

## **Eminem**

### **"Low, Down, Dirty"**

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Warning, this shit's gon' be rated R, restricted  
You see this bullet hole in my neck? It's self inflicted  
Doctor slapped my momma, "Bitch you got a sick kid"  
Arrested, molested myself and got convicted

Wearing visors, sunglasses and disguises  
'Cause my split personality is having an identity crisis  
I'm Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll, disrespectful  
Hearing voices in my head while these whispers echo  
"Murder murder Redrum"

Brain size of a bread crumb  
Which drug will I end up dead from  
Inebriated, till my stress is elevated  
How in the fuck can Eminem and Shady be related?

Illiterate, illegitimate shit spitter  
Bitch getter, hid in the bush like Margot Kidder  
Jumped out killed the bitch and did her  
Use to let the babysitter suck my dick when I was  
little'er

Smoke a blunt while I'm titty fuckin' Bette Midler  
Sniper, waiting on your roof like the Fiddler  
Y'all thought I was gonna rhyme with Riddler  
Didn't Ya? Bring your bitch, I wanna see if this dick gon'  
fit in her

I'm low down and I'm shiftee  
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack him  
And ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps  
from  
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I lace tunes, I'm out this world like Space Moons  
With a bunch crazed loons dismissin' brains like braze  
wounds  
Nothing but idiots and misfits, dip shits  
Doing whip pits, passed out like Sanford snip pits

Where's the weed, I wanna tamper with it  
I'ma let your grandpa hit it  
Mix it up with cocaine so her can't forget it  
Fuck it, maybe I'm a bum

But I was put on this earth to make your baby mama  
cum  
So what I'm on is way beyond the bomb or any alcoholic  
beverage  
Losing all of my leverage  
Went up inside the First National Bank broke, and left  
rich

Walking bio-hazard causing wreckage, smoked out like  
Eckridge  
Band just making my neck itch, what the fuck? Gimme  
the tech bitch  
You just lost your tip, there's a pubic hair in my  
breakfast  
Got shit popping off like bottle cap tips  
Get your cap peeled like the dead skin of your mama's  
chapped lips

Slap hips, support domestic violence  
Beat your bitches ass while your kids stare in silence  
I'm just joking, is Dirty Dozen's really dust smoking?  
If all your shit's missing, than probably one of us broke  
in

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My head's ringing, like it was Spider Sense tingling  
Lit it like Green Bay did when they shitted on New  
England  
I'm out the game, put the second string in  
This Brandy got my swinging

Bobbing back and forth like a penguin  
Delinquent, toking microphones with Broken English  
Make your mama be like "Oh, this is good, who sing  
this?"  
Slim Shady, his tape is dope, I love it  
It's rugged, but he needs to quit talking all that drug

shit

It was predicted by a medic  
I'd grow to be an addicted diabetic  
Living off liquid Triametic  
Pathetic, but I don't think this headache's ever  
vanishing

Panicking, I think I might have just took too much  
Anacin  
Frozen Manquin, posted stiffer than a statue  
I think I'm dying, God is that you?  
Somebody help me, before I OD on an LP

Take me to ER ASAP for an IV  
Motherfuck JLB, they don't support no hip hop  
They say that's where it ends, the closest they gon'  
come is Tupac  
It's politics, it's all a fix

Setup by these white blue collared hicks  
Just to make a dollar off of black music  
With a subliminal ball of tricks  
But those can kiss ass and swallow dicks

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