

Eminem

"Microphone Fiend"

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Once again it's the sinister cynical minister Shady
Kryptonite to Superman he's a dentist to Amy
Administer of the pain
Just finished huffin the paint
And muffled the fumes like it
was nothin because it ain't
Anything in his his way
His enemies he just slays
His venom he sprays
Reaches like beams of energy rays
Menecing stance
He glares making the hairs all on the back of your neck
stand
Like Dracula yep
Spectacular rep he's a tarantula
Gargantuan yeah Angela
So I command you to start dancin
Part Manson part Hannibal
Part mechanical shark throwin
Animal parts at Scarlett Johansson
Enter my gas chamber
Ya gangster? my ass
He's got his fangs to your neck
He's set to strangle your ass hater
Your facin a task greater
He's chasin your ass
He's got his face in a mask
And blood stains on his glass table
I'm checking the exposure
of photos of me exposing
Myself locked inside of a cozy hotel posing
With or without clothing
Next to the decomposing
Bodies eroding while I'm dosing off
Overdosing
Windows opening shutting
Doors opening closing
I think there's a ghost
Too much hydrocodone and codeine
I was only supposed to swallow half

I took the whole thing

I'm not joking
I think I just snorted my nosering
I need a drink I'm standing over the sink hosing
Myself self loathing cause I'm on the brink closely
I don't wanna think
These'll make everything rosy
Beverly sings Scream while I'm severing Three toesies
Totally frozen while I close in
I'm Jodeling Rosyyyyyy won't you come out to play
No sense wasting time
Cutting and pasting headlines of the papers
Making shrines of my crimes and capers
My world's a whirlwind
I murdered my girlfriend
Go to Europe and put neruphins in my syrup
And stir them
You've never heard him, like this
So don't encourage him
The neurosurgeon coke lyrics
And lyrics worsen
The kind of person
To get paid in Kurichs to curse and
Eighty spirits of ladies get Shady murdered the virgins
Crazy turn of the events that he emerged
To go to the world and got rid of all the children
Load them into the building
And kill'm and bury them in the mud
And mildew and he will do what he feels
And still can spit drawin the gold like Rumpelstilskin
Cotton and silk, Motrin and Tylenol three pills
The Real Slim Shady's entered the buildin
Nothin but crumpled leaves and tumbleweeds up in this
bitch, Mildred
He's amped with it he still shouldn't be healed
There's no one as sick as he
Emcees will get fricasseed on the grill, then

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