Crack a Bottle

DJ Cover This

Oooh! Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for
In this corner, weighing 175 pounds, with a record of 17 rapes
400 assaults, and 4 murders, the undisputed, most diabolical
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
Uh oh uh oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got gloves
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 and my posse's kicking up dust
It's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk
Ok, let's go
Back when Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust
Just one up my mother's son who got thrown under the bus
Kiss my butt, lick my 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 mushed
Bitches lust, man they love me when I'm laying the cut
Missed the cut, the lady give a eighty some paper cut
Now picture us, it's ridiculous you curse at the thought
Cuz when I spit the verse the shit gets worse than 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 with the center of attention its true
Not to mention back with a vengeance and hit the signal
Of the bat symbol, the platinum trio is back on you hoes
So crack a bottle, let your body waddle
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Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre
They see that low rider go by they're like "Oh my!"
You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why
I dip through in that six trey like sick 'em Dre
I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they're sick of me
But hey, what else can I say? I love LA
Cuz over and above all, it's just another day
And this one begins where the last one ends
Pick up where we left off and get smashed again

I'll be dammed, just fucked around and crashed my Benz
Driving around with a smashed front end
Let's cash that one in
Grab another one from out the stable
The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado
The hell if I know
Do I want leather seats or vinyl?
Decisions, decisions, garage looks like Precision Collision
Or Maico beats quake like Waco
Just keep the bass low, speakers away from your face though
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And I take great pleasure in introducing, 50 Cent
It's bottle after bottle
The money ain't a thang when you party with me
Its what we into, it's simple
We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe
I'm the napalm, the bomb, the Don, I'm King Kong
Get rolled on, wrapped up and reigned on
I'm so calm through Vietnam, ring the alarm
Bring the Chandon, burn marajauan do what you want
Nigga on and on till the break of what
Get the paper man I'm caking you know I don't give a fuck
I spend it like it don't mean nothing
Blow it like its supposed to be blown
Motherfucker I'm grown
I stunt I style I flash the shit
I gets what the fuck I want, so what I trick?

Fat ass burgundy bags, classy shit
Jimmy Cho shoes I say move a bitch move
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