Crack A Bottle
Eminem

Eminem
feat.Dr Dre and 50 Cent
Crack A Bottle
Relapse
2009 Shady Records
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Key: **E**

Tuning: Standard EADGBe

Chords used:
A -   x02220
G# -   466544
C#m - x46654

Intro:
A   **G#**
　 Ooww Ladies and gentlemen
C#m
　 The moment youâ€™ve all
been waiting for
A
　 In this corner
G#   **C#m**
　 weighing 175 pounds
                  A
with a record of 17 rapes
G#   **C#m**
　 400 assaults and 4 murders
　　 A   **G#**
the undisputed most diabolic
                C#m(hold)
villain in the world
Slim Shady

Chorus : Eminem
A
　 So crack a bottle
G#
let your body waddle
      C#m
Donâ€™t act like a snobby
model you just
hit the lotto

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A
   O-oh o-oh bitches
G#
hopping in my Tahoe
C#m
Got one riding shotgun
and no not one
of them got gloves
A
   Now whereâ€™s the rubbers?
        G#
Whose got the rubbers?
   C#m
I noticed thereâ€™s
so many of them
and thereâ€™s really
not that many of us
A
   Ladies love us and my
G#
posseâ€™s kicking up
             C#m
dust Itâ€™s on till
the break of dawn
and weâ€™re starting
this party from dusk


Post Chorus 1:
(hold)
       Ok letâ€™s go


Verse 1: Eminem
      A
Back when Andre the
            G#
giant mister elephant tusk
         C#m
Fix your must, youâ€™ll just
be another one bit the dust
          A
Just one up my mothers son
               G#
who got thrown under the bus
        C#m
Kiss my butt. Lick from
under cheese from under my nuts
       A
It disgusts me to see the
          G#
game the way that it looks
       C#m
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Its a must I redeem my
name and haters get mushed
        A
Bitches lust. Man they love
          G#
me when I lay in the cut
          C#m
Fist the cut. The lady give
her eighty some paper cut
              A
Now picture us. Its ridiculous
    G#
you curse at the thought
            C#m
Cuz when I spit the verse the shit
gets worse then worcestershire sauce
            A
If I could fit the words as
                G#
picture perfect works every time
      C#m
Every verse, every line
as simple as nursery rhymes
        A
Its elementary. The elephants
      G#
have entered the room
              C#m
I venture to say with the
center of attention its true
        A
Not to mention back with a
            G#
vengeance so hereâ€™s the signal
        C#m(hold)
Of the bat symbol The platinum
trioâ€™s back on you hoes


(Repeat Chorus)


Post chorus 2:
(hold)
      Ladies and
gentlemen Dr. Dre


Verse 2:
    A
They see that low rider go
G#
by there,like Oh my!
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C#m
You ain’t got to tell me why
you’re sick cuz I know why
   A
I dip through in that six
G#
trey like sick em Dre
C#m
I’m an itch that they cant
scratch, they’re sick of me
A
  But hey, what else
     G#
can I say? I love LA
   C#m
Cuz over and above all
its just another day
    A
And this one begins where
    G#
the last one ends
       C#m
Pick up where we left off
and get smashed again
       A
I’ll be dammed, just fucked
       G#
around and crashed my Benz
     C#m
Driving around with
a smashed front end
           A
Lets cash that one in
Grab another one
   G#
from out the stable
       C#m
The Monte Carlo El
Camino or the El Dorado
     A
The hell if I know
Do I want leather
G#
seats or vinyl?
   C#m
Decisions, decision
Garage looks like
precision collision
A
  Or maico beats
G#
quake like Waco
   C#m(hold)

Just keep the
bass low speakers
away from your
face though

(Repeat Chorus)

Post Chorus 3:
(hold)
       And I take
great pleasure
in introducing: 50 Cent

Verse 3:
     A   G#
It's bottle after bottle
    C#m
The money ain't a thang
when you party with me
             A   G#
Its what we into its simple
    C#m
We ball out of control
like you wouldn't believe
          A
I'm the napalm the bomb
     G#
the don i'm King Kong
     C#m
Get rolled on wrapped
up and reigned on
     A
I'm so calm through
     G#
Vietnam ring the alarm
          C#m
Bring the shaun dawn burn
marajauan do what you
          A
want Nigga on and on
G#
till the break of what
        C#m
Get the paper man i'm
caking you know i
don't give a fuck
    A
I spend it like
               G#
it don't mean nothing

Blow it like its
   C#m
supposed to be blown
Motherfucker iâ€™m grown
    A
I stunt i style i
G#
flash the shit
  C#m
I gets what the fuck
i want so what I trick
    A   **G#**
Fat ass burgundy bags classy
        C#m(hold)
shit Jimmy Cho shoes
I say move a bitch move

(Repeat Chorus)