

## **Eminem**

# **"Words Are Weapons"**

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My words are weapons  
I use 'em to crush my opponents  
My words are weapons  
I never show no emotion  
My words are weapons  
I use 'em to kill whoever's stepping to me  
My words are like weaponry on a record

My words are weapons  
I use 'em to crush my opponents  
These words are weapons  
I never did show no emotion  
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My words are like weaponry on a record

Yo, the rage I release on a page  
Is like a demon unleashed in a cage  
Lunatic, soon as I hit the stage  
My mind is like a fucking stick of dynamite

[Unverified] I get behind the mic  
It's like the wick is lit, you bitches die tonight  
My nine is like a guiding light at night, shining bright  
My fucking grip is tighter than my wife's vagina, psych

These cock sucking cops got my Smith-N-Wesson  
I guess it's time to pick a different weapon  
Man, the shit's depressing  
But Swift is getting me a new one for a Christmas  
present  
(Come on, Slim, let's go and teach this fucking bitch a  
lesson)

They managed to confiscate the pistol that I brandish  
But my plan is to use this bullshit to my advantage  
Shady stay creative, baby, hold your head up, don't  
you let up  
One bit on these motherfucking suckers you're a  
soldier get up  
Stand up for what you believe in, long as you breathing  
They jealous of you, man, that's the only reason they

beefing

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It's that Dirty Dozen renegade  
You done pulled the pin out my grenade  
38s'll move your shit up out the way  
You niggas won't forget about McVeigh, you got  
something to say?  
Let it out today or watch these bullets spray

From these ten black fingers hugging these deadly  
millimeters  
That'll make Jeff Dahmer's look like he caught a  
misdemeanor  
See I'm 'Dirty', so I ain't gotta buy a pistol cleaner  
An official beater, don't let me see you with yo' heater

You gets whipped with it, tell them motherfuckers Swift  
did it  
You packing something special in your crib, then bitch,  
get it  
I'm physically fitted to run yo' digits, I'm hostile  
(Uh huh)  
With this Roscoe pointed up your nostrils

You get splitted and guess what? I'm blowing up the  
hospital  
And wouldn't give a fuck if you a cop or a hoe  
I'm Hannibal Lector, the spinal cord disconnecter  
Finding whores to lock 'em up in motels to inject 'em

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I'm eating crews like I'm Hannibal  
There's no way I can be the gay rapper  
(Why not?)  
I only fuck animals  
(Oh, haha)  
Stupid trick got my dick starting to itch  
Went to my mother's grave site, called her a stupid  
bitch

One on one in this bloodsport  
I'm in divorce court, sold my bitch off a pack of  
Newports  
(Your honor)  
Six times I been arrested, how would you feel?  
If you was a Jehovah witness that always got molested?  
(It happens)

I'm smoking dank, drinking, drank  
I can't have any kids 'cause I'm fucking shooting blanks  
Don't you know Bizarre don't give a fuck?  
Nicole's a whore, I'm glad O.J. murdered the slut  
(Uhh)

Responsibility, I'm negligent  
Bill Clinton's a fag, should be stabbed  
Let Richard Simmons be the President  
(Ohh, hey)  
Call me a weirdo, call me Bi-zarre  
While I stick it up yo' ass while you shitting diarrhea

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These words are weapons  
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My words are like weaponry on a record, yo

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