call me Nickel to O.J. to Glove  
I got a Posse of Insane Clowns  
Blow your brains on your opposite ear, and ask you how your brain sounds

Bad, Evil, we go Alfred, immune in mad cerebral  
You on your last burrito!  
(What that mean Nickel?) It's a wrap if you eatin  
Get a beat then terrorize that bitch like a Middle Eastern  
Slaughterhouse on FIRE, nobody touchin that  
Good day and good night, Ortiz yo where the FUCK you at?  
[Joell Ortiz]I'm right here in my Nike Airs, Buzz Light-years  
ahead of my mic peers, quite scary to look at a nightmare  
Where my book at? I write fear in the heart of you tight squares  
I harbor the art, of you nice swear (?)  
Is that weird cause that made me hotter than my dear  
Uncle Al's breath after polishin off his ninth beer  
Homie chill, listen, I swear  
I'm God, I give tracks a Holy feel, and they bite ears  
I'm right here, why wouldn't I be?  
Just waitin to be hooked to IV as (?) well when you look at my pee  
And this joint, no exception, so just point a direction  
And record the pig's oink, when I rip his intestine  
This isn't just an infection  
This won't go away with penicillin injections  
Millions of questions arose after they did an inspection, what I exhibit  
seems to be non-contagious yet anybody can get it  
Aw shit it, I did it again, when I lit up this pen  
I emitted this phlegm, this time it's alongside Eminem  
So tell a friend to tell a friend write a disgustin hook  
Jump in shark water and swim, yo where the fuck is Crook?  
[Crooked I]I'm right here lettin the shottie pop, quick as a karate chop  
Get your body shot, get your top chopped, like a lollipop  
Call it Maserati drop, in the body shop  
Get your mommy knocked, and your Uncle Tommy molli-wopped  
I take your life to the ninth inning  
A knife in the gunfight, I love it, me and my knife winnin  
I laugh when you fall, the shit'll be funny  
I'll bite my bitch in the ass and watch her sit on my money  
Man, all the bitches holla - they wanna drop my britches  
then jaw on my dick and swallow, leave drawers in this Impala  
I ball like Iguodala, I bear more arms than six koalas

As soon as I draw, get sent to Allah  
Bilinguist don, I kill with the tongue, I'm Atilla the Hun  
I'm Genghis Khan, I'm a genius spawn  
I pillage your village for fun, an egregious con  
A syllable gun, real as they come, Long Beach Saddam!  
Slaughterhouse equals swine flu, at South Line  
We do it to try to do without tryin  
(Slaughterhouse!) Cause to it's us it's so easy  
Where's, Jumpoff Joe Beezy?

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