

Marshall Mathers

"Get You Mad"

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Yo.. yo! (* Eminem hachs up spit *)

Mic check.. (My dick!)

Testing.. one, two (* Eminem hach-spits on mic *)

Ffff-fuck.. (My dick!) My nuts..

My attitude is worse than NWA's was

I'll battle you over stupid shit and diss people

who ain't have shit to do with it, like Cool J does (My tattoo!)

You see me standin outside of your buildin; screamin,

"Puffy is good, (HEY!) but Slim Shady is for the children!" (WAIT!)

I look at my life in a new light -- fuck it

Give me two mics; I write songs for me -- fuck what you like

You're probably hear me rap half-hearted; cause I don't like rap anyway

I'm just tryin to get my porno career started

Every place and event.. +Been There, Done That+

Shit, Dre stuck me in a suitcase when he went

(* zipper sound *) "Come on, let's go!"

Want a deal? Study these 5 chapters

Lesson One: Throw demos as hard as you can at signed rappers

Lesson Two: Face em and diss em (whattup dog?)

Don't give em a demo; kidnap em (I want you to come with me)

and make em come to your basement and listen

(you're gonna fuckin check this out)

Lesson Three: Get a job at a label; switch demos with Canibus

and put yours on the owner's table (here listen!)

Lesson Four: 'Know you heard this before'

"Hey let me get your number; I'll call you tomorrow, for sure!"

Don't act like a fan -- you wanna get signed?

Get the whitest A&R you can find

Pull him aside and rap as wack as you can

Lesson Five: Get a hook-up at Jive

Dress up like I.C.P. and have them come see you perform live

And that's the key, but when you see me on the street; I ain't

givin you shit bitch - don't even bother askin me (get away from me)

Toilet water splashes me right in the ass when I'm spittin

cause I'm always shittin when I'm rappin like Master P (UNNNGGGGH!)

Got a blowjob from Paula Jones, and stuffed it so far in her mouth

my balls broke both of her collarbones (OWW!)

Told Mya this shit was all about me-ah ("It's all about me..")

Gave Alyssa Milano syphilis, mono and gonorrhea

("You're a dick!")

And all three of my main girls said SEE-YA

Cause Brandy and Monica walked in and caught me
fuckin Aaliyah

(What? Oh my God!) I splish splash while I'm takin a
bath

Grab a handful of pills, break em in half, take em and
laugh

White trash -- fuckin your wife in the ass ("Oh! Ooh
Shady! Oooh!")

While you're out siphoning gas for your lawnmower to
cut the grass

So if I hurt your self-esteem

and you get dissed too bad [Yo why you diss me?]

You know I just be sayin that to get you mad

And when I rap about a buncha shit you wished you had
[A big dick!]

You know I just be sayin that to get you mad

"I can't listen to that song, that shit's too sad!"

You know I just be sayin that to get you mad

"He'll never make it, his wrist is slit too bad!" [Nurse!
Nurse!]

You know I just be sayin that to get you mad

What a wonderful day; I should go outside and play

Ain't no need to sit inside the house and hibernate

Hi Renee! (Oh hi!) I was just about to toss a live
grenade

in your driveway (WHAT?) and drive away (* car peels
out *)

Are you afraid of a blade made of a razor with AIDS

Blood drippin from it, rippin your stomach like a paper mache

You talk a lotta shit, but you was never ill though

I'm sick enough to beat you to death with a feather pillow

Tipped over some cows, just for a joke and a laugh (MOOOOO!)

Jumped up, choked a giraffe, snapped his neck and broke it in half

Wagin wars, went on stage and sprayed Cage with +Agent Orange+

And wiped my ass with his page in Source (Here!)

The demon is here, steamin this year

I rip [*Mystikal's*] voicebox out, scream in his ear (AHHHHHH!)

It's not a gimmick bitch, it's an image I live it

Give a fuck? I don't know what a fuck is to give it

"Yeah I don't think this guy is well.." I'm high as hell

I'll beat you with a live cat when I'm swinging him by his tail

[* impersonating Method Man *]

I'll fuckin, I'll fuckin

Lay your nuts on the dresser

Just your nutsack by itself

And bang them shits with a spiked bat

Cut your neck off and sew your head right back

And leave you like that

You just triggered the prick who just mixed liquor

Who's itchin to leave you disfigured and stiffer than Chris-topher

Reeves, I was teething with strep throat
while your mother was breastfeeding
And gave her the flesh-eating disease
I'm iller than takin a hammer and beatin your knees
and walkin through South Central L.A., bleedin in jeans
(Am I a Blood or a Crip?) Wakin up the next day in
breathin machines
Flashin back to being shot and repeatin the scenes
on how you just got smoked, and if you do live
You'll be too scared to tell it, like a Biggie and 'Pac joke
So if I hurt your self-esteem and you get dissed too
bad
You know I just be sayin that to get you mad
And when I rap about a fat bitch that you wished you
had
You know I just be sayin that to get you mad
"I can't listen to that song, that shit's too sad"
You know I just be sayin that to get you mad
"He'll never make it, his wrist is slit too bad"
You know I just be sayin that to get you mad
I know that makes you real mad, don't it? (uh-huh)
That's right, Slim Shady (yup) Sway & Tech
Sprayin wreck (bitch)
And we don't give a heck (uh-uh)
or a damn.. or a fuck.. or a shit
So suck my motherfuckin dick

