

# 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 off 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 millisec  
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 burrr-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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