

B⁹AD MEETS EVIL

HELL: THE SEQUEL
DELUXE EDITION

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT



1. WELCOME 2 HELL
2. FASTLANE
3. THE REUNION
4. ABOVE THE LAW
5. I'M ON EVERYTHING FEAT. MIKE EPPS

6. A KISS

7. LIGHTERS FEAT. BRUNO MARS

8. TAKE FROM ME

9. LOUD NOISES FEAT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

DELUXE BONUS TRACKS

10. LIVING PROOF 11. ECHO



EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: EMINEM & MR. PORTER
BADMEETSEVIL.NET





WELCOME 2 HELL

(Intro) Yeah (yeah), told you we'd be back (told you we'd be back), welcome to hell (welcome to hell)... (Eminem) There's a switch I flip emotions cut off, so cold I done froze my butt off/ and this ain't even the tip of the iceberg yet, it's like squirtin' a squirt gun in the ocean-fuck off!/ other words, I ain't put a dent in the game compared to the damage I have yet to do/ as long as you still have feelings to hurt, I'll be around as long as you let me get to you/ as long as I got two balls to palm, I'll be the bomb you just a false alarm/ get scant little piss ants and see if I don't come along and stomp your farm/ thunder and lightening, rain hail sleet with a tornado's the kind of brain storm I get/ so when wind starts blowin', shit talk about goin' in? Goin' insane's more like it/ wizard of words when he spits hazardous with it, like a disastrous blizzard/ so you better listen quick fast or miss it, yeah go ahead little prick bastard dis it/ but when you get hit with a sick ass explicit flow don't ask how much of his passion is it/ that goes in, it just know that all he knows is, that it's better to kick ass than kiss it/ Dick Dastardly of audacity, mental capacity unmatched it has to be/ stopped but it can't be, but man I can't just keep doin' 'em like that or no one 'll rap with me/ except one, you ask who is it? (Royce) Guess who just came through the blast you bitches?/ With the ratchet the book of Mathew, a book of matches lightin' 'em under white linen/ you about to have to admit it, they pass you the mic ask you spit it/ and you got handed your own ass, your ass in your own hands, I'm sure they gonna laugh when you going to the bathroom wit it/ now wit what, would you come against us better be/ somethin' with a big foot pedigree/ easily these are the reasons that we need to be in ya'll prayers/ each region breeds them MC's that wanna be them what means that they wanna breathe our air/ with these ideas/ anybody thinking the game don't need, the Bad and the Evil regime, that's like saying that the Bad Boy Piston team didn't need Isaiah... (Eminem) Shit piss and bleed this it's a different breed of MC's I swear/ better beware there's too much at stake and to find someone this raw on a beat is rare/ you can kiss my ass and shit stains out my underwear that I don't even wear... (Royce) Its gotta' be no fair, its like hitting the lottery, oh yeah/ who you know hotta' there gotta' be no pair/ shotty that I got 'ol lobotomy your hair/ classic smash it smother it, read it and weep then perhaps you will have no rebuttal in/ fact you seein' me in this rappin' is like sayin' Tila Tequila can sing like Jazmine Sullivan (Eminem) Back to bash your skull again/ push a bitch out the Aspen and tell her "get the fuck outta dodge" (Dodge Aspen)/ shouldn't have to explain my metaphors you has beens are duller than/ color books that ain't colored in, second and third fourth wind got another wind/ here they come again, none other than Bad and Evil also known as Saddam and Osama Bin/ it's been a long time but I bet that neither one of us have felt sicker than we do right now/ and we only get iller with time me, and Nickel fuckin' shit up on a dime, so tellin' us to pipe down's/ like talkin' to a meth head, Bruce Willis on his death bed last breath with an infection/ fightin' it while he's watchin' internet porn 'bout to meet his death with an erection/ my God, what I mean is David Carradine jackin' his penis in front of his tripod/ chokin' his own neck, what part you don't get? I'm sayin' I die hard! (Royce/Eminem) When you listening to my bars, nothing but the f-ir- e, coming out your iPod, we come up in the place chicks heads start spinnin' like motherfuckin' white walls (Eminem/Royce) Gotch your mother suckin' my balls, while we fuck each other, we punch each other in the eyeballs/ and I never I'm sor-ry (Royce/Eminem) The 5'9 and the fire Marshall, we spit with an intensity to shut shit down/ in the industry two different entities with a propensity to put these n-u-t's up inside of your fuckin' mouth... Aw shit. Stop it. Yo, Welcome to the CD.

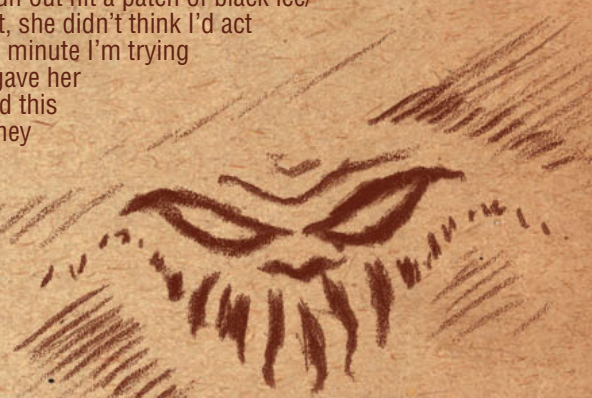
(Royce) First verse (uh) I'm armed 'til I'm on a island/ my life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot/ before I touch dirt, or kill ya'll with kindness/ I kill ya! My natural personas much worse/ you've been warned if you been borned or if you conformed/ slap up a cop and then snatch him up outta of his uniform/ leave him with his socks hard bottoms and bloomers on/ and hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn/ ya'll niggas intellect mad slow, ya fags know/ claimin' you bangin' you flamin', bet you could light your own cigarette with your asshole/ me and Shady deaded the past so that basically resurrected my cash flow/ I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke, though I ain't wrapped tight/ my blood type's the 80's my 90's was like the Navy, you was like the Brady's/ you still fly kites daily... (Eminem) Catch me in my Mercedes bumpin' "Ice, Ice Baby"/ screamin' Shady till 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 don't stop me now 'fore I get on a roll, danish/ let me tell you what this pretty little dame's name is cuz she's kinda famous, and I hope that I don't sound to heinous when I say this/ Nicki Minaj, but I want to stick my penis in your anus/ you morons think that I'm a genius, really I belong inside a dang insane asylum/ came to drive them/ trailer parks crazy I am back and I am razor sharp, baby/ and that's back with a capital B with an exclamation mark maybe/ you should listen when I flip the linguistics cuz when I rip this mystical slick shit/ you don't wanna become another victim a statistic of this shit/ cuz after I spit the bullets I'ma/ treat these shell casings like a soccer ball, I'ma kick the ballistics,

