

# Eminem, Under The Influencee

querh ner ner ner, le le le le, le le, le le, quer ner le  
ner neich ner neh

translation:

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
Cuz I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

[Eminem]

Two pills I pop, till my pupils swell up like two pennies  
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid-20's  
A young-ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass  
So the rats can't chew through his last pants  
I'm like a mummy at night, fightin with bright lightning  
Frightened with five little white Vicaden pills bitin him  
I'm like a fucking wasp in the hospital, lost  
Stingin the fuck out of everything I come across in the halls  
I light a candle and place it up on the mantle  
Grab a knife by the blade and stab you with the fucking handle  
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds hurtin  
(Bitch it's too late)

Cuz once you're hung from the drapes, it's "curtains"  
[Swifty]

I'm an instigator, three-eighty slug penetrator  
They bring creating murders to kill haters  
Accused for every crime known to the equator  
They knew I did it, for havin blood on my gators  
My weed'll hit your chest like a double-barreled gaugean  
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in your face(WA WA WA WA)  
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Henny I do shit on purpose  
You'll never hear me say "forgive me";  
I'm snatchin every penny, it's gotta be that way  
Nigga face it, that weed I sold to you? Regate laced it  
You had it, I'll make the President get a face-lift  
Niggas just afraid, handin me their bracelets  
Chillin in the lab wasted

I'm the type that'll drink Kaluha and Gin, and throw up on the mic  
Don't like this rule, you get socked right on sight  
And even at the Million Man March, we gon' fight  
So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
Cos I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit  
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
[Bizarre]

I'm a compulsive liar, set my preacher on fire  
Slash your tires, find out, thinkin they're mine  
Plate's expired, so as soon as I'm hired, I'm fired  
Jackin my dick off in a band of barbed wires  
"Hey, is Bizarre performing?"  
Bitch, didn't you read the flyer?  
Special invited guest will be Richard Pryor  
"Aren't you a male dancer?"  
Naw bitch, I'm retired, for fuckin a bitch in the ass with a tire iron  
I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip  
My DJ's in a coma for lettin the record skip  
Lettin the record skip - lettin the record skip (Damn!)  
(reverse revolving of record)  
I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin  
It's gonna cost \$300 dollars to get my pit bull an  
abortion

Some bitch asked for my autograph  
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face, and laughed  
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam  
All bitches are hoes, even my stinkin ass mom  
[Proof]

Ayo flashback, two seats, too deep up in that asscrack  
Weed laced with somethin, nigga pass that

In Amsterdam we only hang out with hashrats  
At a Stop The Violence rally  
I blast gats, be it a mom or publishing  
Get your ASCAP-ed, the Kuniva, divider  
Yo cash that, run your motherfucking pockets  
ASAP, I don't need a platinum chain  
Bitch, I'll snatch Shaq's, born loser  
Half thief and half black  
Bring your boys and your guns, and get laughed at  
Bitch smack 'em, rich rappers get ejac-jacked  
And found chopped up in a trash bag  
[Kuniva]  
We stranglin rappers to the point they can't yell  
Cuz their crew is full of fags, sweeter than bake sells  
Wreckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace  
Cruisin and causin more trouble than nine hoodlums  
I rattle your Adam's Apple until it crackles  
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you  
Get executed, cuz I'm a looney  
I got an adept mind, and it's polluted  
I cock it back then shoot it  
I love snatchin' up players, thugs, and young ballers  
Shoot up they household, even the young toddlers  
Brigades barricade to bring the noise  
While the bullets wrap you bones up like Christmas toys  
If I go solo, I'm doing a song with Bolo  
A big Chinese nigga, screamin "Kuniva yo-yo"  
I'll leave your face leakin  
Run up in church and smack the preacher while he's preachin  
Take a swing at the deacon  
[Kon Artis]  
I used to tell cats I sold weed and weight  
I was straight until I got caught sellin em shaped  
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent  
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin sex in my tent  
With the superintendents daughter  
My brains out of order  
I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin in water  
In cahoots with this nigga named Carisle Von  
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb  
(special delivery)  
I signed to a local label for fun  
Say I got cancer, get dropped an advancement and run  
Drive by you in the rain while you carry your son  
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin me none  
Born straight up out a pussy but the son of a gun  
Got a reputation for havin niggas run up they funds  
Used to be the type of nigga that was full of some ones  
Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin in dough  
So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit  
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
Cos I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit  
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
Suck my motherfucking dick...  
D12...Dirty motherfucking Dozen...  
Assed you like a snake slut bitch with 30 fucking husbands...  
Bizarre Kid...Swiftly McVay...The Kon Artis...The Kuniva...  
Derty Hairy...Haha,and Slim Shady...