

Eminem

"Writer's Block"

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Yeah, yeah
I don't know what else to say
I can't, I can't think of nothin'
I'm stumped
Here we go (Here we go)

On your feet (On your feet)
Stand up (Stand up)
Everybody hands up (Hands up)
Uh, man, I dunno, man
Everytime I go to think of something played out to say
You already said it

[Verse 1 - Royce da 5'9"]
I ain't calling names cause all of y'all the same, plus
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up
All these plains, all these lames, since the Slaughter's
came up
Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained
up
N-ggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent
Because of my relationship with Marshall
Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain f-
ck
We the same cuz
I'm probably about to fall out with a young buck
While I attempt to f-ck the f-cking game up
Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit Kat
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye-bye
Maybe my Glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach
My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me n-gga
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get
The more disgusting and f-ckin' disfigured it gets
N-ggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast
I, only f-ck with mailmen with heroin from Boca
N-ggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your
postbox
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen
I'm back, muthaf-cker

Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the
Brothers
How y'all realer? (How y'all realer?) If I said it, I did it
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer
Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece
up
Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup
N-gga, the mistake was like my only teacher
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause

I've got Gucci's on my feet
Diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist
Bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that

Choppers in the trunk
Models in the front
Bottles in the club
But I don't give a f-ck
But y'all already said that

[Eminem]
Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard
For me to come up with shitty to say (Ayyyyyy)
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches

I'm gettin' writer's block
Psyche!

[Verse 2 - Royce da 5'9"]
When I stand up in this booth, n-ggas notice it
Sittin' on the same boat that Noah built
Floatin' on the same water Moses split
Poetry in motion, but we sittin' on your grave site,
overkill
Aren't you tired? Why are you so loud? Quiet!
Real dudes move in silence like a mute drivin' a new
hybrid
You dudes is too excited
You a dude that'd try to sue a dude that's suicidal
You will just be another victim
I am like a nickel of weed rolled in a doobie, I'm a little
twisted
I roll like the end credits in movies, y'all just got
scripted
Got y'all n-ggas' bitches bobbin' to this one when she
witcha

When she wit' me, she bobbin', not vibin'
Tryna put her mind into the inside of my zipper
I'm a sperate with a purpose, havin' problems?
Not a problem I've encountered
I have found elephants, lions, clowns
Will jump through hoops like they workin' for the circus
At the fire round the circle's right in front of them, fire
rounds
Pun intended, gun extended, what are you mark's
askin'?
Car's Aston, started as a hard-top and I saw past it
Since I decided to start Class diss
All black, all glass, panoramic roof been gettin' marked
absent
I authorize my own all-access
Your bitch a whore, I'm a catch, she ball-catchin'
Her jaw's been broadcasted all across the globe from
the store to Japan
Her p-ssy need to blocked and reported as spam
Bong! Interscope up in this dope and I sell it
My voicemail is full, got bitches screamin' inside of
envelopes
And they tryna mail 'em to me, tryna reach my phone
I don't know which one is harder
Tryna not to take your bitch or tryna get rid of my own

[Hook]

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Diamonds on my neck
Diamonds on my wrist
Bitches on my dick
But y'all already said that

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Models in the front
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But I don't give a fuck
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[Eminem]

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For me to come up with shitty to say (Ayyyyyy)
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I think I'm runnin' out of cliches
I'm gettin' writer's block
Psyche!

Man, get the bozac
We need to start bringin' that shit back (Mad flava)
Man, f-ck it, I'm 'bout to catch some wreck (We in
effect, money!)

Mad props to Royce for keepin' it real
On the strength, no diggity
I'm 'bout to go pull some hoes, get my mack on

Haters get the gasface!

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