FAST LANE

so get this dick. I'ma live this (Chorus) I'm living 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 cant stop now/ I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoying the ride/ just gonna roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die/ I'm living life in the fast lane/ (peddle to the metal) living life in the fast lane/ (peddle to the metal) (Royce) Ugh, yeah my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit/ at war with a bottle as 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 a shovel dig up the corpse of Jack Kevorkian/ go back and forth and more beef than you can pack a fork in/ I'm living the life of the infinite enemy down, my tenement chimney now/ the semi's the remedy, pow spin him around entering in the vicinity... (Eminem)... Now/ he's called Eminem but he threw away the candy and ate the rapper chewed him up (thew) and spitted him out/ girl gitty-up and now get-get down/ he's lookin' around this club and it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now/ yeah little t-t-trailer trash take a look whose back in t-t-town/ did I s-s-stutter muthafucker?, fuck the mall he shuts the whole muthafuckin' Walmart d-d-down/ every time he comes a-r-r-round/ and he came to the club tonight with 5'9 to hold this bitch down/ like a muthafuckin' chick under water, he tryin' to dr-dr-down/ shorty when you dance you got me captivated just by the way that you keep lickin' them dick suckin' lips, I'm agitated aggravated/ to the point you don't suck my dick then your gonna get decapitated/ other words you don't fuckin' give me head then I'ma have to take it... (Royce)... And then after takin' that I'ma catch a case it's gonna be fascinatin'/ it's gon' say the whole rap game passed away on top the affidavit/ graduated from master debater slash massive masterbator to Michael Jackson's activator/ meanin' I'm on fire, off the top might want to back up data/ rollin' over hip-hop in a verbal tractor trailer, homie they sick- you could normally ask a hater/ don't it make sense? That these shell cases is just like a bag of paper dropped in the lap of a tax evader/ homie they spent. (Eminem) Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes/ girl I'm the crackalator/ percolator of this party, be my penis ejaculator/ later tell 'ya boyfriend that you just struck pay dirt/ you're rollin' with a player, you wont be exaggeratin' when you say that you're... (Chorus)

THE REUNION

(Intro)Ay yo this next song is a true story (come here bitch)(Bridge)Cause some things in this universe don't make sense but somehow always seem to fucking work(Eminem)Flyin' down I-75 'bout to hop on 696/ I look over this fuckin' chick's tryin' to fix her make-up I'm like bitch you ain't a plastic surgeon I advise ya' to put up your visor I'm gettin' kinda' ticked/ you're blockin' my side mirror she's like yeah so, I'm like sew/ you gon' need a stitch you keep actin' like that, hoe/ I look like your husband slut?/ That's a rhetorical question you talk to me like you talk to him I'll fuck you up/ in fact get in the back seat/ like the rest of my dates no bitch rides shotgun what? Taxi/ stop and pick u up some maxi-pads up is that what you actually asked me?/ Bitch reaches over and smacks me/ says I annoy the fuck out her/ get in the fuckin' back, put on your slut powder you slut what? And shut the fuck up now or get your feelings hurt worse than my last chick when I accidentally butt-dialed her and she heard me spreadin' aids rumors about her/ turn the radio up louder, make it thump/ while I bump that Relapse CD tryin' to hit every bump/ and that cunt thought I snapped back into accents/ cause she kept asked me to quit callin' her cunt I said I can't... (Chorus)She said Marshall you ain't really like that/ oh-oh-oh, you putting on a show where's your mic at? Cause you're breakin' my heart/ she said you're breakin' my heart/ Cuz you aint really like that, oh-oh-oh, you're putting on a show where's your mic at? Cause you'r breakin' my heart/ she said you're breakin' my heart(Royce)Pull up to the club in a Porsche not a Pinto/ while Marshall's at a white trash party, I'm at drama central/ I walk up in there lookin' at my phone on Twitter tweetin'/ I'm feelin' a bunch of bitches lookin' at a nigga' cheesin'/ I get approached by this lil' skeeza'/ she ask me, am I the realest G cause I'm Gucci from head to feet and/ I said: yeah I'm really is, cause I'll spit in your man's face like Cam did that little kid on Killa Season/ she says I'm feelin' your big ego, wait am I talkin' wrong?/ I said nah, I'm a walking Kanye-Beyonce song/ she said I'm mad at you/ I said why? She said: why you never make songs for chicks as if it's hard to do?/ I said I make songs for me, leave the studio and go and fuck the bitch who belong to who makin' songs for you/ she said I'm feelin' your whole swagger and flow/ can we hook up? I said um, you just used the word "swagger" so no/ she said... (Chorus)(Eminem)We've been ridin' around in this hatch back 'til I'm fuckin' hunchback/ where the fuck's this party at slut bag cunt? Cut what act?/ Think it's an act? Fuck that I'm tryin' to shag skuzz better find this love shack/ or somewhere to fuck at, ah don't touch that/ you fat dyke, I'm tryin' to hear some Baggpipes/ from Baghdad don't act like you don't like 'em, them accents I rap tight/ and I'ma torture you 'til we find this place, yeah that's right/ thought it was just past this light just past Van Dyke/ better hit that map light/ read them directions, oh yeah you can't read, and you can't write, you told me that last night/ she took my CD out the deck snapped it in half, like/ Relapse sucked, I snapped hit the gas like, blew through the light spun out hit a patch of black ice/ forgot we had a trailer hitched to the back we jack-knifed/ bitch flew out the car I laughed like she deserved it, she didn't think I'd act like/ that in person... "Royce Marshall just crashed right/ in front of the club"(Royce)Tell him I'll be there in a minute I'm trying to break up this cat fight between my mistress and damn wife/ then a chick wanted a hug, she was fat/ so I gave her dap, then I tell her to scat/ I'm not mean I'm cute/ on my way to the front door takin' the scenic route to avoid this chick with a lace front lookin' like Venus's and Serena's hoofs/ I'm just sayin', them chicks got horse asses they been attractive/ hope when they see me they don't slap me with they tennis rackets/ my mind drifted back to this shit/ I see my wife push her down, step over her body then smack the mistress/ police outside, I turn and pass the gat to Vishis then I step out and see my evil twin/ he gives me an evil grin/ he mugs the mistress, turns around and gives the misses hugs and kisses/ looks at me twisted like Nickel "yeah, watch this shit"/ he smacks the dentures out the mouth of the fat bitch he rolled with and looks back to mention/ "Royce it's good to be back to business..."/ They said...(Chorus)



