

# The Re-Up

Eminem

We should do something like that

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, b-boom, Shady

There's never been this, much of a menace in this game as this  
And it's the, most sinister duo in the business  
Once again it's the illest and realest killas  
The most villainous Dre protege, Shady apprentice

Drop them zeros and get with these heroes  
Do you want losers or winners, this music is in us, and it's  
Not over 'til we say it's finished and G-Unit spinners  
Will keep spinnin', this is hip hop when it's in it's

Truest form, the greatest, hate us or love us  
Make voodoo dolls of us and keep stickin' them pins in us  
Thick as his skin is or as short as his wick is  
The trick is to be able to walk big as his dick is

And as sick as his music is, or was, still is  
Whatever, forever, he will be the illest  
To ever sh-shock the world, what to do next  
He's already reconciled with his ex a chainsaw and an axe

Jump a bitch's desk, strangle her neck  
While we have sex while Bill Clinton plays the sax  
I sprays the vex, yeah, bring Shady on back  
The maniac of rap, devil baby on crack

Resurrect, I never left, baby I'm bad  
I've gone mad, my comrade Drezy automatically  
He says I'm too broke to fix, way beyond that  
I may be off drugs, but it's made me off track

In fact, this right here very well could be the last rap  
I ever do spit, I'll never do shit, that's that  
Fuck it I quit, suck on a dick, jackass  
I'm done with this wack ass rap, kiss my black ass, 50 Cent

Nah, 'em, tell 'em to kiss my black ass  
The clean parts, the shitty parts  
My bullet wounds, my beauty marks  
The Fif'll tell you're ass apart

A came in this game  
Crush a motherfuckers from tha start  
Shady paid me, Shady crazy  
Fifty crazy rich, bitch

Different day, nothing change, it's the same shit, trick  
Teflon wrapped on case I get clapped on  
D's searching the whip, glad I left the mac home  
Still grindin', still shinin', nigga lord knows

You're rockin' with the kid that spit sicka sick flows  
I carried Game's style for nine months and gave birth to it  
Now I'm feeling like a proud father watching him do it  
E'eryday Dre day, front and 'cause a maylay

Turn the town upside down wit a frown upside down  
I smile through sumthin' fowl, and watch my money pile  
I'm fuckin' with strict stacks, I'm kickin' you stripped fats  
I hit you with it, bag it, pump it, bring me mines right back

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, go 'head, funky funk up  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, I hit yo' ass up  
Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, yeah, that's what's up

Boom boom chuck, boom b-boom chuck  
Boom boom chuck, it's the re-up

Shady