

D12**"Goin' Crazy"**

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(eminem)

fame, fame, fame

i think it's got me goin' crazy

ohhhohhh

i get lost in this game, game, game

i'm gettin' tired of all you naysayers

ohhhohhh

keep speaking my name, name, name

you gon' have reason to hate me

yeahhhheahhh

it's like. you. don't. want. me to win

so. this. time. i'm goin' in!

(verse 2)

(swifty)

this the life of a rocker

gave ya minds a (???)

hoppin' off of the club's balcony

into the crowd, surfin'

and when they drop me, i'm randomly sockin' fans

and when my interviews in hockey masks,

slap the journalists on they ass

i'm high off speed,

drivin' my car at high speed

pocket full of weed, while lesbians swallow e(?)

i'm in the studio, envy

my h & m, gon' call for me

cause i fell asleep on the soundboard, ain't get us off a
week

so let's (???) all up in my head

get 'em back ungrateful dead

bustin' in the air, with 30 bit-hes up in my bed

i'm kickin' 'em out naked, and this the sympathy(?)

just ask me why i did it, well fu-k it i can't remember

(chorus)

(eminem)

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(kuniva)
some boys are wallin(?)
drinkin', cussin', and hyper smilin'
been ridin' for days, tour bus look like ryker's island
hand me jack daniel's, spray paintin' the die hard fan
little cocker spaniel, fresh out of the damn zoo
man you, better be conscious, i'm backstage
livin' it up, with a couple of sluts feelin' nautious
we're drinkin' it's been a couple of days, since i've slept
my dick is sore from fu-kin', when i bust there's nothin'
left
just dust, back on the stage, give me my microphone

strappin' (?) with the audience as we perform
hypersong
our label presented us with a plaque
brought it on stage, and bashed it to pieces with an
aluminum bats, stanks(?)
now which one of you bit-hes down for the cause
yeah i said my dick is sore but i ain't say sh-t about my
balls
i asked (???) then we off to the next city, yeah
whatever i didn't drink, all my rider(?
??) bag it up and take the rest with me

(chorus)
(eminem)
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(verse 3)
(eminem)
yeah this game has got me goin' crazy
fu-k it, i am crazy

what's new, what kinda fu-kin' glue you'd think i'd be if i
was glue
we lost proof, he was our crew's glue
but where was you, when we were fallin' apart
you were sittin on us too
but no one but us knew we were beefin'
cause that's what happens when you beef with crew
it stays in the crew, cause it's just crew
but we're back now, yeah we took our time while our
blood(?) grew
only thing we're in a hurry for now is to rush you!
and we're back, these days if you don't got the guts or
the nuts to
pus-y, go pick your pus-y leaves off your cunt tree, fu-k
you
ahh choo!
bless you! i'm allergic to pus-y, sluts too
yeah, you think you the sh-t, till we flush you
have some bullsh-t to readjust
still got(???) a just a few of us left,
but it'd be unjust to rob us our (???) due
so rest in peace to buz(?) and proof
this one's for you homies, we love you
but we can't stop now we done had too much of our
blood drew from this...

(chorus)

(eminem)

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