

## D-12

# "Under The Influence"

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[eminem]

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 Vicodin 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

[swifty] bitch it's too late

[eminem] cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's  
curtains

[swifty]

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 [blam]  
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

[chorus: (eminem)]

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

[bizarre]

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.. [needle  
pops]  
Lettin the record skip.. [needle pops]  
Lettin the record skip.. [needle pops] (damn!)  
[dj reverses the record and scratches it back on beat]  
I'm fuckin anything when I'm snortin  
It's gonna cost 300 dollars to get my pit bull an abortion  
[dog whines] 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

[proof]

Ayo flashback, two feets, two deep up in that ass crack  
Weed laced with somethin [gun cocks] nigga pass that  
In amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats  
At a 'stop the violence' rally, I blast gats  
Be your mom on publishin, get your ascap-ped  
The kuniva, divide up your cash stack  
Run your motherfuckin pockets, asap  
I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch shaq's  
Born loser, half theif and half black  
Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at  
Bitch smacker, rich rappers get they jag jacked  
And found chopped up in a trash bag

[kuniva]

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 ya face leakin, run up in church  
And smack the preacher while he's preachin  
Take a swing at the deacon

[kon artis]

I used to tell cats I sold weed and weight  
I was straight 'til I got caught sellin em 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 carlisle 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

[chorus]

[eminem]

Haha.. suck my motherfuckin dick  
D-12.. dirty motherfuckin dozen  
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin husbands  
Bizarre kid  
Swifty mcveigh  
The kon artis  
The kuniva

Dirty harry  
Haha, and slim shady..

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