

# Bitch Please II

## Eminem

Yeah what-up Detroit?  
Nu-uh, nu-uh nuh-no he didn't!  
Ah! They didn't do it again,  
What-what, what-what?  
Did you shit on these niggas two times Dr. Dre?  
Oh fo' sure!  
Uh-uh, naw, ya smell that?  
This is special right here  
What-what, what-what-what?  
Yeah, it's a toast to the boogie baby  
Uh, to the boogie-oogie-oogie,  
Yeah, you know! What's crackin' Dre? Just let me lay back and kick some mo' simplistic pimp shit  
On Slim's shit and start riots like Limp Bizkit (Limp Bizkit)  
Throw on 'Guilty Conscience' at concerts  
And watch mosh pits 'til motherfuckers knock each other unconscious  
(Watch out now!) Some of these crowds that Slim draws  
Is rowdy as Crenshaw Boulevard when it's packed and full of cars  
Some of these crowds, me and Snoop draw, is niggas from Crenshaw  
From Long Beach to South Central  
Whoa, not these niggas again  
These grown-ass ignorant men with hair-triggers again  
(Hehe) You and what army could harm me?  
D-R-E and Shady, with Doggy from Long Beach  
(East-side!) Came a long way, to makin' these songs play  
It'll be a wrong move, to stare at me the wrong way  
I got a long uz', and I carry it all day  
(Blaow!) Sometimes it's like a nightmare, just bein' Andre,  
But I Somehow, someway tell 'em, nigga  
You know about Dogg-ay (Snoop Dogg)  
Now let me cut these niggas up and show em where da fuck I'm comin from  
I get the party crackin' from the shit that I be spittin' son  
Hit-and-run, get it done, get the funds, split and run  
Got about fifty guns, and I love all of 'em the same, bang bang!  
Damn baby girl what's your name?  
I forgot, what'd you say it was? Damn a nigga buzzed  
Hangin' in the club, with my nephew Eminem  
(Whats up Slim?) Whattup cu'? (What up Snoop?)  
The Great White American Hope, done hooked up  
With the King of the motherfuckin' West coast, bay-bay! And you don't really wanna fuck, with me

Only nigga that I trust, is me  
Fuck around and make me bust, this heat  
That's, the devil, they always wanna dance I'm the head nigga in charge, I'm watchin' you move  
You're found dead in your garage, with ten o'clock news coverage  
Gotta love it, cause I expose the facade  
Your little lungs is too small to hotbox with God  
All jokes aside, come bounce with us  
Standin' over you with a twelve gauge, about to bust  
It's like ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
I might leave in the body bag, but never in cuffs  
So who do you trust? They just not rugged enough  
When things get rough I'm in the club shootin' with Puff  
Bitch, please, you must have a mental disease  
Assume the position and get back down on your knees, come on And you don't really wanna fuck, with me  
Only nigga that I trust, is me  
Fuck around and make me bust, this heat  
That's, the devil, they always wanna dance And you don't really wanna fuck, with me  
Only nigga that I trust, is me  
Fuck around and make me bust, this heat  
That's, the devil, they always wanna dance Aw naw, big slim dog  
Eighty pound balls, dick six inch long  
Back up, in the, heezy bay-bay  
He's Shday!  
He's so crazy!  
Gimme the mic, let me recite, 'til Timothy White  
Pickets outside the Interscope offices every night  
What if he's right? I'm just a criminal, makin' a living  
Off of the world's misery, what in the world gives me the right  
To say what I like, and walk around flippin' the bird  
Livin' the urban life, like a white kid from the 'burbs  
Dreamin' at night of screamin' at moms, schemin' to leave  
Run away from home and grow to be as evil as me  
I just want you all to notice me and people to see  
That somewhere deep down, there's a decent human being in me  
It just can't be found, so the reason you've been seeing this me  
Is cause this is me now, the recent dude who's being this mean  
So when you see me, dressin' up like a nerd on T-V  
Or heard the C-D usin' the fag word so freely  
It's just me being me, here want me to tone it down?  
Suck my fuckin' dick, you fagot  
You happy now?  
Look here  
I start some trouble everywhere that I go (that I go)  
Ask the bouncers in the club cause they know (cause they know)  
I start some shit they throw me out the back do' (the back do')

Come back and shoot the club up with a four-four (a four-four) And you don't really wanna fuck, with me  
Only nigga that I trust, is me  
Fuck around and make me bust, this heat  
That's, the devil, they always wanna dance And you don't really wanna fuck, with me  
Only nigga that I trust, is me  
Fuck around and make me bust, this heat  
That's, the devil, they always wanna dance 2001 and forever  
Slim Shady, Dr. Dre, Snoop Dogg, X to the Z, Nate Dogg  
Come on, yeah!

Songwriters

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III MATHERS, ALVIN JOYNER Published by

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