Session One

Dallas Willard

[Eminem]Ladies and gentlemen, make some noooooise!
Aww shit, yeah
Y'all ready to get this shit started or what?
Aight, well I brought some friends with me too
Now I ain't back just for the sake of just sayin I'm back
I could relax but I'd rather stack ammo on tracks
Couple Xanax, light a couple wax candles then black
out and relapse 'til I act Jack Daniels and yack
Burp bubbles, attitude's immaturin'
Double shot of Bacardi, party, vision is blurrin
Whoa-oh, I can't see shit, my words get to slurrin
Uh-oh! You can call me R. Kelly now, you're in
trouble! What's occurrin before, after, and durin' the show
has no bearing on the bad news I'm baring, whoa
What is it, wordplay? No, I'm pushin you out the do'
So suck my dick on the couch if you wanna cushion to blow
Now stomp your fuckin feet 'til you get to squishin a hoe
It's pandemonium standin O when you see him, oh
Damn baby you look good, you're givin me wood
You should, pull over like a sweat-shirt with a hood
It's neck work, get her polly on, you and me both
Break bread while I'm coppin over this game to pinch a loaf
Now homie who's your favorite pain in the ass?
Who claims to be spittin the same flames as me? I'm Kanye when he crashed
In other words I got the hood on smash like I stepped on the gas
Destroyed the front end, deployed the damn airbags from the dash
Went through 'em and laughed
Came back an hour after the accident and bit a goddamn Jawbreaker in half!
So stop fakin the funk and start shakin your ass
Slaughterhouse in the house with the caucasian of rap
and Just Blaze on the track, what the fuck's more amazin than that?
Slut, answer me that, Royce where you at?
[Royce Da 5'9"]I'm right here Fire Marshall, verbal pair of pliers I pry apart you
Lump on your head designed by a bar stool
Designed by a cartoon
Before I need to be hired, Jimmy Io' fire Marshall
The 9 tucked against the linin
I pull it out and flip your partner upside-down like y'all are a couple 69'in
It's like Rick James is shootin up your house nigga!

[rapid gunfire] FUCK YO' COUCH NIGGA!
You're screamin fuck the world with your middle finger up
While I'm over here shovin my dick in a hole in the mud
My bitch know I'm perfectly fit for murder
because I murdered her, so you can call me Nickel to O.J. to Glove
I got a Posse of Insane Clowns
Blow your brains on your opposite ear, and ask you how your brain sounds

Bad, Evil, we go Alfred, immune in mad cerebral
You on your last burrito!
(What that mean Nickel?) It's a wrap if you eatin
Get a beat then terrorize that bitch like a Middle Eastern
Slaughterhouse on FIRE, nobody touchin that
Good day and good night, Ortiz yo where the FUCK you at?
[Joell Ortiz]I'm right here in my Nike Airs, Buzz Light-years
ahead of my mic peers, quite scary to look at a nightmare
Where my book at? I write fear in the heart of you tight squares
I harbor the art, of you nice swear (?)
Is that weird cause that made me hotter than my dear
Uncle Al's breath after polishin off his ninth beer
Homie chill, listen, I swear
I'm God, I give tracks a Holy feel, and they bite ears
I'm right here, why wouldn't I be?
Just waitin to be hooked to IV as (?) well when you look at my pee
And this joint, no exception, so just point a direction
And record the pig's oink, when I rip his intestine
This isn't just an infection
This won't go away with penicillin injections
Millions of questions arose after they did an inspection, what I exhibit
seems to be non-contagious yet anybody can get it
Aw shit it, I did it again, when I lit up this pen
I emitted this phlegm, this time it's alongside Eminem
So tell a friend to tell a friend write a disgustin hook
Jump in shark water and swim, yo where the fuck is Crook?
[Crooked I]I'm right here lettin the shottie pop, quick as a karate chop
Get your body shot, get your top chopped, like a lollipop
Call it Maserati drop, in the body shop
Get your mommy knocked, and your Uncle Tommy molli-wopped
I take your life to the ninth inning
A knife in the gunfight, I love it, me and my knife winnin
I laugh when you fall, the shit'll be funny
I'll bite my bitch in the ass and watch her sit on my money
Man, all the bitches holla - they wanna drop my britches
then jaw on my dick and swallow, leave drawers in this Impala
I ball like Iguodala, I bear more arms than six koalas

As soon as I draw, get sent to Allah
Bilinguist don, I kill with the tongue, I'm Atilla the Hun
I'm Genghis Khan, I'm a genius spawn
I pillage your village for fun, an egregious con
A syllable gun, real as they come, Long Beach Saddam!
Slaughterhouse equals swine flu, at South Line
We do it to try to do without tryin
(Slaughterhouse!) Cause to it's us it's so easy
Where's, Jumpoff Joe Beezy?

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