ABOVE THE LAW

its just so disproportionate... Get outta here!(Chorus)
Sometimes life seems so unfortunate, that's why I don't
give ashit/ the poor stay poor, the rich get richer its just so
disproportionate/ you don't know just what I go through,
that's why I would rather show you/ just how far that I
can take it/ every rule I'm breaking it (Eminem) Tear-able
but not rip-able invincible I hung invisible/ fuckin' mistletoe all
over the world I stuck my ass up under it now pucker up
them lips and kiss it hoe/ here we go, Bad and Evil so we
know how this'll go/ the competition's miserable we stomp
them bitches this is no/ joke, goin' overboard like someone
threw us off the boat/ choke, cough from all smoke/ I'm
tryin' to stay on fire so you know if I hate fuckin' water
sprinklers I don't love the hose/ someone let the cat out



the bag now it's time to stuff it's face/ back in that bitch
smother that little motherfucker 'til it suffocates/
you had long enough of a wait, why are they/
tryin' to be so secretive Bad and Evil is
reunited, hey/ came back to annihilate
the games in dire straights as I await/
word on Satan as I drop fall to my
knees before this Ouija board and I
pray/ now I lay me down to sleep I do
this shit in my sleep I'm sleepin' now
imagine if I awake/ I champ bitch, I'll
never taste the canvas/ could never be
no damn wuss or pussy never mushy so you can't squish/
nowhere near a tush, in fact if I jump out a bush in a sneak
attack's the only way I'll say I am-Bush/ outlandish, these
words are weapons that I brandish, standoffish/ to hoes
keep your hands off this/ can't top it, so what the fuck
would I sugar coat it for? Law? Fuck protocol/ I'd holler
at this hoe, but now my throat is sore(Chorus)(Royce)
Baby I'm lawless, you couldn't burn me if you threw acid
on me/ I'm atchu you homie, I'm at your home ready to
spray you while you nappin homie/ have everything on
and around your mattress looking like the word in front
of a matrimony/ you high, thug yeah go ahead jump no
matter how high you get you gonna come up short like
Spud Webb/ my DUI's get waived like saying bye, still ridin
with no L's like James Todd/ can't change I/ thank God for
my safe thinking, last time I was safe thinking me and my
nigga's was doing a bank job/ I stay violent ya'll go the
peace route/ you got a mouth like Kanye, I'll knock your
whole bottom row of teeth out/ no disrespect to Mr. West,
shit I'm just nice with mine/ and this just rap, I'm just like
Ricky Hatton I just like the line/ these weak rappers want
to set us up they never tough/ they ask me for a hook, I tell
them left or right, head or gut? What ya'll messin' with is/
a nigga that'll leave you F.U.B.A.R.: fucked up beyond all
recognition/ ya'll are rockstars, I'm the opposite I could
just/ throw a rock and hit a star for the fuck of it/ partner
you not hard, I body your hot bars/ beef is left you pray,
right like 'Allahu Akbar'/ let's go, when I leave ya'll
shot you ain't going to be on your Metro/ in a bad
area, that call dropped(Chorus)

(Intro)The
poor stays
poor the rich
get richer

(Intro)All these little young kids ain't got no direction, shit these little kids is on
everything...(Chorus)Syrup painkillers cigarettes weed, Hennesey vodka, huh eh huh I'm
on everything (x5), syrup painkillers cigarettes weed, Hennesey vodka huh eh huh I'm on
everything (x5)(Royce)I'm on syrup, painkillers, cigarettes, weed/ henne-henne sober don't
interest me/ I'm on everything/ 'bout to sniff the liquor like its ca-ah-aye-ah-ain/ that's how
high I am, I'm blowed I take pain killers to ease the pain though I ain't in pain/ no we ain't the
same you drunk, I'm on everything/ sick when I kick it, gout/ me soberin' up- "HA!" Alf/ cash
rules everything: acid tab, hash, shrooms/ I done woke up with a fuckin' tiger in my bathroom/
I am fuckin' blahlblab (x3)/ menace to society, I feel sorry for your mother/ me and Vishis on
shroom's call us the Mario Brothers/ back down, we never back down/ never laid out, can't put
my back down/ I'm on...(Chorus)(Eminem Bridge)Painkillers I call them cane pillars/ cause
they hold me up when I take 'em I need a cane and pillars/ I'm on everything(Eminem)Sick
when I kick it, barf/ me sobering up (fart sound) fart/ I'll crush your brain like a pill crusher,
let's crush a pill yeah/ fuck, I think I just crushed my last Tylenol 3 up/ grab the key up off
the counter to the camper left the crib/ man who'da knew that 3 in the mornin' I'd still be
up/ could barely see up over the steering wheel crash the whip tore a tree up/ on my way to
the dealers' tryin' to re-up/ call me Brett Farve spell it F-a-v-r-e yep/ it's wrong, other words
I just fucked my RV up/ bitch it's on again yeah, break that Klonopin in half/ while I smoke
some chronic in the cab with Donovan McNabb/ then I dye my hair back blonde again and
laugh/ I'm the real Macaroni you cheesy bitch I'm demonic with the Kraft/ there's a devil in
my noodle you? Angel hair pasta/ flow's dreaded, like some fuckin' tangled hair Rasta-/ farian
Jamaican, relax man/ I'll send a fuckin' axe at you if you insist on a fuckin' ax-sent/ Bad and
Evil is back with an epidural check your girl/ cause after we prop you up we're propin' her up/
so baby come put your feet up in these stirrups/ your boyfriend better find another fuckin'
hornets next to stir up/ we rap like we're on...(Chorus) (Royce)I'm on syrup, pain killers,
cigarettes, speed hena-hen-a hehe, classic/ it's Eminem and him again my sentiments ex-
actly/ I told that bitch to get at me, then the bitch attacked me/ kid you not, I'm lit up as fuck/
table cloth tucked in my pants till I'm hearing dishes drop as I walk away from my Dinner
with Schmucks (Eminem)Then I enter the front of the K-Mart shoppin' center with a coupon
book and a hundred-and-ten bucks/ and a bunch of change/ and a wife beater with a mustard
stain/ I'll crush your brain like I'm crushin' pills, what the fuck's the mother fuckin' deal/ this
shit makin' me feel like I'm tryin to do a motherfuckin' cartwheel up a hill(Royce) How many
bars how many tabs of a-c-i-d y-e-s/ 'cuz I'm sniffin' m-y
e-x (Eminem) F-U-C-K'D up and it's obvious/ (Royce)
Smoke and Henny in my chest/ (Marshall) I'm b-a-n-a-
n-a-s/ (Royce) I'm a c-o-c-o-n-u-t/ (Eminem) Put this
CD in then you'll see/ the sequel to Scary Movie Bad
is to Evil a ruffie to Roethlisberger/ (Royce) You don't
wanna wind up 6 feet deep under that shit's creek so I hope
that you bought preservers...(Eminem)You can put a turd
on a plate silverware and a table cloth to serve us/ you don't
bring shit to the table, I'm in your grill like a Seville when the
moth get murdered/ you're pushin' the envelope when I'm
shovin' that whole post office further/ right off the surface
of this earth into the darkest and the farthest corners(Royce)
How many bars? How many bars? Maui Wowie, Sour Diesel
how many jars? To all my people, I'll be to Mars/ mommy
c'mon/ she could actually wrap my nutsack around the back
of her neck in the bathroom stall/ or she could just puke from
sippin' this piss from my 24-inch catheter cord(Eminem)I'm
the type that'll take a bath with a whore, drown her, bang her head
on the passenger door/ while I'm stashin' her in the back smackin' her
forehead on the dash 'til it's accidentally blowin' the Benz jeep horn(Royce)My
friends be knowin' that when I'm on a binge I'm stingy even when I am ten deep in
the room in the MGM with Lindsay Lohan and she on...(Chorus)

