

Crack A Bottle (Featuring Dr. Dre & 50 Cent)

Eminem

Ladies and gentlemen
The moment you've all been waiting for,
In this corner, weighing a hundred and seventy five pounds,
With a record of seventeen rapes, four hundred assaults, and four murders,
The undisputed, most diabolic villain in the world
Slim Shady! So crack a bottle, let your body waddle
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?
I noticed there's so many of them
And there's really not that many of us.
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust.
It's on till the break of dawn
And we're starting this party from dusk OK, let's go Back with Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust
Just one of my mothers sons who got thrown under the bus
Kiss my butt. Lick the wonder cheese from under my nuts
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks
It's a must I redeem my name and haters get mushed.
Bitches lust. Man they love me when I lay in the cut.
Fist the cup. The lady gave her eighty some paper cut.
Now picture us. It's ridiculous you curse at the thought
'Cause when I spit the verse the shit
Gets worse then Worcestershire sauce
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every time
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes
It's elementary. The elephants have entered the room.
I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the signal
Of the bat symbol. The platinum trio's back on you hoes. So crack a bottle, let your body waddle
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?
I noticed there's so many of them
And there's really not that many of us.
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust.
It's on till the break of dawn

And we're starting this party from dusk Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre They see that low rider go by they're, like

Oh my!

You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why.

I dip through in that six trey like sick 'em Dre.

I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they sick of me.

But hey, what else can I say? I love L.A.

Cause over and above all, it's just another day

And this one begins where the last one ends.

Pick up where we left off and get smashed again.

I'll be dammed, just fucked around and crashed my Benz.

Driving around with a smashed front end

Let's cash that one in.

Grab another one from out the stable

The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado

The hell if I know.

Do I want leather seats or vinyl?

Decisions, decisions

Garage looks like Precision Collision.

Or Maaco beats quake like Waco

Just keep the bass low speakers away from your face though So crack a bottle, let your body waddle

Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto

O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes

Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us.

Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust.

It's on till the break of dawn

And we're starting this party from dusk And I take great pleasure in introducing, 50 Cent! It's bottle after bottle

The money ain't a thing when you party with me

It's what we into it's simple

We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe

I'm the napalm the bomb the don I'm King Kong

Get rolled on wrapped up and reigned on

I'm so calm through Vietnam ring the alarm

Bring the Shaun Dawn burn marijuana do what you want

Nigga on and on till the break of what

Get the paper man I'm caking you know I don't give a fuck

I spend it like it don't mean nothing

Blow it like its supposed to be blown

Motherfucker I'm grown

I stunt I style I flash the shit

I gets what the fuck I want so what I trick

Fat ass burgundy bags classy shit Jimmy Choo shoes

I say move a bitch move So crack a bottle, let your body waddle

Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?
I noticed there's so many of them
And there's really not that many of us.
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust.
It's on till the break of dawn
And we're starting this party from dusk

Songwriters

RENARD, JEAN / LAWRENCE JR., TREVOR / YOUNG, ANDRE / BATSON, MARK / JACKSON,
CURTIS / MATHERS, MARSHALL / PARKER, DAWAUN

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>