Royce Da 59, Nuttin To Do

Artist: Bad Meets Evil (Eminem and Royce the 5-9)

Album: Nuttin' to Do CD Maxi-Single

Song: Nuttin' to Do

(Royce) What? Uhh... (Em) □The Bad.. (Royce)□Yeah... (Em)□The Evil.. (Royce) Right, yo (Em) □put em together

Chorus: Royce the 5-9, Eminem

(Royce) Yo if it wasn't for your whip, I'd have nothin to strip $(Em)\Box f$ it wasn't for a wrist, I'd have nothin to slit If it wasn't for the shrooms, I'd have nothin to chew (Royce) Yo... (both) ☐'m just f**kin with you, cause I got nothin to do

(Eminem)

I am bored!!!!!

I came in the diner with skateboarders, and placed orders Ate hors d'oeuvres, and hit the waiter with plate warmers *crash sound* Let you inhale the glock smell, while I'm rippin your wallet off and slippin a Molotov in your Cocktail (take that) Burnin your contracts, punch your A&R in the face *punch sound* Smash his glasses and turn em to contacts I'm on some shook shit, if it's missin I took it (whoops!) Nurse look at this straightjacket, it's crooked! I go to jail and murder you from a cell Put a knife in an envelope and have you stabbed in the mail (FedEx) So how do you describe someone, with a decapitated head when the rest of his body's still alive RUNNIN?

(Royce)

Comin with five gunmen, waitin to do a drive-by So when you see the black 500 (what?) hide from it For every hundred MC's rhymin about birds only about two-thirds'd really set it without words Yo you ain't a thug, I can make you bitch up Pick the fifth up, cock, spit, you would swear it's rainin slugs (what?) I'm the hottest shit in the industry (uh) I got every thug on the block that get a wind of me defendin me You lack class and respect, get a direct backblast The Bad and Evil mad rap, I cover the Bad half You know how a thug in this shit'll end up Spit a round, lift your chin up, you get hit, ten down and ten up (what?) I take it if you run your mouth, then you wanna get sent up Heat it up, you be leakin blood and spittin phlegm up Now we rivals, cause of a small name or title You stepped, got devoured and left with a flower and bible

Chorus: 2X

(Eminem)

yawns Forget a chorus -- my metaphors are so complicated it takes six minutes to get applause (yay) And by the time you all catch on, I'ma end your career and walk away with the whole floor so you have nothin to fall back on! I'll throw you off of ten floors .. *AHHHHHHHH* Pull a f**kin headache outta my head, and put it in yours (take this) I'm indoors, waitin for this acid to seep in my skin pores to go outdoors and do some in-stores

This bitch wanted to blow me, I said, "It oughta happen.
You swallow cum bitch?" "No, but I brought a napkin"
Gettin skullie while I'm autographin
Got my daughter laughin cause I sent her mother whitewater raftin
I'm not a fact, I'ma proven fear
Mr. Rogers blocked up my U-haul screamin,
"Wait, wait, wait.. you ain't movin here!"
Lorena Bobbitt, c'mere, want a souveneir?
I've been high as f**k, since I was a juvi-neer
Juvenile? Same difference -- I need some 'caine
cause I ain't sniffed since I woke up the seven slain infants
(Oh my God!) Brain implants and they say there's a slim chance
I won't stay the same cause I traded brains with a chimpanz'

(Royce)

Walkin in swamp water with an M-16, out for the blood Shove a gun in the mouth of a thug To break braces, you say grace and make faces I'll display hate and break you in eight places (what?) Take paces, turn around draw in a standoff Precise aim, icin my fame, blowin your hand off Dancin with the Devil leadin - I won't die, I'm never leavin (what?) I pledge allegiance to forever breathin Street niggaz with nuts, what? My meat's bigger (what?) Fake-ass thugs with toy guns and cheap triggers with a deathwish, thinkin I'm the nigga to mess with Let the tech lift, direct chest hit, melt your necklace For instance, you just a henchmen, on tough soil (what?) A follower never had heart, he just loyal Thugs is glass doors, I see through em, put the heat to em Be careful you might get what you ask for

Chorus 2X

(Em)□The Bad.. the Evil.. The Bad.. the Evil..