

## **Eminem**

### **"4 Verses"**

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I'm ice grillin you, starin you down with a gremlin grin

I'm Eminem, you're a fag in a women's gym

I'm Slim, the Shady is really a fake alias

to save me with in case I get chased by space aliens

A brainiac, with a cranium packed, full of more uranium

than a maniac Saudi Arabian

A highly combustible head, spazmatic

strapped to a Kraftmatic adjustable bed

Laid up in the hospital in critical condition

I flatlined; jumped up and ran from the mortician

High speed, IV full of thai weed

Lookin Chinese, with my knees stuck together like  
siamese

twins, joined at the groin like lesbians

Uhh, pins and needles, hypodermic needles and pins

I hope God forgives me for my sins -- it probably all  
depends

on if I keep on killin my girlfriends

(Yo!)

Last night I O.D.'d on rush, mushrooms and dust

and got rushed to the hospital to get my system  
flushed (don't fall)

(Shucks!) I'm an alcoholic and that's all I can say  
I call in to work, cause all I do is frolic and play  
I swallow grenades, and take about a bottle a day  
of Tylenol 3, and talk about how violent I'll be (don't  
fall) (RRARRRRH)  
Give me eleven Excederin my head'll spin  
Medicine'll get me revvin like (ohhh) a 747 jet engine  
Scratched my balls til I shredded skin  
"Doctor, check this rash, look how red it's been"  
"It's probably AIDS!" Forget it then  
I strike a still pose and hit you with some ill flows  
that don't even make sense, like dykes usin dildos  
So reach in your billfolds, for ten ducats  
and pick up this Slim Shady shit that's on Rawkus  
This place is my house, I might as well erase my face  
wit white-out  
Cuz y'all can't see me like Mase's eyebrows (where you  
at?)  
Climbed out of a nice house,  
through the front window and heard this guy shout  
"Hey that's my couch, heyyyy!"  
Pull a nine out during a rhyme bout  
While I'm rippin this shit, put a clip in it spit five rounds  
And murder you hoes worse than flippin a convertible  
Nose first wit the top off landin upside-down  
You're tied down and duct-taped, fuck rape  
I'd rather just hump a slut's leg wit my nuts shaved

And Sway & Tech, two disk jockeys  
Breakin so many friggin needles I wonder if they inject  
Met a retarded kid named Greg with a wooden leg  
Snatched it off and beat him over the fucking head with  
the peg  
Go to bed with the keg wake up with the 40  
Mixed up with Alka Seltzer and Formula 44D  
Fuck an acid tab I'll strap the whole sheet to my  
forehead  
Wait until it absorbed in and fell to the floor dead  
No more said case closed end of discussion  
I'm blowin up like spontaneous human combustion  
Leaving you in the aftermath of holocaust and traumas  
Cross the bombas  
We blowin up your house killing your parents  
and coming back to get your foster mommas  
And I'm as good at keeping a promise as Nostradamus  
Cause I aint making no more threats  
I'm doing drivebys in tinted Corvettes on Vietnam war  
vets  
I'm more or less sick in the head  
Maybe more cause I smoked crack  
today, yesterday, and the day before sabbath  
Walk the block with a labrador  
Strapit more corral for war than El Salvador  
Foul style galore  
Verbal cow manure

Coming together like the eyebrow on Al (cut)

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