

# Monkey See, Monkey Do (Insane Clown Posse Diss)

## Eminem

[Laugh]  
Aye yo' Fifty  
What I tell you?  
We ain't even have to say shit  
They did it  
[Laugh]ChorusMonkey see, monkey do  
Don't ever make the first move  
Just let 'em come to you  
'Cos they always gunna see and do  
What the other one do  
So let them come to you  
The rest'll just follow suit  
Monkey see, monkey doTweedle-dee, tweedle-dum  
If they really want it bad enough  
Well then they gunna come  
Now here they come  
As we expected  
Now we just set 'em up  
Check-mate motherfucker  
Games over, we won  
Tweedle-dee, tweedle-dumVerseDoesn't take much  
For me to raise such a stink up  
When motherfuckers hate your guts  
You ain't even got to say much  
For me to put a pen to a blank sheet of paper  
S'like smearing a bloodstain with a paint brush  
I can't explain what it is my brain does  
But however it works  
It's insane, its plain nuts  
And it ain't just my brain that's dangerous  
It's a whole combination of things  
It takes nutsAnd I'm not afraid to raise the stakes up  
I got a million bucks in the bank  
And 8 trucks  
For anybody who gets on the track and spansks us  
I'm patiently waiting for the day  
I'm anxious  
To see the look on ya fake mugs  
When you thugs go bankrupt

Ya drunk  
You ain't tough  
Whatever you drank must of just  
Turned you into some gangstas  
This is me talking motherfucker  
This ain't drugs  
You wanna pop shit?  
Wake-up  
Then make-up  
FUCK THAT  
It's too late chump now  
Face up I pray for the day  
That someone who spits with the caliber  
That Nas and Jay does  
Opens up his jaw to say somethin'  
Or rattle my name off  
Or rattle the first thing  
From the top of his brain off  
So I can blow the fucking dust off of this chainsaw  
And give him the surgery that he came for  
'Til I pull the paint off  
I never been shot  
But I think me and Fifty must of been cut  
From the same cloth  
Cos I've always came off like Ja's chain  
When they try to rush him and lost  
And came back  
And gave him a watch in exchange for it  
I don't stop  
The only thing that I wait for  
Is the day I don't have to report to probate court  
Cos im'ma give ya' all a reason to hate more  
Cos I been holding my tongue 'til I got a sprained jaw  
Alot of rappers on my list  
That just ain't Ja  
And im'ma read that motherfucker off come April  
You pussies think I went soft since 8 mile  
When I come back I'll be shooting more than paintballs  
Trust me Chorus Outro Fucking dumb'ens  
This ain't chess  
You playin' motherfucking checkers  
This shit is all day man it's too easy  
We playing chess you playing checkers  
You 'bout to get your mother fucking asses jumped  
Fucking punks

And by the way  
We ain't just talking to one person  
We talking to every motherfucking body who wants to bring it  
Cos we bring it into anybody who wants to bring it  
So bring it  
Don't pick up the ball if you don't wanna play man  
It's all fucked up now  
The fuck I'm suppose to do  
Huh?  
The fuck I'm suppose to do  
[Laugh]  
Yeah we out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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