I'M ON
EVERYTHING



A KISS

(Intro) I wanna get kissed, kissed, kissed (x4) (Royce) Nickle nina nigga Twitter beefin' first rapper to shot a fan/ Gucci's my absolute state a mind, like Waka's man/ chopper's sprayin' gettin' head in the car parked new Gallardo/ this bitch suckin' my dick today, call it yesterday's news tomorrow/ stretch a nigga out I'm the new Taibo 'bout to cross over I'm the new Ivo/ 'bout to save a couple of these bitches, that's right I'm the new bible/ you, you Five-O, me more grounded than punishments but I'm 2 fly though/ ya'll niggas be whinin' I should call you Moscato... (Eminem) Look down at the floorboard looks like someone left a pair of stiletto shoes in my Tahoe/ never know just what type of a hoe inside of my ride I may let/ last night went to 5 a.m. and she ain't even recover from last Friday yet/ hoes all over the ride like it's an ice cream truck I can see why they fret/ I already ran over two hoes and I ain't get out the fuckin' driveway yet/ soon as I open the door you try to resist what for? Get in girl don't front shorty you're/ fightin' an unwinnable war, it's useless as tits in a boar or little tits on a whore/ got 'em actin' like spoiled brats kickin' and screamin' like little kids throwing fits on the floor/ get in the whip but you ain't turnin' this frog to a prince, why you tryin' to keep convincing me for? (Chorus) I wanna get kissed, kissed, kissed (you won't get one)/ I wanna get kissed, kissed, kissed (not from me)/ I wanna get kissed, kissed, kissed (not on the lips are you crazy maybe the cheek but that's all you gon' get from me) (Eminem) Now ya in my whip, just as long as you understand that I can't be with/ you say companionship I say abandon ship/ I'm a giggalo so you know I'm always on the go I don't got no time to slow down for no relation-shit/ drop the P and add a T, yeah, you can get mad at me all you want/ but I'm ghost before you can even say 'boo' hun let alone call me one/ a one night stand is all he wants with a female fan yeah one like Stan/ and he's so about a one night stand his bedroom only has two lamps and only one nightstand/ get the hint? Ooh yeah boo, eww I ain't finna argue/ but why do you think they call it boo, yeah cause the sound of it's supposed to scare you (Royce) Oh hoe we can share you, in the back of the McClaren/ I don't give a fuck what your name is, we gonna call you 'hi' and 'bye' hope you bi in the meantime your name is Sharon/ slows the flow down so I can what?/ tell you same face I make when I shootin' the gun's the same face I make when I fuck/ from the back of my hand on your neck pressin' your face against these sheets is insane, you vin change/ cause I'm out of this world, girl I got that Milky Way dick vein/ I'm at a all time high with highness, I'm at a all time fly with flyness/ and this is exactly what they say when they bow to your highness... (Chorus) (Royce and Eminem) Nickle nina nigga Twitter beefin' first rapper that shot a fan/ push a chick out the car while it's movin' like Waka's man/ her bottoms dark but her top is tan, her private parts got her on the pole like the opposite of her poppa's plans/ c'mon stripper let's hit the strip 180 throw it in reverse and drop the trans/ I'm in a trance man, look at this bitch dance lookin' at this tramp like what are you wearin' girl quit playin'/ yeah bitch are them scratch and sniff pants? well let me scratch 'em, let me sniff yeah/ wha? Did I say that? I'm on lean like Styrofoam cups and kickstands/ middle finger stuck on fuck stiff hands/ but girl you gotta butt like no if ands, so yeah what the hell maybe all hail Shady/ he'll tell it like it is so tell Katy Perry he's on her tail he's tailgating/ these bells are my mating call and I'm here bells waiting and tell Lady/ Gaga she can quit her job at the post office she's a male lady/ wouldn't fuck her with her dick, you heard it the verdicts in he's allergic to divas he'll take meat cleavers to 'em/ him don't give a damn about beaver do him/ what a demon, a behemoth evil just seems to seethin' through him/ I like the little strip tease you doin' this evenin' you and/ me gon' find three more chickadees and have a ménage like Nikki, you hot like a Dickie outfit in Texas without shit under it sweatin' suck my dick/ or gets to steppin's my logic/ my God trick my dick is hard and stiff as a yard stick/ what're we gonna do ride around 'til we're car sick? I'm a put this shit in park like dog shit/ and you can blow me in the dark in the parkin' lot of the trailer park by the garbage/ what are you waitin' on me to roll out the carpet condoms are in the glove compartment lets start it/ think I'm jokin' what am I sittin' here tryin' to make fake farts with my armpits?/ Tryin' to get you to spit pop through your nose? Am I here to amuse you? Stop it/ I'm in yo pocket on side of a church the other hand reachin' for the bottom of your purse/ you're givin' me head in a boxin' stance, my dicks so big you can drop it in dirt/ I'm notch yo man we sparrin' partners/ there's five things you are in charge of/ that's suckin' the dick suckin' the dick suckin' the dick suckin' the dick suckin' the dick/ and if you ain't suckin' dick why you sittin' there with puckered lips? Oh that's collagen, muthafuckin' bitch whatcha mean how'd you get suckered in to this you gon' jump in my truck and then try to get truculent?/ You should be sufferin' you should be cookin', you should be bucklin' your seat belt with oven mitts/ excuse me while I make an ass out of myself but its only because I just wanna get... (Chorus) Nickle nina nigga Twitter beefin' first rapper that shot a fan...





