

# Eminem, The Sauce

[Eminem talkin']

Its all bad now man, its all bad  
But yal done fucked up now  
Yeah ha ha, new shit, hey yo  
I just want the whole world to know:  
That I did not start this, but I will finish it

[Verse]

Comin up it never mattered what color you was  
If you could spit then you could spit, thats it, thats what it was  
Back when, motherf\*ckers was straight back packin  
Cypherin, fightin for life in this rap  
for the mic to get past and you psyched and you gasped  
and you hyped cuz you last and you might whoop some ass  
If you lost then you lost shake hands like a man  
and you swallowed it, when the unsigned hype column  
at The Source was like, the only source of light  
When the mics used to mean somethin, a four was like  
you were the shit, now its like the least you get  
three and a half now just means you a piece of shit  
four and a half or five, means you Biggie, Jigga, Nas,  
or Benzino I dont think you even realize  
you playin with motherf\*ckers lives, I done watched Dre  
get \*\*\*\*ed on The Chronic, probably cuz I was on it  
Now you fucked me outa my mics twice I let it slide  
I said I wouldnt hold my f\*cken breath to get a five  
Sh\*t I was right, Ida f\*ckin died already tryin  
I swear to God I never lie I bet thats why  
you let that b\*tch give me that bullsh\*t review  
I sat and took it, I aint look at the sh\*t we knew  
You'd probly try to f\*ck us with Obie and 50 too  
F\*ck a relationship we through  
No more Source with street cred, them days is dead  
Dre's got A-Ks to Dave May's head  
Every issue there's an eight page Made-Mens spread  
Will somebody please tell whoever braids his head  
That I am not afraid, hes just a f\*ckin waste of lead  
on my pencil, for me to write some sh\*t this simple  
So listen closely, as I break it down and proceed  
This old Gs bout to get smoked like rolled weed  
You dont know me or my motherf\*ckin mother you motherf\*ckin punk  
Put me on your fuckin cover just to sell your little sell out mag  
I aint mad I feel bad, heres an ad, heres a poster of Ray-Ray and his dad  
You wanna talk about some sh\*t that you dont know about? ya  
Lets talk about how your puttin you own son out there  
To try to eat off him, cuz you missed your boat  
Your never gonna blow b\*tch your just too old  
No wonder your sore now lordy your bored now  
Im pushin thirty your kickin fourty's door down  
B\*tch this is war now, and youl never beat me  
all you do is cheat me out of QUATABLES but you know  
that youl always see me on your TV  
Cuz you gotta stay up till three in the mornin  
To see your video played once on bet  
So he-he-he who has the last laugh?  
Aftermath ya so on behalf on our whole staff  
kiss our ass-hole cracks we'll never fold or hold back  
Just know that Benzinos wack  
no matter how many times I say his name, hell never blow jack  
Your better off tryin to bring R-S-O back  
Look at your track record thats how far it goes back  
Its extortion n Ray own's a proportion  
so half of the staff up there is fresh outta jail from boston  
Bullyin and bossin, Dave like a slave they've completely brainwashed him

And forced him to stay locked in his own office afraid of the softest  
fakest, wannabe gangster in New York  
And its pitiful, cuz I would have never said sh\*t to you if you'd have kept your mouth shut  
B\*tch now what? Hit it Clue, spit it Slay  
New sh\*t, exclusive, yo Lantern, Whoo Kid  
You know what to do with this: use it  
Im through, this is stupid, I cant believe I stooped to this  
bullsh\*t to do this...

And who you callin a b\*tch? B\*tch. You owe me.