

# The Game, The Black Slim Shady (Eminem diss)

Hey, grandma  
Yeah, I'm still out here makin' my Uber runs  
I'll be home soon  
I just got one more pick up, kinda close to 8 Mile  
Okay, okay, love you too

G-G-G-G, Shady (G-G)  
Shady Aftermath (Yeah)  
Me and Hit-Boy back on our shit, let's go  
Yeah (G-G)

I don't think they know who they fuckin' with  
Pull that truck around, niggas is duckin' clips  
Hi, I'm the Black Slim Shady  
I unpack the heat with my oven mitts  
I tip-toe around in my Chucks and shit  
Hi, I'm the Black Slim Shady

It's Game, sick in the brain  
Sick as the day that I came  
Hennessy runnin' through my veins, I load up the clip and aim  
Sick of you niggas talkin' like you won't get wet in the rain  
Now I'm singin' Frank Ocean, and you get hit with this Novacane  
Sick and tired of niggas, bitches, and critics, they all the same  
Lame games they playin', lyin', tryin' me for my name  
I stick my dick in your podcast  
Shallow bitch on the show, just to lick the tip it's ridiculous, she watchin' it grow  
Cross eyed-ed, crosshairs on my enemies  
If you cross the street, you run into me, you crash in to a light bolt  
Now you crawlin' out the driver side like a centipede  
And me, I'm finna be on a jet to the Phillipines  
Spill the beans, kick the Kool-Aid, overtell, God don't intervene  
While I'm smashin' Saweetie pussy to smithereens  
It's the G-A-ficky-ficky-M, paint my face, I'm him  
Puttin' this big black dick in your skims

I don't think they know who they fuckin' with  
Pull that truck around, niggas is duckin' clips  
Hi, I'm the Black Slim Shady  
I unpack the heat with my oven mitts  
I tip-toe around in my Chucks and shit  
Hi, I'm the Black Slim Shady

I killed Dr. Dre in my basement last night  
I was wasted last night, I went ape shit last night  
Chopped his body up, and forget where I placed it last night  
Had a slice of humble pie, I couldn't taste it last night (Hahaha)  
Lost my taste and my smell, I got Omarion  
Me and Dr. Fauci went to Crazy Girls and then we got our party on  
So fee-fi-fum, I'm with 40 goin' dumb  
Not E-40, the other 40, I'm with Canadians in Drake's house  
(Havin' a stakeout)  
And I'm so tired of orderin' takeout, what's beef?  
Beef is when you tell the chef to bring them steaks out  
So let's play house with the Dracos and the AR  
Stay the fuck up off of Stanley grass and take a shit in they yard  
And my dick stay hard, when I see Lizzo on the internet  
(Here it is another BBL)  
And my dick get little on the internet  
My intellect is NFT's and Cryptos, I can never be a Crip though  
I tip-toe with my red rag around six O's

Chuck?  
Yeah

Hey, man, let's get you out the rain  
Good lookin', how's your night goin', bro?  
I'm cool, man, you don't need that mask  
Nobody cares about that shit anymore  
You got a charger up there with you?  
Yeah, for sure, it reaches all the way back there too  
Good lookin', homie  
Ayo, I really fuck with that starter cap, that shit hard as fuck  
Crazy story behind it, my brother Stan, rest in peace  
What?  
He gave me this hat twenty-two years ago  
Damn  
It's my favorite  
Can I see that shit for a minute?  
Uh, yeah, sure  
Oh, shit, this motherfucker autographed and everything  
Who signed it for you?  
Eminem  
He used to be like this rap God  
Man, me and my brother praised him  
Back when I was little, I don't really like any of his new stuff  
Woah, wait, I know where we're goin', wait, why do you have a gu—?  
Yo, shut the fuck up  
Ayy, man, I'm drivin', I'll get you there wait  
I'll take you, I'm a fan, that's cool  
Stop lookin' back, stop lookin' back here  
It's cool dude, man, you don't need to do this  
Focus on the fuckin' road  
Okay  
Yo, come on, man  
Alright  
Drive  
Alright, alright  
Drive  
We'll go, we'll go  
Shut the fuck up  
Alright

Ask Dre  
All I got is my word, my dick and my MAC 10  
One thing you can never have is my motherfuckin' Black... skin  
This ain't no suit that I wore  
This ain't a mansion, a hangin' plaque, this ain't no stupid award  
So, oh, he goes platinum  
And, oh, I'm on the 'Math with him  
He got all the Blackest friends  
He wants to be African, me  
Left for dead on the Doctor's Advocate  
Dre never executive-produced it, I just imagined it  
Oh, here goes the magic tricks  
Candy shops and the magic stick  
DeAngelo Bailey got in shape to whoop your ass again  
You depressed, you just maskin' it  
You pop a Adderall, a Vicodin, and a Aspirin  
But the math wasn't mathin' in  
So pass me the torch 'cause the torture in my mind  
With the voice that defied rhymes will force the blind eye  
To see that I was in the white Rolls Royce with five .9's  
When you was pretendin' to be the white Royce da 5'9"  
I just crossed a fine line  
Might just force the white guy to call D12 so he can be the pork they grind, swine  
And the biggest rapper in Detroit, that award is Sean Don  
So uncork the Chardonnay and stick my fork in white wine  
I never heard you in a club, I never heard you in a bar  
Eleven albums and ten never got played inside of my car

