

# Bad Meets Evil (Eminem & Royce), Fast Lane

[Royce Da 5'9"]

First verse, uh

I'm on 'til I'm on a island

My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot

Before I touch dirt, I'll kill you all wit' kindness

I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse

You've been warned if you've been born or if you can form

Slap up a cop and then snatch 'im out of his uniform

Leave him wit' his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on

And hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn

Y'all niggas' intellect mad slow, y'all fags know

Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'

Bet you could light your own cigarette witcha asshole

Me and Shady deaded the past, so that basically resurrected my cashflow

I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke

Though I ain't wrapped tight

My blood type's the '80s!

My '90s was like the Navy, you was like the Bradys

You still fly kites daily!

[Eminem]

Catch me in my Mercedes

Bumpin' "Ice, Ice Baby," screamin' Shady 'til I die

Like a half a pair of dice, life's crazy

So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze

And you only live it once, so I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice, nice lady

Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll (Danish)

Let me tell you what this pretty little dame's name is, 'cause she's kinda famous

And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say this

Nicki Minaj, but I wanna stick my penis in your anus!

You morons think that I'm a genius

Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum, cleanin', try them trailer parks

Crazy, I am back, and I am razor-sharp, baby

And that's back wit' a capital B wit' an exclamation mark, maybe

You should listen when I flip the linguistics

'Cause I'm onna rip this mystical slick shit

You don't wanna become another victim or statistic of this shit

'Cause after I spit the bullets, I'ma treat these shell casings like a soccer ball

I'ma kick the ballistics! So get this dick, I'ma live this

(Hook)

Livin' life in the fast lane

Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down

Only got a gallon in the gas tank

But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now

I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride

Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die

I'm livin' life in the fast lane (Pedal to the metal)

I'm livin' life in the fast lane (Pedal to the metal)

Royce

[Royce Da 5'9"]

My whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit

At war wit' a bottle, this Captain Morgan attacks my organs

My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins

I made a pact with the Devil that says "I'll let you take me

You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpses, Jack Kevorkian"

Go 'back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in

I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down

My tenement, too many now, to send my serenity powers

Spin 'em around, enterin' in the vicinity

[Eminem]

Now, was called Eminem, but he threw away the candy and ate the rapper  
Chewed him up (Pt!) and spitted him out  
Girl, giddy-up, now get, get down  
He's lookin' around this club and it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now  
Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town  
Did I s-st-stutter, motherf-cker? F-ck them all, he's just  
A whole motherfuckin' Walmart d-d-down every time a-r-r-round  
And he came to the club tonight wit' 5'9" to hold this bitch down  
Like a motherf-ckin' chick underwater, he tryna d-dr-drown  
Shawty, when you dance, you got me captivated  
Just by the way that you keep lickin' them dicks like lips, I'm agitated, aggravated  
To the point you don't suck my dick, then you're gonna get decapitated  
Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head, then I'm gonna have to take it

[Royce]

And then after takin' that, I'ma catch a case, it's gon' be fascinatin'  
It's gon' say "The whole rap game passed away" on top of the affidavit  
Graduated from master debater slash massive masturbator  
To Michael Jackson' activator (Woo!)  
Meanin' I'm on fire off the top, might wanna back up the data  
Runnin' over hip-hop in a verbal tractor-trailer  
Homie, this sick, you can normally ask a hater  
Don't it make sense, these shell casings is just like a bag of paper  
Drop in the lap of a tax evader (Homie, they spent)

[Eminem]

Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes  
What, girl, I'm the crack-a-lator  
Brung ya lay to this party, be my penis ejaculator later  
Tell you boyfriend that you just struck paydirt  
You rollin' wit' a player, you won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'

[Hook]

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