LIGHTERS

FEAT. BRUNO MARS

(Chorus) This one's for
you and me, livin' out
our dreams, where are
right where we should be/

with my arms out wide, I open my eyes, and now all I wanna
see/ is a sky full of lighters, a sky full of lighters (Eminem) By
the time you hear this I will've already spiraled up/ I would never
do nothin' to let you cowards fuck my world up/ If I was you, I would duck/
or get struck like lightning, fighters keep fightin', put your lighters up, point
'em skyward, uh/ had a dream I was king, I woke up: still king/ this rap game's
nipple is mine, for the milking/ 'til nobody else even fuckin' feels me, 'til it kills me/
I swear to God I'll be the fuckin' illest in this music/ there is, or there'll ever will
be, disagree feel free/ but from now on I'm refusing/ to ever give up, only thing
I gave up's using, no more excuses, excuse me/ if my head is too big for this
building/ and pardon me if I'm a cocky prick, but you cocks are slick/ poppin'
shit on how you flipped your life around, crock of shit/ who you 'dicks' tryin' to
'kid', flip 'dick' you did opposite/ you stayed the same 'cause 'cock' backwards is
still 'cock', you pricks/ I love it when I tell 'em shove it/ cuz it wasn't that, long ago
when Marshall sat flustered lacked luster/ cuz he couldn't cut mustard/ muster up
nuthin', brain fuzzy cuz he's buzzin' woke up from that buzzer/ now you wonder why
he does how he does it, wasn't cuz he had buzzards/ circlin' 'round his head waitin'
for him to drop dead was it?/ or was it 'cuz them bitches wrote him off, little hussy
ass scuzzes/ fuck it, guess it doesn't matter now does it?/ what difference it make,
what's it take to get it through your thick skulls, that this ain't/ some bullshit people
don't usually come back this way/ from a place, was dark as I was in just to get to
this place/ now let these words be like a switchblade to a hater's rib cage/ and let
it be known from this day forward, I wanna just say/ thanks, cuz your hate is what
gave me this strength/ so let them bic's raise/ 'cuz I came with 5'9 but I feel like I'm
6'8". (Chorus) This one's for you and me, livin' out our dreams, where are right where
we should be/ lift my arms out wide, I open my eyes, and now all I wanna see/ is a
sky full of lighters (Royce) By the time you hear this I'd probably already be outtie/ I
advance like going from tote'n iron, I end up going and buyin' 4 or 5 of the homies
the Iron Man Audi/ my daddy told me slow down boy, you goin to blow it/ and I ain't
got to stop the beat a minute to tell Shady I love him, the same way that he did Dr. Dre
on The Chronic/ tell him how real he is, or how high I am, or how I will kill for him, for
him to know it/ I cried plenty tears, my daddy got a bad back/ so it's only right that I write
'til he can march right into that post office and tell 'em to hang it up/ now his career is Leb-
ron's jersey in twenty years/ I stop when I'm at the very top/ you shitted on me on the way
up, it's about to be a scary drop/ cuz what goes up, must come down, you going down on
something you don't wanna see, like a hairy box/ every hour happy hour, now life is wacky
now/ used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy, now I'm just the cat's meow/ owww, out
class the count, always down for the catch weight, like Pacquiao/ y'all are doomed/ y'all
remember when T-pain ain't want to work with me? My car starts itself, parks itself and
auto-tunes/ 'cuz now I'm I the Aston/ I went from having my city locked up, to get-
ting treated like Kwame Kilpatrick/ and now I'm fantastic, compare it to a weed
high/ and y'all niggas that's gossipin' like bitches on a radio when tv, see
me, we fly/ y'all buggin' out like Wendy Williams starin' at a bee hive/
'and how real is dat?/ I remember signin' my first deal, now I'm
the second best, I can deal with that/ now Bruno can show
his ass/ without the MTV awards gag. (Bridge) You and
I, know what its like/ to be kicked down, forced to
fight/ but tonight, we're alright/ so hold up your
lights, and let it shine... (Chorus) This ones
for you and me, livin' out our dreams,
where are right where we should be/ lift
my arms out wide, I open my eyes, and
now all I wanna see/ is a sky full of
lighters, a sky full of lighters, a sky
full of lighters.

TAKE FROM ME

my lips/ I don't spit raps this ill for you to just hack and steal and leak my shit, so peep my drift, I hope ya'll don't think ya'll helping me out/ with that shit, that shits stressing me out/ Nickel 9 is blowing up/ Christmas time you should hang my album on top of your fireplace cuz around that time my stockin' is going up/ feels like a victory bittersweet, cuz the bigger I get, the bigger the wedge/ between the relationship of me and my bigger bro, hear what I said?/ Feels like the shit was wished on me/ everything I do for the nigga and the nigga know, I would do anything for him but the nigga refuse to quit just straight shittin' on me/ keeping your distance probably best/ if you don't want to fuck with me, but chu know me probably best, fuck pity, you want dat? You know its Laila Ali chest/ tough titty, the problem's is you got a problem you think that I am already set/ so I'ma look down on you, just be proud of me, you already got my respect/ I ain't tryin' to say something I'd regret so I'ma just stop chasin' the pain/ let you deal with the fact that we don't get along cuz I gotta big face in the game/ sometimes I feel like fuck my life/ I fuck with a few niggas dat I know if my chick was a shady hoe, niggas wouldn't think twice before they fuck my wife/ guess that's the difference in friends and associates I done been broke I done been through the motions/ I don't pay no attention to birds I use my scope and I attend to the vultures/ no one ever blows up your phone just to talk, I don't make money just to loan it to ya'll/ tell a nigga that then you wildin' is like dialing and then talking to a hole in the wall/ please look at these expenses deez niggas expensive/ if I gotta lend you money every time I see you just to be your friend, bitch I don't really need your friendship (Chorus) Is everything not enough? What more can I give up? Is there anyone that I can trust? I give you my all and you still take from me... I give and I give, and you take and you take, and you just walk away with out nothing to say, you just take from me, you just take from me... (Eminem) I live in a bubble I struggle with the fame/ trouble is the pain grows double give a fuck what you say/ when my music you take so subtle just to give it away/ to people who don't even appreciate flows motha fucka I'm livid today/ cuz I break my back to give you my art you steal my thoughts it's like drivin' a spike through my heart/ you might not think it's that big of a deal to steal from me but music's all I got/ aside from my daughters not to sound like a martyr but its gettin' harder than I thought/ to not just go crazy trapped in this house I'm about to just snap am I not/ deservent of what I got did I not work for it? Put it all in every record I record/ well than please tell me why on this earth Lord's it keep happenin' I keep rappin' but I wonder sometimes is it worth all/ the bullshit cause it feels like a down there ain't no gettin' up from/ but I wont let it get me down I won't succumb I'm anything but glum so fuck 'em/ they'll appreciate me when I'm gone they'll say it was ill right? the way I killed mics/ but the way I feel right now it just feels like I'm so done with this shit that I may as well wipe/ I have nothin' else to give you nothin' else to contribute farewell I bid you/ but before I go, my last gift to you ladies and gentlemen Slaughterhouse I give you (Chorus)



