

# Session One (feat. Slaughterhouse)

## Eminem

Ladies and gentlemen, make some noise!  
You ready to get this shit started or what?  
Alright, cause I brought some friends with me too  
Now I ain't back just for the sake of just sayin I'm back  
I could relax but I'd rather stack ammo on tracks  
Couple Xanax, light a couple wax candles then black  
Out and relapse 'til I yack Jack Daniels and 'gnac  
Burp bubbles, attitude's immaturing  
Double shot of Bacardi, party, vision is blurring  
Whoa-oh, I can't see shit, my words get to slurring  
Uh-oh! You can call me R. Kelly now, you're in  
Trouble! What's occurring befo', after, and during the show  
Has no bearing on the bad news I'm bearing, whoa  
What is it, wordplay? No, I'm pushing you out the do'  
So suck my dick on the couch if you wanna cushion the blow  
Now stomp your fucking feet 'til you get to squishing a ho  
It's pandemonium, standing o when you see him, oh  
Damn baby you look good, you're giving me wood  
You should pull over like a sweat-shirt with a hood  
It's neck work, get her polly on, you and me both  
Break bread while I'm copping over this game to pinch a loaf  
Now homie who's your favorite pain in the ass?  
Who claims to be spitting the same flames as me? I'm Kanye when he crashed  
In other words I got the hood on smash like I stepped on the gas  
Destroyed the front end  
Deployed the damn airbags from the dash  
Went through 'em and laughed  
Came back an hour after the accident  
And bit a goddamn Jawbreaker in half!  
So stop faking the funk and start shaking your ass  
Slaughterhouse in the house with the Caucasian of rap  
And Just Blaze on the track, what's the fuck's more amazing than that?  
Slut, answer me that, Royce where you at?  
I'm right here Fire Marshall, verbal pair of pliers I pry apart you  
Lump on your head designed by a bar stool  
Designed by a cartoon  
Before I need to be hired, Jimmy I'll fire Marshall  
The 9 tucked against the lining  
I pull it out and flip your partner upside-down  
Like y'all are a couple 69ing  
It's like Rick James is shooting up your house, nigga!  
{rapid gunfire} FUCK YO' COUCH NIGGA!

You're screaming, "Fuck the world!" with your middle finger up  
While I'm over here shoving my dick in a hole in the mud  
My bitch know I'm perfectly fit for murder  
Because I murdered her, so you can call me  
Nickel to O.J. to Glove  
I got a Posse of Insane Clowns  
Blow your brains on your opposite ear  
And ask you how your brain sounds  
Bad, Evil, we go Alfred E. Neumann mad cerebral  
You on your last burrito!  
(What that mean Nickel?) It's a wrap if you eating  
Get a beat then terrorize that bitch like I'm Middle Eastern  
Slaughterhouse on FIRE, nobody touching that  
Good day and good night, Ortiz, yo, where the FUCK you at?  
I'm right here in my Nike Airs, Buzz Light-years  
Ahead of my mic peers, quite scary to look at a nightmare  
Where my book at? I write fear in the heart of you tight squares  
I harbor the art of my nice wear  
It's type weird cause that made me hotter than my dear  
Uncle Al's breath after polishing off his ninth beer  
Homie chill, listen, I swear  
I'm God, I give tracks a Holy-feel, and they bite ears  
I'm right here, why wouldn't I be?  
Just waiting to be hooked to IV as Mumm-Ra's  
Well, when you look at my pee  
And this joint no exception, so just point a direction  
And record the pig's oink when I rip his intestine  
This isn't just an infection  
This won't go away with penicillin injections  
Millions of questions arose  
After they did an inspection, what I exhibit  
Seems to be non-contagious yet anybody can get it  
Aw shiddit, I did it again, when I liddift this pen  
I emitted this phlegm, this time it's alongside Emiddinem  
So tell a friend to tell a friend write a disgusting hook  
Jump in shark water and swim, yo where the fuck is Crook?  
I'm right here letting the shotty pop, quick as a karate chop  
Get your body shot, get your top chopped, like a lollipop  
Call it Maserati drop, in the body shop  
Get your mommy knocked  
And your Uncle Tommy molli-wopped  
I take your life to the ninth inning  
A knife in the gunfight, I love it, me and my knife winning  
I laugh when you fall, the shit'll be funny  
I'll buy my bitch a new ass and watch her sit on my money  
Man, all the bitches holla - they wanna drop my britches  
Then jaw on my dick and swallow, leave drawers in this Impala  
I ball like Iguodala  
I bear more arms than 6 koalas

As soon as I draw, get sent to Allah  
Bilinguist don, I kill with the tongue, I'm Atilla the Hun  
I'm Genghis Khan, I'm a genius spawn  
I pillage your village for fun, an egregious con  
A syllable gun, real as they come, Long Beach Saddam!  
Slaughterhouse equals swine flu, are South flying  
We do it to try to do without tryin  
(Slaughterhouse!) Cause to it's us it's so easy  
Where's Jumpoff Joe Beezy?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>