

Eminem

"Relapse"

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Yea, (oh, oh), yea yea, oh

I feel like dancing
I feel like dancing

I smell something in the air thats making me (high)
I said I smell something in the air thats making me high

ok here we go, do-re-mi-fa-so, I'm so la-di-da so
lyrical rise flow, give back the tobasco
you mother fuckers mustsanot know the tic tac songs
time to show you the mo kick ass flow in the cosmos
Picasso with a pick axe a sick asshole
she tac toe frozen six pack with exacto
knives, strangling wives with pig lasso
few bags of the the grass, zig zags, im with the doc so
you know how that go, skull and the crossbones
this is poison, the boys and girls who do not know
you do not want to try this at home my novato (novice)
this is niether the time or the place to get macho
so crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos
maybe some popcorn, and watch the show and just
rock slow
it's not what you expected, tho what you thought
though
bout time to you wake the fuck up smell the pot smoke

it must be the ganja
it's the marijuana
that's creepin upon me why I'm so high
maybe it's the hinde that has gotten in me
whatever's gotten into me I don't mind

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your dreams of getting the pill, you are literally getting
the drill
spitting at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a

pill
you're submitting to skill, sitting still, I'm admitting, I'm
beginning to feel
like I don't think anyone's real,
faced with a dilemma, I can be Dali Llama and become
a bin gramma a step beyond a Jeffrey Dahmer
please don't upset me mama, you lookin sexy mama,
don't know if this the lala or the rum and pepsi mama
don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer,
be used as extra topping the next time I make a pizza
how many people you know can name every serial killer
who ever existed in a row,
put em in chronological order beginning with Jack the
Ripper,
name the time and place from the body the bag the
zipper,
location of the woods where the body was dragged
and then dumped,
the trunk that they were stuffed in, the model the make
the plate
and which motel which lake they found her in,
and how they attacked the victim,
say which murder weapon was used to do what and
which one,
which night it was done, what kid would write there was
none,
so sloppy like this it's fun, the fuckin ecstasy goes

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when I'm behind a mic dynamite is what its kinda like
get stuck with that same stick that you're trying to light
behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way
isn't it safe to say, this is the way it should be?
maybe you need some lyric syrup sign for your
symptoms
heres a dosage of the antidote now you give him
some,
he can give her some, she can give him some
get behind a lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the
sucka syndrome

you're spitting drama when it comes to lyrics and
penance I'm
starting from scratch and then ending up at the end
ending up
capable of bringing a bullets a stillunbelievable bullets
a
titanium brain thats full of, surprises
when the smoke rises right before your very own eyes
you stare into your stereos eyes
good evening, this ain't even a weed thing,
I didn't even smoke anything , I didn't even drink
anything

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