

Eminem

"Underground/Ken Kaniff"

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A lot of people ask me,
Where the fuck I've been at the last
Few years,
Shit I don't know,
But I do know I'm back now (haha)

Chorus:

Here comes the rain and thunder now
No where to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, they'll wonder how
Lookin for me, I'm underground

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Dre I'm down here under the ground pick me up
Broken tibias, fibias, yeah fix me up
Sixty sluts, all of them dying from asphyxia
After they sip piss through a Christopher Reeves sippy
cup
Dixie cups, toxins, boxes of Oxy pads
Enough oxycontin to send a fuckin ox to rehab
Whack job in the back in a black stockin cap
Jackin off to a hockey mask at a boxing match
(Can't say that) yes he can, I just did faggot now guess
again
Better text message your next to kin
Tell him shit's about to get extra messy especially when
I flex again

And throw a fuckin lesbian in wet cement
Faggoty, faggoty, faggoty raggedy Ann and Andy no
raggedy Andy and Andy
No it can't be it can't be, yes it can be the fucking anti-
christ is back Danny
It's Satan in black satin panties
This is Amittyville calamity God dammit, insanity pills
Fanny pack filled with Xanax
Through every nook and cranny lookin for trannies

Milk and cookies spilled through her silk negligee looky
Razor blade whip it to make you bleed
Cases of Maybeline make up lay on the table of weed
Slim Shady, shit sounds like a fable to me
Til he jumps out the fuckin toilet while your takin a pee

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Six semen samples seventeen strands of hair
Found in the back of a van after a shoot with Vanity Fair
Hannah Montana prepare to elope with a can opener
And be cut open like cantaloupe and canopy beds
And Glad bags, yeah, glad to be back
Cause last year was a tragedy that landed me smack
dab in rehab
Fucking doctor I ain't even understand a damn word he
said
I planned to relapse second I walked outta that bitch
Two weeks sobriety I ain't enlightened
Biting into a fucking Vicodin like I'm a Viking
Oh lightning is striking it might be a fucking sign I need
a psychic
Evaluation fuck Jason it's Friday the nineteenth
That means it's just a regular day
And this is the kind of shit I think of regularly
Fucking lesbian shouldn't of had her legs in the way
Now she's pregnant and gay missing both legs and
beggin to stay

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So for critics, I'm back and I'm coming
To spit it back in abundance
Hit a fag with onions
Then split a bag of Funyons

Mad at me? Understandable
Cannibal, shoot an animal
Out of a cannon and have em catapult
At an adult
Captain of a cult with an elite following
To turn Halloween back to a trick or treat Holiday
Have Michael Myers looking like a liar
Swipe his powers
Replace his knife for flowers and a stack of flyers
Hit Jason Forhes with a 40
Stuck a suppository up his ass
And made him tell me a story
Gave Hannibal Lector a fucking nectarine
And sat him in the fcking fruit and vegetable section
And gave him a lecture
Walked up Elm street with a fucking whiffle bat drew
Fought Freddy Kreugar and Edward Scissorhands too
And came out with a little scratch - Ew
Lookin like a got in a fucking pillow fight
With a triple fat goose
Insanity? Can it be vanity?
Where's the humanity in having a twisted fantasy
With an arm and leg amputee
Straight jacket with a hundred and eight brackets
And a strap that wraps twice around my back
Then they latch it
Cut your fucking head off
And ask where you're headed off to
Get it?
Headed off too?
Medic! This headache's awful
This anesthetic's pathetic
So is this diabetic waffle
And this prosthetic arm keeps crushing my hard taco

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