

# Old Time's Sake

Eminem

Good evening,  
This is your fucking captain speaking.  
We will soon be reaching an altitude of four million and a half feet  
That's eight million miles in the sky.  
Please, undo your seatbelt for takeoff.  
(pshh) You are now free to smoke about the cabin  
I'm Dre from back in the day from,  
NWA from black and the gray from,  
Choking a bitch to smacking her face from,  
Stacking up bodies to, Racking their kegs up.  
From racking a bitch to,  
Stacking them crates up,  
I'm still hungry and I'm back with a tapeworm.  
And we're what's happening in rap entertainment, Me and Shady.  
Far as competition, faggot there ain't none  
Speak of the devil, It's attack of the Rainman  
Chainsaw in hand, blood stain on my apron  
Soon as the blade spun (vrn) they run away from  
Who wanna play dungeon? No one is safe from.  
In search of a brain surgeon, a great one.  
Wait, it ain't funny man it's urgent, I need one.  
Two boxes of detergent and a paint gun, and an emergency squirt gun to spray A-1.  
(Chorus)  
So one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break  
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
We're now smoking with the best (the best)  
I said one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break  
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
We're now smoking with the best (the best)  
Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon wireless  
A nice environment  
Surprise, entirely hypnotized by the sound I surround the hydrants  
taking lives of firemen, say goodbye.  
Here I am again, naked wives and Vicodin.  
Before I begin to get so high, pussy boy, I could spin

(Vin, vin!)

Fuck the handle, I fly off the hinge  
Let that boy off the bench, coach and throw it to him  
There he goes in his trench coat, no clothes again  
Baby, make us some French toast and show off some skin.  
I'll show you every inch grows on my foreskin.  
Show me nipple I pinch, blow up, then throw up a ten.  
Now you know it's a sin to tease, blow us again,  
The sorcerer of intercourse - if it's forced, it's him.  
Don't fight the feeling if you're feeling the force within,  
And when you wake up in the morning next to the porcelain

(Chorus)

So one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break

Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way

And let's go

We're now smoking with the best (the best)

I said one more time for old time's sake

Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break

Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way

And let's go

We're now smoking with the best (the best)

Now where there's smoke, there's fire

Where there's fire, there's flames

Where there's flames, there's chronic

Either you high or you ain't

I got no time for no games

Nah, uh he ain't playing

He's gonna get the AK and aim it right at your bra-ain

I'm slightly insa-ane; Vodka and Creatine

Hipnotiq and Red Bull, It's an incredible energy drink

And it's givin' me wings, I believe I can fly

While I pee on a girl; You won't catch me CSI!

It's as easy as pie, and as simple as cake

Dre, get on the mic and make them tremble and shake

Now put your smoke up in the air

Raise your Henny and Coke

And if you really wanna get fucked up, just let me know

We can smoke till there's no more lighter fluid to do it

Let's get into it, you're smoking with the triedest and truest

I got the Midas touch when it comes to rolling shit up,

You motherfuckers ain't smoking, you just holding shit up

Now here we go, let's get up, get down, hold up a blunt.

I smoke the kinda stuff that make the records go number one.

Cuz if at first you don't succeed, won't hurt to smoke some weed.  
Now them words are just a little more personal for me.  
Seeing as how I blew up off of puffing them trees  
Well smoke enough for me, fuck yeah, light it up Cheech!  
Come on, smoke me out, cuz, give me contact buzz  
Get me on track, they love me when I'm on that stuff.  
But this is earth calling Shady, man come on back (what?)  
Man we're losing him; he won't even respond back, fuck!  
Now look at all the pretty women in here  
(Damn bitches)  
Dre, it's hot, I think we better go check on their temperatures  
I'll get the thermometer, you get the bandages  
Now baby just bend over, this won't hurt a damn bit just...  
(Chorus)  
And give more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break.  
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
We're now smoking with the best (the best)  
I said one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that break.  
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
We're now smoking with the best (the best)

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