

Puke

Eminem

There I go. thinkin of you again
You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fucking sick to my stomach
Everytime I think of you I Puke
You must just not knooooowww
You may not think you do
But you do everytime I think of you I Puke
I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you
a little poem
But off of the dome would probably be a little more
More suitable for this type of song woah
I got a million reasons off the top of my head that I can think of
Sixteen bars this ain't enough to put some ink to
So fuck it I'ma start right here I'll just be briefer
Bout to rattle off some other reasons
I knew I shouldnt go and get another tattoo of you on my arm
But what do I go and do? I go and get another one now I got two
Ooooooh Now I'm sittin here with your name on my skin
I can't believe I went and did this stupid shit again
My next girlfriend now her name's gotta be Kim Shiiiiiiiit
If you only knew how much I hated you
For every mothafuckin thing you ever put us through
Then I wouldnt be standin here cryin over you boooooooooo
You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fucking sick to my stomache
Everytime I think of you I Puke
You must just not knooooowww
You may not think you do
But you do everytime I think of you I Puke
I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you
a little letter
But I thought a song would probly be a little better instead of a letter
That you'd probly just shred up yeah I stumbled on your picture
Yesterday and it made me stop and think of how much of a waste
It'd be for me to put some ink to a stupid piece of paper
I'd rather let you see how much I fucking hate you in a freestyle
You're a fucking cokehead slut I hope you fucking die
I hope you get to hell and Satan sticks a needle in your eye
I hate your fucking guts you fucking slut I hope you die (iiiiiiiie)
But please don't get me wrong I'm not bitter or mad
It's not that I still love you its not cause I want you back
It's just that when I think of you it makes me wanna yak eeeack
But what else can I do I havn't gotta clue
Now I guess I just move on I got no choice but to
But everytime I think of you now all I want to do is puuuuuke

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fucking sick to my stomache
Everytime I think of you I Puke
You must just not not knoooooowww
You may not think you do
But you do everytime I think of you I Puke
Fucking bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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