

## **Eminem**

### **"Fight Music"**

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This kind of music, use it and you get amped to do shit  
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it  
It's just some shit for these kids to trash they rooms  
with  
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit

The type of shit that you don't have to ask who  
produced it  
You just know that's the new shit  
The type of shit that causes mass confusion  
And drastic movement of people actin' stupid

I come to every club with intention to do harm  
With a prosthetic arm and smellin' like Boone's Farm  
Hidin' under tables as soon as I hear alarms  
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms

Connivin' Kon, Artis with a bomb  
Strapped to my stomach screamin', "Let's get it on"  
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin' a tank  
Rollin' over a bank, cops see me and faint

It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke  
I think I'll up my high by slittin' your throat  
Push your baby carriage into the street 'til it's mince  
meat  
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street  
This is fight music

You know why my hands are so numb? No  
'Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't  
come, oh  
Smacked this whore for talkin' crap, bitch  
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre  
couldn't rap

I fuckin' hate you, I'll take your drawers down and rape  
you  
While Dr. Dre videotapes you, hell yeah  
Satan done got me on this song  
Eatin' a hot dog readin' the Holy Quran while I'm on the  
John

Tired of wearin' this yellow thong  
Take it back Sisqo, you know where it belongs, thong,  
thong, thong  
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm  
Now go over there and blow up Dru Hill's arms, fuck  
your love songs

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Just bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon' swing  
on?  
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to kingdom come  
Show you machine gun funk  
Sixteen m-16's and one pump, click-clack

The snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw  
Have you runnin' out this fuckin' club in your drawers  
We lovin' the broads, there's nothin' to applaud  
But fuck it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source,  
it's fight music

I'm a nigga that loves scuffles  
And won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen  
knuckles  
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps  
Blow his head back right in front of the priest sayin',  
"You hear that?"

I slap your freak, bump you and won't speak  
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own  
drink  
I suffocated my shrink just for talkin', came back and  
fucked up  
His pallbearers and made 'em drop his coffin, it's fight  
music

These beads I'm swingin' is stingin' 'em  
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm  
bringin' 'em  
If any nigga lookin' too hard, we Rodney King 'n 'em

Malice green to them and gasolinin' 'em with premium

Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it at 'em  
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him  
Blast while you right hookin', right when your wife's  
lookin'  
Fuck fight music, bitch this is losin' your life music

If I could capture the rage of today's youth and bottle it  
Crush the glass from my bare hands and swallow it  
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists  
And hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say  
shit

You Liberace's, Versace's and you Nazis  
Watch me 'cause you thinkin' you got me in this hot  
seat  
You motherfuckers wanna judge me 'cause you're not  
me  
You'll never stop me, I'm top speed as you pop me

I came to save these new generations of babies  
From parents who failed to raise 'em 'cause they're  
lazy  
To grow to praise me, I'm makin' 'em go crazy  
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me

And you fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong  
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on  
And this song is for any kid who gets picked on  
A sick song to retaliate to and it's called

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