Taking My Ball

Eminem

It feels so wrong 'cause it feel so right
But it's alright, it's okay with me
I'll do my steps all by myself
I don't need nobody to play with me
But if you just give me a chance
I can put you in a trance, the way I dance
But don't nobody wanna play with me
So I'm taking my ball and going home, home
I'm that guy, man, shove a dime up in my hind end
And crush it with my butt muscles while I cut vocals
Slut poke holes in your shirt, jump in mud puddles
While I stomp mud holes in your ass, girl, now let's cuddle
Blood curdling, you're gurgling in on your blood waddle
I do for my next trick, I'm feeling wonderful
I think I might just do something a little less subtle
Shove a fucking Tonka truck up a little kids butt hole
Feel the wrath of a psychopath slash Ambassador
Of the Valentine Day massacre slash assassin
I slash her in the ass with an icicle and leave her lay in a blood bath
While I put a catheter in and jump in the bath with her
In my Spider Man mask, man, just imagine
The fun I can have with a strap on
Stick up a Kim Kardashians ass
And make the bitch run a triathlon
Are those pistachios? Damn I'd like to have some
Laying on the patio, man rolling a fat one
Shady drop the magic marker, put the cap on
Goddamn man, are you that much of an asshole
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But if you just give me a chance
I can put you in a trance, the way I dance
But don't nobody wanna play with me
So I'm taking my ball and going home, home
I'm like Houdini, tuck my teeny, eenie, weenie between each
One of my thighs and make it disappear like a genie
Make this shit disappear like Tara Reid in a bikini

Believe me, homie, you don't know the meaning of a meanie
They call me the fruit loop from Jupiter, I'm tryna maneuver
The hoover up in your poop shoot, don't move or ya
Might get it stuck up so fuckin' far up in your uvula
You ain't gonna know what he was tryna do to your gluteus
Totally tubular, sniffin' glue through a tube in the studio
Now who do ya think is more fruitier?

Weeny smothered in peanut butter pudding on the tube of your
Eye shadow and that'd look nice, you shoulda seen it, mother
I think I'll put a piece of art on my Visa card
Then I'll go beat Mischa Barton with a pleasin' art
Then mosey on over to Rosie O'Donnell's with McDonald's
Jump in her lap and watch the Sopranos.
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I can put you in a trance, the way I dance
But don't nobody wanna play with me
So I'm taking my ball and going home, home
Shady, what are ya doin' chewin' on a human?
Grab an aluminum bat, can't hide a clue in the back
Boom and assumin' the fact that that dude's in the back room
Usin' the bathroom, vacuumin' a raccoon
Skewin' a rat, a cat, screwin' a baboon
You shouldn't ask, what is he doin' with that broom?
You should be glad he ain't leave you full of stab wounds
You in a trance, I'm back doing my dance, ooh
But they're afraid I might get Sarah Palin by the hair and
Make her wear a bathin' suit and take her parasailin'
Shady, why do you gotta pick on the lady for?
Why you make her read 84 bed time stories to you in baby talk?
'Cause I'm scared, there's monsters under my bed
Kelly Pickler hid my juice box under my bassinet
No wonder my ass is wet, my diaper needs to be changed
You like graffiti, dike? Well, I can pee-pee and write your name
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But if you just give me a chance
I can put you in a trance, the way I dance
But don't nobody wanna play with me

So I'm taking my ball and going home, home
Fine, nobody wants to play with me?
Fuck you then, bitch
Guys, you're always mean to me anyways
All you ever do is rub gum in my hair and stuff
You guys are gon' make me, make me sad
Bad, I'm gonna cry, I'm crying
I'm gonna tell my mom
Mom

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