

Scary Movies (feat. Eminem & Royce 5'9

Bad Meets Evil

[Intro]

What's your favorite scary movie?

Yo, Slim Shady (Yo, Royce 5'9?)

Y'all wanna make a movie? (What)

We got the film right here[Verse 1: Royce]

Yeah, I'm one of them pretty rappers, buck if I really have to
I really slap you, King of Detroit who they naming the city after

Scandalous partners, whose grammar hammers the hard shit

Into your heart with, content, yo who wanna start with

Expert, Bad and Evil is coming soon

MC's get stuck, head first back in they mother's womb

This shit is written, in my eyes I'm the illest MC spitting

Leaving all of you cats shitting kittens

I gotta diss you, my niggas be cocking pistols

Shot and split you, fuck splitting the profits with you

Six percent, of y'all niggas is just pretend

Clicks with clits, pussy niggas stink with dicks

Niggas act bully, and blast for the fast penny

My auto is fully, plenty of niggas packing semi

Speak darts; yo, you get paid? Rhyming about it is the sweet part

You can't be street smart with a cheap heart

Five Nine, a street nigga with deep feeling

I keep illing, my steez willing to keep killing

Fuck rap, a lotta y'all all is just acts

Trust that, you rhyme all wack on rough tracks

Bust and then we all black when you get bust back at

Fuck that, you get blast at, you get laughed at

And I'mma spit thunder, stick to my guns

Niggas is finished before they gimmicks, one-hit wonders

What? Big balls, that's why when I spit, your clique stalls

I'm a pitbull, I'm just dog, I'm just raw

Split y'all, holler, "It's on!" Then I diss y'all

All of y'all niggas get pissed on claiming you pissed off[Hook]

Y'all want drama? Wanna make a scary movie?

Rappers coming in with their team and carry toolies

You can jump right out of the screen and barely move me

We hard-hitting, directing and starring in it[Verse 2: Eminem]

The one man on the planet that'll drive off of the Grand Canyon

Hop out of a Grand Am and land in it handstanding

Any man planning to battle will get snatched outta his clothes
So fast it'll look like an invisible man standing
I'm headed for Hell, I'd rather be dead or in jail
Bill Clinton, hit this, and you better inhale
Cause any MC that chooses to go against me
Is getting taking advantage of like Monica Lewinsky (Leave me alone!)
Came home in a frenzy, pushing a ten speed
Screaming to Aunt Peg with three spokes sticking outta my pant leg
Fuck a headache, give me a migraine, dammit I like pain
You should be anywhere that a mic ain't
You rap knowing you wack, you act up and I'm throwing you
Down a flight of steps then I'm throwing you back up them
If they don't like the track, fuck them, the rap struck 'em harder
Than getting hit by a Mack truck and then backed up on
And any half-assed known rapper to trespass
Better be ready for the second Celebrity Deathmatch
So tell the medic to bring the medication and quickly
I'm sicker than a 2Pac dedication to Biggie
I'm free-falling feet first out of a damn tree
To stampede your chest 'til you can't breathe
And when I'm down to my last breath, I'mma climb the Empire State Building
And get to the last step and still have half left[Hook][Outro]
Bad, the Bad (Uhh, when the Bad meets the Bad, yo)
The Evil (Take the Evil with the Evil)
Put 'em together (What? Nine-nine)
Two times, Slim Shady, Royce da 5'9?

Songwriters

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