

Crack a Bottle

Eminem

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 mused
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, so here's 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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the rubbers?
I noticed there's so many of them and there's really not that many of us
And 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 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 damned, 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 So crack a bottle, let your body
 waddle
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 It's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk 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 So crack a bottle, let your body waddle
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 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

