

Marshall Mathers**"Amityville"**

Visit "[Amityville](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

I get lifted and spin 'til I'm half-twisted

Feet planted and stand with a grin full of chapped

lipstick

Pen full of ink, think sinful and raps sick shit

Shrink, pencil me in for my last visit

Drink Gin 'til my chin's full of splashed whiskers

Hash Whiskey and ash 'til I slap bitches

Ask Bizzy, he's been here the past 6 years

Mash with me again and imagine this

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

(Bizarre)

Fuck my cousin in his asshole, slit my mother's throat

Hehe, guess who Slim Shady just signed to Interscope

My little sisters birthday, she'll remember me

Forgive for havin' tellin' my

For a gift I had ten of my

boy's take her virginity

And bitches know me as a horny-ass freak

Her mother wasn't raped; I ate her pussy while she was

asleep

Pissy drunk throwing up in a urinal (YOU FUCKING

HOMO!)

That's what I said up at my dad's funeral

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

(Eminem)

That's why the city is filled with a bunch of fuckin'

idiots still

That's why the first motherfucker poppin' some shit,

he gets killed

That's why we don't call it "Detroit", we call it

"Amityville"

You can get capped after just having a cavity filled

That's why they're crowned the murder capital still

This ain't Detroit, this is motherfuckin' Hamburger

Hill

We don't do drive-bys; we park in front of houses and

shoot

And when the police come, we fuckin' shoot it out with

them too

That's the mentality here, that's the reality here

Did I just hear somebody say they wanna challenge me

here?

While I'm holdin' a pistol with this many calibers

here?

Try some registration, it just made the shit valid

this year?

'Cause once I snap, I can't be held accountable for my

actions

That's when accidents happen, when a thousand
bullets

come at your house

And collapse the foundation around you when they
found

you and your family in it

God damnit, admit it when he told you

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville

(He'll) Accidentally kill your family

Still thinkin' he won't, God damnit, he will

(He's) Mentally ill, from Amityville.

Visit [Marshall Mathers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.