

2.0 Boys

Eminem

[Royce Da 5'9']

Ryan's a homicidal misfit
I write the solution of biophysics
On the side of a cliff and some hieroglyphics
This my admission to having violence psychotic
With the vile polish politics by the way I'm higher than the Eiffel tower tip
I like writing but I will stick this pencil in your ass before I bite ya shit
Pause, inhale hell n kush, us and Yealwolf like a heavy foot gas pedal push
Felon's, crooks, going door to door like he's selling books, Dolly Parton style, melons mush
Now my bitch dancer, I'm bout as sick as cancer
If you could swallow my style, you probably rip ya pants off
If you could bottle my style and sell it to somebody
It'd probably smell like cologne made out of bits of panther
They call me anchor man, I'll hold down the ship
Leave you niggas floating in water and go and drown a fish
fuck I'm fucking heinous, I'll make you fucking famous
Them lead showers is coming, fuck is you sayin'

[Eminem]

Fuck, it's fucking raining, shit, it's lightening
Bitch, its thundering, cause I'm hushing up I'm a storm if you wonderin'
Shit, you could muster up a thought, to take a toter? and a brain fart
Want urine in your face, all you had to do was say it
You wish you woulda just stayed pissed off in the first place
We came to monopolise the game
Illuminati is here, yeah, human oddities
at odds with us, just whats gotta be
Cause we started out cold and it snowballed
We froze, soon as we rolled up on these hoes
All's we know is you over the bar like Limbo/Limbaugh
You know who you are
So quit fucking the dark before we start callin' you bizaare
Shit screw the boots, ya'll dun raped a pitbull
Fell in love with Shih-tzu
This is directed directly at you
And as for these hoes who don't know me from a can of paint
You must be huffin', fuck a ballsack if the taints can't take you on a date
You mistake me for a gentleman, your 2000 and late man, Will-I-aint
I'm the bad guy, type of guy that will drag 5 girls up on stage

Pour ice in their pants and the first one who pee's gets a black eye

[Hook - Eminem]

You must be outta ya mind
You think you fucking with us
Suck on these nuts
Bitch hang it up, this game is over

[Joell Ortiz]

Puffing loosies, watching I Love Lucy with Gary Busey
Crazy, how the fuck could you son me? I'm Shady
Will there ever come a day when they could slay me?
I don't know, fifth month, black and yellow insect, maybe
Til then I kill the bad man tryna slay me
Everything you kick weak, your speak kung fu yazy
All my homeboys, 2.0 boys
Nickle, I just picked up a Phantom, look how it rolls, Royce!
Even if I wanted to quit, I ain't got no choice
Verses keep coming, I should invoice my own voice
You should see the kind of asses that my pole hoist
Hoes be like diamonds in your chain, man, so moist
Bang bang bang bang, house gang, chainsaw
Here to kill you pussy's, don't ask what we came for
I write til my right arm vein's sore
Forearm feel like Thor's arm in a gang war
You hear that Yaowa, you know who finna file out
Definitively finish you, my fist stick out that eyeball
Piranha mentality with a jaws bite all night
Coming up, never saw light, but never lost sight

[Joe Budden]

Jets and movers, cess-poolers, meth abusers
You step to us, text rugers to respect the shooters
My men think in sync, roll with the best crew
Move to the beat of the same drum without Lex Luger
Welcome to nay hood, bigger than jects, G
Cheated death multiple times without riggin the deck
So I'm well prepped if you just want war
There'll be blood everywhere, you be laying on the Louboutin floor
It's raw, you keep acting like you don't know Mouse, nigga
And you gon' need the best doctors, house nigga
Guard your jewels and avoid large tools
Cause after I spill you at the light, you be in a car pool
Keep your distance from idiots, cause the truth told
They food for thought's rotten, they gems are fool's gold

Need results from my actions, mistakes I'll exonerate
I'm Martin King staring at a picture of Obama's face
Talking funds, niggas ain't never seen stock
I don't need the key to the game, I pick a mean lock

[Hook - Eminem]

You must be outta ya mind
You think you fucking with us
Suck on these nuts
Bitch hang it up, this game is over

[Crooked I]

Takeoff, you invited inside of the mind of a psychotic rhymer
I'm kind of a Dahmer, I'm grinding
Now rappers are lining up jackers, I'm climbing up ladders
I buy enough clappers to retire you factors, fire at drama
You liars and actors, I'm the genuine article
But read me wrong, get my gun and split you to particles, particles
Tell me when and I'm there
Not only heir to the throne, but my chair is suspended in air
Stay fly like a limited fare
You got us pegged wrong, my circle don't fit in with squares
I smell shit and piss, know where it's coming from
You stepped on number two just to be number one
Now I'ma step on you, bring it to yo yard
Bogart for arts, we go hard
You frauds just blow hard like broads, I coast guard the west
I'm Mozart, I compose dark shit with no heart

[Yelawolf]

I got no Jim Beam in the liver
Getting head like clean clippers, with haters on my dick like a jeans zipper
When I throw up 16's like I drink liquor
You think you seen sick? Well, bitch, you ain't seen sicker
Then I'll crack, and then I'll hop around in a hospital gown
Popping the trunk, my pumper stay cocking the round
I shit logs and I piss river brown
Cause I drink creek water and spit the river Nile
And that's as close as I get to a pyramid
Shit, they think I'm Illuminati, so fuckin' ignorant
Sick with a grin, here with this pen, so innocent
But when you win, they say you a sin, but in the end
They jump on the bandwagon and dance to the band playing
Skinny-ass pants sagging, it's only yourself you playing
Call me a clown, but you love where the clown's hanging

And the freakshow's at the county carnival then you pay
Bitch, I'm on a trapeze with no legs in the dark
Yelling "Go Shady" driving slower than an old lady
In an old '89, no piece if you pay me
Gimme peace sign on my grill, no Mercedes
I'm getting paid for these shows that I throw lately
Same shows a year ago woulda broken most of you crazies
They call me crazy cause I made it
Bitch, you crazy cause you quit, look at my clique lately
You ain't fucking wit' Budden, you ain't got no choice with Royce
You don't wanna see the Crooked I, well, listen to Ortiz voice
That dirt road hit the 8 Mile, the porno boys
And if Marshall want me to clap, then homie, I deploy
Game over

[Eminem]

Yo, I don't think they heard you, tell 'em again

[Yelawolf]

Game over

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