

# 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.