

# Baby

## Eminem

One thousand different houses and munchausen  
I'mma make you wanna punch out some fuckin' one "ouch"  
What the fuck'd you hit me for?  
Scream life as I punch counter and bunches out of anger  
I once encountered a stranger  
In a dumb gown, black hood  
With a scythe  
Shit I laughed in his face spit  
Bitch gave me an extra life, like take this  
Now get your ass back in that game  
Bitch don't take shit for granted  
And don't take shit, give it!  
Only bull you should take is by the horns  
A mixture of Whitey Ford and mighty Thor  
I Everlast, pen is mightier than sword  
Finish writing then record  
Replenish keep writing more  
Nothing's riding on it but your privates are you're fighting for  
So you fight, scratch, you claw  
Backs to wall  
No one was there to catch you fall  
You pick yourself back up, you dust your jacket off  
You grab your balls, like they're gargantuan and  
Ask yourself how fucking bad you want it  
Pull out your pants, whoop your ass and flash it on em'  
Nobodies gonna back you in the corner  
Throw a hornet  
No one's more ig-norant then you fuckin' four in the morning you're at the laboratory  
storming  
Like there's nothing that's more important  
MC's you better consider this a formal warning, you're in for it  
Girl, what would you do if I said your body was off the chain?  
And I told you I smile every single time I saw your face  
I ain't finished bitch  
I meant in half, oil the blades  
Nobody wants to play  
They say I'm a spoiled little baby  
But  
Nobody put's baby in the corner  
I'm only trying to warn ya  
Cus that baby get's madAnd get's to throwing a tantrumHe'll fucking flip on ya  
Cus' nobody put's baby in the corner

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What goes through an addict's brain?  
Besides static pain and big daddy kane  
Break, beats and words  
An erratic train of thought  
Like splatter paint  
Scatter brain  
Yeah maybe why that explains  
Why you're back but you don't rap the same  
And you're looking way thinner  
Because your hunger got you looking like  
They took away dinner  
Sugar ray leonard wouldn't sugar coat a fucking booger though  
Just to wipe that bitch on a hooker's coat  
When you say you're a chooka what chooka what  
Now fling that bitch from your fingertips  
I hope it lands on another rap singers lips  
Who can't think of shit  
Anything of wit, that's interesting to spit  
Whose king of this fucking English Lit?  
Let your middle fingers flip  
On each hand, whilst extending this shit  
How low can you go?  
Lower then Chuck D ho  
Hear the bass of this in my voice  
Rocky's back, where's my Adrian?  
Nobodies crazy as shady in an eighty million mile radius  
I'm what Tom Brady is to the patriots of rap  
Not a man, I'm a weapon  
Who just happened to be a rapper  
Who just happen to be on the crapper  
When it happened I had an epiphany  
In the bathroom, I'd never be the same after  
Now I'm back with an apper-tite  
For destruction the fucking recipe for disaster  
So let's eat cos' I'm famished  
Every deed is a dastardly one Evil its past it  
Even you asking for me to be pulled  
Like to people Is like me having my teeth pulled  
Nobody put's baby in the corner  
I'm only trying to warn ya  
Cus that baby get's mad  
And get's to throwing a tantrum  
He'll fucking flip on ya  
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And get's to throwing a tantrum  
He'll fucking flip on ya  
So step inside of dimension  
The demented side of a mind  
That's like the inside of an engine  
While I multiply your undivided attention  
But be reminded that if I didn't mention  
I lose my mind and my temper  
You'll be the first one  
Who finds him offensive  
Got him climbing the fences  
Lost some time to addiction  
But look up rhyme in the dictio-nary  
I'm in the picture  
Eminem is the synonym for it  
I'm an enigma  
Fuck it let's get to the meat, balls  
I'm gonna skip the veg and potatoes  
Edgamacater, they are  
Shit legends are madea  
Spit treachreous data  
Shit that you would say to your worst enemy  
This wretchedness is  
What you get when you mix Treach with a Jada  
And combine em' with Method Man and Redman  
Whit meth-amphetamines in his left hand  
And in his right there's a sledge-hammer  
And pajamas, standing in front of a webcam  
Beating himself in the head, til Russell let's him off dead jam  
Maybe I need my head examined  
Hannibal Lecter with a dead lamb  
Hanging from his ceiling dripping with a bed pan  
I need meds!  
Swear to god cus' If I go off the edge  
T.I ain't talking me off a ledge man  
Heart throb at a fart, ah nah  
More like a smart slob, part blob  
That'll stab you with a sharp ob-ject  
To the heart and leave claw marks  
All over the Wal-Mart walls  
Little baby with large balls  
Fuck mud slinging, I'm blood flinging  
There's nothing on this fucking earth better then being  
King of the playground  
I hate the swings but I love being the underdog  
Cos when I'm pushed  
I end up swinging up  
Nobody put's baby in the corner  
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