

Eminem

"Back To The Music"

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You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can pull all the cards
But I wont back down
Oh no I wont back down
Oh no

Cadillacs, Coupe Devilles
Brain dead rims yeah stupid wheels
Girl Im too for real
Lose your tooth and nails
Try to fight it, try to deny it
Stupid you will feel
What I do, I do it well
Shooting from the hip, yeah boy shoot to kill
Half a breath left on my death bed
Screaming F that yeah super ill
Baby what the deal
We can chill, split half a pill and a happy meal
Fuck a stank slut
I cut my toes off and step on the receipt before I foot
the bill
Listen garden tool dont make me introduce you to my
power tool
You know the fucking drill
How you douche bags feel knowing youre disposable?
Summers eve Massengill
Shadys got the mass appeal baby crank the shit
Cause its your God-damn jam
You say that you want your punchlines a little more
compact
Well shawty Im that man
These other cats aint metaphorically where Im at man
I gave Bruce Wayne a Valium and said
Settle ya fuckin ass down Im ready for combat man
Get it calm batman?
Nah, aint nobody whose as bomb and as nuts
Lines are like mums cat scans
Cause they fucking dope, bananas
Hunny I applaude that ass
Swear to God man these mobs cant dance

Ma show em how its done
Spazz like a God Damn Tas, yeah

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Gotta shake that ass like a Donkey with Parkinsons
Make like Michael J Fox in the Jaws playin with a etch-a-
sketch
Betcha that youll never guess whos knocking at your
door
People hit the floors
Yeah tonight ladies you gon get divorced
Girl forget remorse, Ima hit you broads with
Chriss paws like you pissed him off
Talented with the tongue muthafucker
You aint gotta lick in yours
Hittin licks like Im robbin liquor stores
Makin cash registers shit their draws
Think you spit the raw
Im an uncut slab of beef

Laying on your kitchen floor
Otherwords Im off the meat rack
Bring the beat back
Bring me two extension chords
Imma measure my dick shit I need 6 inches more
Fuck my dicks big bitch
Need I remind you that I dont need the fucking swine
flu to be a sick pig
Youre addicted Im dope
Im the longest needle around here
Need a fix up Im the big shot
Get it dicks nuts
Your just small boats little pricks
Girl you think that other pricks hot
Ill drink gasoline and eat a lit match
Fore I sit back and let em get hot
Better call the cops on em quick fast
Shadys right back on your bitch ass
White trash with a half of six pack in his hatchback
Trailer hitched attached to the back (dispatch)

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Bitch am I the reason that your boyfriend stopped
rapping
Does a bird chirp, Lil Wayne slurps syrup til he burps
And smokes purp does a wordsearch gets circles
wrapped around him like
You do when I come through, Id like you to remind
yourself
Of what the fuck I can do when Im on the mic
Or your the kind of girl that I can take a liking to
Psych Im spiking you like a football
Been this way since Ive stood a foot tall
Youre a good catch with a shitty spouse
Got a pretty mouth and a good jaw
Gimme good brain
Watch the wood grain, dont want no cum stain
Bitch you listening tryna turn me down
Slut m talking to you, turn me back up
Are you insane tryna talk over me in the car
Shut the fuck up while my shits playin
Ima shit stain on the underwear of life
Whats they saying? wheres thunder theres light
And they say that it never strikes twice in the same
place
Then how the fuck have I been hit six times
In three different locations
On four separate occasions?
And you can bet your stanking ass
That Ive come to smash everything in my path
Fork was in the road took the psychopath
Poison ivy wouldnt have me thinking rash
So hit the dance floor cutie while I do my duty on this
microphone
Shake your booty shawty Im the shit
Why you think Proof used to call me Doody

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