

# Nuttin To Do (feat. Eminem)

## Royce da 5'9"

Artist: Bad Meets Evil (Eminem and Royce the 5-9)

Album: Nuttin' to Do CD Maxi-Single

Song: Nuttin' to Do

Typed by: rapforum@hotmail.com, OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash[Royce] What? Uhh..

[Em] The Bad..

[Royce] Yeah..

[Em] The Evil..

[Royce] Right, yo

[Em] put em together  
Chorus: Royce the 5-9, Eminem[Royce] Yo if it wasn't for your whip, I'd have nothin to strip

[Em] If it wasn't for a wrist, I'd have nothin to slit

If it wasn't for the shrooms, I'd have nothin to chew

[Royce] Yo..

[both] I'm just fuckin with you, cause I got nothin to do[Eminem]

I am bored!!!!

I came in the diner with skateboarders, and placed orders

Ate hors d'oeuvres, and hit the waiter with plate warmers \*crash sound\*

Let you inhale the glock smell, while I'm rippin your wallet off

and slippin a Molotov in your Cocktail (take that)

Burnin your contracts, punch your A&R in the face \*punch sound\*

Smash his glasses and turn em to contacts

I'm on some shook shit, if it's missin I took it (whoops!)

Nurse look at this straightjacket, it's crooked!

I go to jail and murder you from a cell

Put a knife in an envelope and have you stabbed in the mail (FedEx)

So how do you describe someone, with a decapitated head

when the rest of his body's still alive RUNNIN?[Royce]

Comin with five gunmen, waitin to do a drive-by

So when you see the black 500 (what?) hide from it

For every hundred MC's rhymin about birds

only about two-thirds'd really set it without words

Yo you ain't a thug, I can make you bitch up

Pick the fifth up, cock, spit, you would swear it's rainin slugs (what?)

I'm the hottest shit in the industry (uh)

I got every thug on the block that get a wind of me defendin me

You lack class and respect, get a direct backblast

The Bad and Evil mad rap, I cover the Bad half

You know how a thug in this shit'll end up

Spit a round, lift your chin up, you get hit, ten down and ten up (what?)

I take it if you run your mouth, then you wanna get sent up  
 Heat it up, you be leakin blood and spittin phlegm up  
 Now we rivals, cause of a small name or title  
 You stepped, got devoured and left with a flower and bibleChorus: 2X[Eminem]  
 \*yawns\* Forget a chorus -- my metaphors are so complicated  
 it takes six minutes to get applause (yay)  
 And by the time you all catch on, I'ma end your career  
 and walk away with the whole floor so you have nothin to fall back on!  
 I'll throw you off of ten floors .. \*AHHHHHHH\*  
 Pull a fuckin headache outta my head, and put it in yours (take this)  
 I'm indoors, waitin for this acid to seep in my skin pores  
 to go outdoors and do some in-stores  
 This bitch wanted to blow me, I said, "It oughta happen.  
 You swallow cum bitch?" "No, but I brought a napkin"  
 Gettin skullie while I'm autographin  
 Got my daughter laughin cause I sent her mother whitewater raftin  
 I'm not a fact, I'ma proven fear  
 Mr. Rogers blocked up my U-haul screamin,  
 "Wait, wait, wait.. you ain't movin here!"  
 Lorena Bobbitt, c'mere, want a souveneir?  
 I've been high as fuck, since I was a juvi-neer  
 Juvenile? Same difference -- I need some 'caine  
 cause I ain't sniffed since I woke up the seven slain infants  
 (Oh my God!) Brain implants and they say there's a slim chance  
 I won't stay the same cause I traded brains with a chimpanz'[Royce]  
 Walkin in swamp water with an M-16, out for the blood  
 Shove a gun in the mouth of a thug  
 To break braces, you say grace and make faces  
 I'll display hate and break you in eight places (what?)  
 Take paces, turn around draw in a standoff  
 Precise aim, icin my fame, blowin your hand off  
 Dancin with the Devil leadin - I won't die, I'm never leavin (what?)  
 I pledge allegiance to forever breathin  
 Street niggaz with nuts, what? My meat's bigger (what?)  
 Fake-ass thugs with toy guns and cheap triggers  
 with a deathwish, thinkin I'm the nigga to mess with  
 Let the tech lift, direct chest hit, melt your necklace  
 For instance, you just a henchmen, on tough soil (what?)  
 A follower never had heart, he just loyal  
 Thugs is glass doors, I see through em, put the heat to em  
 Be careful you might get what you ask forChorus 2X[Em] The Bad.. the Evil..  
 The Bad.. the Evil..

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