

Eminem Feat. Madd Rapper "Stir Crazy"

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Uhh, hell yeah, man, hm, oh, fuck, yeah
When I'm not at home, beating my shit to death
I'm listening to the Madd Rapper's album
This is Ken Kaniff and I'm still mad as hell, fuck you

I'm crazy with this razor, with this razor I'm crazy
With this crazor I'm razy, razor crazed I'm crazy
(Okay, I'm unloaded)
Go beat Jay Z
(Tell them I'm the ghostwrite form)
On Dre's Beat

Ran in the ladies room naked in a blanket
At the banquet and started to spank it
Came in the bank with a tank, fired a blank
At the clerk and handcuffed her ankles at the
Safe and thanked her but I didn't take nothin'

Every bullet came from the same gun, just from
different angles
'Cause I was pickin' strange places to aim from
(Mr. Man, I bet you 50 bucks)
(You won't jump out the window, Shady)
Pay me

Psych, no way fucked up in the head
Shot my girl and my sister 'cause I caught 'em in bed
I'm a crazy mothafucka, might shoot me a fed
Or I just might start a fist fight instead
See as far as the dough go

I go loco, see me pumpin' gas at your local Saloco
Stuck off the hydro mixed with cocoa
Jump turnstyles, then run from po po

Life stinks, we don't give a fuck son, we crazy
Tear up the clubs and do drugs, we crazy
Fuck wild ho's a bust slugs, we crazy
Madd rapper is crazy, Slim Shady is crazy

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Yo yo, I wish I'd been aborted, my pockets got a
shortage
Everything I wanna floss I can't afford it
I'm tryin to sell a O', my pops tryin' to snort it
My daughter's babysitter is about to be deported

I'm mad 'cause I still stand in line for clubs
Mad 'cause my rottweiler still shits on the rugs
(Goddammit Spike)
Feeling kinda crazy now, I just might flip out
Slim Shady gave me shrooms and I might trip out, like
Fuck that Slim, keep that for yourself
You a crazy white dude and you need some help, word

I got a beautiful wife, kids and a gorgeous home
What would make jump in the tub with a cordless
phone?
I'm straight vicious, I hit you with plates and dishes
Leave you eight stitches, what I'm gay 'cause I hate
bitches?
Slut, don't be nice to me, I've had it with girls
And I'd still be mad at the world even if it apologized to
me

You're hearing the last thoughts of a man
About to blow his fuckin' brains out
Fall back with a blood stained blouse on top of his
spouse
Spread out on a blood stained couch
In front of his kids that he just killed in the same house

I'm sicker than Boy George picturin' Michael Jackson
In little boys' drawers shoppin' at toy stores
Shady said it, Shady mean it, I stayed admitted
I'll throw a stroller at you, with a baby in it
Go ahead, pull the plug, think I won't smack you
I just dropped a fuckin' pill mom, don't vacuum

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