

# Missy Elliott, Busa Rhyme

(feat. Eminem)

[Missy] Slim Shady [4X]

[Eminem]

Well I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled  
and pop the same shit that got Tupac killed  
Spit game to these hoes, like a soap opera episode  
and punch a bitch in the nose, til her whole face explodes  
There's three things I hate: girls, women and bitches  
I'm that vicious to walk up, and drop-kick midgets  
They call me Boogie Night, the stalker that walks awkward  
Stick figure, with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg  
Comin through the airport, sluggish, walkin on crutches  
Hit a fuckin [pregnant chick] in her [stomach] with luggage  
It's like a dream I can't snap out, I black out, and back out  
I'm lookin for someone "to beat the crap "out";  
I'm bringin you rap singers two middle fingers  
I flip you off in French, then translate in English  
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet and come back  
speakin so much Spanish, Pun can't even understand it

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] Yeah

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Eminem]

I had a huge attitude, started off staticky  
Mad at you, had you mad at me automatically (one more time)  
I'm not a commodity, I'm an oddity  
who oddly enough developed himself a Halloween following  
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks who follow me  
I'd probably owe Ozzy Osbourne an apology  
College girls, live in an alcoholic's world  
full of earl, head twirls every time the toilet swirls \*flush\*  
Covered in throw-up, and I refuse to grow up  
I won't budge, I still tell a grown-up to shut up (SHUT UP!)  
I made this rap game suspenseful, cause now I got a impulse  
to give you insults wrote with a pencil (bitch)  
and waste the paper on you, choppin down the oakwood  
Cause everything that you wrote in your notebook was no good  
And as long as I stay in the studio and keep cuttin  
You motherfuckers are puttin your words together for nuttin

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim motherfuckin Shady

[Shady] Yeah.. who?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy .. Slim Shady

[Shady] What's the deal?

[Missy] Won't you busa rhyme for me boy ..

[Missy]

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors  
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas  
Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily  
What you want what you got is it hot? (Is it hot?)

Turn the music up, we gon' wake the neighbors  
We gon' get high, we gon' roll to Vegas

Me and Slim Shady, on some shit daily  
What you want (yo) what you want (yo) ahh uhh yo

"A person from another planet might disagree with you"  
"Well if you want my opinion, it comes from right here on Earth"

[Eminem]  
Slim Shady.. Misdemeanor..  
Timbaland.. Slim Shady..  
Misdemeanor..

I'm homicidal, and suicidal with no friends  
Holdin a gun with no handle, just a barrel at both ends  
Sprayin tecs at you until you see your fuckin legs  
with the bullet holes and the exit wounds layin next to you  
(AHH!) Fuckin mad dog, foam in the mouth  
Fuck mouth, my whole house, is foam in the couch  
Jumped out of the 93rd floor of a building  
and shot every window out on the way down to the ground (KEEP FILMING!)  
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed, chopped em in half  
Suffocated the oxygen mask  
Shit if I get any higher, I'ma get the East and West beefin again  
Slide back to Detroit and stand in the crossfire

[Missy]  
Y'all better call the police 'fore I kill this track  
Don't shoot Missy!!! Get back  
Uhh, I'ma put you all in the line  
Uhh, and I'ma watch you MC's die  
Yo mommy, mommy, Missy done lost her mind!  
I think somebody done pissed her off this time!  
Yo, I'ma have to bust you through your chest and  
uhh, you will have to clean up the mess (uh-huh)  
It's rainin rainin and it's pourin loud  
Never fear, cause pissy Missy's through the crowd  
Uhh, I hear the gats go cha-pow  
Who shot me damnit? Bitch get down  
Don't walk when I talk, I never talk when I smile (uh-huh)  
Lay em on down, like they lived underground (uh)  
For the sound, that me and, Timbaland, we found  
Get your ass, kicked later, or get your ass, kicked now

Uhh.. one-two  
Misdemeanor, Slim Shady  
Timbaland, motherfucker  
Uhh uhh uhh  
Cool, cool, cool  
Triple zero