

Bet Shady 2.0 Cypher

Eminem

[Intro: Eminem]

Welcome to Detroit

This is the BET, Shady 2.0 Cypher 2011

Myself, Slaughterhouse and Yelawolf

White Dawg get em [Verse 1: Yelawolf]

Put these muthafuckas in a box and I send em away

Put em in a gray 'llac and pop the trunk

And throw em in the back, jack; ha, dig em a grave

Put a brick inside that Xerox when I print up a page

Moving keys I can relate, cause I live in the cage

I throw up the A, I take em to school

I give them a grade

An easy E for effort, that's WWA

White with an attitude

Alphabet soup is on my plate

All I got is Z's they sleeping on me

I can't get em awake

I spoon feed em a sound

In a room full of deceivers and clowns

Who believe in making it rain cause all they see is the clouds

And I watch from the couch of the VIP like a potato

With a bunch of meatheads, like fuck it

I'll just feed em a cow

Plenty of White boys to pick from this year

But before you pick a pepper, you better pick up your heater

Cause even Peter Piper could pick up a mic

But what it's like to pick a fight with me

Is like putting Nikes on a cheetah, better speed up

Or at least in my case Adidas

I'm out this bitch, drinking Sprite by the two-liter

Holler

Shady Records [Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Say I'm from the new school, I'mma say check your tone and watch your mouth

If they teaching how to Dougie, I'm condoning dropping out

Forced to wild, y'all birthed me then gave me up

I just perfected being hip-hop's foster child, now check it

Don't blame y'all for being trash, fans are copping it

The radio's the crime scene, the masses are the hostages

In my youth I'd throw shots, the fad was dodging it

I'm grown: I ain't watching the throne, I'm sabotaging it
You see that four-headed monster in the storm looms
Snipe 'em from a distance: the scope got a long zoom
You Super Mario thugs is in the wrong room
Gotta figure here, you won't get bigger if you on shrooms
If it was left to me, I'd revive what the game be 'bout
I'd 've took the wine outta Amy house
Enough raps from you scrub cats bout cockin' a snub back
Wayne couldn't teach me how to love that
But I got this chick from uptown, she my summer bunny
Both parents broke, but she come from money
Think my bread is her paper to burn
So I lock her out, and now she doubt David is Stern
She's so bad, I make her hit the telly from a taxi
Then dead her in the Holiday Inn, learned that from Max B
That's why the haters envy, kinda wanna send me llamas
I made it right before their eyes like I was Benihanas
Is it me or is what I'm hearing just pitiful
Airwaves the same, now the stereo's typical
My skin's thick so the critics ignored
So unafraid to die, you'd think I did it before
The boy's Rodman with the trash talk
Magic or Walt with the black ball
Way I bounce off the asphalt with cat paws
Glass jaw, Hood of your mask will be the Blackfoot with no passport
Body be found in a mansion in one of my trapdoors
If punks had award you status whores catogore
Probably be that of awards between Michael Rappaport and Kenny Latimore
I know hip-hop's alive and well
If it died, you other crews wouldn't survive the smell[Verse 3: Crooked I]
I spot a victim, the plot'll thicken when the clock is ticking
I caught him slipping, I gotta give him a shot
I hit him with proper spitting, hottest writtens and compositions
So competition's a contradiction somebody mention they got a Crooked
Highly fiction we probably different, got Gotti henchmen
Opposition, I'll body quick as Bugatti engines
I'm on a mission to get richer, the sickest lyric-kicker
Digging a ditch for different spitters
Weak lyricists get disfigured
Sip liquor, spit like a sick mixture
Of Notorious, Pun and L, get the big picture
The poster, I'll roast ya
My mind so deadly it's just like the beanie is close to a holster
It's over, control my whole coastal region
Like I'm supposed to, flow is going postal even

