

# Eminem, Ricky Ticky Toc

Once you call my name out things will never be the same....  
They should have never let us get off foot in this game...  
Ever since I was introduced to rap music  
I been missing a screw like Bishop and Juice  
I could lose it at any moment  
Those who know me know it  
So they're probably told you go with the flow  
Just so that I don't explode  
And have another episode where I let it go as far as  
The one with Benzino did I'm waiting for that next beef,  
I'm cocked, locked and loaded  
I'm ready to go so bad I'm going bananas,  
My dick's so hard Anna Nicole could use it to fucking pole vault with  
Oh shit, I mean when she was still bloated  
Before they cut her stomach open and lipoed it  
Anybody I throw flames at gets a name it's a game  
Cause they know that they don't spit the same  
It's a shame, what people do for 10 minutes of fame  
Everyday it's the same thing,  
People in this game try to buddy buddy us  
Just to get close enough to study us  
Everybody just wants to have something to do with that  
They all trying to get that stamp  
They after that Shady - Aftermath money  
It's like a monopoly  
They probably just now finally understand how to rob fully  
50 Cent was like a fucking jackpot for me  
And Dre, it's like we hit the fucking lottery  
And a damn slot machine at the same time as each other  
Why the fuck you think we ride like we brothers  
When we rhyme with each other  
In time we discovered that we have more in common  
Then we thought with each other  
Both robbed of our mothers  
Our fathers ain't want us  
What was wrong with us, was it our fault  
Cause we started thinking god doesn't love us  
Two odd motherfuckers who just happened to meet at the right time  
What a coincidence cause when 50 got shot up in Jamaica Queens  
I still remember the call up in ??  
Big L had just got popped just a month before  
If 50 lives he's getting dropped from Columbia  
Two years later me and Doc had to come and, uh, operate  
That's when he popped up a number one  
And we ain't never gonna stop if you wond-ering  
Even if I'm under the gun  
You ain't gotta agree all the time with me  
Or see eye to eye there'll always be animosity between you and I  
But see the difference is if it is I could give a shit  
Still gonna conduct motherfucking business as usual  
Ego's aside, fore I bruise em' all  
Swallow your pride fore I step on it with shoes you call Nike's  
Earth links how do you like these you gotta love them  
Look at the bottom of em' they're like cleats  
Stomping, I been romping since Tim Dogg was hollering  
'Fuck Compton'  
I was whilin', free styling back when they was still making Maxell cassettes  
I wasn't even raps Elvis yet  
That tells us that any doubts in your head that seals the shit  
Ricky-Ticky-Toc-Ticky-Ticky-Toc  
Still with the Diggy-Diggy-Doc-Diggy-Diggy-Doc  
And you don't stop