

Untitled

Eminem

Nah man, not quite finished yet...Girl I think
you just mighta just try-ta pull a muhfuckin fast one I'm mad
You just hurt my god damn feeling, and that was the last one I had
Does this look like an arcade, trying to play games, see the saw blade
See the silhouette, of a stalker in your walk way, better cooperate
Or get sautéed, and rotisserie, while you're hog tied
MCs get so quiet, you can hear em all fucking dog whistle when I walk by
Colt Seavers on a mule, stuntin on that ass like the fuckin fall guy
I don't gas my Mercedes after midnight, I treat it like a Mogwi
Cuz it will turn into a gremlin and run over kids women & men
Vrrrrrn vrrrn! motor so big you can fit a midget in its engine
Bitch gimme them digits while your cringin'
Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin
Will I spen-spend even ten cents on you
Since when do you think it's gonna cost me a pretty penny
Shit if I think a penny's pretty
Just image how beautiful, a quarter is to me
Ee-nee-mee-nee-my-nee-moe, catch an eskimo by his toe
While he's tryin to roll a snowball but, don't make him lose his coolIf he hollers better let him
go ya'll(You don't own me) Now here we go, go, go
Get up baby get a move on, like a u-haul
You can rack your brain like pool balls
You won't ever think of this shit, yeah honey you called?
Well here I come, havoc on the beat, I wreak it
Evil, I see hear and speak it
Lady put your money on Shady, fuck that other weak shit
Put your eggs in the same basket
You can count every motherfuckin chicken 'fore it hatches
Cuz, you can bet your ass that, we gonna get it crackin
Like the Kraken & Titans, when they clash and
Get your brains bashin so bad
You gonna have Kurt Cobain asking to autograph on a blood stained napkin
Unfashionable, about as rational as a rash on a fag's asshole
Now let's take that line, run it up the flag pole with Elton
See if he's cool with it, don't stand there and look stupid at me bitch
I ain't in the mood for the shit, gif my dick, Google it till it pops up
Ya'll are so motherfuckin full of shit that your stocked up
Me, I'm always shittin diarrhea at the mouthTill your speakers crap out (pthhhhp)Ha, what?
Girl you got a hot butt, like a lit cigarette (Chit- chigarette)
But you won't get a hot fudge Sunday from meSo do not strut my way slut, because...
(You don't own me) Now here we go, go, go
And now that I got your panties in a bunch and your bowels in an uproar

Ima show you why I came, so you stop asking me what the fuck for
Now look you little slut-cunt-whore, I know you want more
Bitch it's time to put the math back in the Mathers
Cuz I'm a fuckin' (problem), run boy!
Every flow, got it mastered
So every last word, hat you fuckin' fags heard
Comes straight from the fish's ass
Yeah, in other words, I'm a bass-turd
Lookin' at me like a killed Kenny, gas in the tank? Yeah still plenty
No morals, are instilled in me, so remorse, I really don't feel any
Eat your heart out Hannibal, Understandable why you're jealous
Fuckin' animal, I got cannibal magnetism
Can't resist 'em now can ya hoe?
Shady, I don't understand ya flow Understand my flow? Bitch I flow, like Troy Polamalu's hair,
boy
Don't you dare try to follow or compare boy
I'm raw, you ain't even medium rare, stay the fuck outta my hair boy You can look, you can
stare and point
But you can't touch I'm too clairvoyant
I don't get it man, is there a void
All this weak shit, what am I, steroids?
Well bitch, I'm back with some shit for that ass
In ya trunk elephant (Hemorrhoids)
And remember boys...
(You don't own me) Now here we go, go, go
Thank you for coming out. Hope you enjoyed the show.
Until next time... peace.
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