Open season, heart close to freezing
Ruthless as Eazy nigga, approach, I'm squeezing believe me
Dopest Westcoaster breathing so most ya hope I'm vegan
Nope I'm beefing rappers need to keep it trill
Give me a beat to kill
Too many people still eating sleeping pills
People sleeping on my ether skills
And y'all ain't even real, you bout to die in this cypher
Before you die you should do the Jada and leave a Will[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]
I ain't a rap dude, I'm a dude who rap
Before this, I was moving crack
Killers y'all become when y'all rhyme, I salute and dap
And if I blink, they'll remove your snaps
You ain't cool, you wack with your foolish act
Skinny jeans don't mean your ass shoot, it means your booty claps
Don't play like Tyler Perry
This the Slaughterhouse of pain
Flow brown, tight and heavy
When it come to 16's, I'm a fiend
Seen in the studio near a needle with a mean lean
Probably writing bars to Nas' Thief's Theme getting my Yaowa on
Man, all these Olajuwons, we the dream team
This is an all day slaughter
They fiending for us to break like Beyonce's water
The four quarters doing all the eating
And y'all gotta know why I made the cut, I'm Puerto Rican
Ortiz keep the fire ready
And tryna put me out's like tryna steal a transvestite from Eddie[Verse 5: Royce Da 5'9"]
I'm do or die dope, and you can make the sticker sitting
On the door of that Phantom, your suicide note
Hi Rihanna...is Nicki living with you
Let me know so I can buy binoculars and telescopes
Hi Rihanna...I don't need to know you better
You tell me you love my music again, we go together
Bye Rihanna... now back to y'all fools
We rock out like the outside of a guitar school
Thousand dollar frames I prefer to see the world through
Don't ask me nothing 'bout Budden, I beat my girl too
You ask me why do I keep her, I say it's cheaper to
That's why I ride around in a Rolls like Wiz Khalifa do
Rappers I'm your daddy, I tell you straight as this
You don't kill but your father will like Jayden Smith
I tell you like I tell my Spanish chick
You fly, but I ain't going down on no landing strip
So get your wax on like Daniel San

Or I'mma have to run like De la Hoya in drag when cameras come
Point out the greatest rapper alive I head shot 'em
Smack his girl on the butt and buy her some red bottom
Bring every deceased rapper back to see his wife
While I'm cyber-sexing with Jessica Alba via Skype
I'm on my D-boy, Deebo thing
Spiritual steelo swing like Cee-Lo Green
Get out the camera with yo B Roll bling
You know your flow is wack
We cornered the market like a Wal-Mart in a cul-de-sac
Yeah, this is what two million singles sold and an album that's gold
Look like without having to sell your soul[Verse 6: Eminem]
Ayo, lyrical miracle, spiritual individual, criminal
Subliminal, in your swimming pool You're about to see peace destroyed, it'll never be restored
When I unleash these beastly hordes on your CD stores
Wanna stop it: you gon' need a priest, at least three swords
A license to ill from the Beastie Boys, three Ouija boards
A squeegee and please be warned, don't ask what the squeegee's for
Or the holy water, acid raps that'll eat these floors
Eat a hole in a rhyme book, you see these horns
And as for me you ask when I'm gone, will he be mourned
..is puke luke warm, should Casey Anthony do porn
Can that chick fit a new born dead baby inside a fricking shoebox
With a shoehorn
Smothered in chloroform so she can go get her groove on
Can she duct tape and Velcro a fetus
Joell, yo tell Joe I need his
Empty box from his old shell toed Adidas
So I can put these babies in the fetal position
They're getting elbows to the penis
Yeah big deal
I took some little kids Big Wheel and spit in his frickin big kids meal
Quit tryna bite me and pinch you wench sit still
Did you just put your six inch heel through my Benz windshield
Is it dust we bout to kick up
Can Yelawolf fit a fifth of rum in a big cup
Between his stick shift in his frigging pickup
And drink like a hick redneck hillbilly will til he gets hicc-ups
Flipping the script up like Mike Vick
Getting bit in his junk by a Pit, yup I'm a sick pup
I'd be a horrible magician cause I'll fuck a trick up
Fix your lips up to say something fly, or zip up
A B, let's C, you said you were gonna do X-Y-Z
Til you fuck around and get dropped like an E when you add an I-N-G
Don't put a K in front of that though, when I MC

Cause I'm not the king of this microphone booth
It's more like a phone booth
Superman in this bitch, Kryptonite won't do
It gives me more power, I bump the Fat Boys and
Eat rat poison, take meteor showers
Fresh outta the mental hospital
And me not flossing a middle finger while I hop in a mosh pit'll
Be like Nas doing gospel or R&B, you crazy
Me pushing up daisies, that thought is impossible
As if flashing across the news
Posdnuos was caught with a prostitute
With a huge johnson, boobs and a monstrous tube of lube
And a bra, some boots, some panties and an aqua blue Mazda
Swallowing a popsicle, playing tonsil pool
So kill the rumors it ain't happening
I'mma rap 'til I'm fossil fuel

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