The Reunion

Bad Meets Evil

[Eminem]Ayo, this next song is a true story (Come here, bitch)
[Intro]Cause some things in this universe
Don't make sense but somehow (Always seem to fucking work)
[Verse 1: Eminem]Driving down I-75 about to hop on 696
I look over this fucking chick's trying to fix her makeup
I'm like bitch, you ain't a plastic surgeon
I advise ya to put up your visor, I'm getting kinda ticked
You're blocking my side mirror, she's like yeah, so? I'm like so?
You gonna need a stitch you keep acting like that, ho
I look like your husband slut? That's a rhetorical question
You talk to me like you talk to him, I'll fuck you up
In fact, get in the backseat, like the rest of my dates
No bitch rides shotgun, what taxi?
Stop and pick you some Maxi Pads up is that what you actually ask me?
Bitch reaches over and smacks me
And says I annoy the fuck outta her, get in the fucking back
Put on your slut powder, you slut, what? Shut the fuck up now
Or get your feelings hurt, worse than my last chick when
I accidentally butt dialed her
She heard me spreading AIDS rumors about her
Turn the radio up louder, make it thump
While I bump that Relapse CD, trying to hit every bump in that cunt
Thought I snap back in that accent cause she kept asking me
To quit calling her CUNT, I SAID I CUNT
[Hook: Eminem]She said, Marshall you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
[Verse 2: Royce]Uh, pull up to the club in a Porsche, not a Pinto
While Marshall's at a white trash party, I'm at drama central
I walk up in there looking at my phone, on Twitter tweeting
I'm feeling a bunch of bitches looking at a nigga, cheesing
I get approached by this little skeeser
She asked me am I the realest G, cause I'm Gucci from head to feet
I said, yeah, I'm really is cause I spit in your man's face

Like Cam did that kid on Killa Season
She said I'm feeling your big ego, wait, am I talking wrong?
I said nah, I'm a walking Kanye/Beyonce song
She said I'm mad at you, I said why?
She said why you never make songs for chicks as if it's hard to do?
I said I make songs for me, leave the studio
And go and fuck the bitch who belong to who making songs for you
She said I'm feeling your whole swagger and flow, can we hook up?
I said, umm, you just used the word swagger, so no

[Hook]You ain't really like that, oh oh oh
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Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking my heart
(She said) You're breaking my heart
[Verse 3: Eminem]We been riding around in this hatchback until I'm fucking hunchback
Where the fuck's this party at slutbag cunt? Cut what act?
Think it's an act? Fuck that, I'm trying to shag scuz
Better find this love shack or somewhere to fuck at, ah, don't touch that
You fat dyke, I'm trying to hear some Bagpipes from Baghdad
Don't act like you don't like them, them accents, I rap tight
And I'm a torture until we find this place, yeah that's right
Thought it was just past this light, past Van Dyke
Better hit that map right, read them directions, oh yeah
You can't read and you can't write, told me that last night
She took my CD out the deck, snapped in half like
Relapse sucked, I snapped, hit the gas like
Blew through the light, spun out, hit a patch of black ice
Forgot we had a trailer hitch to the back, we jackknifed
Bitch flew out of the car, I laughed like, she deserved it
She didn't think I'd act like that in person
(Royce, Marshall just crashed right in front of the club)
[Verse 4: Royce]Tell him I'll be there in a minute
I'm trying to break up this cat fight between my mistress and damn wife
Then a chick wanted a hug, she was fat
So I gave her dap, then I tell her to scat, I'm not mean, I'm cute
On my way to the front door, taking the scenic route
To avoid this chick with a lace front looking like Venus's and Serena's hooves
I'm just saying, those chicks got horse asses, they been attractive
Hope when they see me they don't slap me with they tennis rackets
My mind drifted back to this shit
I seen my wife push her down, step over her body, then smack the mistress

Police outside, I turn and pass the gat to Vishis
Then I step out and see my evil twin, he gives me an evil grin
He mugs the mistress, turns around and gives the misses hugs and kisses
Looks at me twisted, like Nickel "Yeah, watch this shit"
He smacks the dentures out of the mouth of the fat bitch he rode with
Looks back to mention, "Royce, it's good to be back to business"
[Hook]They said, you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking our heart
(They said) You're breaking our heart
Cause you ain't really like that, oh oh oh
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at
Cause you're breaking our heart
(They said) You're breaking our heart

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