

Welcome 2 Hell

Bad Meets Evil

[Intro:]

Yeah (yeah), told you we'd be back (told you we'd be back), welcome to hell (welcome to hell)...

[Eminem:]

There's a switch I flip emotions cut off, so cold I done froze my butt off
And this ain't even the tip of the iceberg yet, it's like squirtin' a squirt gun in the ocean - fuck off!

Other words, I ain't put a dent in the game compared to the damage I have yet to do

As long as you still have feelings to hurt, I'll be around as long as you let me get to you

As long as I got two balls to palm, I'll be the bomb you just a false alarm
Get scant little piss ants and see if I don't come along and stomp your farm
Thunder and lightening, rain hail sleet with a tornado's the kind of brain storm I get

So when wind starts blowin', shit talk about goin' in? Goin insane's more like it

Wizard of words when he spits hazardous with it, like a disastrous blizzard
So you better listen quick fast or miss it, yeah go ahead little prick bastard dis it

But when you get hit with a sick ass explicit flow don't ask how much of his passion is it

That goes in, it just know that all he know is, that it's better to kick ass than kiss it

Dick Dastardly of audacity, mental capacity unmatched it has to be
Stopped but it can't be, but man I can't just keep doin' 'em like that or no one 'll rap with me

Except one, you ask who is it?

[Royce:]

Guess who just came through the blast you bitches?

With the ratchet the book of Mathew, a book of matches lightin' 'em under white linen

You about to have to admit it, they pass you the mic ask you to spit it

And you got handed your own ass, your ass in your own hands, I'm sure they gonna laugh when you going to the bathroom with it

Now with what, would you come against us better be

Somethin' with a big foot pedigree

Easily these are the reasons that we need to be in ya'll prayers

Each region breeds the MC's that wanna be them what means that they wanna breathe our air

With these ideas

Anybody thinking the game don't need, the Bad and the Evil regime, that's like saying that the Bad Boy Piston team didn't need Isaiah...

[Eminem:]

Shit piss and bleed this it's a different breed of MC's I swear

Better beware there's too much at stake and to find someone this raw on a beat is rare

You can kiss my ass and shit stains out my underwear that I don't even wear.
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[Royce:]

It's gotta' be no fair, it's like hitting the lottery, oh yeah

Who you know hotta' there gotta' be no pair

Shotty that I got 'ol lobotomy your hair

Classic smash it smother it, read it and weep then perhabs you will have no rebuttal in

Fact you seein' me in this rappin' is like sayin' Tlla Tequila can sing like Jazmine Sullivan

[Eminem:]

Back to bash your skull again

Push a bitch out the Aspen and tell her "get the fuck outta dodge" (Dodge Aspen)

Shouldn't have to explain my metaphors you has beens are duller than Color books that ain't colored in, second and third fourth wind got another wind

Here they come again, none other than Bad and Evil also known as Saddam and Osama Bin

It's been a long time but I bet that neither one of us have felt sicker than we do right known

And we only get iller with time me, and Nickel fuckin' shit up on a dime, so tellin' us to pipe down's

Like talkin' to a meth head, Bruce Willis on his death bed last breath with an infection

Fightin' it while he's watchin' internet porn 'bout to meet his death with a n errection

My God, what I mean is David Carradine jackin' his penis in front of his tripod

Chokin' his own neck, what part you don't get? I'm sayin' I die hard!

[Royce/Eminem:]

When you listening to my bars, nothing but the f-ir-

E, coming out your iPod, we come up in the place chicks heads start spinnin' like motherfuckin' white walls

[Eminem/Royce:]

Gotch your mother suckin' my balls, while we fuck each other, we punch each other in the eyeballs

And I never I'm sor-ry

[Royce/Eminem:]

The 5'9 and the fire Marshall, we spit with an intensity to shut shit down

In the industry two different entities with a propensity to put these n-u-t's up inside of your fuckin' mouth... Aw shit. Stop it. Yo, Welcome to the CD

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