

# Ricky Ticky Toc (Album Version Explicit)

## Eminem

Once you call my name out  
Things will never be the same  
They should have never let us  
Get off foot in this game Ever since I was duced to rap music  
I been missin' a screw like Bishop and Juice  
I could lose it at any moment  
Those who know me know it So they probaly told you go with the flow  
Just so that I don't explode and  
Have another episode where I let it go  
As far as the one with Benzino did I'm waitin' for that next beef  
I'm cocked, locked and loaded  
I'm ready to go so bad I'm goin' bananas  
My dick's so hard Anna Nicole could  
Use it to fuckin' pole vault with  
Oh, shit! I mean when she was still bloated  
Before they cut her stomach open and lypo'ed it  
Anybody I throw flames at gets a name, it's a game  
'Cause they know that they don't spit the same  
It's a shame what people do for ten minutes of fame Everyday, it's the same thing  
People in this game try to buddy, buddy us  
Just to get close enough to study us  
Everybody just wants to have somethin' to do with that  
They all tryin' to get that stamp They after that Shady, aftermath money  
It's like a monopoly  
They probably just now finally  
Understand how to rob fully  
50 Cent was like a fuckin' jackpot for me  
And Dre, it's like we hit the fuckin' lottery  
And a damn slot machine at the same time as each other  
Why the fuck you think we ride like we brothers  
When we rhyme with each other?  
In time we discovered that we have more in common  
Then we thought with each other  
Both robbed of our mothers Our fathers ain't want us  
What was wrong with us, was it our fault  
'Cause we started thinkin' God doesn't love us  
Two odd motherfuckers  
Who just happened to meet at the right time  
What a coincidence 'cause when 50 got shot up in Jamaica Queens

I still remember the call up at Chung King 'cause Big L had just got popped just a month before  
If 50 lives, he's gettin' dropped from Columbia  
Two years later me and Doc had to come and operate  
That's when he popped up a number one  
And we ain't never gonna stop if you wonderin'  
Even if I'm under the gun You ain't gotta agree all the time with me  
Or see eye to eye  
There'll always be animosity between you and I  
But see the difference is if it is I could give a shit Still gonna conduct motherfuckin' business as usual  
Ego's aside 'fore I bruise 'em all  
Swallow your pride 'fore I step on it with shoes you call  
Nike's, Earthlings, how do you like these?  
You gotta love 'em, look at the bottom of 'em, they're like cleats Stompin', I been rompin'  
Since Tim Dogg was hollerin' 'Fuck Compton'  
I was whilin', freestylin'  
Back when they was still makin' Maxell cassettes  
I wasn't even raps Elvis yet That tells us that  
Any doubts in your head that seals the shit  
Ricky Ticky Toc, Ticky Ticky Toc  
Still with the Diggy Diggy Doc, Diggy Diggy Doc  
And ya don't stop SONGWRITERS  
MARSHALL MATHERS III; LUIS RESTO; STEVEN KING  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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