

# Come On In

## Eminem

Good mornin  
Haha, wake your mother f\*\*kin arses up  
Yo what is the what?  
Well come on then, you know what time it is  
Stop sleepin on my roof bitch  
For whatever it's worth it's worth me havin my arse whipped  
Cause I'ma have the last lift that ever gets arse squished  
I just can't get past these little pissants  
That wanna be raunny bad asses so bad  
And they so mad they can't stand it  
Cause we can and they can't spit (Haawk)  
And they can't handle it like a man  
And that's when it just happens  
And I snap and it's a wrap, and it's a scrap an then it isn't  
rap is it?  
Hip-Hop isn't a sport anymore when you got to go and resort back  
into that shit  
Maybe I'm old fashioned but my pashion  
Is to smash anyone rappin without havin a slappin  
Believe me I'd much rather pick up a pencil than a pistol but  
I'm pissed now  
But it all depends on just how far it get's took on the mic  
Cause I'm tellin you right now your not gonna like it  
Cause if I get pushed over the edge then I'm pullin you with me  
You poke a stick at a big boy you get bit B  
These words stick to you like crazy glue  
When you diss me cause they just bounce off me like bullets do  
fifty!  
I'm the beatiful-est thing and your gonna miss me when I'm gone  
Like Kieth Murry when he threw a stool and hit a girl  
acci-dently (argghhh!!)  
I do this for Swifty, Kon and Kuniva, Bizzy & Proof are you with  
me?  
[Chorus: Eminem]Come on an everybody come on an  
Kick your shoes off mother f\*\*kers come on an  
Cause we get it on an till the brick of dawn an  
Wake your arse up mother f\*\*kers quit yawnin  
Cause we ain't leavin till 6 in tha mornin  
So up an sing along with the words to the song an

If you don't know the words an you can't sing along an  
Fake like you know em mother f\*\*kers an join in  
Everybody come on an  
[Swiftly]?? the media pitted me of a beef starter  
In a party with heat it's hard to keep me without one  
F\*\*k slugs I'm walkin gloves with a shotgun  
Constantly popin slugs they hot son, better not run  
The bosses of all bosses a haluocaust to whoever ain't concious  
In a house full of dog shit,  
I'ma gothic death project, you stop breathin  
You die quicker than mach speed without bleedin  
It ain't about what you readin  
When you meet me better speak like a season's greetins  
Either that or we'll be beefin free when  
You \*\*\*\*\* need a 'E' just to speak shit!  
Your leader is a botique bitch  
Keep the heater where you can reach quick  
I snipe you with it and we won't even keep it a secret

\*\*\*\*\* I did it from a mind of a mental patient  
When glocks wave you can save that conversation for satan  
You brave?

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[Kuniva]Yo yo I heard you niggas don't like us  
But so what this beef is like  
'What tha f\*\*k did he say in his rap Em?'

I can see that he's just a punk  
I mean these niggas squeeze on me  
Please I'm seeing guts

I don't need no enemies, as my family a couple trucks  
Am I empty seein them ?? I emtpy out them ?? to fight you  
In front of every reporter that I don't like  
No need for metaphores I get yours across when I write  
So emotions enough to say "f\*\*k you bitch, and I don't like you,  
WHAT!"

I might as well give this up like heavy sales  
And just f\*\*k an leave D12 and this blunt

We can't self destruct  
I've never felt it this much  
Come on fellas, get up  
We got to fight like Bugs last night of his life  
[Kon Artis]I walk with a limp, pistol hangin off'a tha hip  
I'm awkward and quick enough an sick when sparkin a fith  
Your carcass is split even the beef is partially thick  
We can't take you serious, you a comedy skit  
You probaly wish that you could be out shootin them G's  
But the only thing you shoot is the breeze  
I can't believe you speaking on movin key's  
But every time we hear you kick it  
The only thing you sellin is wolf tickets  
I look wicked cause niggas will test your nut sack  
So when they bust you better bust back  
And get your guts clapped outa your stomach  
And when they want it (yeah)  
I bring a hundred niggas from runave  
So get your gun and if you comin  
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