

Eminem

"Thats All She Wrote"

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Chorus: Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
These bitches know as soon as they saw me
Its never me to get the privilege to know 'em
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow
good nights its over and thats all she wrote

1st Verse: Your staring straight into a barrel of hate
Terrible fate, Not even a slim chance to make a narrow escape
Cupid shot his arrow and missed
Wait Sarah you're late, your train left.
Mascara and eggs smeared on your face
Nights over goodbye, hoe I thought that I told ya'
the spilled nut aint nothing to cry over
Never shoulda' came within Range of my Rover
Shoulda' known i was trouble soon as I rolled up,
Any chick who's dumb enough out there I blind fold her,
She still comes back to my crib,
Must want me to mess with her mind hold up.
She must've took me for some high roller. But i wont buy her a soda
Unless it's rock n' roll cola. Buy u a bag of fritos
I wouldn't let u eat the fucking chip on my shoulder.
If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't dye for ya
Tryna pull 5 bucks from me is like tryna pulling 5 molars
You get your eyes swole up i'm on my straight grizzly
So why would i buy you a gayass teddy bear,
bitch you're already bi-polar

(Chorus)

2nd Verse: Man TIP told me on this hoe tip, best tip I could give you
to hip you
Never let these traits trick you
Mighty ambiguous of you to think I love slut, shit
Dig you a hole, take the shovel and dig you some dignity
bitch
Shit you talk about some advice that sticks with you
If i should listen to anyone tell me to stick to my guns
Like double stick, its you but fuck 'em
TIP, its cold
Its chilling like and feeling like the penguin in it's fucking igloo
eating fudgesicles
I'd rather slip and fall in shit than fall in love with you
Before I tie a fucking knot
I'd tie you in one bitch
You think this is some Nintendo game
how f-cking dumb is you
I'll give you some mumps before I split some lump
somes with you
So here's a penny for your thoughts
But it won't buy you

a chesseburger, although a nickle might just get you
one pickle Fuck it, its official so blow the whistle I got a
trust issue Thats a bombshell, scud missle! I got this
cuss at you to fucking cuss at you Like before I rap
there was some motherfucking stud Slut, this will teach
you not to come drunk, stumbling my way fo shizzle I
still live like I bought you the Gilbert slot checks stob
bizzle So fuck sissors these checkers are bust like a
blood blister

(Chorus)

3rd Verse: I guess life is a bitch aint it tip And each one
thinks they the shit Shirt off my back? I wouldn't give
you the dirt off my hankercheif I'm giving these hoes a
dose of there own medicine Let em get a good taste of
it I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now, But
in case you didnt Imma stick this whole pad full of
sticky notes to your forehead and staple it Life is too
short and I got no time to sit around just wasting it So I
pace this shit a little bit quicker That clock I'm racing
and double timing it But I still spit triple the amount of
insults in a tenth of the time It may take you pricks to
catch on While you strong arm like Stretch Armstrong
Man I still say K-mart like theres an apostrophe "S" on it
dog And they say McDonalds isn't a restaurant well I
guess I'm wrong But if you gon tell me that the A&W
aint the spot for the best hot dogs you can get the "F"
on dawg

(Chorus)

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