

The Sauce (Benzino Diss)

Eminem

[Eminem]

It's all bad now man, it's all bad
'cause y'all done FUCKED up now

YEA! Ha ha, new shit, aiyyo

I just want the whole world to know

That I did not start this, but I will finish it
Comin' up, it never mattered what color you was
If you could spit, then you could spit

That's it, that's what it was

Back when, motherfuckers was straight backpackin'
Cipherin', fightin' for life in this raft

For the mic to get past, and you psyched and you gasped

Then you hype, 'cause you last

And you might whoop some ass

If you lost, then you lost

Shake hands like a man and you swallowed it

When the Unsigned Hype column in The Source was like
The only source of life

When the mics used to mean something, a four was like

You were the shit, now it's like the least you get

Three and a half now just means you're a piece of shit

Four and a half or five

Means you're Biggie, Jigga, Nas, or Benzino

Shit I don't even think you realize

You're playing with motherfuckers' lives

I done watched Dre get fucked on The Chronic

Probably 'cause I was on it

Now you fucked me out of my mics twice, I let it slide

I said I wouldn't hold my fuckin breath to get a five

Shit I was right, I'da fuckin died already tryin

I swear to God, I never lie, I bet that's why

You let that bitch give me that bullshit review

I sat and took it, I ain't look at the shit, we knew

You'd probably try and fuck us with Obie and 50 too

Hock spit, fuck a relationship we through

No more Source for street cred, them days is dead

Ray's got AK's to Dave Mays' head

Every issue there's an eight page Made Men spread

Will somebody please tell whoever braids his head

That I am not afraid of this fuckin waste of lead

On my pencil, for me to write some shit this simple
So listen closely, as I break it down and proceed
This old G's about to get smoked like rolled weed
You don't know me or my motherfucking mother

You motherfucking punk
Put me on your fuckin cover just to sell your little
Sell-out mag, I ain't mad, I feel bad
Here's an ad, here's a poster of Ray-Ray and his dad
You wanna talk about some shit that you don't know about, yea?

Let's talk about how you're puttin your own son out there
To try to eat off him because you missed your boat
You're never gonna blow, bitch, you're just too old
No wonder you're sore now, lordy you're bored now
I'm pushing thirty, you're kickin forty's door down

Bitch this is war now, and you'll never beat me
All you do is cheat me out of Quotables
But you know that you'll always see me
On your TV, 'cause you've got to stay up 'til

Three in the morning to see your video played once on BET
So, hee hee hee, who has the last laugh? Aftermath, yea
So on behalf of our whole staff, kiss our asshole cracks

We'll never fold or hold back, just know that
Benzino's wack, no matter how many times I say his name

He'll never blow jack
You're better off tryin to bring RSO back
Look at your track record, that's how far it goes back

It's extortion, and Ray owns a portion
So half of the staff up there is fresh out of jail from Boston

Bullyin and bossin Dave like a slave
They completely brainwashed him and forced him to stay

Locked in his own office
Afraid of the softest, fakest, wannabe gangsta in New York
And it's pitiful, 'cause I would have never said shit if you'da

Kept your mouth shut, bitch, now what?
Hit it Clue, spit it Slay, new shit, exclusive
Yo Lantern, yo Whoo Kid, you know what to do with this

Use it, I'm through, this is stupid
I can't believe I stooped to this bullshit to do this
And who you callin a bitch... bitch?

You OWE me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.