

# Bad Meets Evil (feat. Royce Da 5-9)

## Eminem

I reckon you ain't familiar with these here parts  
You know, there's a story behind that there saloon  
Twenty years ago, two outlaws took this whole town over  
Sheriffs couldn't stop 'em  
Quickest damn gun-slingers I've ever seen  
Got murdered in cold-blood  
That old saloon there was their little "home away from home"  
They say the ghosts of Bad and Evil still live in that tavern  
And on a quiet night  
You can still hear the footsteps of Slim Shady and Royce da 5'9" I don't speak, I float in the air wrapped in a  
sheet  
I'm not a real person, I'm a ghost trapped in a beat  
I translate when my voice is read through a seismograph  
And a noise is spread, picked up and transmitted through Royce's head  
Trap him in his room, possess him and hoist his bed  
Till the evilness flows through his blood like poisonous lead  
Told him each one of his boys is dead  
I asked him to come to the dark side  
He made a choice and said Who hard? Yo I done heard worse  
We can get in two cars and accelerate at each other  
To see which one'll swerve first  
Two blind bandits panic whose mental capacity holds  
That of a globe on top of nine other planets  
Kissed the cheek of the Devil  
Intelligence level is hellier than treble peaking on speakers in the ghetto  
Dismissal, I'm not a fair man  
Disgraced the race of an atheist  
Intercepting missiles with my bare hands like a patriot  
One track sliced without swords  
I buried the Christ corpse  
In my past life when the black knight mounted the white horse And stay over-worked, it's like the Nazis and the  
Nation collaborating attempting to take over the Earth 'Cause this is what happens when Bad meets Evil  
And we hit the trees till we look like Vietnamese people  
He's Evil, and I'm Bad like Steve Seagal  
Above the law cause I don't agree with police either  
Shit, me neither  
We ain't eager to be legal  
So please leave me with the keys to your Jeep Eagle  
I breathe ether in three lethal amounts

While I stab myself in the knee with a diseased needle  
Releasing rage on anybody in squeezing range  
Cold enough to make the seasons change into freezing rainHe's insane  
No I'm not, I just want to shoot up and I'm pissed off  
Cause I can't find a decent veinThe disaster with dreads  
I'm bad enough to commit suicide  
And survive long enough to kill my soul after I'm dead  
When in danger, it's funny, actually my flavor's similar to a waiter  
'Cause I serve any stranger with money  
I spray a hundred, man until they joint chains  
While slipping bullets at point-blank range like they was punches  
Piss on a flag and burn it, murder you then come to your funeral  
Service lobby and strangle your body to confirm it  
Whipping human ass, throwing blows, cracking jaws  
With my fists wrapped in gauze, dipped in glue and glassI'm blazing MCs, at the same time amazing MCs  
Somehow, MCs ain't that eyebrow-raising to me  
From all of angles of us, flash a Mack loud enough  
To cast a avalanche and bust till volcanoes eruptHello?  
Ayo, what's up?  
We're coming to get you!Stop! They know it's us!I used to be a loudmouth, remember me?  
I'm the one who burned your house down, well I'm out nowAnd this time I'm coming back to blow your house  
up  
And I ain't gon' leave you a window to jump out of  
Give me two fat tabs and three 'shroomsAnd you won't see me like fat people in steam rooms  
And when I go to Hell and I'm getting ready to leave  
I'ma put air in a bag and charge people to breathe'Cause this is what happens when Bad meets Evil  
And we hit the trees till we look like Vietnamese people  
He's Evil, and I'm Bad like Steve Seagal  
Against peaceful, see you in hell for the sequelWe'll be waiting  
See you in Hell  
Wall Street, Royce Da 5'9", Slim Shady  
See you in hell for the sequel  
Bad Meets Evil, what  
Till next timeAnd so that's the story when Bad meets Evil  
Two of the most wanted individuals in the county  
Made Jesse James and Billy the Kid look like law-abiding citizens  
It's too bad they had to go out the way they did  
Got shot in the back coming out of that old saloon  
But their spirits still live on till this day  
Shhh...  
Wait, did y'all hear that?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.