LOUD NOISES FEAT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

(Eminem) Life handed me lemons I jumped back in the public eye/ and squirted lemon juice in it, by now you just wish I'd fuckin die/ but I electrify, get electrocuted executed by/ the execution of my flow too quick for the human eye to detect zoomin' by/ choom chigga choom choom choom choom waa guess who what's happenin' guy?/ They told me to shit I fell off that pot hopped right back on that crapper and I/ said fuck "it" with a capital I, look whose back to antag-g-onize/ you don't like it you can eat shit fuck off, little faggot and die/ you're right back like a magnet on my dick grabbin' at my, shit better get to the back of the line/ if you wanna get your shot at me what kinda crap is that? Battle, what kind of rapper would I be? 'fore I let another rapper think he's hot, I'll bury my face in a stinky twat and go ah ladle lah laddie la ladle lah/ girl my head space is limited ain't even room in the back of my mind/ so I ain't even thinking about you, I don't got time I done told you a thousand times/ so how could I find the time to put a alkaline/ battery in Royce's back and at the same time put juice in mine? God damn it Slaughterhouse is signed! (Crooked I) I'm a menace, villain my pen is sick and spillin' my lyrics killin'/ then I let you witness shit when it hit the ceiling/ a niggas willin' to give the listeners the sickest feelin', like mixin' some Benadryl and penicillin then I'm fillin'/ a the clip with a written, can you picture my pistol drillin'/ a million women and children when I'm illin' but it isn't real it's a rap, on the real it's a wrap, how could you possibly stop the apocalypse/ when I'm atomic bombin' the populous/ shock the metropolis hostile as a kid poppin' his glock at his/ moms and his pops then he hops in his drop with his iPod rockin' his/ slaughterish documentation of lyrics I write with confidence/ write like a columnist slash novelist/ I'm in this game to demolish it, establish my dominance/ over prominent rappers you poppin' shit to ya opposite/ I can spit ominous so spit politics/ now I'm Haile Selassie, Gandhi and Pac of this hip hop genre bitch! (Royce) Lyrically I'm a cocaine Altoid/ ability so brain it's a no brain bow, boy/ physically I'm literally a Cocaine Cowboy/ wait, wait/ did I just go almost four bars without talking about my big dick?/ The other day me and your thick bitch had a great date and we ate cake/ and then and walked and then she tried to jack me off/ but she lost cuz she couldn't handle my Shake Weight/ I swear, the irony of Ryan is I am bi-polar while I'm rhyming standing beside a big ole, big ole white bear/ neither one of us fight fair/ you are literally lookin' at Woody and Wesley in a movie where the white boy ain't got to jump no where, cuz I'm here/ nigga I'm on fire/ yeah, and I am every bitches dream one two, I'm comin for you, I'm a big ole, big ole nightmare~/ nigga dis the slaughter step it up/ I'll pretty much slap yo ass and tell you to shut the fuck up-/ after that I'll slap yo ass again and tell you to shut the fuck up shuttin' up/ and that's how you body a fuckin beat, goodbye (Joell Ortiz) I should be the one that go slow/ nah, get a stop watch clock my flow hit the button on top and watch your jaw drop oh, oh/ da-da oh, yaowa/ when I drop I go outer space/ black out like Darth Vader's face, placed in a molten shower say/ something and get done proper, mama poppa pourin' out vodka/ mama mia, Em pass me the scissors there's visitors in the Slaughterhouse casa/ better jet boy go home, better jet boy G4 chrome/ better Jet boy Mark Sanchez, Santonio Holmes I'm not yo any olf homeboy just/, sittin' in the lab pickin' up a pad I be spittin' bad, I'ma get you mad wit this gift I have little ducks, sufferin' sickatash when the trigger blast I'ma put your beak on your fitted hat/ r-r-r tat where da liquor at? Sip a yac bad bitch and a vicious track/ I relididax, slide pro-tools to both, so smooth I coast, to the West like where Crooked livin' at?/ New York, here's a piggy back ride to mother land, hold on brother man/ on the other hand, get down I'm gutter fam, gun butt you with the Eagle handle Cunningham/ I don't wanna talk I just wanna beef, I don't wanna piece/ I want it all baby boy I don't wanna eat I want to feast/ stuff my cheeks with rough beats and shit you done, weak, I'm the one, capisce? (Joe Budden) Insane what they call us, how you married to the game butchu probably shouldn't of came to the alter?/ Every bar like propane for the sawed-off you shoulda' hang and they'll fault ya/ Eminem Mister Porter, slaughter my sentiments eminent torture, all of ya/ feminine marauders, they're swimmin' that water men will assault ya, tommys and bats to resemble Lasorda/ kidnap your trembling daughter, at least a quarter of my I'ma menacing supporter/ it's gotta aura more like Sodom and Gomorrah/ normally something's wrong wit' me, blame it on quantity of the porn I see on the pawns to me/ when I fix the game y'all think that shits came with a warranty/ how the fuck they gonna stop what I was born to be? Corner me shit belong to me/ two choices you can get along with me, or sit your faggot ass right there in dormancy/ wait, all he missin' is heels to be RuPaul, ain't nobody that's real every knew y'all/ and I'm second to none and I'm dealin' with bums whose time never comes, now deal with the blue balls/ you ain't gotta' fear me but you respect me niggas who never met me/ threaten me wanna Gillette me, comin' to sword fight against a machete swingin' spaghetti like its heavy/ some said deserve a ESPY in a Chevy like Andretti/ put the desi where his chest be



