

## Eminem

### "Bet Awards 2009 Cypher"

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Like a dope fiend, opening up a bottle of Dopamine,  
he goes to get the rope to your throat he can choke  
anything.  
Oh and just think, how dope he could be if he smoked  
anything,  
oh there goes the bell, the sound of the opening ding.  
I hit you as hard as barbiturates in the ribs with a  
switch,  
and stitch you at the same time before you can flinch to  
it.  
My dick is so big if I add another inch to it,  
You would swear when I rape you that you were actually  
into it.  
I'm not a baller but you can bet your fuckin bottom  
dollar,  
that I remember when I was without a dollar bill in my  
wallet.  
Now watch me kill a koala, while I maul a chihuahua,  
bum a pill off of Paula like let me holla at you mama.  
It's like I'm off the ba-ba when I bring the fuckin drama,  
I used to bomb ya like Saddam but now that I'm a little  
calmer.  
I'm a fuckin cross between Osama, Dahmer, Obama,  
and Dalai Lama,  
told Miley I'm a knight in shining armor.  
Mail a gift to Taylor Swift's trailer, a picture of my  
genitalia,  
with a note sayin bitch I can't wait to nail ya.  
Drug paraphernalia, beware the werewolf will kill ya,  
that's him in his sheep's clothes he just shaved his hair  
off Cecilia.

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