

# Bad Meets Evil

## Eminem

I reckon you ain't familiar with these here parts  
You know, there's a story behind that there saloon  
Twenty years ago, two outlaws took this whole town over  
Sheriffs couldn't stop 'em  
Quickest damn gun slingers I've ever seen  
Got murdered in cold blood  
That ol' saloon there was their lil' home away from home  
They say the ghosts of bad and evil still live in that tavern  
And on a quiet night  
You can still hear the footsteps of Slim Shady and Royce Da 5'9  
I don't speak, I float in the air wrapped in a sheet  
I'm not a real person, I'm a ghost trapped in a beat  
I translate when my voice is read through a seismograph  
And a noise is bred, picked up and transmitted through Royce's head  
Trapped him in his room, possess him and hoist his bed  
Til' the evilness flows through his blood like poisonous lead  
Told him each one of his boys is dead  
I asked him to come to the dark side, he made a choice and said  
Who hard? yo I done heard worse  
We can get in two cars and accelerate at each other  
To see which one will swerve first  
Two blind bandits panic, whose mental capacity holds  
That of a globe, on top of nine other planets  
Kissed the cheek of the devil  
Intelligence level is 'hell-ier' than treble peakin' on speakers in the ghetto  
Dismissal, I'm not a fair man, disgraced the race of a atheist  
Intercepting missiles with my bare hands like a patriot  
One track sliced without swords, I buried the Christ corpse  
In my past life when the Black Knight mounted the white horse  
And stay over-worked, its like the Nazis in the nations  
Collaborating, attemptin' to take over the earth  
'Cause this is what happens when bad meets evil  
We hit the trees til' we look like Vietnamese people  
He's evil, and I'm bad like Steve Segal  
Above the law 'cause I don't agree with police either  
(shit, me neither)  
We ain't eager to be legal  
So please leave me wi't the keys to your Jeep Eagle  
I breathe ether in three amounts

When I stab myself in the knee with a diseased needle  
    Releasin' rage on anybody in squeezing range  
Cold enough to make the seasons change into freezing rain (He's insane)  
    No I'm not, I just want to shoot up and I'm pissed off  
    'Cause I can't find a decent vain

    The disaster wit' dreads  
I'm bad enough to commit suicide and survive long enough  
    To kill my soul after I'm dead  
When in danger it's funny actually my flavor's similar to a waiter  
    'Cause I serve any stranger wit' money  
    I spray a hundred, man until they joint chains  
While slippin' bullets at point blank range like they was punches  
Piss on a flag and burn it, murder you then come to your funeral  
    Service lobby, strangle your body to confirm you  
    Whippin' human ass, throwin' blows, crackin' jaws  
Wit' my fists wrapped in gauze, dipped in glue and glass  
    I'm blazin' M-C's, at the same time amazin' M-C's  
    Somehow M-C's ain't that eye-brow raisin to me  
From all of angles of us, flash a mack loud enough to cast a avalanche  
    And bust till volcanoes erupt  
    Hello? (Billy)

    Ah-yo what's up (we're comin' to get you)  
    Stop they know it's us!  
I used to be a loudmouth, remember me? (uh-ah)  
    I'm the one who burned your house down (oh)  
    Well I'm out now (shit)  
And this time I'm comin' back to blow your house up  
And I ain't goin' leave you a window to jump out of  
    Give me two fat tabs and three shrooms  
And you won't see me like fat people in steam rooms  
And when I go to hell and I'm gettin' ready to leave  
    I'm a put air in a bag and charge people to breathe  
    'Cause this is what happens when bad meets evil  
And we hit the trees till we look like Vietnamese people  
    He's evil, and I'm bad like Steve Segal  
Against peaceful, see you in hell for the sequel  
    (We'll be waitin')  
    See you in hell  
    Wall Street,  
    Royce Da 5'9, Slim Shady  
    See you in hell for the sequel (bye bye)  
    Bad meets evil, what? (till next time)  
And so that's the story when bad meets evil  
Two of the most wanted individuals in the county

Made Jesse James and Billy the Kid look like law-abiding citizens  
It's too bad they had to go out the way they did  
Got shot in the back comin' out of that ol' saloon  
But their spirits still live on til' this day  
Shh, wait, did y'all hear that?

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