Evil Twin

Eminem

[Intro]
Yeah, trying to figure out the difference
But I think.. I think the lines are starting to get blurry
[Verse 1]
I'm in a strange place
I feel like Mase when he gave up the game for his faith
I feel like I'm caged in these chains and restraints
Grinning every stranger in the place while I gaze into space
Cause I'm mentally rearranging his face
I need a change of pace cause the pace I'm working at is dangerous
There's nowhere to dump this anger and thanks to this angst
I done quit chicken heads in cold turkey and started slowly roasting 'em
Cause that's where most of my anger is based
Fuck your feelings, I feel like I play for the Saints
I just want to hurt you, aim for the skanks
Then aim for all these fake Kanye's, Jay's, Wayne's and the Drake's
I'm frustrated cause ain't no more N'Sync, now I'm all out of wack
I'm all out of Backstreet Boys to call out and attack
I'm going all out in this rap shit and whatever the fallout is
I'm strapped for battles, suck a duck, crawl out the back, bar fight
Prepare your arsenal and beware of bar stools flying through the air
And bottles breaking, mirrors also
And I ain't stopping 'til the swear jar's full
You done called every woman a slut, but you forgetting Sarah, Marshall (Palin!)
Oh my bad, slut
And next time I show up in court I'll be naked and square a lawsuit
Judge be like "[?], how much that motherfucker cost you?
Smart ass, you lucky I don't tear it off you
And jmp your bones, you sexy motherfucker
You so fucking gravy, Marshall, I should start calling you ashu
Cause all you do is spit them lyrics out the [wazoo]
Evil twin, take this beat now, it's on you"
I believe people can change, but only for the worse
I could've changed the world if it wasn't for this verse
So satanic [?] panic
Cause they can't even spin back the curse words
Cause they're worse when they're reversed, motherfucker
(I fuck em - rape your mother)
And these kids are like parrots

They run around the house just like terrorists
Screaming "fuck, shit, fuck"
Adult with a child is like arrogance
Wild ever since the day I came out I was like "merits, fuck that"
I'd rather be loud and I like swearing
From the first album even the gals were like "tight lyrics, screamy eyes"
But my fucking mouth was nightmare-ish
And from the start of it you felt like you were a part of this
And the opposition felt the opposite
Sometimes I listen and revisit them old albums
Often as I can and skim through all them bitches
To make sure I keep up with my competition
[?] of beats, hoarder of rhymes
Borderline genius who's bored of his lines
And that sort of defines where I'm at and the way I feel now
Feel like I might just strike first and ignore the replies
[Hook]
This darkness comes in me
(Evil twin)
And comes again
That ain't me
He's just a friend who pops up now and again
So don't blame me, blame him
I step out and see my evil twin, he gives me an evil grin
[Interlude]
Welcome back to the land of the living, my friend
You have slept for quite some time
[Verse 2]
So who's left? Lady Gaga? Messed with the Bieber
Nah, F with Christina, I ain't fucking with either Jessica neither
Simpson or Alba, my albums just sicker than struck with the fever
[?]
Feel like I'm burning to death, but I'm freezin'
Bed-written and destined to never leave the
Bedroom ever again like the legend of Heather Ledger
My suicide notes, barely legible read the
Bottom, it's signed by The Joker
Lorena said I never can leave her
She'd sever my wiener I ever deceive her
Fuck that shit, bitch
Give up my dick for pussy, I'd be Jerry Mathers
I'ever left it at beaver
Get them titties cut off trying to mess with the cleaver
Golly-wally [?] registered Jesus
Ever since 1-9-9-4-6 Dresden it was definite lean

My destiny went on the steps, I met Deshaun at Osborn
I'd never make it to sophomore
I just wanted to skip school and rap, used to mop floors
Flip burgers and wash dishes, but I wrote rhymes trying to get props for 'em
Cause I took book-smarts and swapped for 'em
They was sleeping, I made them stop snorin'
Made them break out the popcorn
Now I've been hip hop in its tip top form
Since N.W.A. was blaring through my car windows leaning on the horn
Screaming "fuck the police" like cop porn
Flipped rap on its ear like I dropped coin
Fuck top 5, bitch, I'm top 4
ANd that includes Biggie and Pac, whore
And I got an evil twin, so who do you think that's 3rd and that 4th spot's for?
And as crazy as I am I'm much tamer than him
And I'm nuts, then again who the fuck wants a plain Eminem?
But no one's insaner than Slim, look at that evil grin (evil twin)
Please come in, what was your name again?
Hi, faggot
Look who's back with a crab up his ass like a lobster crawled up there
Two rabbits, a koala bear and a ball of hair
And you're all aware I ain't got it all upstairs
Guess that's why I'm an addict and it's just small up there
Peace to Whitney, geez, just hit me
That I should call the looney police to come get me
Cause I'm so sick of being the truth I wish somebody finally admit me
Into a mental hospital with Britney
Oh, LMFAO, no way, ho
Jose Baez couldn't beat this rap, OJ no
Hooray, I'm off the hook like Casey Anthony
Hey ho, hey ho
I sound like I'm trying to sing the chorus to fucking hip hop hooray
No, I'm hollering, you got bottom in like an a-hole
Eight and a base whether I'mfucking off that instead of your face, ho
Let your low hand raise, yo
Tango, what you think, ho?
Slow dancing in the bowling
You trying to hold hands with your homie?
What? You think I'm looking for romance cause I'm lonely?
Change that tune, you ain't got remote chance to control me
Ho, I'm only vulnerable when I got a boner
Superman tried to fuck me over, it won't hurt
Don't try to fix me, I'm broke so I don't work
So are you, but you're broke cause you don't work
But all bullshit aside I hit a stride

Still Shady inside, hair every bit is dyed
As it used to be when I first introduced y'all to my skiddish side
And blamed it on him when they tried to criticize
Cause we are the same, bitch

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