Drips (feat. Obie Trice)

Eminem

Obie, Yo?I'm sickDamn, you straight dogg?Bitches Getting sickThat's why I ain't got no time For these games and stupid tricks

Or these bitches on my dick

That's how dudes be getting sickThat's how dicks' be getting drips

Falling victim's to this shit

From these bitches on our dicks

Fucking chickens with no ribs

That's why I aint got no time

Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk

I hadda bag of tha skunk, one and last night's tunk

Pussy residue was on my penis, Denise, from the Cleaners

Fucked me good, you should've seen us

Big booty bitch, switch unbearable, french role styling

body like a stallion

Sizing up the figure, while my shit getting bigger

Debating on to fuck her, do I wanna be a nigga?

Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them titsSipping on that fine shit, I ain't use to

buyingI gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory

Like taking ho's money, but that's another story

For surely your pussy on toast, after we toast

Her clothes fell like Bishop and JuiceThe womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my john In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop!

Response I got when I was knocking it

Clocks steading ticking, kinky finger licking

The cannon, semen's at my tip when she moans I gotta slow down before I cum soon And work that nigga, like a slave owner

When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her

She foaming at the lips, the ones between her hips

Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip

Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though

Pussy tighter than conditions of his black folks

Me in the final stretch, the last part of sex

I bust a fat ass nut - then I woke up nextLike, what the fuck is going on here? This bitch evapouratedPussy and all just picked up and vaccatedAnd now I'm frustrated cause my dick was unprotected

And doctor Wesley telling me I ain't really got that shit

FuckThat's why I ain't got no time

For these games and stupid tricks

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That's why I aint got no timeNow I don't wanna hit no women but this chicks got it coming Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach

And she's pregnant, but she's egging me on, begging me to throw her

Off the steps on this porch, my only weapon is force

And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort What's she shoving me for? Doesn't she love me no more?

Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?

Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore

What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce

She's having another baby in a month and it's yours

And you found it isn't cause this bitch has been visiting

Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips

When you get back to Michigan, now the plot has thickend 'n worse

Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a hurse

So your paranoid at every little cold that you get

Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick

So you goto the clinic, sweating every minute your in it

Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the Menace hahahaha

And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby, it's aids

He ain't even gotta to call in you the office to say it

So you jet back home, cause you gon' get that ho

And when you see her, you're gon' bend her fucking neck back yo

Cause you love her, you never would've expect that blow

Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?

Jesus, I don't believe this bitch works at the Cleaner's

Bringing me home diseases swinging from Obie's penis

She's so deceaving, shit this ho's a genius she gee'd usThat's why I ain't got no time

For these games and stupid tricks

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That's how dudes be getting sick

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Falling victim's to this shit

From these bitches on our dicks

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That's why I aint got no time"I'm busy!"Yeah, fuck these bitchesFuck 'em allGet moneyHa!Shady RecordsWoow!Obie Trice

Eminem motha fucka

New millenium shit

Yeah

Turn this shit off

Turn this shit the fuck off

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/