

# Bagpipes from Baghdad

Eminem

Ohh, it's music to my ears  
Oh man, how can I describe the way I feel?  
Fuckin' great, man  
Okay, let me see, how could I begin? Locked in Mariah's wine cellar, all I had for lunch  
Was bread, wine, more bread, wine and Cap'n Crunch  
Red wine for breakfast and for brunch  
And to soak it up and in between snack crackers to munch Mariah, whatever happened to us?  
Why did we have to break up? All I asked for was a glass of punch  
You see I never really asked for much  
I can't imagine what's goin' through you mind  
After such a nasty break up With that Latin hunk Luis Miguel  
Nick Cannon better back the fuck up  
I'm not playin', I want her back you punk  
This is Hello Kitty bedspread satin funk Mixed with Egyptian, with a little rap and punk  
Zap and Eric Clapton shaft brings Abba crunk  
And yeah baby, I want another crack at ya  
You can beat me with any spatula that you want I mean I really want ya bad, you cunt  
Nick, you had your fun, I've come to kick you in your sack of junk  
Man, I could use a fresh batch of blood  
So prepare your vernacular for Dracula acupuncture Bagpipes from Baghdad  
When will it ever cease for Pete's sakes, he's crazy to say the least  
Bagpipes from Baghdad  
What's goin' through my mind half the time  
When my rhyme are blowin' up my Bagpipes from Baghdad  
Somebody turn the 'Vacancy' sign on 'cause I'm gone blowin' up my  
Bagpipes from Baghdad  
I run the streets and act like a mad man holdin' a glad You can be a permanent fixture in my lyrical mixture  
I'm the miracle whip, a trickster  
My signature sound when the tube of lipsticks surround  
I'm bound to put it on in an instant, wow, man What an ensemble, what an assortment of pharmaceuticals  
This beautiful pill dust in my palm  
Cuticles get residue just from touching the bottle  
Never knew I could remind me so much of my mama I cut you like Dahmer, pull a butcher knife on ya  
The size of a sword, boy, I'm like the fuckin' Red Sonja  
Get it stuck in your cornea, nice knowin' ya Norman  
You're so fuckin' annoyin', drop the shovel, boy You don't know what the fuck you're doin'  
I ain't playin' no fuckin' more  
Nick Cannon you prick, I wish you luck with the fuckin' whore  
Every minute there's a sucka born

Snuck up on Malakai and made the motherfuckers suck  
On a shucka cornShucka, shucka corn, shucka corn  
Hit Jason in the face with a hockey puck and told him it's fuckin' on  
Now what the fuck are ya doin'? You're runnin' over the snow blower  
With the lawnmower blowing your bagpipes from BaghdadBagpipes from Baghdad  
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I run the streets and act like a mad man holdin' a glad bagIn the bed with two brain dead lesbian vegetables  
I bet you they become heterosexual  
Nothin' will stop me from molestin' you  
Titty fuckin' you 'till your breast nipple flesh tickles my testiclesIs what they said, to the two conjoined twins  
"How's it going girlfriends, you need a boyfriend?"  
You need some ointment, just set up an appointment  
Who's gonna see the doctor first, we'll do a coin flipI just got my one year sobriety coin chip  
When the bad get goin', how bad does the goin' get?  
Baby, you shouldn't have any trouble rubbin' groins with  
Each other, especially when you're joined at the hipI'm goin' to get the needle and thread from the sowin' kit  
And attempt to separate 'em, and stitch them back at the loins, shit  
Knew the little boy with the chocolate chips, ahoy chip  
Cookie looky, even took me a PolaroidBagpipes from Baghdad  
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