

Eminem

"Cum On Everybody"

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Yo mic check
Testing one, two um twelve
This is my dancing room can you hear me?

My favorite color is red
Like the blood shed
From Kurt Cobain's head
When he shot himself dead

Women all grabbin' at my shishkabob
Bought Lauryn Hill's tape so her kids could starve
You thought I was livid now I'm even more so
Shit I got full blown AID's and a sore throat

I got a wardrobe with an orange robe
I'm in the fourth row signin' autographs until my show
I just remembered that I'm absent minded
Wait, I mean I've lost my mind I can't find it

I'm freestylin' every verse that I spit
'Coz I don't even remember the words to my shit
I told the doc I need a change in sickness
I gave a girl herpes in exchange for syphalis

Put my L.P on your Christmas gift list
You wanna get high, here bitch just sniff this

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I tried suicide once and I'll try it again
That's why I write songs where I die at the end
'Coz I don't give a fuck, like my middle finger was stuck
And I was waving it at everybody screamin' "I suck"

I go on stage in front of a sellout crowd
And yell out loud "All of y'all get the hell out now"
Fuck rap, I'm givin' it up y'all, I'm sorry
But Eminem this is your record release party

I'm bored out of my god
So I took a hammer and nailed my foot
To the floorboard of my Ford

I guess I'm just a sick, sick bastard
Just one sandwich short of a picnic basket
One Excederin tablet short of a full medicine cabinet
I feel like my head has been shredded like lettuce and
cabbage

And if you ever see a video for this shit
I'll probably be dressed up like a mummy with my
wrists slit

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Got bitches on my jock out in East Detroit
'Coz they think that I'm a motherfuckin' Beastie Boy
So I told 'em I was Mike D, it was like
G I don't know he might be

I told 'em, "Meet me at Kid Rock's next concert
And I'll be standin' by the Loch Ness monster"
I'm peace out then I jetted to the weed house
Smoked out till I started bustin' freestyles

Broke out then I dipped quick back to the crib, put on
lipstick
Crushed up the Tylenol then ate it with a dipstick
Made a couple of crank calls collect
"Ken Kaniff from Connecticut, can you accept?"

I wanna make songs all the fellas dub
And murder every rich rapper that I'm jealous of
So just remember when I bomb your set
Yo, I only cuss to make your mom upset

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