

# Crack a Bottle (feat. Dr. Dre & 50 Cent)

## Eminem, Dr. Dre & 50 Cent

Oooh! Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for  
In this corner, weighing 175 pounds, with a record of 17 rapes  
400 assaults, and 4 murders, the undisputed, most diabolical  
Villain in the world, Slim Shady! So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model  
You just hit the lotto  
Uh oh uh oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got gloves  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them and there's really not that many of us  
Ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust  
It's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk Ok, let's go  
Back when Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk  
Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust  
Just one up my mother's son who got thrown under the bus  
Kiss my butt, lick my wonder cheese from under my nuts  
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks  
It's a must, I redeem my name and haters get mused  
Bitches lust, man they love me when I'm laying the cut  
Missed the cut, the lady give a eighty some paper cut  
Now picture us, it's ridiculous you curse at the thought  
Cuz when I spit the verse the shit gets worse than Worcestershire sauce  
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every time  
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes  
It's elementary, the elephants have entered the room  
I venture to say with the center of attention its true  
Not to mention back with a vengeance, so here's the signal  
Of the bat symbol, the platinum trio is back on you hoes  
So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model  
You just hit the lotto  
Uh oh uh oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got gloves Now where's the rubbers? Who's got  
the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them and there's really not that many of us  
And ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust  
It's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk Ladies and gentlemen, Dr.  
Dre They see that low rider go by they're like "Oh my!"  
You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why  
I dip through in that six Trey like sick 'em Dre  
I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they're sick of me  
But hey, what else can I say? I love LA

Cuz over and above all, it's just another day  
And this one begins where the last one ends  
Pick up where we left off and get smashed again I'll be damned, just fucked around and crashed  
my Benz  
Driving around with a smashed front end  
Let's cash that one in  
Grab another one from out the stable  
The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado  
The hell if I know  
Do I want leather seats or vinyl?  
Decisions, decisions, garage looks like Precision Collision  
Or Maico beats quake like Waco  
Just keep the bass low, speakers away from your face though So crack a bottle, let your body  
waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model  
You just hit the lotto  
Uh oh uh oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of them got gloves Now where's the rubbers? Who's got  
the rubbers?  
I noticed there's so many of them and there's really not that many of us  
And ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust  
It's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk And I take great pleasure in  
introducing, 50 Cent It's bottle after bottle  
The money ain't a thang when you party with me  
Its what we into, it's simple  
We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe  
I'm the napalm, the bomb, the Don, I'm King Kong  
Get rolled on, wrapped up and reigned on  
I'm so calm through Vietnam, ring the alarm  
Bring the Chandon, burn marajauan do what you want Nigga on and on till the break of what  
Get the paper man I'm caking you know I don't give a fuck  
I spend it like it don't mean nothing  
Blow it like its supposed to be blown  
Motherfucker I'm grown  
I stunt I style I flash the shit  
I gets what the fuck I want, so what I trick?  
Fat ass burgundy bags, classy shit  
Jimmy Cho shoes I say move a bitch move So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

