Hell Breaks Loose

Eminem

I want you, to understand something

That when I come up in this bitch I want the fans jumping I want the fists, pumping in the air, I don't look like a millionaire But I feel like a million bucks, ladies won't ya fill your cups Shady's come to fill ya up, are you a D or a C cup? You could even be a B, it's just me and D-R-E You'll be in the E.R., we are strapped with so much TNT We may blow, no not even CPR from the EMT's Could help you to resuscitate, you busters must be flustered, wait You can't cut the mustard, what's your problem, can't you bust a grape? {*chka-chk-chk*} What's my name? Shady came and just crushed the game It's really not even fair to them, cause they pale in comparison So much they might as well wear his skin Don't you wish you could just share his pen? Cause this shit's getting embarrassing The fog is thick and the air is thin Cause he won't even let them try to breathe La-didi-da-da-da-didi

He makes it look so easy, girl you just hit the lotteryNow this'll be the part of the song that they drop the needle

or

And hell, breaks, loose

Try to restrain us you can't contain us, we're still gonna make a stink

No matter what, we, do

Everywhere we go it seems we're looking for any excuse

To just, cut, loose

So this'll be the part of the song that they drop the needle on

And hell, breaks, looseThis is when shit hits the fan, like it just splattered on Stan

This is the only moment that matters, your homie rolling with Mathers

Like chaos erupts, Em's in back, Dre's in the front

So do what we say at once, this song's like a seance, it hums

(It makes them stay in a trance, no choice, they have to dance)

It's like the playoffs, just making sure that we stay in the hunt

Take a day off for what? Man, you better lay off the blunts

You must be smoking something

You think I ain't smoking nothing, stay off my nuts
Now hit the flo' baby, time to wipe away all the rust
Shake all them cobwebs loose, loosen up with a little bit of Grey Goose
Yeah girl shake that caboose, I don't wanna see you try to make no excuse
D-R-E is on the loose, a mongoose when it comes to the chronic use

You know I can't stand to lose, me and my goons are like animals We come through like a pack of wolves, and we came here to retract the roof

Yeah man ain't that the truth, girl your man's back in the booth

Definitely back up in this bitch, and this is when all hell breaks looseNow this'll be the part of the song that they drop the needle on

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No matter what, we, do

Everywhere we go it seems we're looking for any excuse

To just, cut, loose

So this'll be the part of the song that they drop the needle on

And hell, breaks, looseNow I know you're feeling discouraged but homie just mark my words

I'm mur-ur-during the flow, liquid courage I'm fin' to blow

As soon as we hit the do' power surges head to toe

I'm sure to push it as far as words are meant to go

We're in the indigo Winnebago with tinted windows

Ferocious as we proceed to beat up the block wit yo' ho

With speakers knocking it's 3 o'clock, me and Doc then proceed to drop

"E" and hop out the vehicle and knock on your do'Yeah, so let us in 'fore we huff and puff and we blow

We ain't bluffing for nothing, we'll knock the stuffing out you

Revenge is so sweet, move 'til you injure your feet

Yeah, move it or lose it freak, move to the beat, lose yourself indubitably

Pass up on that little cute chick

Right there that'll be pretty damn stupid of me

Born and raised in the C-P-T, yeah Los Angeles, rules of the streets

Them haters hating on me, but I refuse to lose any sleep

Keep that deuce-deuce in the seat, "Dre fell off", that's news to meNow this'll be the part of the song that they

drop the needle on

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And hell, breaks, loose

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