

# Brainless

## Eminem

Or Eminem has a full line of chainsaws  
Eminem, Eminem, Eminem, Eminem  
Eminem, Eminem  
Marshall Mathers, Eminem, the rapper Eminem  
Who can say for sure?  
Perhaps a frontal lobotomy would be the answer  
If science can operate on this distorted brain and put it to good use  
Society will reap a great benefit I walk around like a space cadet, place your bets  
Who's likely to become a serial killer? Case of tourette's  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Can't take the stress I make a mess as the day progresses  
Angry and take it out on the neighbours hedges  
Like this is how I'll cut your face up bitches with these hedge trimming scissors with razor edges  
Imagination's dangerous, it's the only way to escape this mess and make the best of this  
situation, I guess  
'Cause I feel like a little bitch's, predicaments, despicable  
I'm sick of just getting pushed, it's ridiculous  
I look like a freaking wuss, a pussy  
This kid just took my stick of liquorice and threw my sticker books in a picker bush  
I wanna kick his toosh, but I was six and shook This fucker was 12 and was 6 foot, with a  
vicious hook  
He hit me, I fell, I got back up, all I did was book, now there's using your head Mama always  
said  
"If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous"  
A brain you'd be dangerous  
(Mama could be wrong)  
Mama, I'ma grow a name and be famous  
And I'mma be a pain in the anus  
(Mama could be wrong)  
I'mma use my head as a weapon  
Find a way to escape this insaneness (Mama always said) "Son, If you had a brain, you'd be  
dangerous"  
Guess it pays to be brainless Fast forward some years later: a teenager  
This is a fun, sweet! I just got jumped twice in one week, it's complete It's usually once a month,  
this is some feat I've accomplished  
They've stomped me into the mud for what reason, you stomped me  
But how do you get the shit beat out of you, be down and be upbeat  
When you don't have no-thing, no valid shot at life  
Chance to make it or succeed 'cause you're doomed from the start It's like you grew up on drug  
street, from jump street  
But if I had just kept my head up my ass  
I could accomplish any task, practicing trash talking in a trance  
Locked in my room, yeah but I got some plans mama

These damn rhymes are falling out of my pants pocket, I can't stop it  
And I'm starting to blend in more, school, this shit helps for sure  
I'm getting more self assured than I've ever been before  
Plus no one picks on me anymore, I done put a stop to that  
Threw my first punch, end of story  
Still in my skulls a vacant, empty void  
Been using it more as a bin for storage  
Take some inventory and as gorge as a Ford engine door hinge syringe an orange an extension  
cord and a Ninja sword Not to mention four lynch pins and a stringent stored ironing board a  
bench a wrench or winch and a tangent whore  
Everything but a brain, but dome's off the fucking chain  
Like an independent store, something's wrong with my head  
Just think if I had a brain in it, thank God that I don't  
'Cause I'd probably be dahmer  
'Cause mama always said "If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous"  
A brain you'd be dangerous  
(Mama could be wrong)  
Mama, I'ma grow a name and be famous And I'mma be a pain in the anus  
(Mama could be wrong) I'mma use my head as a weapon  
Find a way to escape this insaneness (Mama always said)  
"Son, If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous"  
Guess it pays to be brainless Now my mom goes "womp, womp, womp"  
'Cause I'm not that smart but I'm not dumb  
I was on a bottom of the pile getting stomped But somehow, I came out on top I told you one  
day, I said they'd have that red carpet rolled out, yo  
I'm nice, yo, fuck it I'm out cold Now everywhere I go, they scream out "Go!"  
I'm 'bout to clean house, yo  
I'm Lysol, now I'm just household  
Outsold the sell outs, freak the hell out  
Middle America, hear them yell out  
They were so scared, and those kids  
Just about, belted out, whatever spout that it fell out  
Of my smart alleck mouth, it was so weird  
Inappropriate, so be it, I don't see it  
Maybe one day when the smoke clears, it won't be as  
Motherfuckin' difficult, ch'yea, till then  
Hopefully you little homos get over your fears and grow beards  
It's okay to be scared straight, they said I provoke queers  
Till emotions evoke tears, my whole careers a stroke of sheer genius  
Smoke and mirrors, tactical, practical jokes, yeah You motherfuckin' - insert insult here -  
Who the fuck would've think that one little lone MC would be able to take the whole culture  
and re-upholstery it  
And boy they did flock, can't believe this little hick locked  
This Hip-Hop shit in his pocket and still the shit got that white trash traffic and gridlock  
Shit happened like a six blocks from a Kid Rock Insane Clown Posse concert in mid Oc-tober  
And got forbid I see a wizard and get a brain in my titanium cranium dog  
'Cause I turn into the unabomber Mama always said  
"If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous"  
A brain you'd be dangerous

(Mama could be wrong)  
Mama, I'ma grow a name and be famous  
And I'mma be a pain in the anus  
(Mama could be wrong)  
I'mma use my head as a weapon  
Find a way to escape this insaneness  
(Mama always said)  
"Son, If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous"  
Guess it pays to be brainless  
Insaneness ain't even a word you stupid fuck  
Neither is ain't

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