

I'm On Everything (feat. Mike Epps)

Bad Meets Evil

All these little young kids
Ain't got no direction
Shit, these lil' kids is on everything
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on
I'm on syrup, painkillers, cigarette, weed
Henny-Henny, sober don't interest me
I'm on everything
'Bout to sip the liquor like it's 'caine, that's how high I am
I take painkillers to ease the pain, though I ain't in pain
No, we ain't the same, we drunk, I'm on everything
'Cept when I kick it, gout, me soberin' up, Alf
Cash rules everything, acid tab, hash, 'rooms
I done woke up with a fuckin' tiger in my bathroom
I am fuckin' high, high, high, high
Menace to society I feel sorry for your mother
Me and Vicious on 'shrooms, call us the Mario Brothers
Back down, we never back down
Never laid out, can't put my back down, I'm on
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on
Painkillers, I call 'em 'caine pillars
'Cause they'll hold me up when I take 'em
I need a cane and pillows, I'm on everything
Sick when I kick it, barf, me soberin' up, fart

I crush ya brain like a pill crusher, let's crush a pill, yeah
Fuck, I think I just crushed my last Tylenol three up
Grab the key up off the counter till the camp all left the crib
Man, who'da knew that three in the mornin' I'd still be up
Could barely see up over the steerin' wheel, crashed the whip
Tore a tree up on my way to the dealer's, tryin' to re-up
Call me Brett Favre, spell it FAVRE, 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
And I dye my hair back blond again and laugh
I'm the real macaroni, you cheesy bitch
I'm demonic with the Craft
There's a devil in my noodle, you angel hair pasta
Flow's dreaded like some fuckin'
Tangled hair Rastafarian, Jamaican
Relax man, I'll send a fuckin' axe at you
If you insist on a fuckin' accent
Bad and evil is back with an epidural, check ya girl
'Cause after we pop you up, we poppin' her up
So, baby, come put ya feet up in these stirrups
Your boyfriend better find
Another fuckin' hornets nest to stir up
We rap like we're on
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything
I'm on everything I'm on
I'm on syrup painkillers
Cigarette, speed, Henny, classic
It's Eminem and him again
My sentiments exactly
I told that bitch to get at me Then the bitch attacked me
Kid you not, I'm lit up as fuck
Tablecloth tucked in my pants then
I'm hearin' dishes drop
'Cause I walked away from my dinner with schmucks
Then I aimed to the front of the K-Mart Shoppin' center with a coupon book
And a hundred and ten bucks and a bunch of change And wife beater with a mustard stain I'll
crush your brain like I'm crushin' pills What the fuck's the motherfuckin' deal? This shit's makin'
me feel like I'm tryin' to do a motherfuckin' cartwheel up a hill

How many bars, how many tabs? A-C-I-D? Y-E-S'Cause I'm sniffin' M-Y-E-S, F-U-C-Ked up,
and it's obvious
Smoke and Henny in my chest, I'm B-A-N-A-N-A-SI'm a C-O-C-O-N-U-T
Put this CD in and you'll see, the sequel to Scary Movie
Bad is too evil, the roofie to Roethlisberger
You are gonna wind up six feet deep under
That shit's creek, so I hope that you want preservers
You could put a turd on the plateSilverware on the tablecloth to serve us
You don't bring shit to the table
I mean your grill like a Seville
When a mark gets murdered
You pushin' the envelope and I'm shovin'That whole post office further
Right off the surface, to the serpents
In the darkest and the farthest corner
How many bars? How many bars?Maui, Wowee, Sour Diesel
How many jars to all my people
I'll be to Mars, mommy come on
She can actually wrap my nut sack
'Round the back of her neck in a bathroom stall
And she can just puke from sippin' this piss
From my twenty four inch catheter cord
I'm the type that'll take a bath with a whore
Drown her, bang her head on the passenger door
When I'm stashin' her in the back
Smackin' her forehead on the dash
And it's accidentally blowin' a Benz jeep horn
My friends be knowin'
That when I'm on a binge, I'm stingy
Even when I'm ten deep in a room with the MG
And with Lindsay Lohan and she on
Syrup, painkillers, cigarette
Weed, Hennessy, vodka

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>