

All I Think About

Bad Meets Evil

[Hook: Eminem]

From the moment I go to bed 'till I wake up
All day, this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah)
So I go straight at opponents' heads with this anger
Always, 'cause this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah)[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]
The chopper got about fifty bullets
Ain't no way it's accidental when I spill 'em on you
I'm the realist in the biz, how you livin'?
Cause you can get it how you live
And while you livin', I'm a say my pull out game is so real
I still get rid of kids, now that's ill
The top of your head can fly of the top of convertibles
Ain't gon' really take no time to come through and murder you
I don't fake mine, I do this the fair way
Snitches get stitches, blown away and left on display
Hung by the grapevine, I just kicked a chair away
Let me be the first to tell you that you lookin' at a superstar
My microphone and AK-47, that's my new guitar
I don't belong to you and I don't care who you are
Yeah, you sold a couple records, got a couple joints
Got a few Jordans, three, four pairs of Louboutins
That's besides the point like a shootin' guard
Nigga, I'm a rockstar[Eminem]
With whoopin' cough
(I am) sick, George Clooney wit' a Uzi
What kind of a movie star
Would hop out a movin' car just to prove he's hard?
"Fuck you doin', you retard?"
Should be put in a cast as soon as we start shootin', dog
You swear I knew where the Roofies are
The way I drug a bitch through the yard
Stuffed little Suzie in cardboard after wrappin' her nude and newly scarred
Body in waterproof tarp covered in roofin' tar
So what you so blunt for?
Did you fuckin' fall off, chump? Or did you jump?
Or did you just become bored with this?
You're slipping into a funk, I just become morbid
And more self-absorbed in my own world, everyone orbits
Pen at the table, I don't know when I'll be able to stop

Told you from the gate
One thought it generally takes and I'm off to the races
Wait, mentally stable, hold your fuckin' horses
There's nothin' more disgustin' an animal
I just got done snortin' the fuckin' bathroom soap
And the tannin' lotion

To unwarp this mind you gon' need some sort of an antidote
There's not a pill for bananas though
It's unfortunate, you got delusions of grandeur though
Actin' like you're Michelangelo with a fuckin' cordless
Bitch, I'm Shredder, so you better crawl back in your shell
Or run 'fore you get injured

A fuckin' Ninja Turtle wouldn't come toward us
Two joint forces, of course this is what blunt force is
Cause we'd smoke you on any joint
Bad and Evil's back, bitch

You might experience some shortness of breath
As you sit with your lungs punctured
Hear their motherfuckin' tears come pourin'
If I tell you once more, then you're done for
You're going to have to learn

How to fuckin' hear from a ruptured eardrum
Forrest, am I clear? You Gump, you're as dumb as a stump
To think we'd come with a trump shortage
B-b-b-b-bass in your face, bitch

Chuck Norris' nunchucks morph into guns, swords
This is what blood sport is

The goriest, glorious, notorious bigamous, shogun warriors[Royce Da 5'9"]
God damn, the Slaughter boy general
Once I slaughter it, you couldn't un-slaughter it
Once I order a hit, you couldn't un-order it
Hit's an order, this the consortium[Hook: Eminem]
From the moment I go to bed 'till I wake up
All day, this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah)
So I go straight at opponent's heads with this anger

Always, 'cause this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah)[Verse 2: Eminem]
If I don't got no more drama, bitch, I'm a fish outta water bottle
After all these guys I slaughter
Applause is gettin' louder, how the fuck did this happen?

I never rapped for bitches, how's it that my audience now is broader?
Devil without a cause, rebel without a pause
I am a kaze without the kami
You wouldn't be a G if it cost me a thousand dollars
Infrared in my pencil lead
But always keep an extra one stocked though

In the back pocket and both of 'em locked
And they're loaded, like cocked twin Glocks that I'm holdin'
You better pause when you see these two dots on your colon
Fuckin' punks, you wait, just got to rockin' and rollin'
Cause Elvis ain't left the buildin' yet, I'm still a villain
You feel a threat when I step in and kill a set in a millisecond
With the weapon of intellect, Hannibal Lecter with the black belt
And kung fu, protect your neck and [Royce Da 5'9"]
Respect the gun rule

