

# Unaccommodating (feat. Young M.A)

## Eminem

Oh, this what we doin'? Alright  
Amen[Young M.A:]  
I like a bitch that like to wobble, wobble  
Shake it, shake it, break it, break it  
Nigga, we made it, made it, they hate it, hate it  
Pro professional, pure persistent, I'm paper chasing  
I hate complaining, I hated waiting, I'll pay for patience  
But I hate to pay a bill (Hate that)  
And I made a mil without a major deal (I made that)  
Yeah, her ass fake, but she came for real (She came, uh)  
Money ain't a thing, that ain't a thing for real  
It's the broke lingo (Huh)  
And no, ain't nothing Saweetie, this is no Quavo (Migo)  
Man, I just get high, let my hoes lay low (Ooh)  
I just want some face but this is no facial (Ooh)  
Do right and kill er'body, Drake mode (Hello)  
Bitch, I'm tryna eat out, take your plate mode (Hello)  
Disrespect your life and I'm in gang mode (Grrr)  
You can leave this earth, bitch, I'm in rake mode (Huh)  
I'm in cake mode (Huh), I'm in brave mode, uh  
What up Marshall? I'm a martian, I'm in Wayne mode (Facts)  
Neck wet, big drip, I'm in rain mode (Drip, drip, drip)  
Eight niggas, eight hittas, take eight souls (Brrr)  
Collect pesos (Huh), and I'm paid, so? (Paid)  
Self-made goals (Hey)  
When the pain leaves (Huh)  
Where does the pain go? (Where?)  
Tip of the backwood is where the flame goes (There)  
To the sky is where my brain goes (Wow)  
Same pack, same fiend, sellin' the same clothes (Wow)  
Pinocchio and my pistol, they got the same nose  
Me and my niggas gotta eat, we share the same stove (What?)  
Case closed, bodies in my lane, bitch, lane closed  
[Eminem:]  
Game over, Thanos on you H-O's  
On my petty shit but I don't paint toes (Yeah)  
Get the plunger (Plunger) 'cause Marshall and M.A go plum crazy  
Call us liquid plumber, 'cause even Dre know (Dre know)  
Beat knocks like a beefed up Detox, you're gonna need three SWATs  
A police officer's at least cuffing me up for evading and I don't stop  
Please dawg, I need y'all to keep talking shit 'cause I feed off of it  
I am the complete opposite of these retards who spit these weak bars, I'ma leave carnage

Each thought'll be so toxic, it'll block the wind through your esophagus  
Stop it, cutting off your oxygen  
And I hit them pads like a boxing gym  
Better watch for Slim, better get to popping when I'm at the top again  
I won't topple and I'm giving it to anyone who wanna come and get it and I'm not gonna stop  
But when they ask me is the war finished with MGK? Of course it is  
I cleansed him of his mortal sins, I'm God and the Lord forgives even the devil worshippers  
I'm moving on but you know your scruples are gone when you're born with Lucifer's horns  
And you're from the school of Notorious, Puba, Cube and The Poor Righteous Teachers tutored  
my students  
Showed them all the blueprint and formula  
But it seems like the more they studied my music, the more they remind me of eyeballs  
I'm watching my pupils get cornier (Uh)  
But I'm contemplating yelling "Bombs away" on the game  
Like I'm outside of an Ariana Grande concert waiting  
Here comes Saddam Hussein, Ayatollah Khomeini  
Where's Osama been? I been laden lately  
Look at how I'm behaving, they want me gone away  
They wanna JonBenet me (Fuck you), I'm unaccommodating  
Man, I don't see why they hate me  
I'm a clown like John Wayne Gacy  
They call me Kanye crazy  
APESHIT, Beyonce, Jay-Z  
And I'm back with Andre, baby  
And the doctor's operating  
But he never put no scrubs on from Snoop kid out to ShadyShady like a shadow or your  
silhouette, intellect, I better check to see why you feel upset  
'Cause I met your bitch on the internet now I'm getting head like a Pillow Pet  
That bimbo Kim put her lips all the way around this bone and then blow  
Like a dusty cartridge from an old Nintendo  
Those were the days but I bet you, I'm never gonna be broke again, no  
I don't smoke but I got paper, to be blunt, I'm rolling Indo  
And I keep it one comma, zero, zero, zero, zero  
Real, real, real, murder, murder, murder, kill, kill, kill  
Nickle-plated, twenty two, two, two  
Bitch, shut the fuck up 'fore I shoot you too  
Ain't shit I won't do just to get a few YouTube views  
Run up in a church like pew, pew, pew  
'Cause that's what I do, do, do  
But, even to the untrained human eye  
We ain't the same, you and I  
Somebody should have explained to you why  
For you to go against me, it's simply insane, you will die (Yeah)  
That's why they call me Kamikaze, it's plain suicide, yeah  
But I know magic and here go my last trick  
I'm 'bout to say "Abracadabra" and pull a B Rabbit up out of my hat  
I'm about to relapse and I betcha that you won't know how to react  
But a look of disgust, I don't doubt it'd be that  
As I begin to fuckin' devour the track

And you backpedal that as a cowardly act  
Like a Saudi attack when the towers collapse Here comes Saddam Hussein, Ayatollah Khomeini  
Where's Osama been? I been laden lately  
Look at how I'm behaving me, they want me gone away  
They wanna JonBenet me (Fuck you), I'm unaccommodating

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