

# Eminem, Vegas (Iggy Azalea Diss)

Got a shit-eatin' grin  
Bitch, show me them itty-bitty titties again  
We're in Sin City  
Since when did we begin to get 'dicted to dope  
Diggity, bitch, you need to run and go get your frigidity-friends  
I'm looking at your bum-stickity-bum, hun  
The mickity mack's bickity back, don't act wickity-wack  
And you can get the fickity-finger, the middle  
You little dizzy bitch, eatin' spaghetti again  
Got a 6 o'clock craving, stop, get Ciroc  
It's 'bout to be an unbelievable night  
I called it surreal, Sir Mix-a-Lot tape in  
Hit the spot, spot my next victim  
I'm picky like I missed a spot shavin'  
Came to sip vodka, shit  
Yeah, that little chick is hot but if she got rabies  
I wouldn't give the bitch a shot, I'd poke her in the rear  
But I bet if I licked her, she'd try to chase me (Ha-ha)  
What are you, pit, rott, mixed?  
Or you just got fixed, well, shit, then, let's lip-lock  
If not then, chicks, piss off, you snobby little pig snot nose  
You think you're hot shit cause you're in heat  
Well, bitch, if you're solar, then I'm your polar opposite, dog  
Cause I'm colder than popsicle sticks, poppin' shit  
Talkin' it, walkin' it, spit boxin'  
My sick thoughts are 'bout to lick shots, like this shit's hoppin'  
And drip-droppin' in chocolatey whip-toppin'  
So whether you're hip-hop, Slipknot, B.I.G., Pac  
Kid Rock, Kris Kross, Rick Ross, you'll dig this  
If not then kick rocks in flip flops  
And I produced the track  
So you don't have to ask who it is when this shit knocks (Turn up!)  
So bring clairvoyance to this bangin and I'mma keep on saying  
All the shit I should be hung for, and probably killed for saying  
And I probably will, but not until the day I pop a pill again  
Like chopping 'til I'm dropping, still if that don't  
Do the job of killing Shady, then the karma will  
They saying I must bring it as Mohammad  
Until the Parkinson's done eat away my brain  
And made me Robin Williams crazy  
Or I end up with dementia, but you rocking with a sadist  
Hate to say this, but if the thought is entertaining  
I ain't stopping till be sprayed it  
Oh my god, for real man, not again I'm shaking  
But before I tie a rope around this nob  
If they don't like it, got a knob that they can slob on until  
Wait I just forgot what I was thinking  
What's it called again? I'm blanking  
The thing above the balls between my legs and I think  
I can feel it dangling, it's throbbing and it's veiny  
Wait I think I got it, okay bitch I got you, Robin Williams hanging  
Go hang in the lobby unless you came to slob me  
Come on kemosabe  
It's past time, like your favorite hobby  
Cause if the way that I spit shit remains on my dick  
then she grab me by the nuts and tried to take my sausage as a hostage  
Ain't it obvious? Pretty much a no brainer, or should I say Cobainer?  
That she's plain addicted to my dick like Lorena Bobbit  
Got a wean her off it, weiner off it like she took my fucking penis  
chopped it, and stuck it up between her armpits  
And she begun to swing a crumpet knife and paint the carpet  
at least that's what her train of thought is  
Cause I came, saw, conquered, hit it  
quit it, and made up a plane of bonkers

And I always end up giving these bitches some complex  
And I don't mean apartment  
So spread your feet apart  
And let me see you do some yoga stretches, splits  
Now grab this Cuisinart  
And make me breakfast, bitch, that's a prerequisite  
And that's just to get in this bedroom, bitch  
Walked up to that Ke\$ha chick (what up?)  
Said my name is Booger, wanna catch a flick?  
I'll even let you pick, make her fetch a stick  
Bet you if you get this old dog these new tricks  
To get familiar with I'll learn extra quick  
Kick a pregnant bitch, oops, I guess the shit  
Took an unexpected twist like the neck of the freaking exorcist  
Bitch, I said that this mask ain't for hockey  
Hate Versace, Versace, I got Münchhausen by proxy  
I'm making you sick, don't pretend you can't hear me  
You deaf, girl, I said you was foxy  
I'll tell a bitch like Bizarre  
Bitch, shut the fuck up and get in my car  
And suck my fucking dick while I take a shit  
And I think with my dick so come blow my mind  
And it tastes like humble pie  
So swallow my pride, you're lucky just to follow my ride  
If I let you run alongside the Humvee  
Unless you're Nicki, grab you by the wrist, let's ski  
So what's it gon' be? Put that shit away Iggy  
You gon' blow that rape whistle on me  
(Squee!) I love it  
'Fore I get lost with the gettin' off  
Like this is our exit, now lets hit the highway and try not to get lost  
'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)  
Vegas  
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Vegas

Whatever happens here, stays here  
So let's go all the way dear  
Til we get to Las Vegas

Whatever happens in my room, it stays in my room like movie night like cable  
Treat every women in my stable like flavors  
Looking like she kryptonite and I get weak after like 7 days  
In 7 nights in the days and it's our Vegas  
We rolling circles and packs, we the lifesavers  
She got a boyfriend, I got a toy then  
I'll bring her with me when I show up to her crib waving  
And I ain't tryna be the nice neighbor  
I'm so Jay Electronic, I'm cut like I'm all out of razors  
And all I got is a gun left with a bayonet on it  
Next ho froze and it look like I walked in to a jewelry store  
With a about a million dollars with your mama  
And sat down did an ALS challenge, huh  
I stole that adlib from French, Bad & Evil back at it again  
About to get my back tatted again  
About to get a pic of a backstabber with an axe in his hand

Sitting on a bike in the sand  
If you ain't been through nothing  
Then that shouldn't mean nothing to you like likes on the Gram  
If she current I keep her pussy purring like the pipes on a lamp  
Weed got her so chinky eyed  
Look like she been getting high on a flight to Japan  
I keep my jewelry on while I'm fucking  
Sound like I'm shaking up dice in a can  
Listen, though this ain't Christmas I make you my ex miss  
If this is my passion  
I learn to give those who don't appreciate my presence  
The gift of my absence  
I don't know who you been listening to  
Got me fucked up like Pookie in the chicken coop  
Bitch, I don't give a two shits  
Bitch, get the fuck out of my face  
To make a long story short, I don't really gotta stand there  
And listen to you while you throw a silly tantrum  
Even though I have an affinity for witty banter  
Starting to feel like foulplay like Billy Laimbeer  
Hold up, she misunderstood me  
I said saint, por favor  
Thought I said to wait, had four doors  
I knock a nigga face off  
Give him the bottom of the nine like a baseball scoreboard (whatever)  
I leave the club with my tab still open  
Won't even get a cab for you and your friend  
The only fear I have is of loathing  
And I won't even kick in 'till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)  
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