

# Eminem, 3 Verses

I'm the illest rapper to hold a cordless  
Patrolling corners  
Looking for hookers to punch in the mouth with a roll of quarters  
I'm meaner in action  
Than Rosco beating James Tarteenyer (?)  
And smackin his back with vacuum cleaner attachments  
I grew up in the wild hood  
As a hazardous youth  
With a fucked up childhood  
That I used as an excuse  
And aint shit changed  
But kept the same mindstate  
Since the third time that I failed 9th grade  
You probably think that I'm a negative person don't be so sure of it  
I don't promote violence I just encourage it  
I laugh at the sight of death  
As I fall down a cement flight of steps  
And land inside a bed of spider webs  
So throw caution to the wind  
You and a friend  
Can jump off of a bridge and if you live, do it again  
Shit, why not? Blow your brain out  
I'm blowing mine out  
Fuck it, you only live once you might as well die now  
It's only fair to warn  
I was born with a set of horns  
And metaphors attached to my damn umbulical cord  
Warlord of rap little bastard with a two by four board  
That smashed into your Honda Accord  
With a 4 door Ford  
But a more toward (?) droppin an accapella  
The choppa (?) fellas  
The mozarella  
Worse than a hellacopta propella  
Got you locked in the cella  
With your skeleton showing  
Developing anorexia  
While I'm standin next to ya  
Eating a full course meal watching you starve to death  
With an IV in your veins  
Feeding you liquid darvicet  
Pumping you full of drugs  
Pull the plugs  
On the gunshot victims full of bullet slugs  
Who were picked up in an ambulance  
And driven  
To receiving with the asses ripped outta they pants  
And given  
A less than 20 percent chance  
Of living  
Have a possible placement  
It's a hospital patient  
Storing the dead bodies in grandma's little basement  
Doctor Kevorkian has arrived  
To perform an autopsy on you while you scream "I'M STILL ALIVE!"  
Driving a rusty scalpel in through the top of your scalp  
And pulling your adams apple out through your mouth  
Better call the fire department  
I've hired a arson  
To set fire to carpet  
And burn up your entire apartment  
I'm a liar to start shit (?)  
Got your bitch wrapped around my dick  
So tight you need a crobar to pry her apart wit

Met a retarded kid named Greg with a wooden leg  
Snatched it off and beat him over the fucking head with the peg  
Go to bed with the keg wake up with the 40  
Mixed up with Alka Seltzer and Formula 44D  
Fuck an acid tab I'll strap the whole sheet to my forehead  
Wait until it absorbed in and fell to the floor dead  
No more said case closed end of discussion  
I'm blowin up like spontaneous human combustion  
Leaving you in the aftermath of holocaust and traumas  
Cross the bombas (?)  
We blowin up your house killing your parents  
and coming back to get your foster mommas  
And I'm as good at keeping a promise as Nostradamus  
Cause I aint making no more threats  
I'm doing drivebys in tinted Corvettes on Vietnam war vets  
I'm more or less sick in the head  
Maybe more cause I smoked crack (?)  
today, yesterday, and the day before sabbath  
Walk the block with a labrador  
Strapit more corral for war than El Salvador  
Foul style galore  
Verbal cow manure  
Coming together like the eyebrow on Al B. Sure