

# Eminem, Can i bitch

[in a high falsetto voice]

Uncle Marshall!

Will you tell us a bedtime story?

[regular voice]

Here we go...

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 lead or double copper wood

So the silly little fans they were mislead

By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head

"Me and you, 'Clef, we're gonna make some cash

Grab the silver paint and let's paint my ass"

Hey mister, would ya care to bare witness to

The ass-whippin' I'm about to administer

To this ass-kissin' little vaginal blister

Stanabis, little Marshall Mathers' sister

And in this corner, we have the mister

Not havin' it, it's the mad sinister

Dr. Evil with his bag of tricks for

this little antagonist faggot dick-suckin'

Ex-LL Cool J fan from Windsor

I'm 'bout to murder little Kenny fag Keniff-sta

You bastard I ain't wanna have to diss ya

Canabis, where the fuck you at? I miss ya!

[Chorus]

Can-i-bitch, oh Can-i-bitch

Where for art thou Can-i-bitch?

Please tell me what happened with

That style that you were rappin' with

Can-i-bitch, oh Can-i-bitch

Are you from Los Angeles

New York or just a janitor

From Canada? Oh Can-i-bitch

Now at first I ain't really understand the shit

Picture me for a second and imagine it

Chillin' in the Bat-Mansion and relaxin'

When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanners

It's Can-i-bitch on some "Stan Lives" shit

It creeped me out at first. Man this is sick

For me, being just a sick, this 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: "Slim, you really startin' to upset me!"

The fifth letter told me you were comin' to get me

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

This crazy motherfucker'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 "E" that's an "A"

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! (Marshall I'm on the way)

[Chorus]

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Please tell me what happened with

That style that you were rappin' with

Can-i-bitch, oh Can-i-bitch

Are you from Los Angeles  
New York or just a janitor  
From Canada? Oh Can-i-bitch  
So in two seconds flat Dre's at my crib  
The funny 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 &quot;Let's go&quot; [WOOSH!]  
So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin' speed  
[BOOSH!] (What was that? Oh) Jermaine Dupri  
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 hate  
And tryin' to figure out what happened to 'Germaine Propaine'  
&quot;He couldn't have fell off that hard&quot; Ain't no way  
&quot;What happened to the way you was rappin' when you was scandalous  
That Canibus turned into a television evangelist&quot;  
Plus he raps with his regular voice [BOOSH! BOOSH!]  
[BOOSH! BOOSH!] (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 kinda smelled a little like Courtney Love  
I figure if I stick him with a fork he's done  
So I stabbed 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 punchline  
C'mon till the meter reads 9-9-9-  
ty-nine percent of my fans are blonde  
'Bis c'mon answer me man respond!  
Tell me 'bout the sun rain moon and stars  
Intergalatical metaphors from Mars!  
Raw to the floor, raw like Reservoir Dogs  
Bite another line from Redman's song!  
Suddenly the stub from 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  
We stomped the bitch and then stomped the bitch again  
(Compton!) Detroit bitch! Talk some shit again!  
Stomp him! (switch feet) Stomp him! (switch again!)  
Dre alright he's dead dog, quit kickin him!  
I think Stanabis jumped off the bridge again (Damn)  
He disappeared yo he's gone he did it again  
[Chorus]  
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