Read in the Art of War book by Sun Tzu
You realize if you defy, you probably won't be around here long
Rapunzel (get over it)
Look, bitch, I got the bands in my pocket
And the drum roll poppin', that's...
That's overkill, I keep the kill under me
I keep the chill one degree
I hit you with a hook that'll make you see threes
You realize as soon as you beat me that you didn't
Yeah, there's still one of me, now me slap you
That's a recap view, that's normal embarrassing
And you slap me, that's knee-slap humor, that's hardly hilarious
So we scrap over you lyin' like a feline cub in a forest
Cherishing a kill from a dominant male [Eminem]
And I'm born with Malaria
Form of Lou Gehrigs
To torture and terrify corporate America
Poor little Erica
In the morning the sheriff's and Law Enforcement
Will find one fourth of her buried
Under a barrier of the kitchen floor
With the stairs in an outdoor wooded area [Hook: Eminem]
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All day, this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah)
So I go straight at opponent's heads with this anger
Always, 'cause this is all I can think about, baby (Oh, yeah) [Verse 3: Royce Da 5'9"]
Back then, hoes didn't want him
Now the black Benz all hittin' corners
My spectacular, vernacular
I spit like giving Ex-Lax to Dracula
Let me translate, I'm tryna find me a bitch
And then I'm sucking on her neck while she naked
And then I'm shitting on her [Eminem]
And I'm getting boners from what I'm spitting
Getting blown to smithereens in a Toyota
Getting stoner, Jonas Brothers

Brothers, songs fricken rotisserie how these birds are flipping
A time bomb with a nervous ticking
Another murder victim, I flirted with them first
And burrrr-stick 'em, I burn up if I try to step up inside a Church Chicken
scratching noise wanna *scratching noise* making sure any who battle me crawl away
Assault and battery holiday, and just when you're thinking that'll be all I say
I'll start automatically calling names and rattling off fellow rappers so pardon the analogy
But I disappear as quick as Natalie Holloway
It's my mentality all the way, I'm normally a suicide mission to try dissin'
But one thing I never mind's getting called Elvis all the time
In the articles that you write which is why I never reply, cause he died shitting
So-a, shitting, I'm spitting my infinite supply of written bonafide
Kidding aside, critics take my little white dick in your eyelid and fuck it
Switch subjects, moving on to the next one its, Ch- Chucky
Who wanna play with number one overall, Kid Cudi
A psycho buddy who might go nutty 'cause he don't like nobody
His knife's so bloody 'cause he just sliced somebody
Pull out the Schick Hydro and[Royce Da 5'9]
In light of what he, just said, this for those who even kinda want it
Cause for this man, I would take a lighter
And light up all of my Lighter money
You can call it pyro money, "Hi Rihanna"
I mean wait, "Hi Tianna", wait, "Hi Tatiana", shit
I gotta problem I don't like, it's called fuck a model-itis
Who pussy the tightest?
That's amazing, sit your ass down
I don't like the pussy too tight
Get the fuck outta here and have some babies
Vocabulary still ill, the 911 still will
It's all yellow with the black stripe, kill bill
I'm so far ahead of the skills here
I'm getting ready for my past life
I'm the real deal[Eminem]
Like Holyfield, think you irreplaceable? Bite it (that's overkill)
'Till I keel over like somebody stuffed roadkill and
Ebola in my bowl of oatmeal, you know the deal
I'm not about to sit and go through the whole spiel
Of how I'm, how I'm cold steel like a old cold snowmobile
And no feeling but so jovial
But don't be one of those who mistake me for a joke, I'm so for real
It's what I told the phony emcee before I broke his will
Drove a drill through his skull to see his soul
Told him when I snap like a photo
He'll get exposed like a roll of film
Now here he goes again, oh

I'm so trill, I'mma get the hoes again
Like Buffalo Bill's, bitch you didn't put lotion in
The bucket, fuck it, beat the poor little old widow
With throat pillows, soap brillos, finished my goat milk then
Smoke billows I lit up...ah, fuck it

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