

**emienm**  
**"just lose it"**

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Into:

(Eminem making sounds)

ok..

Guess who's back

Back again

Shady's back

Tell a friend

Now everyone report to the dance floor

To the dance floor, to the dance floor

Now everyone report to the dance floor

Alright Stop...Pajama time

Verse 1:

Come here little kiddies, On my lap

Guess who's back with a brand new rap

And i don't mean rap as in a new case of child  
investigation accusation

Aah aah aah aah aah

now worries, pappa's got a brand new bag of toys

what else could i possibly do to make noise

I'd an touched on everything, but little boys

That's not a stab at Micheal

That's just a metaphore, I'm just physco

I go a little bit crazy sometimes

I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes

Good god, dip, do a little slide

Band down, touch your toes and just glide

Up the center of the dance floor

Like teepee from my bum hole in the school if you let  
one go

Nobody's gonna know who'd hear it

Give a little "poot poot", it's ok (Fart Sound)

Oops my cd just skipped

And everyone just heard you let one rip

Chorus:

Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops i mean girl girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah

Verse 2:

It's Friday and it's my day

Used to party all the way to sunday

Maybe till monday, i dunno what day

Everyday's just a holiday

Crusin' on the freeway

Feelin' kinda breezy

Got the top down, let my hair blow

I dunno where i'm goin'

All I know is when i get there

Someones gonna touch my body

Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk

But I'm feel just a little stressed out from work

Could you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair

Spit on me, maybe gouge my eyes out...yeah

What's your name girl

What's your sign

man you must be up out your mind

Dre aah aah

Beer goggles blind

I'm just trying to unwind

Chorus:

Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops i mean girl girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah

Verse 3:

It's Tuesday and I'm locked up

I'm in jail and i don't know what happend

They say I was running butt naked

Down the street screaming

Aah aah aah aah aah

mother I'm sorry, I don't remember

All I know is this much

I'm not guilty

They said save it

boy we catch you on tape

tellin an old lady, touch my body

Now this is the part where the rap breaks down

It's really tense, no one makes a sound

Everything looks like it's 8 Mile now

The beat comes back and everybody lose themselves

A step back to reality

Look it's B.Rabbit

You signed me up to battle

I'm a grown man

Duba duba duba duba duba duba

I don't have any lines to go right here so

Duba duba duba duba fella's what? fella's what?

Grab you left nut, make right one jealous what?

Black girls

White girls

Skinny girls

Fat girls

Tall girls

Small girls

I'm calling all girls

Everyone report to the dance floor

It's your chance for a little romentor

Butt squeezin it's the season

Just go aah aah aah aah

It's so appealing

Chorus:

Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops i mean girl girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah

Outro:

Mmmmm touch my body

Mmmmm touch my body

Ooh boy just touch my body

I mean girl just touch my body

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