## Eminem, Houdini

Hey, Em, it's Paul Uh, I was listening to the album Good fucking luck, you're on your own

Guess who's back, back again? Shady's back, tell a friend Guess who's back? (Haha) Da-da-da, da, da, da, da, da Da-da-da, da, da, da, da

Well, look what the stork brung (What?) Little baby devil with the forked tongue And it's stickin' out, yeah, like a sore thumb (Bleh) With a forehead that it grew horns from (Look) Still a white jerk (It's him), pullin' up in a Chrysler to the cypher With the Vics, Percs and a Bud Light shirt Lyrical technician (Yeah), an electrician (Yeah) Y'all light work (Haha) And I don't gotta play pretend, it's you I make believe (What?) And you know I'm here to stay 'cause me (Why?) If I was to ever take a leave (What?) It would be aspirin' to break a feve' (Yeah) If I was to ask for Megan Thee (What?) Stallion if she would collab with me Would I really have a shot at a feat? (Haha) I don't know, but I'm glad to be back like

Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)
I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh (Like)
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick, poof)
Just like that and I'm back, bro

Now, back in the days of old me (When?)
Right around the time I became a dope fiend (Oh)
Ate some codeine as a way of coping (Mm)
Taste of opiates, case of O.E.
Turned me into smiley face emoji (Woo)
My shit may not be age-appropriate
But I will hit an eight-year-old in the face with a participation trophy 'Cause I have zero doubts

That this whole world's 'bout To turn into some girl scouts

That censorship bureau's out to (Shut me down)

So when I started this verse

It did start off lighthearted at first (Hmm)

But it feels like I'm targeted

Mind-bogglin' how my profit has skyrocketed

Look what I pocketed

Yeah, the shit is just like y'all had been light joggin', and

I've been runnin' at full speed

And that's why I'm ahead like my noggin', and

I'm the fight y'all get in

When you debate who the best, but opps, I'm white chalkin' when

I step up to that mic, cock it then

"Oh my God, it's him! Not again!"

Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)
I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh (Like)
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick, poof)
Just like that and I'm back, bro (Break it down)

Sometimes, I wonder what the old me'd say (If what?) If he could see the way shit is today (Look at this shit, man) He'd probably say that everything is gay (Like happy) What's my name? What's my name? (Slim Shady)

So how many little kids still wanna act like me? (Haha)

I'm a bigger prick than cacti be (Yeah)

And that's why these (What?)

Words sting just like you were being attacked by bees (Bzz)

In the coupe, leaning back my seat (What?)

Bumpin' R. Kelly's favorite group (Uh), the black guy (Guy) pees (Pees, haha)

In my Air Max 90s

White Ts, walkin' parental advisory

My transgender cat's Siamese (Why?)

Identifies as black, but acts Chinese (Haha)

Like a motherfuckin' Hacky Sack, I treat (What?)

The whole world 'cause I got it at my feet (Yeah)

How can I explain to you (What?)

That even myself I'm a danger to? (Yeah)

I hop on tracks like a kangaroo

And say a few things or two to anger you

But fuck that, if I think that shit, I'ma say that shit

Cancel me, what? Okay, that's it

Go ahead, Paul, quit, snake-ass prick

You male cross dresser (Haha), fake-ass bitch

And I'll probably get shit for that (Watch)

But you can all suck my dick, in fact

Fuck them, fuck Dre, fuck Jimmy, fuck me, fuck you

Fuck my own kids, they're brats (Fuck 'em)

They can screw off (Yeah), them and you all (Uh)

You too, Paul (Punk), got two balls

Big as RuPaul's (Woah)

What you thought you saw ain't what you saw (Nah)

'Cause you're never gon' see me

Caught sleepin' and see the kidnappin' never did happen

Like Sherri Papini, Harry Houdini

I vanish into the thin air as I'm leavin' like

Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)

I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh (Like)

Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick, poof)

Just like that and I'm back, bro