

# **Eminem**

## **"Underground"**

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A lotta 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

Here comes the rain and thunder now  
Nowhere to run, to run to now  
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how  
Lookin' for me, I'm underground

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Dre, I'm down here under the ground  
Dig me up, broken tibias, fibias, yeah, fix me up  
60 sluts, all of them dyin' from asphyxia  
After they sip piss through Christopher Reeves sippy cup

Dixie cups, toxins, boxes of oxy pads  
Enough oxy cotton to send a fuckin' ox to rehab  
Whack job in a bag and a black stalkin' cap  
Jackin' off to a hockey mask at a boxin' match

He can't say that, yes he can  
I just did, faggot, now guess again  
You better text message to your next of kin  
Tell 'em shit's about to get extra messy especially when  
I flex again  
Throw a fuckin' lesbian in wetzy men

So faggidy, faggidy, faggidy, raggidy Ann and Andy  
No, raggidy, Andy and Andy, no, it can't be, it can't be  
Yes, it can be, the fuckin' Antichrist is back  
Danny and Satan in black satin panties

This is Amityville, calamity  
Goddamn it, insanity pills, fanny pack filled with zanies  
Through every nook and cranny, lookin' for trannies  
Milk and cookies spilled on my silk negligee, lookie

Razor blades with me to make you bleed  
Cases of Maybelline make up layin' on the table with  
weed  
Slim Shady, shit sounds like a fable to me  
Until he jumps out of the fuckin' toilet when you're  
takin' a pee

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Six semen samples, 17 strands of hair  
Found at the back of a van after the 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  
Fuckin' doctor, I ain't understand a damn word he said  
I planned to relapse the second I walked out of that  
bitch

Two weeks in Brighton, I ain't enlightened  
Bitin' into a fuckin' Vicadin like I'm a Viking  
Oh, lighten the strikin', might be a fuckin' sign I need a  
psychic  
Evaluation, fuck Jason, it's Friday the 19th

That means is just a regular day  
And this is the kind of shit I think of regularly

Fuckin' lesbian shouldn't have had her legs in the way  
Now she's pregnant and gay, missin' both legs and  
beggin' to stay

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So tell the critics I'm back and I'm comin' to spit it back  
in abundance  
Hit a fag with onions and split a bag of Funyuns  
Mad at me? Understandable, cannibal, shootin' animal  
Light up a cannon and have him catapult addin' a dog

Captain of the cult with an elite following  
To turn Halloween back to a trick or treat holiday  
Have Micheal Myers lookin' like a liar, swipe his powers  
Replace his knife with flowers and a stack of fliers

Hit Jason Voorhees with a 40  
Stuck a suppository up his ass and made him tell me a  
story  
Gave Hannibal Lecter a fuckin' nectarine  
And sat him in a fuckin' fruit and vegetable section  
And gave him a lecture

Walked up Elm Street with a fuckin' wiffle bat, Drew  
Fought Freddy Krueger and Edward Scissorhands, too  
And came out with a little scratch, ooh  
Lookin' like I got in a fuckin' pillow fight with a triple fat  
goose

Insanity, can it be vanity? Where is the humanity?  
And havin' a twisted fantasy with an arm and leg  
amputee  
Straight jacket with a hundred eight brackets  
And a strap that wraps twice around my back, then they  
latch it

Cut your fuckin' head off and ask you where you  
headed off to  
Get it, headed off to? Medic, this headache's awful  
This anesthetic's pathetic, so's this diabetic waffle  
And this prosthetic arm keeps crushin' my hard taco

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So, it wasn't a choice, it was I had to do this

And now I got 90 days clean and that's all I have to  
share, thanks  
Thanks for sharin', Brian, is there anyone else  
Who would like to share this evenin'?

Yeah, I got somethin' to share  
When you walked through the door you were queer to  
me  
So come here, baby boy, just come here to me  
You're a cock boy, everybody wants you  
You're gayer than you would ever claim to

I won't have to rape you  
So homie, lay down, down, down  
Lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down  
Lay down, lay down

Where's everybody goin'?  
This always went over real big in Gay A  
Okay wait, I got another one  
I just love condoms and lots of cum  
No? Oh shit

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