

# Eminem, Drips Feat Obie Trice

Prelude:

Obie...Yo...I'm sick...

Damn...you straight dog?

Chorus:

That's why I ain't got no time  
For these games and stupid tricks  
Or these bitches on my dick  
That's how dudes be getting sick  
That's how dicks' be getting drips  
Falling victims to this shit  
From these bitches on our dicks  
Fucking chickens with no ribs  
That's why I aint got no time...

Obie Trice:

Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk  
I had a bag of the skunk won in last nights Tunk  
Pussy residue was on my penis,  
Denise from the cleaners  
Fucked me good,  
you should've seen this big booty bitch,  
switch unbearable, french role styling,  
body like a stallion  
Sizing up the figure, while my shit getting bigger  
Debating on a fuck or do I wanna be a nigga  
Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits  
Sippin' on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying  
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory  
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story  
For surely the pussy on toast, after we toast  
Our clothes fell like Bishop in Juice  
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my jock  
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop!  
The response I got when I was knocking it  
Clock steading ticking, kinky finger lickin'  
The can on, semen's at my tip when she moans  
I gotta slow down before I cum soon  
And work that nigga, like a slave owner  
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her  
She foaming at the lips, the ones between them hips  
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip  
Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though  
Pussy tighter than conditions of us black folks  
We in the final stretch, the last part of sex  
I bust a fat ass nut - then I woke up next  
Like, what the fuck is going on here?  
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all,  
just picked up and vacated  
Now I'm frustrated cause my dick was unprotected  
And doctor Wesley telling me I really got that shit  
Fuck

Chorus:

Eminem:

Now I don't wanna hit no woman but this chicks got it coming  
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach  
And she's pregnant, but she's eggin' me on, beggin' me to throw her  
Off the steps of this porch, my only weapon is force  
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort  
But what's she shoving me for? Doesn't she love me no more?  
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?  
Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore  
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce  
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours  
And you found it isn't cause this bitch has been visiting  
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips

When you get back to Michigan, Now the plot has thickenin' worse  
Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a hearse  
So you paranoid at every little cold that you get  
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick  
So you goto the clinic, sweating every minute your in it  
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the Menace  
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby it's AIDS  
He ain't even gotta to call in you his office to say it  
So you jet back home, cause you gone get that ho  
And when you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo  
Cause you love her, you never would expect that blow  
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?  
Jesus, I don't believe this, bitch works at the Cleaner's  
Bringin' me home diseases swingin' from Obie's penis  
She's so deceivin', shit this ho's a genius  
She g'd us

Chorus:

I'm busy!

Fuck these bitches

Fuck em all

Get money

Ha!

Shady Records

Obie Trice

Eminem, mothafucka

New millenium shit...Yeah

Turn this shit off

Turn this shit the fuck off