

Eminem, Bad One

Yo, Dre

Yeah

I'ma just lay back on this one

Let me apologize in advance (I like that)

Fuck it, forgive me (Alright)

Fuck it, I don't mean to sound (You ready?) arrogant (Fuck it, yeah) but

Yeah, my head up in the sky again

But even that, my stacks are higher than

Money pile like Tony Stark's, that's how much I earn, man

Girl, my head is small, I feel incredible as the Hulk

Meaning I'm trying to smash

So come get in line like Santa and climb up inside my lap

While I devise a plan

Won't be talkin' about Purell when Santa ties your hands

And I am an

Industrial-strength heightened brand

Frying pan

Rap is something that I've just had the skillet for some timing, am

An artist who can draw a crowd like a diagram

Like drawing breath from your diaphragm

I've achieved every aspiration that I have had

Got a diamond plaque or two or three or four

But that don't change my attitude, I got a bad one

I got a bad one

She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum

You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond

I just put Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now

I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one

She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum

You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond

I just Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now

I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one

Yeah

One minute, you're here, next minute, you're gone, don't sit there and scoff

Lil' bitch, you can knock the shit about me being immature off

It isn't my fault, the liquor is often twisting my thoughts

You said you're looking for miniature golf

I thought you said looking for men to jerk off

Your mouth is a hole (What?), that means my dick is engulfed

Sick as a dog with croup cough (What?)

Biggie is gone and Tupac (Yeah)

And I'm still alive and you not the woo, dog

So who died and made you God?

Anything can set my mood off, attitude, I've always had one

My temper is like the bitch I just scooped up, I got a bad one

I got a bad one

She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum

You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond

I just put Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now

I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one

She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum

You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond

I just Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now

I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one

Yeah, this whole sub-genre with all these corny white rappers, I'm not a fan of it

It ain't my fault, but like sock puppets, I had a hand in it

This thousand bucks in my hand is just like what Candace did

When she turned her back on her own race 'cause I have abandoned it

One of the greatest who did it, look what I came up through

You never made it to the level that I made it to
So similar to a dinner table, I ate at you (Sorry)
Haters, I made a few
But like when Three Stacks just plays the flute
I ain't got shit to say to you (Nah)
And me offending you's nothing new (Nah)
Fuck it, it's what I love to do
This is subterfuge, just to screw with you
And yeah, this much is true
This sounds like something that Puff would do
At the party with Aaron Hall 'cause I just love to fuck with you (Woah)
A line of blush, foundation kit
'Cause it's you I make upset
Brain is dead, space cadet
Like when Ye forgets to take his meds
So when they get mad or angry at
A statement that I may have said
I just say, "Man, I didn't say that shit, Shady did"
'Cause all I do is write the rhymes and then wait for that beat to play, spit 'em
Trigger finger, make like a green beret like he would get a submachine to spray with 'em
I should go back to those sleeping aids
Because I'm so stuck in my evil ways
Then I'm fucked either way
The people still seem to think they want the old me 'til they get him
Got 'em up in arms like monkey bars
The fucking bomb with the puffy on
I'm blowing up for Kid Cudi's car
In front of his house where all his buddies are
Just another day at the office, but it seems like Marsh's fucking job is done
Mission accomplished, people off this stunt
And pissed a billion people off at once (Yeah)
But I gotta keep going Tyson on Kelly (What?)
I bodied him twice and already
That little motherfucker's back throwing subs (Like what?) like a food fight at the deli
And that is why E got the attitude he got like Liza Minnelli
My male ego
Is the size of the belly on Jelly Roll
And bitch, I got a bad one

I got a bad one
She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum
You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond
I just put Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now
I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one
She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum
You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond
I just Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now
I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one