

# Eminem, Can-I-Bitch

Intro:

(little girl)

I, I wanna grow up toon

Poppa Marshall, will you tell us a bed time story?

(Eminem)

Heeere we gooo

Now once upon a time not long ago

There was a little rapper about to blow

But his album came and it was not good

I think it went letter double pop a wood

So the silly little fans they were mislead

By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head

&quot;Me and you clef we're gonna make some cash

Grab the silver paint and let's paint my ass&quot;

Hey mister, would ya care ta bear witness ta

The ass-whippin I'm about to administer

To this ass-kissin little vaginal blista

Stan-abis, little Marshall Mathers sista

Annanis, corner, we have a mister

Not havin it it's the machinista

Dr. Evil with his bag of tricks for

This little antagonist bag of dick-suckin

Ex LL Cool Jay fan from Windsor

I'm bout to murder little guinea fag Anista

You bastard, I ain't wanna have to diss ya

Canabis, where the fuck you at I miss ya

Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch where for art thou can-a-bitch?

Please tell me what happened with that style that you were rappin with?

Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch are you from Los Angeles

New York or just a janitor from Canada? Oh Can-a-bitch

Now at first I ain't really understand this shit

Picture me for a second and imagine it

Chillin in a bat man chair an relaxin

When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanner

It's 'Can-a-bitch' or some Stan lives shit

They creep me out at first man this is sick

But me being just a sick as conflict gets my dick harder than arithmetic

And I know how you jealous ones envy

I shoulda knew better from the first few letters you sent me

The first two letters you were

Tellin me shit like you respect me like any other regular MC

The third letter you ask

How come I ain't return none of the messages at Shady Records you left me?

The fourth Letter &quot;Slim you really startin to upset me&quot;

The fifth letter told me you were comin to get me

The sixth letter there's a bomb threat in our building

This crazy mother fucker's really tryin to kill me

So I went back and read the first few letters

That said some shit about a message you left

Oh shit that's not an &quot;e&quot; that's an &quot;a&quot;

This dude wants to leave me a massage he's gay

Right away I'm on the phone with Dr. Dre

We got a bogey &quot;Marshall I'm on the way&quot;

Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch where for art thou can-a-bitch?

Please tell me what happened with that style that you were rappin with?

Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch are you from Los Angeles

New York or just a janitor from Canada? Oh Can-a-bitch

So in two seconds flat Dre's at my crib  
Only thing is we both know where this kid lives  
And neither one of us have Canadian citizenship  
Shit oh Dre wait a mintue that's it  
All we gotta do is use a bit of turbo boost  
We can fly over the border "Let's go whoosh"  
So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin speed  
\*Pfftt Arghh\* What was that? Oh Jermaine Dupre fuck It  
Keep goin no time to waste  
Wait backup hit him one more time in case (Okay)  
Fuck now he's draggin under the car  
Oh well only 30 more thousand miles  
Meanwhile me and Dre are tryin to conversate  
Just tryin to find a reason for the constant hatin  
And tryin to figure out what happened to Jermaine propaine  
&quot;He couldn't have fell of that hard&quot; ain't no way

&quot;What happened to the way you was rappin,  
When you was scandalous then Canabis turned into a television evangelist?&quot;

Plus he raps with his regular voice  
\*Pft, pft, pft, pft\* "What was that?" (Pet Shop Boys)  
So we pull up to the bridge where he last was spotted  
His corpse was still movin but his ass was rotted  
He kind of smelled a little like Courtney Love  
I figured if I stick him with a fork he's done  
So I stapped him twice kept jabbin christ  
He won't die this guy's like a battered wife  
He's like Kim he keeps comin back for more  
But he won't fight back I cracked his jaw  
Hold up Bis quit foldin up  
Punch me in the chest make my shoulders touch  
Do somethin at least one punch line  
C'mon till the meter reads 9-9-9-tey-nine percent of my fans are blonde  
Bis c'mon answer me man respond  
Tell me bout the sun, rain, moon and stars  
Intergalatic or metaphors from Mars  
Raw to the floor raw like Resovoir dogs  
Bite another line from Red Man's song  
Suddenly the stub of a dead man's arm from a midget  
Reaches out from under the car  
It's JD, this motherfucker won't die neither  
Dre starts sprayin him with cans of Ether \*Sshhhh\*  
We stomped the bitch and then stopmed the bitch again  
(Compton) Detroit Bitch talk some shit again  
Stomp him (switch feet)  
Stomp him (switch again)  
Dre alright he's dead dawg quit kickin him  
I think Stan-abis jumped off the bridge again (Arghhhhhh.....Damn!)  
He disappeared yo he's gone he did it again

[Chorus]