

Eminem, Lucifer

The coup de grâce is the final shot, right between the eyes
Also known (Haha) as the kill shot (People)
Woo, it feels so good to be (Bad)
Aight, here we go (Bet), aight, I'ma start this, I got it

Before I get banned, kicked off Twitter
And TikTok, 'cause they so damn ticked off, bitter
They want me to bounce (Like what?) like a fabric softener
We just got rid of Ye, go kick rocks with him (Ayy)
But Dre on beats with the white-faced blondie on the mic is like (What?)
Havin' Steady B and Cool C in the ride
Like we rap and did a little bank robbery on the side
So they want beef, we can make, like Bonnie and collide
Haters can meet the same exact fate as my dad, wait
Least you didn't miss me graduate (Yeah, great)
But Mom, do I still act eight?
Uh, maybe a little, Debbie (What?), like a snack cake (Haha; slut!)

But if this is what he'd do to his mom
Imagine what he'd do to you, I'm a lunatic armed
And if it's you I used to clip on, for you to respond is ludicrous
Ma, look at what your uterus spawned: Lucifer

Must be a cold day in Hell (Hell)
Tell me what have we done? (Whoa)
Take me out of my misery
I bought Heaven when it was up for sale
And now I need a refund, bae (Yeah)
(Wait, what the fuck? Where'd I put my-?)

I think someone messed with my meds probably (Yo, who took my-?)
I bet it's my ex, Molly, that I've bludgeoned to death
Already severed the head, I smell the fresh scent of flesh rotting
So it's breakfast in bed if I wake up next to a dead body (Ah)
Multiple lacerations, contusions, abrasions, bruises
Hallucinations, delusions, abusive: my language usage
They lose it when Dre produced it, as soon as he plays the music
It's lunacy, treat the beat like a choice: Shady chews it
Now all I see is dollar signs, losers
Bitch, I was in them trenches like them Columbine shooters
I was down bad, broke, and almost abandoned hope (Now what?)
Now my followers are like a Satanic cult (What?)
Yeah, they listen to me like when Manson spoke (Shh)
They say I don't know struggle no more, that's a joke (Haha)
Bitch, the fuckin' elevator in my mansion's broke (See)
I have to walk like half a block to get a can of Coke (Damn)
And Candace O, I ain't mad at her (Ah)
I ain't gon' throw the fact bitch forgot she was Black back at her
Laugh at her like them crackers she's backin' after
Her back is turnin', a cute MAGA hat with her brand-new "White Lives Matter" shirt (Haha, dope)
Or save this MAGA dirtbag in a skirt
Just opened the biggest can of worms on the whole planet Earth
Call her "Grand Wizard" (Yeah), "Klandace" (Haha), or "Grand Dragon"
Or like the national anthem, I won't stand for the tramp (Why?)
But I can't diss her 'cause my plans are to get in her pants
And I'll blow my chance if I answer back to her
My shit is like taking Deborah Mathers at her word
Yeah, I'm that absurd, we had a spat and afterwards
We squashed the beef like a hamburger patty, or should I say gigantic turd?
'Cause I put that shit to bed like Amber Heard at a Mattress Firm (Slut)

But if this is what he'd do to his mom (Pfft)
Imagine what he'd do to you (Haha), I'm a lunatic armed
And if it's you I used to clip on, for you to respond is ludicrous

Ma, look at what your uterus spawned: Lucifer

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I bought Heaven when it was up for sale
And now I need a refund, bae (Yeah)

So whether you friend or you are foe (Whoa)
Far as bars go, even fuckin' retards know (Yeah)
That as far as smoke with me, I don't think it'd be smart, so (Oh)
Might as well go lookin' for smoke with Lamar, bro (Yeah), but, Marshall
You're gettin' more perverse every time you record a verse, and
It's like you came from 2000, stepped out a portal cursin'
Hurlin' horrible slurs towards the world, and
Why can't you make fun of people behind their backs like a normal person?
But when you reach these heights, freedom of speech dies (What?)
With every line that I recite, them PC police try
To throw me in jail with no bail like a peace prize
For all of them years (What?), they reduced me to tears (Yeah)
Tried to shrink me to pea-sized, only to see my (What?)
Self-esteem rise, now these are my replies (Mm)
They made me eat shit (Shit), I fed it back to 'em three times (Yeah)
Stepfather's the only (What?) one I ever been beat by (Haha)
Squeeze mics like Burmese pythons (Yeah), here's for each time (What?)
You sleep on the flow (What?), ho, you hear these strings climb (Yeah)
You reap what you sow (So what?), so first I must weave rhymes (Yeah)
So seamlessly, then I'ma leave eyes in a state of disbelief
My genius is a trait, so the gap's in our genes, right? (Haha, the gap)
At least, that's what it seems like
And I'm Lucifer and Dre is the producer for the Antichrist