LIVING PROOF

(Royce) Yeah, Bad and Evil is (BACK), we 'bout to get into a tail of a gunner that details the dungeon/ just as the pale moon illuminates the hail and thunderin' / '01's the year I fell from blunderin' / Shady lifted his wing then I fell from under it / now I'm free fallin', my career is gone into re-callin' / regardless of who's fault I was speed ballin' / God bubble wrapped me and dropped me on top of the Earth / then Marshall doubled back and got me from on top of a Hearse / I'm alive nigga / Justin T. ain't got nothin' on me, cause I done cried Mary J. Blige rivers / I realized that God's with us / soon as I decided to put that bottle down and pick up my Todd Bridges / the writings on the wall / since nigga's seen me at the baseball game with Shady and Jay-Z, suddenly everybody calls / like I'm just checking on you, dog / while I throw up this message on the stall. (Chorus) When them bottles stop poppin' and them dollars start stoppin', do what you did to get it and don't stop / (don't stop) I made a promise to my momma, I'ma out-live her, how can I be a quitter when haters don't stop / (don't stop) I'm living proof, nigga - it's pretty safe to say / God giveth and God taketh away / its the worldwide American way / I'm living proof, nigga... (Eminem) Your body language is sayin' your confidence is gone / well pick ya-ass up lil' homie, come on / you just gon' sit there and take it, or make 'em suck it, tell 'em where to shove it / straight up you gon' make love to the world or you gonna fuck it? / The last time that life kicked me in the ass, I pulled down it's pants and put a foot up it's ass / man, what a catas / trophy it'd be for me to be a bitch-ass pussy / and not open a can of whoop-ass let you piss-ants whoop me / would be the day I say I ate poop / shit the day that I don't straight shoot, I'll drop out of my anti-women hate group / say I'm a sissy faggot, record it play it back and put it on straight loop / you haters look like you ate a grapefruit / to see me climbin' back on that wagon, got my swagga back, I was draggin' / hopped back on it, grab the reigns on that bastard / and came back on 'em without remorse man, man of course / I'm a one trick pony, cause I'll be screamin' on these whores till I'm hoarse. (Chorus) (Royce) Nah I ain't fadin' yet, I'd rather stay and rap / I mighta made a debt, but I find excitement in wonderin' what I'ma write next, so I don't stay in debt / me broke, you might as well cut the embryo out my momma / and play catch with the baby with AK's with baby bayonets / I'ma get rich or I'ma die tryin' / that's why it's either kill or be killed, so call me suicide-homicide Ryan. (Eminem) There's a bomb inside my head, I'm a live wire I am / on the edge teetering on it like a totter, I might get on a nut like a tire iron / I have no desire stoppin' so why would I drop and roll, that's how much on fire I am / rappers are fun and I'm the time, cause I'm just flyin' by 'em / and I'm laughing at 'em the entire time why am I up? / cause tribulations I have triumphed bitch, I'm fired up / so one time for me to just let your fuckin' lighter light the sky up. (Chorus)

ECHO

(Chorus) Oh, all round the world, there's an echo / as he takes a bow and they all know / all the girls, the boys, they chase the noise / through the highs and through the lows / they will follow the echo, echo, echo, echo / they will follow the echo, echo, echo. (Bridge) I can hear them calling, calling, calling, calling, calling me... (Eminem) I eat rappers, with the rhyme consume 'em / the only fuckin' thing that you consume is time, I'm super human / my world is like a Rubik's cube its too complex girl you assumin' / cupids loomin' my mentality's caveman, stupid woman / my life is Truman show, all I have is music hoe / I stopped chasin' every chick under the sun many moons ago / so pretend my dick is a balloon and blow, but you better put a fork in it if you think I'ma lay here just spoonin' yo / oh, you think you the shit cause I just said you was beautiful? / Diabolical to the last molecule down to my last hair follicle and cuticle / rotten to the core to the bone cold all the way down to my soul from my head to my toe / ever since I was 13 I learned how to sew and sewed shut my own booty hole / cause I ain't took no shit since I looked down to my nuts and saw my first pubic grow / I told these stupid hoes when I come back I'ma set this bitch on fire / and this time I don't mean I'ma pour gasoline on some chick and light her / cause this time, when I fuck this world I'm put the whole God-damn dick inside her / I ain't even put my tip in that hole yet, I'ma go get Nickel and try to rip it wider. (Chorus) (Bridge) (Royce) Classical poems battle my own demons, I need a glass of Patron / bad as I need a horn stabbing my clavicle bone, I'm matador prone / first time I seen a Desert Eagle I was letting the .44 buss, the .44 pop / first time you seen one you was eating Coco Puffs, looking at Robocop / I'm not a man I'm a logo, I'm a such thang / in order to clean my veins, you need Saleen I'm never referring to the solution I'm talking about more like the Mustang / vroom, get respect from the get-go / Hello? step to the echo (echo) / pen got a mind of its own / gotta write my rhymes with a timer otherwise I'll probably vibe out to a nine minute song / as the echo follows the Maserati as it petrol swallows, I'm a thousand bodies away from a skeleton / check your bible inside it, it will say this guy's an elephant / I'm fly like I'm killing the scene, like I'm a villain with wings / I'll sleep when I'm 6 feet deep right now I'm living a dream / though we may be reckless, the ladies check us / they whisper: Shady Records... baby, echo! (Chorus)



WELCOME 2 HELL (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, K. Muchita, M. Crawford)

Shroom Shady Music, admin. by Songs of Universal, Inc. (BMI)/ Artega Music (BMI) admin. by Warner-Chappell/ Juvenile Hell Publishing (ASCAP)/ Elleis Inc Music Group (BMI)

PRODUCED BY: Havoc for Kejuan Entertainment

CO-PRODUCED BY: Magnedo7 for Elleis Inc. Music Group

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios

MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

FASTLANE (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, L. Resto, D. Chin-Quee, J. Gilbert, S. Jordan)

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PRODUCED BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee for Black Chiney Music, Inc.

CO-PRODUCED BY: Eminem & Jason "JG" Gilbert for Black Chiney Music, Inc.

KEYBOARDS BY: Jason "JG" Gilbert

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto

DRUM PROGRAMMING & ARRANGEMENT BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee

CHORUS VOCALS BY: Sly Jordan

ADDITIONAL BACKGROUND VOCALS BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee & Jason "JG" Gilbert

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios

MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

THE REUNION (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, L. Resto, J. Chavez, T. Graham, A. Young, M. Batson, D.

Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo, S. Cruse)

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PRODUCED BY: Sid Roams

CO-PRODUCED BY: Eminem

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Joey Chavez @ Clarus Audio

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios

MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

Contains a sample of "Bagpipes from Baghdad" written by M. Mathers, A. Young, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo, S. Cruse and published by Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ WB Music Corp./Ain't Nothing Going on but F****n(ASCAP)/ Bat Future Music (BMI)/ Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp./Alien Status Music(BMI)/PSALM 144:1(BMI)/ EMI Blackwood Music Inc./Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/ EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP)/ Eclectic Effect (BMI) Used by permission.

