

Marshall Mathers

"Criminal"

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[Eminem]

A lot of people ask me.. stupid fuckin questions

A lot of people think that.. what I say on records

or what I talk about on a record, that I actually do in real
life

or that I believe in it

Or if I say that, I wanna kill somebody, that..

I'm actually gonna do it

or that I believe in it

Well, shit.. if you believe that

then I'll kill you

You know why?

Cuz I'm a

CRIMINAL

CRIMINAL

You god damn right

I'm a CRIMINAL

Yeah, I'm a CRIMINAL

[Eminem]

My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge

That'll stab you in the head

whether you're a fag or lez
Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest
Pants or dress - hate fags? The answer's "yes"
Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic
Starin at my jeans, watchin my genitals bulgin (Ooh!)
That's my motherfuckin balls, you'd better let go of em
They belong in my scrotum, you'll never get hold of em
Hey, it's me, Versace
Whoops, somebody shot me!
And I was just checkin the mail
Get it? Checkin the 'male'?
How many records you expectin to sell
after your second LP sends you directly to jail?
C'mon!-- Relax guy, I like gay men
Right, Ken? Give me an amen (AAA-men!)
Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus
Heal this child, help us destroy these demons
Oh, and please send me a brand new car
And a prostitute while my wife's sick in the hospital
Preacher preacher, fifth grade teacher
You can't reach me, my mom can't neither
You can't teach me a goddamn thing cause
I watch TV, and Comcast cable
and you ain't able to stop these thoughts
You can't stop me from toppin these charts
And you can't stop me from droppin each March

with a brand new cd for these fuckin retards

Duhhh, and to think, it's just little ol' me

Mr. "Don't Give A Fuck," still won't leave

Chorus:

I'm a CRIMINAL

Cuz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime

to tell em what's on my mind - I guess I'm a CRIMINAL

but I don't gotta say a word, I just flip em the bird

and keep goin, I don't take shit from no one

(x2)

[Eminem]

My mother did drugs - tar, liquor, cigarettes, and speed

The baby came out - disfigured, ligaments indeed

It was a seed who would grow up just as crazy as she

Don't dare make fun of that baby cause that baby was me

I'm a CRIMINAL - an animal caged who turned crazed

But how the fuck you sposed to grow up when you weren't raised?

So as I got older and I got a lot taller

My dick shrunk smaller, but my balls got larger

I drink malt liquor to fuck you up quicker

than you'd wanna fuck me up for sayin the word ...

My morals went thhbbpp when the president got oral

Sex in his Oval Office on top of his desk

Off of his own employee

Now don't ignore me, you won't avoid me

You can't miss me, I'm white, blonde-haired

and my nose is pointy

I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die

in plane crashes and laughs

As long as it ain't happened to him

Slim Shady, I'm as crazy as Em

-inem and Kim combined - *kch* the maniac's in

Replacin the doctor cause Dre couldn't make it today

He's a little under the weather, so I'm takin his place

(Mm-mm-mmm!) Oh, that's Dre with an AK to his face

Don't make me kill him too and spray his brains all over
the place

I told you Dre, you should've kept that thang put away

I guess that'll teach you not to let me play with it, eh?

I'm a CRIMINAL

[Interlude Skit]

Aight look (uh huh) just go up in that motherfucker

get the motherfuckin money and get the fuck up outta
there

[Em] Aight

I'll be right here waitin on you

[Em] Aight

Yo Em

[Em] What?!

Don't kill nobody this time

[Em] Awwright... god damn, fuck...

(whistling) how you doin'?

[Teller] HI, how can I help you?

[Eminem] Yeah I need to make a withdrawl

[Teller] Okay

[Eminem] Put the fuckin money in the bag bitch

and I won't kill you!

[Teller] What? Oh my god, don't kill me

[Eminem] I'm not gonna kill you bitch, quit lookin around...

[Teller] Don't kill me, please don't kill me...

[Eminem] I said I'm not gonna fuckin kill you

Hurry the fuck up! {*BANG*} Thank you!

[Eminem]

Windows tinted on my ride when I drive in it

So when I rob a bank, run out and just dive in it

So I'll be disguised in it

And if anybody identifies the guy in it

I'll hide for five minutes

Come back, shoot the eyewitness

Then fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business

Die, bitches! Pass this brass pest(?)

Cause Puffy's lucky I didn't blast his ass yet

If I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts

tuck my dick inbetween my legs and cluck

You motherfuckin chickens ain't brave enough

to say the stuff I say, so this tape is shut

Shit, half the shit I say, I just make it up

To make you mad so kiss my white naked ass

And if it's not a rapper that I make it as

I'ma be a fuckin rapist in a Jason mask

(Chorus 2X)

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