

## **Eminem**

# **"Loud Noises"**

Visit "[Loud Noises](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Eminem]

Life handed me lemons, I jumped back in the public eye  
And squirted lemon juice in it, by now you just wish  
i'd fucking die, But I electrify, get electricuted,  
executed by an executioner Of my flow too wit for the  
human eye to detect zooming by G-g-g-guess who?  
Whats happenin' guy? You told me to shit Fell off that  
pot, hopped right back on that crapper and I Said fuck  
you, with a capital "I", look who's back to antag-gonize  
You don't like it, you can eat shit, fuck off little faggot  
and die You right back like a maggot on my dick  
grabbing at my shit, better get to the back of the line  
You wanna get your shot at me? What kinda crap is that  
battle? What kinda rapper would I be? Before I let  
another rapper think he's hot I'll bury my face in his  
stinky twat and go (tongue noises) Go 'head, space is  
limited, ain't even room in the back of my mind That's  
why I ain't thinking about you, I don't got time and I told  
you a thousand times So how can I find the time to put  
an alkaline battery in Royce's back And at the same  
time put juice in mine? Goddammit Slaughterhouse is  
signed

[Voice]

SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

I'm a menace villain, my pen is sitting spilling, my livers  
killing Then I let you witness shit when it hit the ceiling  
The niggas willing to give the listeners the sickest  
feeling Like mixing some Benadryl and penicillin then  
I'm filling the clip With a written, can you picture my  
pistol drilling? A million women and children when I'm  
illing but it isn't real, it's a rap On the real, it's a wrap,  
how could you possibly stop the Apocalypse When I'm  
atomic bombing the populous Shock the metropolis  
hostile as a kid popping the Glock at his moms And his  
pops then he hops in his drop with his iPod rocking the  
Slaughterish Documentation and lyrics I write with  
confidence Write like a columnist slash novelist I'm in  
this game to demolish, establish my dominance Over  
prominent rappers you popping shit 'til you opposite I

can spit ominous so spit politics now I'm Haile Selassie  
Gandhi and Pac of this hip hop genre, bitch

[Voice]

[Verse 3: Royce]

Lyrically I'm a cocaine Altoid Ability to bring, it's a no  
brain bout boy Physically I'm literally a cocaine cowboy,  
wait-wait Did I just go almost four bars without talking  
about my big dick? The other day me and your thick  
bitch had a great day and we ate cake And then we  
walked and then she tried to jack me off but she lost  
Cause she couldn't handle my shit, wait I swore,  
irony of Ryan Is I am bipolar while I'm rhyming standing  
beside a big old white bear Neither one of us fight fair,  
you are literally looking at Woody and Wesley In a  
movie with a white boy ain't got to jump no where cause  
I'm here Nigga I'm on fire yeah and I'm every bitch's  
dream One, two I'm coming for you, I'm a big old  
nightmare Nigga this the slaughter stepping up I'll  
pretty much slap your ass and tell you to shut the fuck  
up After that I'll slap your ass again and tell you to shut  
the fuck up shutting up And that's how you body a  
fucking beat

[Voice]

[Verse 4: Joell Ortiz]

I should be the one that goes slow.. nah, get a  
stopwatch, clock my flow Hit the button on top, watch  
the jaw drop, oh-oh, that's that Aww Yaowa, when I drop  
I go outta space Blackout like Darth Vader's face,  
placed in a molten shower Say something and get  
them proper mama poppa pouring out vodka Mama  
Mia, Em pass me the seeds, it's (?) Slaughterhouse got  
signed Better yet boy go home, better yet boy G4  
Chrome, better jet boy Mark Sanchez, Santanio  
Holmes, I'm not just any old homeboy Sitting in a lab  
picking up a pad I be spitting bad, I'mma get you mad  
with this gift I have Lord duck sufferin succotash when  
the trigger blast I'mma put your beak on your fitted hat  
Where the liquor at? Sip of yak that bitch and a vicious  
track (?) Sly Pro tools to boast Joe smooth I coast to the  
West like we're tired of living at New York here's a  
piggyback ride to the motherland, hold on brotherman,  
on the other hand Get down, I'm gutter fam, gun butt  
you with the Eagle handle Cunningham I don't wanna  
talk, I just wanna beef, I don't want a piece, I want it all  
baby boy I don't wanna eat, I wanna feast up (?) rough  
piece of shit, you done weak, I'm the one, capiche?

[Voice]

[Verse 5: Joe Budden]

Insane what they call us, ain't married to the game But  
you probably shouldn't have came to the altar Every  
bar like propane for the sawed-off, using (?) to forge  
you Eminent Mr. Porter, slaughter my cinnamons  
emminent torture All of you feminine marauders, that's  
women at war Men will assault you, time is a bastard  
symbol of (?) Kidnap your trembling daughter, at least  
a quarter I'm administering supporters, got an aura  
more like Sodom and Gomorrah Normally something's  
wrong with me Claiming a quantity of the porn I see on  
the pause to me When I fix the game they'll think shit  
came with a warranty How the fuck are they gonna stop  
what I was born to be, corner me, shit belong to me  
Two choices, you can get along with me or sit your  
faggot ass right there in dormancy Wait, all you  
missing is heels to be RuPaul Ain't nobody that's real  
ever knew y'all Second to none and I'm dealing with  
Marshall This time I never come down, deal with the  
blue balls You ain't gotta fear me but you'll respect me  
Niggas who never met me threaten me, want to gillete  
me Why don't you let me come (?) I got some machetes  
Swinging spaghetti like it's heavy some said he  
deserve an ESPY In a Chevy like Andretti, put the Dezzy  
where his chest be

Visit [Eminem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.