

Business.

Eminem

Marshall, sounds like an S.O.S.
Holy whack unlyrical lyrics Andre, you're fuckin' right!
To the rap mobile, let's go! Marshall! Marshall! Bitches and Gentleman!
It's showtime!
Hurry, hurry, step right up!
Introducin' the star of our show, his name is Marshall! You wouldn't wanna be anywhere else in the world right
now
So without further ado, I bring to you Marshall! You 'bout to witness hip hop in its
Most purest, most rawest form, flow almost flawless
Most hardest, most honest, known artist
Chip off the old block but old doc is
Looks like Batman brought his own Robin
Oh God, Saddam's got his own Laden
With his own private plane, his own pilot
Set to blow college dorm room doors off the hinges (boom sound)
Oranges, peach, pears, plums, syringes
Yeah, here I come
I'm inches away from you, here, fear none
Hip hop is in a state of 911, so [Chorus: x2]
Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell Yeah! Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform miracles
Gee willikers Dre, holy bat syllables
Look at all the bullshit that goes on in Gotham
When I'm gone time to get rid of these rap criminals
So, skip to ya Lou, while I do what I do best
You ain't even impressed no more, you used to it
Flows too wet, nobody close to it
Nobody says it was 'til everyone knows the shit
The most hated on outta all those who say they get hated
On eighties songs
Exaggerate it all so much
They make it all up
There's no such thing
Like a female with good looks who cooks and cleans
It just means so much more to so much more
People when you rappin' and you know what for

The show must go on, so I'd like to welcome y'all
To Marshall and Andre's carnival
Come on! Now[Chorus: x2]It's just like old times, the dynamic duo
Two old friends, why panic?
You already who's fully capable, the two caped heroes
Dial straight down the center eight hundred
You can even call collect, the most feared duet
Since me and Elton, play career Russian Roulette
And never even seen me blink get me bustin' a sweat
People steppin' over people just to rush to the set
Just to get to see a MC who breathes so freely
Ease ova these beats, and be so breezy
Jesus, how can shit be so easy
How can one Chandra be so Levy
Turn on these beats MC's don't see me
Believe me, B-E-T and M-T-V
Are gonna grieve when we leave, dog fo' sheezy
Can't leave rap alone the game needs me
'Til we grow beards, get weird and disappear into the mountains
Nothin' but clowns down here
But we ain't fuckin' around 'round here
Yo Dre!
What up?
Can I get a hell yeah?
Hell Yeah![Chorus: x2]So there you have it folks
Marshall!
Has come to save the day
Back with his friend Andre
And to remind you that bullshit does not pay
Because
Marshall!
And Andre are here to stay and never go away
Until our dying day, until we're old and gray
Marshall!
So until next time friends
Same blond hair, same rap channel
Goodnight everyone, thank you for coming
Your host for the evening
Marshall!
Oh! Ha!

Lyrics provided by

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