

Monkey See, Monkey Do

Eminem

[Laugh]
Aye yo' Fifty
What I tell you?
We ain't even have to say shit
They did it
[Laugh]ChorusMonkey see, monkey do
Don't ever make the first move
Just let 'em come to you
'Cos they always gunna see and do
What the other one do
So let them come to you
The rest'll just follow suit
Monkey see, monkey doTweedle-dee, tweedle-dum
If they really want it bad enough
Well then they gunna come
Now here they come
As we expected
Now we just set 'em up
Check-mate motherfucker
Games over, we won
Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dumVerseDoesn't take much
For me to raise such a stink up
When motherfuckers hate your guts
You ain't even got to say much
For me to put a pen to a blank sheet of paper
S'like smearing a bloodstain with a paint brush
I can't explain what it is my brain does
But however it works
It's insane, its plain nuts
And it ain't just my brain that's dangerous
It's a whole combination of things
It takes nutsAnd I'm not afraid to raise the stakes up
I got a million bucks in the bank
And 8 trucks
For anybody who gets on the track and spansks us
I'm patiently waiting for the day
I'm anxious
To see the look on ya fake mugs
When you thugs go bankrupt

Ya drunk
You ain't tough
Whatever you drank must of just
Turned you into some gangstas
This is me talking motherfucker
This ain't drugs
You wanna pop shit?
Wake-up
Then make-up
FUCK THAT
It's too late chump now
Face up I pray for the day
That someone who spits with the caliber
That Nas and Jay does
Opens up his jaw to say somethin'
Or rattle my name off
Or rattle the first thing
From the top of his brain off
So I can blow the fucking dust off of this chainsaw
And give him the surgery that he came for
'Til I pull the paint off
I never been shot
But I think me and Fifty must of been cut
From the same cloth
Cos I've always came off like Ja's chain
When they try to rush him and lost
And came back
And gave him a watch in exchange for it
I don't stop
The only thing that I wait for
Is the day I don't have to report to probate court
Cos im'ma give ya' all a reason to hate more
Cos I been holding my tongue 'til I got a sprained jaw
Alot of rappers on my list
That just ain't Ja
And im'ma read that motherfucker off come April
You pussies think I went soft since 8 mile
When I come back I'll be shooting more than paintballs
Trust me Chorus Outro Fucking dumb'ens
This ain't chess
You playin' motherfucking checkers
This shit is all day man it's too easy
We playing chess you playing checkers
You 'bout to get your mother fucking asses jumped
Fucking punks

And by the way
We ain't just talking to one person
We talking to every motherfucking body who wants to bring it
Cos we bring it into anybody who wants to bring it
So bring it
Don't pick up the ball if you don't wanna play man
It's all fucked up now
The fuck I'm suppose to do
Huh?
The fuck I'm suppose to do
[Laugh]
Yeah we out

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