

# The Reunion

## Bad Meets Evil

Ayo, this next song, is a true story (Come here, bitch!) Cause some things in this universe  
Don't make sense but somehow (Always seem to fuckin' work) Flying down I-75 'bout to hop  
on 696

I look over this fucking chick's tryna fix her makeup  
I'm like bitch, you ain't a plastic surgeon  
I advise ya to put up your visor, I'm getting kinda ticked  
You're blocking my side mirror, she's like yeah, so? I'm like so?  
You gon' need a stitch you keep actin' like that, ho  
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 backseat, like the rest of my dates  
No bitch rides shotgun, what taxi?  
Stop and pick you some Maxi Pads up is that what you actually ask me?  
Bitch reaches over and smacks me  
And says I annoy the fuck outta her, get in the fucking back  
Put on your slut powder, you slut, what? 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 spreading AIDS rumors about her Turn the radio  
up louder, make it thump While I bump that Relapse CD, tryna hit every bump in that cunt  
Thought I snap back in that accent cause she kept asking me  
To quit callin' her cunt, I said that I cunt! she said, Marshall You ain't really like that, oh-oh-oh  
You're putting on a show, where's your mic at?  
Cause you're breaking my heart  
She said you're breaking my heart Uh, 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'm feelin' a bunch of bitches lookin' at a nigga, cheesin'  
I get approached by this little skeeser  
She asked me am I the realest G, cause I'm Gucci from head to feet  
I said, yeah, I'm really is cause I spit in your man's face  
Like Cam did that little kid on Killing Season  
She said I'm feeling your big ego, wait, am I talking 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 belongs to who makin' songs for you  
She said I'm feelin' your whole swagger and flow, can we up?  
I said, umm, you just used the word swagger, so no, she said We been ridin' around in this  
hatchback 'til I'm fucking hunchback  
Where the fuck's this party at slutbag cunt? Cut what act?  
Think it's an act? Fuck that, I'm tryna shag scuz Better find this love shack or somewhere to  
fuck at, ah, don't touch that

You fat dyke, I'm tryna hear some Bagpipes from Baghdad  
Don't act like you don't like 'em, them accents, I rap tight  
And I'm a torture '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, told me that last night  
She took my CD out the deck, snapped 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 jackknifed  
Bitch flew out of 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!) Tell him I'll be there in a minute  
I'm tryna break up this cat fight between my mistress and damn wife  
Then a chick wanted a hug, she was phat  
So I gave her dat then I tell her to scat, I'm not mean, I'm cute  
On my way to the front door, taking the scenic route  
To avoid this chick with a lace front lookin' like Venus and Serena's hooves  
I'm just sayin', those 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 seen my wife, push her down, step over her body and 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 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 outta the mouth of the fat bitch he rode with  
And Looks back to mention, "Royce, it's good to be back to business"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>