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ABOVE THE LAW

(M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, D. Porter, H. Jackson, C. Haddon-Jackson, J. Williams, P. Zora)
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werks Publishing/EMI April Music (ASCAP)/ Horace A. Jackson (BMI)/ Stage Life Productions (ASCAP)/ NAUJ EPIPH
Publishing (ASCAP)/ Zora Publishing Company (SESAC)

PRODUCED BY: Mr. Porter for Mr. Porter Production Group KEYBOARDS BY: "56"

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto ADDITIONAL VOCALS: Claret Jai

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios, Alex Merzin @ FBT Studios & Asar @ Isolation Studio

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem, Mr. Porter & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

*Claret Jai appears courtesy of My Own Planet

I'M ON EVERYTHING feat. Mike Epps

(M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, D. Porter, H. Jackson)

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(BMI) admin. by Warner-Chappell/ Dertywerks Publishing/EMI April Music

(ASCAP)/ Horace A. Jackson (BMI)

PRODUCED BY: Mr. Porter for Mr. Porter Production Group

KEYBOARDS BY: "56" CHORUS VOCALS BY: Mike Epps

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios, Alex Merzin @ FBT Studios & Asar @
Isolation Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios

MIXED BY: Eminem, Mr. Porter & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

A KISS (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, S. Crawford, D. Brown)

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Chappell/ Galassi Foreign Floss Publishing, Inc (BMI)/ Dwight Sonti Brown's Publishing Designee (ASCAP)

PRODUCED BY: Shondrae "Mr. Bangladesh" Crawford for Bangladesh Production Company, Inc.

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Sonti "branNu" Brown for Bangladesh Production Company, Inc.

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Mac Attkisson for Milk Money Consulting, Inc @
Bangladesh Studios in Atlanta, GA

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

LIGHTERS feat. Bruno Mars

(M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, P. Hernandez, P. Lawrence, A. Levine, R. Battle)

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Publishing (BMI)/Songs of Universal/Platinum Ike Publishing (BMI)

PRODUCED BY: Eminem, The SmeeZingtons & Battle Roy

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios, Asar @ Isolation Studios & Ari Levine @

Levcon Studios, Los Angeles, CA

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios

MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

Bruno Mars appears courtesy of Elektra Entertainment Group, Inc.







TAKE FROM ME (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, D. Porter, H. Jackson, C. Haddon-Jackson)

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PRODUCED BY: Mr. Porter for Mr. Porter Production Group

CO-PRODUCED BY: "56" KEYBOARDS BY: "56"

ADDITIONAL VOCALS: Claret Jai RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Alex Merzin @ FBT Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem, Mr. Porter & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

*Claret Jai appears courtesy of My Own Planet

LOUD NOISES **Feat. Slaughterhouse** (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, J. Budden, J. Ortiz, D. Wickliffe, D. Porter, H. Jackson, L. Resto)

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PRODUCED BY: Mr. Porter for Mr. Porter Production Group ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Eminem KEYBOARDS BY: "56"

ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto TRUMPET BY: Sam Beaubien TROMBONE, BASS TROMBONE BY: Matt Martinez

SAXOPHONE BY: Justin Jozwiak

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios, Alex Merzin @ FBT Studios, Asar @ Isolation Studios & Parks @ HeadQcourterz Studios, Ltd., NY, NY

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem, Mr. Porter & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

*"Loud Noises" contains a sample from ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY. Licensed through Paramount Pictures

LIVING PROOF (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, D. Porter, H. Jackson, J. Brown)

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PRODUCED BY: Mr. Porter for Mr. Porter Production Group KEYBOARDS BY: "56"

RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios, Alex Merzin @ FBT Studios & Asfar @ Isolation Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem, Mr. Porter & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios

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ECHO (M. Mathers, R. Montgomery, K. Abdul-Rahman, E. Alcock, D. Tannenbaum, L. Rodrigues, C. Smith)

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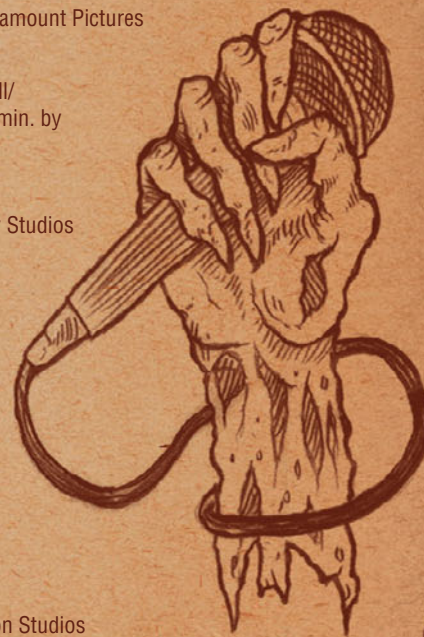
PRODUCED BY: DJ Khalil for DJ Khalil Productions, LLC

KEYBOARDS BY: Danny Tannenbaum GUITAR BY: Eric Alcock

ADDITIONAL VOCALS: Liz Rodrigues DRUM PROGRAMMING BY: DJ Khalil

ADDITIONAL PROGRAMMING BY: Rahki RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Asfar @ Isolation Studios

ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios



Executive Producers: Eminem & Mr. Porter

Bad Meets Evil Managment: Paul D. Rosenberg, Esq.
& Tracy McNew for Goliath Artists, Inc.
Legal: Theo Sedlmayr, Esq & Lisa Donini, Esq for
Sedlmayr and Associates, P.C.
Effigy Studio Manager: John Fisher
Shady Records Project Coordinator: Marc La Belle
Shady Records A&R: Riggs Morales & Dart Parker

Interscope:
Marketing & Publicity: Dennis Dennehy
Marketing Director: Jason Sangerman
Production Coordinator: Les Scurry
International: Don Robinson
Legal: Susan Hilderley & Todd Douglas
A&R: DJ Mormile & Manny Smith
A&R Administration: Alicia Graham

Art Direction and Design: Mike Saputo
Photography and Cover Concept: Danny Hastings for
Atomicus Films
Additional Illustration and Digital Photo Composition:
Christian Cortes for Atomicus Films
Photography Producer: Gabriel Guzman
Sample Clearances: Deborah Mannis-Gardner @
DMG Clearances, Inc.
Mastered By: Brian "Big Bass" Gardner at Bernie
Grundman Mastering

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