

Eminem, Habits

Been waiting a long time for this shit (Ah)
Long time no see (Ah)
Thought you got rid of my ass, huh? (Let me go, you sick fuck)
Alright, here's what we're gonna do (Piece of shit)
You take this (No)
Or I put a bullet between your fucking eyes (I don't wanna)
Here (Fuck no)
Then we'll split it (No)

Half an Ativan, I'm drivin' straight at a van
In a black Sedan, fast as I can
In Pakistan gettin' chased by a pack of Stans
You know how I roll, bitch (What?), I'm an avalanche
This my shit, I'm gonna spit it how I wanna spit it
Whoever gets offended, suck a dick and fuck a critic
'Bout to get retarded on this motherfuckin' shit, it
"You can't say retarded," shut up, midget (The fuck?)
And I've been tryna break the habit of sayin' any R words
But I'm still an addict, so it's getting harder (Ah)
Been callin' bitches "hoes" since a kindergartner
This is Jimmy Carter, now I'm kitty-cornered (What?)
Sittin' in PC court with a shitty lawyer (Shit), like damn

You got an addiction, man (Ah)
I know you can't get rid of me forever
'Cause you know that I'm prescription, man
Goddamn, I miss you, Slim (Woo)
You got an addiction, man
I know you can't get rid of me forever
'Cause you know that I'm prescription, man
Next time, I'll be in your vein (Yeah)

Was just a kid from Detroit who knew how to destroy the booth
And had a point to prove (Yeah), and I'm missin' (What?)
Venomous, still I poison youth, sentences (Yeah)
I'm pennin' are just to toy with you
Which is a joy to do, Slim is just (What?)
A lyricist here to voice his true sentiments (Yeah), got the women pissed
And it seems like men are just (What?) off growing a huge clitoris (Pussies)
Yeah, I probably annoyed a few feminists
I reminisce on them blowing a fuse over my points of views
Still I'm devoid of two shits to give (Yeah)
My thinkin' is primitive
But when it comes to givin' it to anybody, boy, is Bruce generous (Marshall)
And I'm 'bout as much of boy as Bruce Jenner is (Damn)
'Cause I'm not a boy, I'm a man, bitch, man-bitch (Ha-ha)
My speech is free as his choice to choose gender is (Man)
This shit is like opioid abuse, isn't it? (Yup)

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There's times when I lay down to sleep I argue with myself
Am I the only one who thinks it's weird? Do I need help?
Just a little bit, no, a lot of it, I really, really gotta quit
Something's wrong with me, my God, old habits die hard

Look at you

What's the matter with you people?
You're sad that people are mean?
Well, I'm sorry, the world isn't one big liberal arts college campus
**** you, you're all pricks

Mom shaming, dad shaming (Ah), yeah
Fat shaming (What?), man-splaining, blah (Pfft)
Cry babies attack Shady, wah
Mad 'cause they can't tame me (Get it)
Here come the censors (Look out), like the Avengers
And they assemble like Prince and then turn
A word like "ginger" into the N-word
All these pronouns (Ah) I can't remember (Damn)
They or them, theirs? (Who?) His or him, hers? (Ah)
Into them girls who bought tits to get attention
Then get hit on by ugly men who are (Creep)
Not in your league, so you pretend you're a victim
And me-too 'em (Ah), outraged, how fake? (What?)
Nowadays, some gals, they (What?) just clout-chase (Yeah)
Look at me with sour grapes and your brow raised
Bitch, you ain't about head (What?), about face (Woo)
Little white, middle-age, upper-middle-class
With a glass of wine and your cigarette
Bitch, get off the internet (Yeah)
You ain't even fed your kids dinner yet (Still)
Parental discretion, mental aggression, my head's a Smith & Wesson
You're messin' with a lethal weapon, like an evil stepdad
I got an infrared like the ginger stepkid who pissed the bed
I do this shit in jest and it's just a messin' up with your head
And if men wanna wear lipstick and women's underwear
Who cares? Their shit is their business, now bear witness
Beware, bitches, the Blair Witch on you scared bitches
I'm surreptitious (What?) on square business
Just attacked my therapist with a pair of scissors like "Merry Christmas"
Dressed as a Hare Krishna, terrorist with a hair trigger (Woo)
But with these buttons I'm always pushing (Yeah), pain I'm always inflicting (What?)
Protestors outside the Shady offices livid (Yeah)
It'll make you think that you had the game on lock 'til they pick it (Trick it)
Only way for me to explain it is I'm conflicted (What?)
Walkin' on eggshells, like if I take it too far, is this it? (Yeah)
Part of me gets it and wants to say I'm sorry and fix it (I'm so-)
So all my statements are basically contradictive (What?)
Like using the F-word for gay is wrong and offensive (What?)
And insensitive as if me sayin' the R-word isn't (Wait)
Wait a minute, which R-word? Rape or retarded, midget? (Not cool, guys)
Would this rhyme be okay if South Park had did it? (Okay, screw you guys)
Would it make you less angry if Cartman spit it? (Goddammit)
And as far as what I just stated, regarding midgets
You'll probably think I'll just say that I'm playin', I'm not, I meant it (Yeah)
Swear to God I see one of them little fuckers come at me
I'll pick it up by its legs and drop it and kick it
"Marshall, you're wicked, face it, you are addicted" (I know)
But they gon' do me the same as DaBaby with all of this shit (Why?)
Chappelle and Colin, they're callin' Shady misogynistic
While raisin' three daughters, two graduated from college with honor
Summa cum laude, my sense of humor is probably twisted
It's painfully obvious-tic

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I'm just playin', little people, you know I love you