

Eminem, Head Honcho

Doin' my best just to not blow my cover
Know it's all just a test, but I can't pass up this hunger
There's still a hole in my chest and I'm tryna strap it with numbers
All you hoes got your checks, but I'm a queen when I run up
Cross a king with my hunters, shootin' threes in abundance
Rookie Gs, I can thug us, he points to me, shut the fuck up
Annihilation's what we love, steady hittin', gettin' dodged
Just wait 'til we get the guns out
Kwarenta-singko na kalibre o nuwebe, 'kaw na bahala
Sa dinami-rami mong mali, utak mo lang may tama
Sa kitid mo mag-isip, pare, 'la ka man lang nabanat
Naglalim-laliman, ang sarap mong ilublob sa dagat
'Di kailangang magpatunay sa sinuman na nakikinig
'Di masasalag ng sintido o ng iyong bibig
Picture this, I might be a hero to your little kid
Or a villain, either way, I'm the fuckin' head

I'm the head honcho, money come from my flow
Que hubole blanco, then get the bread pronto (Uh-huh)
Yeah, I'm the head honcho, money come from my flow (Yeah)
Que hubole blanco (Uh), then get the bread pronto (Look, I got)

Got loose strips, two grip, that's the shit I'm smooth with
I'm the new kid that these fathers can't fool with
Send my new slips as tightly than how these boots fit
I got that new drip, that drowned titanical cruise ships
Don't you dip and dabble too close
Just watch us from the distance, I don't fuck with all that glucose
You fall and need assistance, I could do the same, but who knows
I'd rather say, "Good riddance," Jack the Ripper rippin' paroles
Annihilate with persistence to try to say something different
But while today, I'm just spittin' to rhyme while makin' a livin'
But mama say that I'm different, she proud of how I do business
I'd kinda resemble Hitman that got away from the killin'

I'm the head honcho, money come from my flow
The clip [?] blanco, then get the bread pronto
Yeah, I'm the head honcho, they call me the boss, though
You can call me Marshall, then get the bread pronto (Yo)

You don't relate to me, guess you never been angry or sad (Hm)
Or maybe just have never had to ever face adversity
Take any ass whippings, I basically had
To see some shit that'd make you faint like you're fakin' a jab (Pussy)
Bitch, you wish you had a life like mine (Yeah)
You just fantasize the shit you write, you guys like lying (Yeah)
Everything you ever been through multiplied by nine (What?)
Ain't even half the shit I went through by the time I was five (Like, what?)
Saw my uncle get stabbed, took a knife right in the abs (Yeah)
And all he was tryna do was get my tricycle back, yeah
The one that Boogie, Malcolm and Isaac just jacked
After they jumped me and stomped me (Boom) and hit me twice with a bat (Ugh)
Was five and a half, second time I survived an attack
Two twins, they call themselves the bulldogs (Hrr), white kids and fat
I was too frightened to scrap (Ha), I didn't fight or hit back
And you wonder why is it that? I treat a mic like a gat
Fully loaded, but I pull it, a bullet from out a barrel the size (Brr) of a derringer flies
That's how I would characterize lyrics
But America, I could see the fear in your eyes
You saw my terrible side, the blonde hair and blue eyes
Now, the writing is on the wall like graffiti still
If you're havin' trouble reading, will make it simple, he's Ezekiel
Easy name to remember (Why?)
'Cause his rap name is the same as like ten minutes on stage is for me (Oh), easy mill

Or should I say measly mill? (Haha)
Yeah, 'cause as sure as Ma used to feed me
Sleeping pills to keep me (Yeah), sleepy still, it was creepy
'Cause indeed, she (What?) could've easily Casey Anthony'd me (Yeah)
These rappers, I'm above 'em, but punchin' down ain't beneath me (Nope)
Cold as the wind chill factor, but the fact is I don't know when to chill
But every time I come out, they expect me to fuckin' reinvent the wheel
Rappers get praised for spittin' bars with less than the tenth of skill
Imbecile on the ledge like a Benzo pill on a windowsill
Now cancelled ain't the word for me
You need a term that's probably stronger than dirty laundry (Hell)
This controversy got me in the worst of quandaries
Feel like the Earth's axis, the world's turnin' on me
Like them cops in Akron, Ohio with Jayland Walker
Ain't caught this much flak in a while (Nah) since back as a child (Damn)
And all I did was say like one thing bad then it spiraled
Saw you crackin' a smile (Haha), and relapsed into my old ways
Back into vile (Yup)
Guess there ain't no civilizin' a savage, and I don't (No)
Give a fuck if you hate me worse than these track on Revival (Huh)
Bitch, I'm back like a spinal (Yeah), get it crackin' like chiros
It's the coup de grâce, I'm cooler than removin' claws from a cougar's paws and throwin' it back in t
But you tamin' me? Ain't gonna happen, and I'll
Live on planet denial (Ha) for the rest of my life
But you be a stan 'til I die, though (Ha)