Brainless

Matar

[Intro]Eminem Has a full line of chainsaws
Eminem..Eminem..Eminem..Eminem
Marshall Mathers, Eminem, the rapperâ€¦Eminem
Who can say fore sure?
Perhaps a frontal lobotomy would be the answer
If science can operate on this distorted brain and put it to good use
Society will reap a great benefit[Verse 1]
I walk around like a space cadet, place your bets
Who's likely to become a serial killer? Case of tourettes
Fuck Fuck fuck Can't take the stress
I make a mess as the day progresses
Angry and take it out on the neighbours hedges
Like this is how I'll cut your face up bitches
With these hedge trimming scisors with razor edges
Imagination's dangerous, it's the only way to escape this
Mess and make the best of this situation, I guess
Cuz I feel like a little bitch's, predicaments, despicable
I'm sick of just getting pushed, it's ridiculous
I look like a freaking woos, a pussy
This kid just took my stick of liquorice
And threw my sticker books in a picker bush
I wanna kick his toosh, but I was six and shook
This fucker was 12 and was 6 foot, with a vicious hook
He hit me, I fell, I got back up, all I did was book, now there's using your head[Hook]
Mama always said 'If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous
A brain you'd be dangerous' (Mama I'll Prove You wrong)
Mama, Ima grow a name and be famous
And I'mma be a pain in the anus
(I'ma be the Bomb)
I'mma use my head as a weapon
Find a way to escape this insaneness
Mama always said 'Son, If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous
Guess it pays to be brainless[Verse 2]
Fast forward some years later
A teenager, this is a fun, sweet
I just got jumped twice in one week, it's complete
Cuz usually once a month, this is some feat I've accomplished
They've stomped me into the mud [gee] for what reason, you stomped me
But how do you get the shit beat out of you be down and be upbeat

When you don't have no-thing, no valid shot at life
Chance to make it or succeed
Cuz you're doomed from the start
It's like you grew up on drug street, from jump street
But if I had just kept my head up my ass
I could accomplish any task
Practicing trash talking in a trance
Locked in my room yeah But I got some plans mama
These damn rhymes are falling
Out of my pants pocket I can't stop it
And I'm starting to blend in more, school this shit helps for sure
I'm getting more self assured than I've ever been before
Plus no one picks on me anymore, I done put a stop to that
Threw my first punch, end of story
Still in my skulls a vacant, empty void,
Been using it more as a bin for storage
Take some inventory and as gorge as a Ford engine door hinge syringe an orange an extension cord and a Ninja sword
Not to mention four lynch pins and a stringent stored ironing board a bench a wrench or winch and a tangent whore
Everything but a brain, but dome's off the fucking chain
Like an independent store, something's wrong with my head
Just think if I had a brain in it, thank God that I don't
Cause I'd probably be dahmer cause mama always said[Hook][Bridge]
Now my mum goes "womp womp womp"
Cause I'm not that smart but I'm not dumb
I was on a bottom of the pile getting stomped
But somehow, I came out on top[Verse 3]
I told you one day, I said they'd have that red carpet rolled out, yo
I'm nice, yo, fuck it I'm out cold
Now everywhere I go, they scream out 'Go'
I'm bout to clean house, yo
I'm Lysol, now I'm just household
Outsold the sell outs, freak the hell out
Middle America, hear them yell out
[until] they were so scared, and those kids
Just about, belted out
Whatever spout that it fell out
Of my smart alleck mouth, it was so weird
Inappropriate, so be it, I don't see it
Maybe one day when the smoke clears, it won't be as
Motherfuckin' difficult, ye, till then
Hopefully you little homos get over your fears and grow beards
It's okay to be scared straight, they said I provoke queers
Till emotions evoke tears, my whole careers a stroke of sheer genius

Smoke and mirrors, tactical, practical jokes, yeah
You motherfuckin' Insert insult here
Who the fuck would've thought one little lone MC would be able to take the whole culture and re-upholstery it
And boy they did flock
Can't believe this loaded Glock
This hip hop shit and this ??and still the shit got
That white trash traffic and gridlock
Shit hopping like a six blocks from a Kid Rock
Insane Clown Posse Concert in mid oc-tober
And got forbid ah See a wizard and get a brain in my titanium cranium dog
Cause I turn to the unibomber mama always said[outro]
Insaneness ain't even a word you stupid fuck
Neither is ain't

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/