

# Eminem, Same Song & Dance

[Intro]

Yeah... Same song and dance...  
Damn girl everywhere I go, same song and dance  
I like the way you move, all over the globe  
Same song and dance... Something about it man  
Same song and dance... In the pale moon light

[Verse 1]

I'm lookin' at you yeah girl, you're kinda taken back by  
The whole rapper thing aren't ya  
Probably thinking you'll get slapped so damn hard, ya  
Won't even be able to stand up straight aren't ya  
Couple rape charges people think you're a monster  
The police constantly buggin' ya non stop  
I walk upon ya, well hello Tonya  
I think you got your on start button inside your car stuck  
You outta gas? Do you got a flat?  
I would hate for you to be stranded at the laundrymat  
I got your back, why don't you put your laundry baskets in the back  
And sit up front, I'm not askin', it's a trap  
You just got jacked, and bodysnatched and it's a wrap  
In broad day, and no mask for this attack  
I heard them say, exact opposite to track  
If that's a fact, it'll take taskforce to get you back

[Chorus]

Yeah baby, do that dance  
it's the last dance you'll ever get the chance to do  
Girl shake that ass  
You ain't ever gonna break that glass, that windshield's too strong for you  
I said Yeah baby, sing that song  
It's the last song you'll ever get the chance to sing  
You sexy little thing, show me what you got, give it your all  
Look at you ball, why you cryin' to me? Same song and dance

[Verse 2]

First victim I had, she was a big one  
big movie star, a partygirl, big fun  
She was the girl the media always picked on  
In and out of rehab every 4 to 6 months  
She was always known for little pranks and slick stunts  
And Nickelodeon flashed her little kids once  
What an event it was, I was sitting in front  
I was hooked in at the first glimpse of them buns  
Seen her backstage, now here's where I come in son  
Look, here she comes, I better pull out the big guns  
Hello Lindsay, you're lookin' a little thin hun  
How 'bout a ride to rehab, get in cunt  
Starting off on the wrong foot is what I didn't want  
I'm just kiddin' let me start over again hun  
See what I meant was, you should have a little intervention  
Come with me to Brighton, let me relieve your tension  
You little Wench ya, murder wasn't my intention  
If I wanted to kill you, it would of already been done  
Slowly she gets in, and I begin to lynch her with 66 inches of extension  
cord...

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

My second victim was even bigger than the first

Popstar icon, the whole works  
She played a little school girl, when she first burst upon the scene, and seen that the world was hers  
She swirls and turns and flirts in skirts so bad it hurts  
It hurt me and made me mad at first  
I lashed out in my songs, but what was really going on  
is that I had developed a crush, I just didn't know how to tell it to her  
Should I cut off one of my ears and mail it to her?  
Send her pictures of my collection of skeletons or  
Footage of me impaling myself on an elephant tusk  
We'll settle this once and for all, I'ma tell her at dusk  
Tonight, tonight is the night, and tell her I must  
Creep up to her mansion in stilettos and just  
Climb the gate and ring the bell, Like hello my love  
I just picked your prescription for seroquel up  
Now would you like to share a pill or two with me?  
I'll share my valium with you, cause I'm feelin' you Britney  
I'll trade you a blue one for a pink one  
Ever since a school girl juvenile delinquent  
I been feelin' you ooh ooh girl, you sexy little gal you  
You hold that pill any longer it'll get sentimental value  
Cmon' toots, give me the valium, Alioop  
I'll slam dunk it into your mouth til you puke  
And just as soon as you pass out in your alphabet suit  
I'm bout to make a new outfit out of you  
New outfit? Shit I'll make a suit out of you, shoot  
No show me how you move, baby do how you do  
[Chorus]  
Yeah baby, do that dance  
it's the last dance you'll ever get the chance to do  
Girl shake that ass  
you ain't ever gonna break that glass, that windshield's too strong for you  
I said Yeah baby, sing that song  
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You sexy little thing, show me what you got, give it your all  
Look at you ball, why you cryin' to me? Same song and dance  
[Outro]  
Same kickin' and screamin', same prayin' and sobbin'  
Same song and dance, same beggin' and pleadin'  
Same yellin' and bleedin', same song and dance  
Yeah same song and dance, I know... Same song and dance