

Criminal

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 it 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 aCriminal
Criminal
You goddamn right
I'm a criminal
Yeah, I'm a criminalMy 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'
That's my motherfuckin' balls, you'd better let go of 'em
They belong in my scrotum, you'll never get a hold of 'emHey, it's me, Versace
Whops, 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
Amen
Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus
Heal this child, help us destroy these demonsOh, 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
Who?

And to think, it's just little ol' me
Mr. "Don't Give A Fuck" still won't leave 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 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
I don't gotta say a word
I just flip 'em the bird and keep goin'
I don't take shit from no one 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 supposed 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 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 Eminem and Kim combined
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
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 Aight look
Uh huh
Just go up in that motherfucker
Get the motherfuckin' money
And get the fuck up outta there
Aight

I'll be right here waitin' on you
Aight
Yo, Em
What?
Don't kill nobody this time
Aw right, goddamn, fuckHi
How you doin'?
How can I help you?
Yeah, I need to make a withdrawal
Okay
Put the fuckin' money in the bag, bitch
And I won't kill you
What? Oh my God, don't kill me
I'm not gonna kill you bitch, quit lookin' around
Just don't kill me, I have two kids at home
I said, I'm not gonna fuckin' kill you
Don't kill me
Hurry the fuck up
Thank youWindows 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
Fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business
Die, bitches, bastards, brats, pets
This puppy's lucky I didn't blast his ass yetIf I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts
Tuck my dick in between my legs and cluck
You motherfuckin' chickens ain't brave enough
To say the stuff I say, so just tape it 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 maskI'm a criminal
'Cuz every time I write a rhyme
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