

## Eminem

# "Symphony In H"

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[Verse 1: Eminem]

Don't ask me what's up with the hoes  
I'm still working the kinks out  
Love stinks, that explains all this anger spillin' out  
And I ain't chilling out. I got an Oscar but I'm still a  
grouch  
I use it as a doorstep and a prop  
For the fucking leg for the couch  
Yelawolf, Shady, Tony Touch, Slaughterhouse  
Yeah the SWAT team bout to break them flyswatters out  
Go to hell in a drought and break ice waters out  
Nice try shorty what?  
We can windowshop the jewelry store  
But Christ for that price could've bought a house  
Besides only thing I ever had iced out was my heart  
since I started out  
It's F.Y.I if ya ain't knowing  
What go with you? Where? Nah ain't going.  
Oh wait, you wanna date oh? Well in that case ho, it's  
June eighth oh  
Kinda like Beethoven composin' a symphony of hate  
So much hate woven into these raps  
Â...Â... I'm straight sewin'  
Shit I'm beginning to hate clothing.  
I hate overalls cause they remind me of hoes  
For Christ sake they're shaped like an H woah and  
You know what else starts with H though?  
Hockey, shit thought I had the bass flowin'  
I hate to put you on ice but  
You already had three periods in sixty minutes, great  
going  
Plus you remind me of cocaine ho  
You always in the mirror with your face off  
I feel an urge to put you all in a line  
Chop you with a razer blade yo wait,  
I'm an a-hole  
Devil with a halo  
Hell yeah I nailed J-Lo  
To the railroad  
Say I won't better hope you can stay afloat  
When I take the wind out your sailboat

But I ain't playing yo  
Dope as Shady though  
Don't kid yourself  
Bitch you aint even a lady goat

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