I'd rather listen to Snitch9ine like sixty-nine times  
And participate in sixty-nines with sixty-nine nuns than listen to you  
You're a Karen, call the cops, tell 'em it's a Black man on your block  
With a Glock and he got it cocked  
And the tattoos on his face is a star and a teardrop  
He standin' on a teal drop and he says he can feel Pac in the air  
Like Phil Collins, listen to him, he still wildin'  
(Ah, Epstein chased me around Epstein island)  
So silence, I'm—, I'm thinkin', uh, mm, yeah  
Nothin' rhymes with orange!  
So ficky-ficky Slim Shady, please, stand up  
Shoot the fade with me, I'd love to put these hands up  
I could .40 Glock you, unarmed  
Drop the world on your head with one arm  
Dear Slim, Hailie's with me and she's unharmed for now (Dad, I'm really scared)  
These are the deepest secrets, I keep and I be on defence  
'Cause G's ain't supposed to fold up  
With all the facades I hold up inside of my mind, I froze up  
I'm cold as COVID, Ebola, the Spanish flu, and Corona  
The Zika virus, pneumonia is deep inside my persona  
On each side of my shoulders is demons chasin' Jehovah  
The renegade or the soldier, I really gave it to Hova (How it feel?)  
Twenty-three years, still ain't penetratin' the culture  
You are not, top five, in mine, B.I.G or Pac eyes  
No André, no Nas, stop tellin' white lies  
Sniff a white line, this the right time  
I Suge Knight Vanilla Ice, I'm not Mr. Nice Guy

I'm crazy (I'm crazy, I'm crazy)  
I'm crazy (I'm crazy, I'm crazy)  
I'm not Mr. Nice Guy  
I'm crazy (I'm crazy, I'm crazy)  
Dre know  
I'm crazy (I'm crazy, I'm crazy)  
Way to fuckin' go

You done pissed off Jimmy, Universal, and Interscope  
Know, I got Jimmy, Slim, 50, and Universal in a scope  
(Cause I'm shady) Shadier than him  
(I'm crazy) Crazier than Kim  
So when the Bat signal goes up in the clouds above the buildings  
I hope you live long enough to see heroes turn into villains  
Oh, you think I'm a Joker? Well, riddle me this  
You love your mother?  
Well, I'm cleanin' out your closet for you and your half-brother  
And I told you when I was in Detroit, I wanna go to 8 Mile  
'Cause when I was little to get some M&M's, I had to walk eight miles  
But you wouldn't leave the studio, your life is on loop  
That's why I'm doggy in style, 'cause niggas rather bump Snoop  
And I'm a lyrical .50 cal  
Leave his brain all thin, wind, the games all endin'  
The chainsaw, vrin, vrin  
Hello? Hello?  
Pagin' Dr. Dre?  
He ain't got a lot to say  
But since Curtis always do, let him write the rhymes for you  
Tell him to clip the wings on my butterfly tatt' and force 'em back in the cocoon  
Now does he still rap or did he have a change of heart too?  
The chick on the show wasn't pickin' me and Mariah wasn't pickin' you  
So the cannons is blam-blammin' and if it jam then I unjam it  
And wipe down my stripper pole with the hair grease from your bandana  
You wish you was Santana or Cam in them 10 J's  
Durag for ten years and never had one wave  
And I was that runaway slave, that they buried in that one grave  
And some say he would back to haunt Slim Shady one day

Now I'm here, hope you ready, this is not mom's spaghetti  
This your dad was twenty-two when he ate lil' Debbie  
He takes the cake  
'Cause she was only fifteen, so how could one not sympathize with her havin' you as a teen?  
She had to lose herself in the moment, give up her dreams  
Just to see her son out here lookin' like a wigger in jeans (Yeah)  
Little Marshall Mathers  
Mad 'cause nobody thinks that little Marshall matters  
That sentiment's hard to gather  
Let's get this shit all together, the picture was ripped, I fixed it  
But none with me, you, and 50, let's stitch this shit all together  
You like it, Slim?  
I made it just for you  
I even kidnapped Stan's brother and baited him here for you  
But you would just say, "No"  
Probably leave us in the blistering cold  
God made you damn near perfect, he just missed your soul  
You ain't the shell of who you used to be  
And after you, it's me, on the Uzi spree like it's two of me  
And Matthew's dead now, it's just you and me  
The sweatpants, the dad hat, durag and no jewelry  
Umm, is that cultural appropriation  
Ask Paul if it's even appropriate for me to make that statement, rude of me  
How your day went?  
Did you re-dye your beard or get another face lift or do shrooms in your mom's basement  
Until you nod and see spaceships  
And the aliens inside it come and tell you your talent's wasted  
Then you wake up and you ain't shit  
I know you fiendin' for a Dr. Dre bass hit  
How ironic, an addict in a basement  
And now I chronic, 'cause I done had it with the fake shit  
You never understood ebonics or a cadence  
I press everything like a weight bench  
And every time the plate hits, you off another playlist  
Sorry, it ain't workin' out  
Niggas shootin', Billy Blanks (It's my winner's speech)  
While I'm here, I should really thank MGK, UGK, Tech N9ne, Uzi spray  
My other twelve personalities wasn't really in the mood today  
Hi, kids, here's somethin' funny, let's all say, "Nigga" once  
Crashed the car, hit and run  
Jumped out, hid the gun  
Your fans want a rap god, well, fuck it, I'ma give 'em one  
I came to put Slim in a box but he already live in one

Mr. Shady, don't be shady  
Pick that pen up, don't be lazy  
Call up Dre and get that Dre beat  
Jump off stage if shit get crazy  
Mr. Shady, don't be shady  
Pick that pen up, don't be lazy  
Call up Dre and get that Dre beat  
Jump off stage if shit get crazy