

Eminem, Guilty Conscience 2

Welp, we did it now
I know right
It's beautiful ain't it?
Yeah, you happy now, bitch?
Yep
Alright, you got what you wanted
Yeah, what?
Let me go
Ha, never

Why does it feel like I'm always being tortured?
The bad apple spoils the whole orchard
Used to read comic books to learn more words
'Cause deep down I'm a dork, just a core nerd
Meaning nerds are the core, 'til I'm cornered
Then I'm the coroner
What shot is this? First, second, it's your third
Vision is more blurred
Speech is more slurred
Can't even form words
It's like a dream up inside of a dream
I'm trapped and it's worse than I could've imagined, it's madness
Can't wake up, try my damndest, but old habits are coming back
And now transgenders attack us, frontwards and backwards
They laughin', throwin midgets at us (Ha)
This ain't no dream now, huh? See what I mean now?
You see how they tryna make me out to be some kind of mean vile obscene, foul prick
I kick one freestyle 'bout beating down a special needs child and these people freak out
Told you we'd get slaughtered for saying "Retarded"
Aw, Marshall's gaining a conscience (Fuck you)
Fuck, this may come as a shock
I have you astonished regardless
Here's the thing about retarded people
What?
They don't fucking know they're retarded
Well, okay, you wanna fat shame, bitch
Two can play that game
You wanna judge people? (Yeah)
Matter of fact, ain't you the same one who hated bullies calling you bad names? (Yep)
Then you turn around and did the exact same (So?)
Just immature, literally
You're still mentally thirteen
And still thirsty for some controversy
You still picking on Christopher Reeves
Yeah, but you're me
And we're a team
So that means, we're in cahoots
That's conspiracy to commit murder
Lyrically, so clearly, you're the accessory, like jewelry
You ain't the judge or the jury, you're just as guilty
You rip on paraplegics, man, seriously?
Oh, bitch, it's a joke
No, it's not, it's embarrassing (What?)
Like David Carradine found with a pair of jeans at his ankles and belt around his larynx
I know, it's a scary scene
They're coming with everything
Little people are trolling me (Ha)
They saying they've had it up to here with me (What?)
Oh, hilarity (Come on)
Nah, do your thing
Fuck deaf people, yeah
Well, between me and you
I've think they've had it up to here with me too
What the fuck?

Sorry I'm not perfect as you, Marshall
Punching down on little people (Yeah), not cool
You just sound like a dick, wait, nah, fool (What?)
When I say, "Fuck midgets," I mean Ja Rule (Oh)
And I know that Chris Reeves song was recorded in 2004 for Encore (Yeah)
Fuck'd you take it off for?
'Cause he died
Man that motherfucker did that bullshit on purpose to ruin the song for us
Man, I never seen a bigger pussy than you
Bitch, look at all the shit the media's puttin' me through (What?)
'Cause of all the fuck shit that you pushed me to do (Me?)
Should've knew when I found you, you were just too good to be true
That's how we end up in these quagmires
You said you had my back, liar
But I helped you get your stacks higher (Yeah)
That's diamond sales like sapphires
Rap buyers, admires pack lines of admirers
Now they say you lack ire
That's why your satire backfires (Yeah)
Flat tires, no longer that guy you were prior to this, yeah
And I scare you 'cause (Why?)
I'm who you used to be (Who?)
The you who didn't crumble under the scrutiny (What?)
When it was you and me (Yeah)
I gave you power to use me as an excuse to be evil (I know)
You created me to say everything you didn't have the balls to say (Yep)
What you were thinking but in a more diabolic way
You fed me pills and a bottle of alcohol a day (Okay)
Made me too strong for you and lost control of me (You're right)
I took over you totally
You were socially awkward 'til you molded me (Yeah)
You was a loner and nobody
'Cause of me, you didn't take shit from nobody
Now look at you (What?)
Now you just a punk (Man), little scaredy cat (Word)
Got you shook like Shakira's ass (Yeah)
To look at your reflection staring back, bitch
It's just a mirror, relax
Man, you're so full of shit, you need MiraLAX
Open your mouth and shit flies out, just lies
You thinkin' you can rip my ass, undo these zipties
You can just undo my feet and keep my hands tied
'Cause like an avalanche, I'd still win by a landslide
Oh, you think so, bitch? Yeah, I know so
Okay, your hands and feet, I let 'em both go
Yeah, fuck now, ho, give me that gun, no, don't
Rear naked choke hold, let me go, yo
Here, take it, bozo (Yeah)
Weird bait, you homo (You ready?)
No, don't shoot (Here we go)
Bro, no, no
Now say you're sorry and you didn't mean any of it
I'm sorry, Marshalls a pussy, he's Dre and Jimmy's puppet
Sorry he gives a fuck, but pretends he doesn't
God, you piece of shit, that does it (Uh-oh)
Yeah, bitch, this is for him
Christopher, MGK, Nick, and for Limp Bizkit and them
Midgets and Ben- (Man, please)
'Zino, in addition to him
Will Smith and to Canibus, if you're listening, this is the end (Okay, okay, I'll stop)
So to Jamar and Ja Rule and to all my feuds including ma (What?)
I'm welcoming you to my (No, no)
Last hoorah, I bid you goodbye (Come on, man, don't do this) murder suicide
Killshot, booyaka, cock sucker
Coupe de grace, motherfucker

Oh, what the fuck?
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Yeah?
Paul, your not gonna fucking believe this bro
I had this dream, it was fucking crazy
It was like, the old me came back and the new me
And took over my brain and had me saying all this fucked up shit
About little people and Caitlyn Jenner and
PC Police were chasing me
And fucking Gen Z was tryna kill me
And quadriplegics
And Christopher Reeves
And I was saying all this fucked up shit
And I couldn't stop saying it
And then I wake and it was like I was still dreaming
Fuck you
Wait
Haha