

Busa Rhyme (feat. Eminem)

Missy Elliott

Slim Shady

Slim Shady

Slim Shady Well, I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled

And pop the same shit that got Tupac killed

Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode

And punch a bitch in the nose, till her whole face explodes There's three things I hate, girls, women and bitches

I'm that vicious to walk up and drop-kick midgets

They call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks awkward

Stick figure with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg Comin' through the airport, sluggish, walkin' on crutches

Hit a fuckin' [incomprehensible] luggage

It's like a dream, I can't snap out, I black out, I back out

I'm lookin' for someone [incomprehensible] to beat the crap out I'm bringin' you rap singers two middle fingers

I flip you off in French, then translate in English

Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come back

Speakin' so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand it Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim motherfuckin' Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? I had a huge attitude, started off staticky

Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically

I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity

Who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween following It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me

I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology

College girls live in an alcoholic's world

Full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls Covered in throw-up and I refuse to grow up

I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up

I made this rap game suspenseful 'cause now I got a impulse

To give you insults wrote with a pencil And waste the paper on you, choppin' down the oakwood

'Cause everything that you wrote in your notebook was no good

And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin'

You motherfuckers are puttin' your words together for nuttin' Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim motherfuckin' Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Slim Shady

Won't you busa rhyme for me, boy? Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors

We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas

Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily

What you want? What you got? Is it hot? Is it hot? Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors

We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas

Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily

What you want? What you want? A person from another planet
Might disagree with you
Well if you want my opinion
It comes from right here on Earth Slim Shady, Misdemeanor
Timbaland, Slim Shady
Misdemeanor I'm homicidal and suicidal with no friends
Holdin' a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends
Sprayin' tecs at you until you see your fuckin' legs
With the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin' next to you Fuckin' mad dog, foamin' at the mouth
Fuck mouth, my whole house is foamin' at the couch
Jumped out of the ninety-third floor of a building
And shot every window out on the way down to the ground Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed
Chopped 'em in half, suffocated the oxygen mask
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the East and West beefin' again
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track
Don't shoot Missy, get back
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind
I think somebody done pissed her off this time
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and
Uhh, you will have to clean up the mess It's rainin', rainin' and it's pourin' loud
Never fear, 'cause pissy Missy's through the crowd
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow
Who shot me dammit? Bitch get down Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile
Lay 'em on down, like they lived underground
For the sound that me and Timbaland, we found
Get your ass kicked later or get your ass kicked now Uhh, one, two
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady
Timbaland, motherfucker
Uhh, uhh, uhh
Cool, cool, cool
Triple zero

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