

Eminem, Stir Crazy (Feat. Madd Rapper)

(Uhh, hell yea man. Hmm, oh, fuck yeah
When Im not at home, beatin my shit to death
I'm listenin to the Madd Rapper's album
This is Ken Kaniff, and Im still mad as hell... fuck you)
(Eminem)
I'm crazy with this razor; with this razor Im crazy
With this crazor Im razy, razor crazed, Im crazy
(OK, Im unloaded!) (Go beat Jay-Z!)
(Tell them Im the ghostwrite form) (On Dres beat)
Ran in the ladies room naked in a blanket
At the banquet and started to spank it
Came in the bank with a tank
Fired a blank at the clerk
And handcuffed her ankles at the safe
And thanked her, but I didnt take nothin
Every bullet came from the same gun
Just from different angles
Cause I was pickin strange places to aim from
[Madd Rapper] Man, I bet you 50 bucks you wont jump out the window, Shady
(glass breaking) Pay me
(Madd Rapper)
Psych, no way. fucked up in the head
Shot my girl and my sister cuz I caught them in bed
Im a crazy motherfucker, might shoot me a fed
Or I just might start a fist fight instead
See as far as the dough go
I go loco; see me pumpin gas at your local Sonoco
Stuck off the hydro mixed with cocoa
Jump turn styles, then run from Po Po
[Madd Rapper] Life stinks; we dont give a fuck son, we crazy
Tear up the clubs and do drugs, we crazy
Fuck wild hoes, and bust slugs, we crazy
Madd Rapper is crazy, Slim Shady is
[Eminem] Crazy
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[Eminem] Crazy
(Madd rapper)
Yo yo, I wish id been aborted
My pockets got a shortage
Everythin I wanna floss, I cant afford it
Im tryin to sell a O, my pops tryin to snort it
My daughter's babysitter is about to be deported
Im mad cuz I still stand in line for clubs
Mad cuz my rott-weiler still shits on the rugs (God damn it, Spike)
Feelin kinda crazy now, i just might flip out
Slim Shady gave me shrooms and I might trip out, like...
fuck that Slim, keep that for yourself
You a crazy white dude and you need some help, word
(Eminem)
I got a beautiful wife, kids and a gorgeous home
What would make jump in the tub with a cordless phone
Im straight vicious; I hit you with plates and dishes
Leave you eight stitches; what, Im gay cuz I hate bitches?
Slut, dont be nice to me, Ive had it with girls
And Id still be mad at the world, even if it apologized to me (sorry)
Youre hearin the last thoughts of a man about to blow his fuckin brains out
Fall back with a blood stained blouse on top of his spouse
Spread out on a blood stained couch
In front of his kids that he just killed in the same house
Im sicker than Boy George picturin Michael Jackson
In a little boys drawer shoppin at toy stores

Shady said it, Shady mean it
I stay demented; Ill throw a stroller at you, with a baby in it
Go ahead pull the plug, think I wont smack you
I just dropped a fuckin pill, mom, dont vacuum
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