The Sauce

Eminem

[Eminem]It's all bad now man, it's all bad
'cause y'all done FUCKED up now
YEA! Ha ha, new shit, aiyyo
I just want the whole world to know
That I did not start this, but I will finish it
Comin' up, it never mattered what color you was
If you could spit, then you could spit
That's it, that's what it was
Back when, motherfuckers was straight backpackin'
Cipherin', fightin' for life in this raft
For the mic to get past, and you psyched and you gasped
Then you hype, 'cause you last
And you might whoop some ass
If you lost, then you lost
Shake hands like a man and you swallowed it
When the Unsigned Hype column in The Source was like
The only source of life
When the mics used to mean something, a four was like
You were the shit, now it's like the least you get
Three and a half now just means you're a piece of shit
Four and a half or five
Means you're Biggie, Jigga, Nas, or Benzino
Shit I don't even think you realize
You're playing with motherfuckers' lives
I done watched Dre get fucked on The Chronic
Probably 'cause I was on it
Now you fucked me out of my mics twice, I let it slide
I said I wouldn't hold my fuckin breath to get a five
Shit I was right, I'da fuckin died already tryin
I swear to God, I never lie, I bet that's why
You let that bitch give me that bullshit review
I sat and took it, I ain't look at the shit, we knew
You'd probably try and fuck us with Obie and 50 too
Hock spit, fuck a relationship we through
No more Source for street cred, them days is dead
Ray's got AK's to Dave Mays' head
Every issue there's an eight page Made Men spread
Will somebody please tell whoever braids his head
That I am not afraid of this fuckin waste of lead

On my pencil, for me to write some shit this simple

So listen closely, as I break it down and proceed
This old G's about to get smoked like rolled weed
You don't know me or my motherfucking mother
You motherfucking punk
Put me on your fuckin cover just to sell your little
Sell-out mag, I ain't mad, I feel bad
Here's an ad, here's a poster of Ray-Ray and his dad
You wanna talk about some shit that you don't know about, yea?
Let's talk about how you're puttin your own son out there
To try to eat off him because you missed your boat
You're never gonna blow, bitch, you're just too old
No wonder you're sore now, lordy you're bored now
I'm pushing thirty, you're kickin forty's door down
Bitch this is war now, and you'll never beat me
All you do is cheat me out of Quotables
But you know that you'll always see me
On your TV, 'cause you've got to stay up 'til
Three in the morning to see your video played once on BET
So, hee hee hee, who has the last laugh? Aftermath, yea
So on behalf of our whole staff, kiss our asshole cracks
We'll never fold or hold back, just know that
Benzino's wack, no matter how many times I say his name
He'll never blow jack
You're better off tryin to bring RSO back
Look at your track record, that's how far it goes back
It's extortion, and Ray owns a portion
So half of the staff up there is fresh out of jail from Boston
Bullyin and bossin Dave like a slave
They completely brainwashed him and forced him to stay
Locked in his own office
Afraid of the softest, fakest, wannabe gangsta in New York
And it's pitiful, 'cause I would have never said shit if you'da
Kept your mouth shut, bitch, now what?
Hit it Clue, spit it Slay, new shit, exclusive
Yo Lantern, yo Whoo Kid, you know what to do with this
Use it, I'm through, this is stupid
I can't believe I stooped to this bullshit to do this
And who you callin a bitch... bitch?
You OWE me

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