

Eminem

"Elevator"

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All aboard, okay, next stop: my basement
Haha, I'll meet you down there

There once was a saying that I used to say
Back in the day when I met Dre
I used to sit and goof on the phone with my friend
proof
That if I went gold, I'd go right through the roof

He said what If you went platinum, I'd just laugh at him
That's not happening, that I can't fathom
Eighty something million records worldwide later
I'm living in a house with a fucking elevator

Haters getting mad, they done had enough of Shady
You slay me, nothing you say matters enough that you
shame me
Rappers try to play me, they use Hailie as a ukulele
Woopsa-that-a-fucking daisy

That's a no-no even she knows dada's fucking crazy
Fucking animal, cookoo, bananas, fucking A.B.
Maybe it's because I never had a mother raise me
Fuck around and throw a baby at another baby

You may think it's 'cause of the way that I was brought
up
But it's all caught up to me now, karma's in the waters
Every line I ever said has got me in a corner
You might think it doesn't creep up on ya, but it all does

You wouldn't listen man, I tried to warn ya when you
started
Now your brains all horny 'cause of all the shit you
thought of
Chainsaw slaughters turn your daughters into sawdust
I never thought it'd come to this, I oughta just be
honest but

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I'm living in a house with a fucking elevator

Sorry Lance, Mr. Lambert, and Aiken ain't gonna make it

They get so mad when I call them both fagots

All these fucking voices in my head, I can't take it

Someone shut that fucking baby up, 'fore I shake it

You're standing adjacent to Jason's last slut, they're facing

Together makes 'em a fucking bad combination

I lashed at the doctor in my last operation

Shoved the weiner schnitzel up his ass, hopped away

Somebody please stop the patient, get the cops to mace him

Homie, I'm the scheisse, pass Doctor Dre some

I can't leave the game, I just can't walk away son

No not-a-now, not a chance, not today, son

I can't believe I leave for one brief second

And you pussies queef all over the rap game, naked

And use a leaf to wipe up the crap stains, feck it

I just keep saying the same exact saying, check it

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Eighty something million like it's worldwide,

Later I'm living in a house with a fucking elevator

Elevator in my house, I'll smell ya later

I blew the fuck up, a hamster in a microwave, I'm

Think about an escalator now, steps, I hate 'em

Told the neighbor step away, then I just pepper sprayed 'em

Yeah, for every time you ride down the street

Or hideout, drive by my house and beep

Like now motherfucker, try now to sleep
Lie down motherfucker, try countin' sheep

And you're tryin' to find out, why now there's beef?
Mace in your face bitch, cry now pussy
This is my house, all nine thousand feet
So you can suck my dick with Amy Winehouse's teeth

Then I shove 'em in the elevator, take 'em to the top
Stand above em, just to cut the fucking cable, let 'em drop
Walk an hour to the damn refrigerator, get a pop
While I let 'em fall all the way to the basement yelling,
"Stop!"

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Fucking son of a bitch, I can't believe this shit
This must be all that there is, this must be it
Fuckin'-A, even got a bidet to
Wash my ass after I shit with gold toilet paper

Dishwasher's so big, when I'm pissed off
I can just toss a flying saucer in it
This shit's awesome, yeah, fucking elevator
Living in a house with a fucking elevator

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