

## **Eminem**

### **"Infinite"**

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Oh yeah, this is Eminem baby, back up in that  
motherfucking ass  
One time for your mother fucking mind, we represent  
the 313  
You know what I'm saying?, cause they don't know shit  
about this  
For the 9-6

Verse 1:

Ayo, my pen and paper cause a chain reaction  
To get your brain relaxin, cause they be actin maniac in  
action  
A brainiac in fact son, you mainly lack attraction  
You looking zany whack with just a fraction of my tracks  
spun  
My rhyming skills got you climbing hills  
I travel through your mind until you spine like siren  
drills  
I'm sliming grills of roaches, with sprayed on  
disinfectants  
With some ex rappers till their spinal column  
disconnects  
We disinfect then check the monologue, turn your  
system up  
Twist them up, and indulge in the marijuana smoke  
This is the season for noise pollution contamination  
Examination of more cartoons than animation  
My lamination of narration  
Hit's a snare and bass of track fucked up rapper  
interrogation  
When I declare invasion, there ain't no time to be stare  
and gazing  
I turn the stage into a barren wasteland...  
I'm Infinite

Chorus:

You heard of hell well I was sent from it  
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering  
instruments  
Now I'm trying to repent from it  
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another

attempt at it...  
I'm Infinite

Verse 2:

Bust it, I let the beat commence so I can beat the sense  
of your elite defense  
I got to meet the fence fruit was stompin at your feet to  
rinse  
I greet intensive ladies, I spoil all your fans  
I foil plans and leave fluids leaking like oil bands  
My coil hands around this microphone lethal  
One thought in my cerebral is deeper then a Jeep full of  
people  
MC's are feeble, I came to cause some pandemonium  
Battle a band of phony MC's and stand the only one  
Imitator, Intimidator, Stimulator, Simulator of data,  
Eliminator  
There's never been a greater since the burial of Jesus  
Fuck around and catch all of the venereal diseases  
My thesis will smash a stereo to pieces  
My accapella releases plastic masterpieces through  
telekinesis  
And eases you mentally, gently, sentimentally,  
instrumentally  
With entity, dementedly meant to be Infinite

Chorus:

You heard of hell well I was sent from it  
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering  
instruments  
Now I'm trying to repent from it  
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another  
attempt at it...  
I'm Infinite

Verse 3:

Man I got evidence I'm never dense and I been clever  
ever since  
My residence was hesitant to do some shit that  
represents the M-O  
So I'm assuming all responsibility  
Cause there's a monster will in me that always wants to  
kill MC's  
Mic messaler, slamming like a wrestler  
Here to make a mess of a lyric smuggling embezzler  
No one is speacialer, My skill is intergalactical  
I get cynical at a fool then I send a crew back to school  
I never packed a tool or acted cool, it wasn't practical  
I'd rather led a tactful, tractical, track for your fancy  
In fact I can't see, or can't imagine  
A man who ain't a lover of beats or a fan of scratching

This is for my family, the kid who had a cameo on my  
last jam  
Plus the man who never had a plan B  
Be all you can be, cause once you make an instant hit  
I'm tense to be tempted when I see the sins my friends  
commit...  
I'm Infinite

Chorus:

You heard of hell well I was sent from it  
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering  
instruments  
Now I'm trying to repent from it  
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another  
attempt at it...  
I'm Infinite  
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