

# Old Time's Sake

Eminem

Good evening!  
This is your fucking captain speaking  
We will soon be reaching an altitude of four million and a half feet  
That's eight million miles in the sky  
Please, undo your seat belt for takeoff  
You are now free to smoke about the cabin

I'm Dre from back in the day from  
NWA from black and the gray from  
Choking a bitch to smacking her face from  
Stacking up bodies to  
Racking their kegs up from  
Racking a bitch to  
Stacking them crates up  
I'm still hungry  
And I'm back with a tapeworm  
And we was happening and rapping and tame at me  
Shady for us competition  
Faggot, there ain't none

Speak of the devil  
It's attack of the rain man  
Chainsaw in hand, blood stain on my apron  
Soon as the blade spun run, they run away from  
Who wanna play dungeon?  
No one is safe from  
In search of a brain surgeon  
A great one  
Wait, the day ain't funny man  
It's urgent  
I need one  
Two boxes of detergent and a paint gun  
And an emergency squirt gun to spray A-1

So one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake  
Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
You are now smoking with the best (the best)  
I said one more time for old time's sake  
Dre, drop that beat and scratch that brake  
Now just send a little bit of that smoke my way  
And let's go  
You are now smoking with the best (the best)

Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon wireless  
A nice environment  
Surprised, entirely hypnotized by the sound I surround the hydrants  
Taking lives of firemen  
Say goodbye, here I am again  
Naked wives and Vicadin  
Before I begin to get so high; pussy boy, I could spin  
Fin, fin  
Fuck the handle I fly off the hinge  
Let that boy off the bench, coach and throw it to him  
There he goes in his trench coat, no clothes again  
Baby, make us some French toast and show us some skin

I show you every inch grows of my foreskin  
Show me nipple I pinch, throw up, and throw up a ten  
Now you know it's a sin to tease, blow us again  
The sorcerer of intercourse, if it's forced, it's him  
Don't fight the feeling if you're feeling the force within  
And when you wake up in the morning next to the porcelain

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Now where there's smoke, there's fire  
Where there's fire, there's flames  
Where there's flames, there's chronic  
Either you high or you ain't  
I got no time for no games

Nah uh, he ain't playin'  
He's gonna get the AK and aim it right at your brain  
I'm slightly insane  
Vodka and kreatine  
Hypnotic and red bull  
It's an incredible energy drink  
And it's given me wings  
I believe I can fly  
While I pee on a girl  
You won't catch me, CSI  
It's as easy as pie  
And as simple as cake  
Dre, get on the mic and make them tremble and shake

Now put your smoke up in the air  
And raise your henny and coke  
And if you really wanna get fucked up, just let me know  
We can smoke till there's no more lighter fluid to do it  
Lets get into it  
You smoking with the triest and truest  
I got the Midas touch  
When it comes to rolling shit up  
You motherfuckas ain't smoking  
You just holding shit up  
Now here we go  
Let's get up, get down, hold up a blunt  
I smoke the kinda stuff that make the records go number one  
Cuz if at first you don't succeed, won't hurt to smoke some weed  
Now them words are just a little more personal for me  
Seeing is how I blew up off of puffing them trees

Well puffing ain't enough for me  
Fuck yeah, light it up Cheech, come on  
Smoke me out, cuz  
Give me contact buzz  
Get me on track  
They love me when I'm on that stuff  
But this earth calling Shady, man come on back (what?)  
Man we're losing him; he won't even respond back (fuck! )

Now look at all the pretty women in here  
(Damn bitches)  
Dre, it's hot  
I think we better go check on their temperatures  
I give them the thermometer  
You get the bandages  
Now baby just bend over  
This won't hurt a damn bit,

And give me one more time for old time's sake  
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Now just blow a little bit of that smoke my way  
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