

# Drug Ballad

## Eminem

Ooh shit (ooh hey ooh)  
Guess what?  
I ain't coming in yet  
I'll come in in a minute  
Ah-yo this is my love song  
It goes like this  
Back when Mark Wahlberg was Marky Mark  
This is how we used to make the party start  
We used to mix hen' with Bacardi Dark  
And when it kicks in you can hardly talk  
And by the sixth gin you gon' probably crawl  
And you'll be sick then and you'll probably barf  
And my prediction is you gon' probably fall  
Either somewhere in the lobby or the hallway wall  
And everything's spinnin'  
You're beginning to think women are swimmin' in pink linen  
Again in the sink  
Then in a couple of minutes that bottle of Guinness is finished  
You are now allowed to officially slap bitches  
You have the right to remain violent and start wildin'  
Start a fight with the same guy that was smart eyein' you  
Get in the car and start it and start drivin'  
Over the island and cause a 42 car pile up  
Earth calling, pilot to co-pilot  
Looking for life on this planet sir, no sign of it  
All I could see is a bunch of smoke flyin'  
And I'm so high that I might die if I go by it  
Let me out of this place I'm outta place  
I'm in in outter space, I've just vanished without a trace  
I'm going to a pretty place now where the flowers grow  
I'll be back in an hour or so  
'Cause every time I go to try to leave (Whoa)  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve (Whoa)  
I don't want to but I gotta stay (Whoa)  
These drugs really gotta hold on me (Whoa)  
'Cause every time I try ta tell 'em no (No)  
They won't let me ever let 'em go (Go)  
I'm a sucker all I gotta say (Whoa)  
Is drug's really gotta hold on me?

In third grade all I used to do  
Was sniff glue through a tube and play rubix cube  
Seventeen years later I'm as rude as you  
Schemein' on the first chick with the hugest boobs  
I got no game and every face looks the same  
They got no name so I don't need game to play  
I just say whatever I want, to whoever I want  
Whenever I want, wherever I want, however I want  
However I do show some respect to few  
This ecstasy has got me standin' next to you  
Gettin' sentimental as fuck, spillin' guts to you  
We just met but I think I'm in love with you  
But you're on it too so you tell me you love me too  
Wake up in the morning like "Yo what the fuck we do?"  
I gotta go bitch, you know I got stuff to do  
'Cause if I get caught cheatin' then I'm stuck with you  
But in the long run these drugs  
Are probably gonna catch up sooner or later  
But fuck it I'm on one so let's enjoy  
Let the X destroy your spinal chord,  
So it's not a straight line no more  
So we walk around lookin' like some windup dolls

Shit stickin' out of our backs like a dinosaur  
Shit six hits won't even get me high no more  
So bye for now I'm gonna try to find some more  
Cause every time I go to try to leave (Whoa)  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve (Whoa)  
I don't want to but I gotta stay (Whoa)  
These drugs really gotta hold on me (Whoa)  
'Cause every time I try ta tell 'em no (No)  
They won't let me ever let 'em go (Go)  
I'm a sucker all I gotta say (Whoa)  
Is drug's really gotta hold on me?  
That's the sound of a bottle when it's hollow  
When you swallow it all  
Wallow and drown in your sorrow  
And tomorrow your probably gonna want to do it again  
What's a little spinal fluid between you and a friend, screw it  
And what's a little bit of alcohol poisoning?  
And what's a little fight?  
Tomorrow you'll be boys again  
It's your life live it however you want to  
Marijuana is everywhere, where was you brought up?  
It don't matter as long as you get where you're goin'

'Cause none of this shit's gonna mean shit where we're goin  
They tell you to stop but you just sit there ignorin'  
Even though you wake up feelin' like shit every morning  
But your young you got a lot of drugs to do  
Girls to screw, parties to crash, sucks to be you  
If I could take it all back now I wouldn't  
I would've did more shit that people said that I shouldn't  
But I'm all grown up now and upgraded  
And graduated to better drugs and updated  
But I still gotta a lot of growin' up to do  
I still gotta whole lot of throwin' up to spew  
But when it's all said and done before I know it  
I'll be forty with a forty on the porch tellin' stories  
With a bottle of Jack, two grand kids on my lap  
Babysitting for Hailey, while Hailey's out gettin' smashed  
'Cause every time I go to try to leave (Whoa)  
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve (Whoa)  
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