

## **Eminem & D12**

# **"Under The Influence"**

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So you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit  
Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick - ha  
ha

Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies  
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid-twenties  
A young ass man with a trash can strapped to the back  
of his ass  
So the rats can't chew through his last pants  
I'm like a mummy at night, fightin' with bright lightning  
Frightened with five little white Vicadin pills bitin' him  
I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital lost  
Stingin the fuck outta everything I come across in the  
halls  
I light a candle and place it up on the mantle  
Grab a knife at the blade and stab you with the fuckin'  
handle  
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds,  
hurtin'  
Swiftly Bitch it's too late  
Eminem Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's  
curtains

I'm an instigator, .380 slug penetrator  
Degradin, creatin murders to kill haters  
Accused for every crime known through the equator  
They knew I did it (uh-huh) for havin' blood on my  
'gators  
My weed 'll hit yo' chest like a double barrel gauge an'  
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in yo' face  
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Remi I do shit on  
purpose  
You never hear me say, "Forgive me"  
I'm snatchin every penny - it gotta be that way nigga,  
face it  
That weed I sold to you, Brigade laced it  
You hidin', I make the president get a facelift  
Niggaz just afraid, handin' me they bracelets  
Chillin' in the lab wasted  
I'm the type that'll drink Kahlua and gin - throw up on  
the mic  
Your life is ruined, you get socked right on site

And even at the Million Man March, we gon' fight

So you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit  
Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick  
Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like, my shit  
Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick

I'm a compulsive liar, settin' my preacher on fire  
Slashin' your tires, flyin down Fenkel and Meyers  
Plates expired, soon as I'm hired, I'm fired  
Jackin' my dick off in a bed of barbed wire  
(Hey, is Bizarre performing?) Bitch didn't you read the flyer?

Special invited guest will be, Richard Pryor  
(Aren't you a male dancer?) Nah bitch, I'm retired  
Fuckin' your bitch in the ass with a tire iron  
I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip  
My DJ's in a coma for lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip (damn!)  
I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'  
It's gonna cost 300 dollars to get my pit bull an abortion  
Some bitch asked for my autograph  
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face and laughed  
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam  
All bitches is hoes, even my stinkin' ass mom

Aiyyo flashback, two feets, two deep up in that ass crack

Weed laced with somethin', nigga pass that  
In Amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats  
At a 'stop the violence' rally, I blast gats  
BMI publishin', get your ascap-ped  
The Kuniva, divide up your cash stack  
Want your motherfuckin' pockets, ASAP  
I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch Shaq's  
Born loser, half thief and half black  
Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at  
Bitch smacker, rich rappers get their Jag jacked  
And found chopped up in a trash bag

We stranglin' rappers until the point they can't yell  
Cause they crew is full of fags and sweeter than bake sales  
Reckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace  
Gruesome, and causin more violence than nine hoodlums  
I grapple your adam's apple until it crackle  
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you  
Get executed, 'cause I'm a "Luni"  
I got a "Yukmouth" and it's polluted

I cock it back then shoot it  
I love snatchin' up players thugs and young ballers  
Shoot up the household, even the young toddlers  
Brigade barricade to bring the noise  
While the bullets break your bones up like Christmas  
toys  
If I go solo, I'm doin a song with Bolo  
A big chinese nigga, screamin' "kuniva yo yo "  
I leave your face leakin', run up in church  
And smack the preacher while he's preachin'  
Take a swing at the deacon

I used to tell cats I sold weed and weight  
I was straight 'til I got caught sellin' them shake  
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent  
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin' sex in my  
tent  
With the superintendent's daughter, my brain's out of  
order  
I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin' in water  
In cahoots with this nigga named Fall Out Von  
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb  
(Special delivery!) I signed to a local label for fun  
Say I got cancer, get dropped, take the advancement  
and run  
Driveby you in the rain while you carry your son  
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin' me  
none  
Born straight up out a pussy but a son of a gun  
Got a reputation for havin' niggaz runnin' they funds  
Used to be the type of nigga that was foldin' some  
one's  
'Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin' in dough

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Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick  
Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like, my shit  
Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick

Haha suck my motherfuckin' dick  
D-12 Dirty motherfuckin' Dozen  
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin' husbands  
Bizarre kid  
Swiftly McVeigh  
The Kon Artis  
The Kuniva  
Dirty Harry  
Haha, and Slim Shady

