

# Crack A Bottle

## Eminem

Ladies and gentlemen  
The moment you've all been waiting for  
In this corner, weighing a hundred and seventy five pounds  
With a record of seventeen rapes, four hundred assaults, and four murders  
The undisputed, most diabolic villain in the world  
Slim Shady! So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them  
And there's really not that many of us  
Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust  
It's on till the break of dawn  
And we're starting this party from duskOK, let's go back with Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk  
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust  
Just one of my mothers sons who got thrown under the bus  
Kiss my butt. Lick the wonder cheese from under my nuts  
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks  
It's a must I redeem my name and haters get mashed  
Bitches lust. Man they love me when I lay in the cut  
Fist the cup. The lady gave her eighty some paper cut  
Now picture us. It's ridiculous you curse at the thought  
'Cause when I spit the verse the shit  
Gets worse then Worcestershire sauce  
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every time  
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes  
It's elementary. The elephants have entered the room  
I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true  
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the signal  
Of the bat symbol. The platinum trio's back on you hoes So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
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Songwriters

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