

# Crack a Bottle (feat. Dr. Dre & 50 Cent)

Eminem

Ladies and gentlemen  
The moment you've all been waiting fo  
In this corner, weighing a hundred and seventy five pounds  
With a record of seventeen rapes, four hundred assaults, and four murders  
The undisputed, most diabolic villain in the world  
Slim Shady! So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them  
And there's really not that many of us  
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust  
It's on till the break of dawn  
And we're starting this party from dusk OK, let's go Back with Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk  
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust  
Just one of my mothers sons who got thrown under the bus  
Kiss my butt. Lick the wonder cheese from under my nuts  
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks  
It's a must I redeem my name and haters get mushed  
Bitches lust. Man they love me when I lay in the cut  
Fist the cup. The lady gave her eighty some paper cut  
Now picture us. It's ridiculous you curse at the thought  
'Cause when I spit the verse the shit  
Gets worse then Worcestershire sauce  
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every time  
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes  
It's elementary. The elephants have entered the room  
I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true  
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the signal  
Of the bat symbol. The platinum trio's back on you hoes So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
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And we're starting this party from dusk Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre They see that low rider go by they're, like

Oh my!

You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why

I dip through in that six trey like sick 'em Dre

I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they sick of me

But hey, what else can I say? I love LA

Cause over and above all, it's just another day

And this one begins where the last one ends

Pick up where we left off and get smashed again

I'll be dammed, just fucked around and crashed my Benz

Driving around with a smashed front end

Let's cash that one in

Grab another one from out the stable

The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado

The hell if I know

Do I want leather seats or vinyl?

Decisions, decisions

Garage looks like Precision Collision

Or Maaco beats quake like Waco

Just keep the bass low speakers away from your face though So crack a bottle, let your body waddle

Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto

O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes

Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us

Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust

It's on till the break of dawn

And we're starting this party from dusk And I take great pleasure in introducing, 50 Cent! It's bottle after bottle

The money ain't a thing when you party with me

It's what we into it's simple

We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe

I'm the napalm the bomb the don I'm King Kong

Get rolled on wrapped up and reigned on

I'm so calm through Vietnam ring the alarm

Bring the Shaun Dawn burn marijuana do what you want

Nigga on and on till the break of what

Get the paper man I'm caking you know I don't give a fuck

I spend it like it don't mean nothing

Blow it like its supposed to be blown

Motherfucker I'm grown

I stunt I style I flash the shit

I gets what the fuck I want so what I trick

Fat ass burgundy bags classy shit Jimmy Choo shoes

I say move a bitch move So crack a bottle, let your body waddle

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Songwriters

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