Eminem "Puke"

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[Sounds of someone puking]

There I go--thinking of you again

[Chorus]

You don't know how sick you make me You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach Every time I think of you, I puke You must just not know--whoa-whoa-whoa You may not think you do, but you do Every time I think of you

I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you a little poem

But off of the dome it'd probably be a little more, more suitable for this type of song--whoa I got a million reasons off the top of my head that I could think of

could think of
Sixteen bars, this ain't enough to put some ink ta
So fuck it, I'ma start right here by just be brief-a
Bout to rattle off some other reasons
I knew I shouldn't go and get another tattoo of you
On my arm, but what do I go and do
I go and get another one, now I got two
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
now I'm sittin' here with your name on my skin
I can't believe I went and did this stupid shit again
My next girlfriend, now her name's gotta be Kim
Shi-ii-ii-ii-ii-ii-ii

If you only knew how much I hated you For every mothafuckin' thing you ever put us through Then I wouldn't be standing here crying over you Boo-oo-oo-oo-oo-who

[Chorus]

You don't know how sick you make me You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach Every time I think of you, I puke You must just not know--whoa-whoa-whoa

You may not think you do, but you do Every time I think of you

I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you a little letter

But I thought a song would probably be a little better Instead of a letter

That you'd probably just shred up--yeah

I stumbled on your picture yesterday and it made me stop and think of

How much of a waste it'd be for me to put some ink ta, a stupid piece a

Paper, I'd rather let you see how

Much I fuckin' hate you in a freestyle

You're on fuckin' coke, and I hope you fuckin' die

I hope you get to hell and Satan sticks a needle in your eye

I hate your fuckin' guts, you fuckin' slut, I hope you die Di-ii-ii-ii-ii-ie

But please don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter or mad It's not that I still love you, it's not 'cause I want you back

It's just that when I think of you, it makes me wanna yack aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-ack

What else can I do, I haven't got a clue

Now I guess I'll just move on, I have no choice but two But every time I think of you now all I wanna do Is pu-uu-uu-uu-uu-uke

[Chorus]

You don't know how sick you make me You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach Every time I think of you, I puke You must just not know--whoa-whoa-whoa You may not think you do, but you do Every time I think of you, I puke

Fuckin' bitch

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