

# I'm On Everything (feat. Mike Epps)

## Bad Meets Evil

All these little young kids  
Ain't got no direction  
Shit, these lil' kids is on everything  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on  
I'm on syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed  
Henny-Henny, sober don't interest me  
I'm on everything  
'Bout to sip the liquor like it's 'caine, that's how high I am  
I take painkillers to ease the pain, though I ain't in pain  
No, we ain't the same, we drunk, I'm on everything  
'Cept when I kick it, gout, me soberin' up, Alf  
Cash rules everything, acid tab, hash, 'rooms  
I done woke up with a fuckin' tiger in my bathroom  
I am fuckin' high, high, high, high  
Menace to society I feel sorry for your mother  
Me and Vicious on 'shrooms, call us the Mario Brothers  
Back down, we never back down  
Never laid out, can't put my back down, I'm on  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on  
Painkillers, I call 'em 'caine pillars  
'Cause they'll hold me up when I take 'em  
I need a cane and pillows, I'm on everything  
Sick when I kick it, barf, me soberin' up, fart

I crush ya brain like a pill crusher, let's crush a pill, yeah  
Fuck, I think I just crushed my last Tylenol three up  
Grab the key up off the counter till the camp all left the crib  
Man, who'da knew that three in the mornin' I'd still be up  
Could barely see up over the steerin' wheel, crashed the whip  
Tore a tree up on my way to the dealer's, tryin' to re-up  
Call me Brett Favre, spell it FAVRE, yep  
It's wrong, other words I just fucked my RV up  
Bitch, it's on again yeah, break that Klonopin in half  
While I smoke some chronic in the cab with Donovan McNabb  
And I dye my hair back blond again and laugh  
I'm the real macaroni, you cheesy bitch  
I'm demonic with the Craft  
There's a devil in my noodle, you angel hair pasta  
Flow's dreaded like some fuckin'  
Tangled hair Rastafarian, Jamaican  
Relax man, I'll send a fuckin' axe at you  
If you insist on a fuckin' accent  
Bad and evil is back with an epidural, check ya girl  
'Cause after we pop you up, we poppin' her up  
So, baby, come put ya feet up in these stirrups  
Your boyfriend better find  
Another fuckin' hornets nest to stir up  
We rap like we're on  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything  
I'm on everything I'm on  
I'm on syrup painkillers  
Cigarette, speed, Henny, classic  
It's Eminem and him again  
My sentiments exactly  
I told that bitch to get at me Then the bitch attacked me  
Kid you not, I'm lit up as fuck  
Tablecloth tucked in my pants then  
I'm hearin' dishes drop  
'Cause I walked away from my dinner with schmucks  
Then I aimed to the front of the K-Mart Shoppin' center with a coupon book  
And a hundred and ten bucks and a bunch of change And wife beater with a mustard stain I'll  
crush your brain like I'm crushin' pills What the fuck's the motherfuckin' deal? This shit's makin'  
me feel like I'm tryin' to do a motherfuckin' cartwheel up a hill

How many bars, how many tabs? A-C-I-D? Y-E-S'Cause I'm sniffin' M-Y-E-S, F-U-C-Ked up,  
and it's obvious  
Smoke and Henny in my chest, I'm B-A-N-A-N-A-SI'm a C-O-C-O-N-U-T  
Put this CD in and you'll see, the sequel to Scary Movie  
Bad is too evil, the roofie to Roethlisberger  
You are gonna wind up six feet deep under  
That shit's creek, so I hope that you want preservers  
You could put a turd on the plateSilverware on the tablecloth to serve us  
You don't bring shit to the table  
I mean your grill like a Seville  
When a mark gets murdered  
You pushin' the envelope and I'm shovin'That whole post office further  
Right off the surface, to the serpents  
In the darkest and the farthest corner  
How many bars? How many bars?Maui, Wowee, Sour Diesel  
How many jars to all my people  
I'll be to Mars, mommy come on  
She can actually wrap my nut sack  
'Round the back of her neck in a bathroom stall  
And she can just puke from sippin' this piss  
From my twenty four inch catheter cord  
I'm the type that'll take a bath with a whore  
Drown her, bang her head on the passenger door  
When I'm stashin' her in the back  
Smackin' her forehead on the dash  
And it's accidentally blowin' a Benz jeep horn  
My friends be knowin'  
That when I'm on a binge, I'm stingy  
Even when I'm ten deep in a room with the MG  
And with Lindsay Lohan and she on  
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette  
Weed, Hennessy, vodka

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