

# I'm On Everything (Feat Mike Epps)

## Bad Meets Evil

All these little young kids ain't got no direction  
Shit, these lil' kids is on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything I'm on syrup painkillers, cigarette, weed  
Sober don't interest me  
I'm on everything  
Bout to sip the liquor like it's Caine  
That's how high I am I take painkillers to ease the pain  
Though I ain't in pain  
No, we, ain't the same, we drunk  
I'm on everything 'Cept when I kick it, gout  
Me sobering up, ha, alf  
Cash rules everything, acid tab, hash, 'shrooms  
I done woke up with a fucking tiger in my bathroom  
I am fucking high, high, high, high  
Menace to society I feel sorry for your mother  
Me and Vicious on 'shrooms  
Call us the Mario brothers  
Back down, we never back down  
Never laid out  
Can't put my back down Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything Painkillers, I call 'em Caine pillars  
'Cause they'll hold me up when I take 'em  
I need a cane and pillows  
I'm on everything Sick when I kick it, barf  
Me sobering up, fart  
I crush ya brain like a pill crusher, lets crush a pill yeah

Fuck, I think I just crushed my last Tylenol three up  
 Grab the key up off the counter till the camp all left the crib  
 Man, who'd knew that three in the morning I'd still be up  
 Could barely see up over the steering wheel, crashed the whip, tore a tree up  
 On my way to the dealer's, tryna re-up  
 Call me Brett Favre, spell it F-A-V-R, E, yep  
 It's wrong, other words I just fucked my RV up  
 Bitch, it's on again yeah, break that Klonopin in half  
 While I smoke some chronic in the cab with Donovan McNabb  
 And I dye my hair back blond again and laugh I'm the real macaroni you cheesy bitch, I'm demonic with the  
 craft  
 There's a devil in my noodle, you angel hair pasta  
 Flows dreaded like some fucking tangled hair rasta  
 Farian, Jamaican, relax, man  
 I'll send a fucking axe at you if you insist on a fucking accent  
 Bad and Evil is back with an epidural, check ya girl  
 'cause after we prop you up, we propping her up  
 So, baby, come put ya feet up in these stirrups  
 Your boyfriend better find another fucking whore to smash the stir up  
 We rap like we're on Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything  
 I'm on everything I'm on syrup painkillers, cigarette, speed  
 Uh, classic!  
 It's Eminem and him again, my sentiments exactly  
 I told that bitch to get at me, then the bitch attacked me  
 Kid you not, I'm lit up as fuck, tablecloth tucked in my pants  
 Then I'm hearing dishes drop, 'cause I walked away from my dinner with schmucks Then I aimed to the front of  
 the K-Mart shopping center  
 With' a coupon book and a hundred and ten bucks  
 And a bunch of change and wife beater with a mustard stain  
 I'll crush your brain like I'm crushing pills  
 What the fuck's the muthfuckin' deal?  
 This shit's making me feel like I'm tryna do a mothafuckin' cartwheel up a hill How many bars, how many tabs?  
 A-c-i-d, y-e-s, 'cause I'm sniffin n-y-e-s  
 F-you-c-k'ed up, and it's obvious  
 Smoking Henny in my chest  
 I'm b-a-n-a-n-a-s  
 I'm a c-o-c-o-n-you-t Put this CD in and then you'll see

The sequel to Scary Movie, bad is to evil,  
the roofie to Roethlisberger  
You are gonna wind up six feet deep  
Under that shits creek so I hope that you brought preservers  
You could put a turd on the plate  
Silverware on the tablecloth to serve us  
You don't bring shit to the table  
I mean your grill like a Seville when a mark gets murdered  
You pushing the envelope, and I'm shovin' that whole post office further  
Right off the surface, to the serpents in the darkest and the farthest corner  
How many bars, how many bars  
Maui, wow wee, sour diesel, how many jars,  
To all my people I'll be the Mars, mommy come on  
She can actually wrap my nut sack 'round the back of her neck in a bathroom stall  
And she can just puke from sipping this piss from my twenty four inch catheter cord  
I'm the type that'll take a  
bath with' a whore  
Drown her, bang her head on the passenger door  
When I'm stashin' 'er in the back, smackin' her forehead on the dash  
And its accidentally blowin', a Benz jeep horn  
My friends be knowin' that when I'm on a binge, I'm stingy  
Even when I'm ten deep in a room with the MG and and with' Lindsay Lohan and she on  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed, Hennessy, vodka

Songwriters

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