

# Not Alike

Eminem

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up!  
Yeah

Brain dead, eye drops  
Pain meds, cyclops  
Daybed, iPod  
"May-back", Maybach  
Trainwrecks, sidewalks  
Payless, high-tops  
K-Fed, iHop  
Playtex, icebox

That's how much we have in common (yeah!)  
That's how much we have in common (whoa!)  
Up on this mic, when we're on it (yeah!)  
That's how much we have in common (yeah!)  
That's how much we have in common (woo!)  
That's how much we have in common  
We are not alike, there's not alike us on the mic (yeah!)

I don't do Jordans and Audemars  
I do explosions and Molotovs  
Y'all blowin' smoke as if y'all ain't washed  
I blow the smoke from the car exhaust  
Flyin' to a party I am not invited to, feelin' like the streets need me  
I ain't gotta dance long as my Ferrari Spyder move like C Breezy  
I don't gotta hire goons  
I'd rather try to buy the moon and breathe freely  
The sky is blue, the tires are new  
The Maserati white and cool like G-Eazy  
While these dudes tryna figure out  
How to do a freestyle as fly as me  
I'm confused tryna figure out how to do Kapri Styles and Mya G  
Everybody doin' chick joints  
Probably rob these little dudes at fist point  
Remember everybody used to bite Nickel  
Now everybody doin' Bitcoin  
We don't got nothin' in common (no)  
We don't got nothin' in common (no)  
Y'all into stuff like doubled-up Styrofoam cups  
On them uppers-and-downers (woo!)  
I'm into stuff like doublin' commas  
Find me a brother who's solid  
To count the shit up and then bust the shit down  
When the cops hit us up, we can flush the shit down  
We can not give a fuck, shit, a fuckin' colonic  
Sellin' your cock and your butt for a follower  
Possible couple of dollars you powder sniff  
Now you're slippin', call it a power trip, a product of politics  
Y'all went from profit and toppin' the charts  
To dropped in the park in a pile of shit  
Knowledge is power, but powerless  
If you've got it and you do not acknowledge it  
Y'all music sound like Dr. Seuss inspired it  
Hirin' strippers, prostitutes retirin'  
We can spit it for ya advance  
I'm fit to be king, you're cut out to fit in Prince pants

You niggas-

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You say you're affiliated with murderers, killas (ayy!)  
The people you run with are thuggin' (gang!)  
But you just a wannabe gunna (gang!)  
Like you was gonna do somethin'  
Actin' like you catchin' bodies (ayy!)  
And you got juice, lil youngin, you buggin'  
You ain't never even been charged in connection with battery  
Bitch, you ain't plugged in to nothin'  
Rap God spit lyrical bullets (pew!)  
And gats cock, your partners better tool up  
This has not to do with muscular  
But have guns for sure, you better put a  
Strap on, other words if you're gonna  
Roll up with your (gang!) you're gon' need a arsenal  
'Cause this bar is over your head  
So you better have arms if you're gonna pull up (skrrt!)  
Oh, you run the streets, huh?  
Now you wanna come and fuck with me, huh?  
This little cock-sucker, he must be feelin' himself  
He wants to keep up his tough demeanour  
So he does a feature, decides to team up with N9na  
But next time you don't gotta use Tech N9ne  
If you wanna come at me with a sub, Machine Gun  
And I'm talkin' to you  
But you already know who the fuck you are, Kelly  
I don't use sublims and sure as fuck don't sneak-diss  
But keep commenting on my daughter Hailie  
I keep on telling you motherfuckers  
But just in case you forgot really and need Ja memories  
Jarred like strawberry or pineapple, apricot jelly  
I respond rarely, but this time Shady 'bout to sound off  
Like a fuckin' cocked semi-Glock demi-god  
Let me put a fuckin' silencer on this little  
Non-threatening blond fairy cornball takin' shots at me  
You're not ready, fool, break yourself like Rock Steady Crew  
Obviously, I'm not gettin' through  
We can get it poppin' like Redenbach, lettin' off like Remy Ma  
Heavy artillery, Godzilla, harsh with a hard shell  
With a motherfucking heart bigger than Bizarre's belly  
Only time you'll ever say I lost  
You'll be talkin' 'bout Fetty Wap, better call Diddy  
Just to try to get me off, and you better hope I don't call Trick Trick  
Bitch, this shit don't fly in our city  
Punk, you don't disrespect OGs, R.I.P. Prodigy

Sold Dre my soul and then told him the moment he signed me  
That I'll be the most hated, though made it  
So that there's no shame, it's okay to own it  
'Cause life is a bitch, she's a bow-legged ho  
But now those days are over  
I Harvey Weinstein a bathrobe hanging open  
My code name is groper, I role play with lotion  
I fuck the whole world then I throw away the Trojan  
Old lederhosen with home-made explosives  
I blow eighty holes in you  
Don't make me go in, I OJ the flows and  
I'm insult to injury, Roloids to Goldman  
I'm throat spray and Motrin, I throated Nicole  
As they both there to choke and my whole blade is soakin'  
I double-edge sword it 'cause one place I poke and  
I stick and I turn in a rotating motion  
Invincible with the pen, I'm at the pinnacle of sick individuals  
Stick my dick and put the tip in at minimal  
I'm fuckin' these syllables, I let 'em lick on my genitals  
I'm a fucking invincible, indefensible, despicable, difficult prick  
A little bit unpredictable, I spit the formidable  
That you bitches fuckin' with, the original  
I consider me and Nickel identical, but not us  
The only thing we have in common is I'm a dick and you suck  
Otherwise one has nothin' to do with the other  
None come close to skunk, bug, soldier  
Tongue, shrub, shoulder, one month older  
Sponge, mug, folder, nun, rug, holster  
Lug nut, coaster, lung, jug, roaster  
Young Thug poster, unplugged toaster!

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(Man, fuck this shit, let's go)