

# Under The Influence (Feat D-12)

## Eminem

So you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick, ha ha!Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies

I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid-twenties  
A young ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass  
So the rats can't chew through his last pants  
I'm like a mummy at night, fightin' with bright lightning  
Frightened with five little white Vicadin pills bitin' him  
I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital lost  
Stingin' the fuck outta everything I come across in the halls  
I light a candle and place it up on the mantle  
Grab a knife at the blade and stab you with the fuckin' handle  
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds, hurtin'  
Just it's too late

'Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's curtainsI'm an instigator, .380 slug penetrator  
Degradin', creatin' murders to kill haters  
Accused for every crime known through the equator  
They knew I did it (uh-huh) for havin' blood on my 'gators  
My weed will hit yo' chest like a double barrel gauge an'  
I'm a black grenade that will blow up in yo' face  
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Remi I do shit on purpose  
You never hear me say, "Forgiv me"  
I'm snatchin' every penny it gotta be that way nigga, face it  
That weed I sold to you, Brigade laced it  
You hidin', I make the president get a face lift  
Niggas just afraid, handin' me they bracelets  
Chillin' in the lab wasted

I'm the type that'll drink Kahlua and gin, throw up on the mic  
Your life is ruined, you get socked right on site

And even at the Million Man March, we gon' fightSo you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick  
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like, my shit

'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dickI'm a compulsive liar, settin' my preacher on fire  
Slashin' your tires, flyin' down Fenkel and Meyers  
Plates expired, soon as I'm hired, I'm fired  
Jackin' my dick off in a bed of barbed wire  
(Hey, is Bizarre performing?)  
Bitch didn't you read the flier?  
Special invited guest will be, Richard Pryor

(Aren't you a male dancer?) Nah bitch, I'm retired  
Fuckin' your bitch in the ass with a tire iron  
I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip  
My D-J's in a coma for  
Lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip  
Lettin' the record skip (Damn!)  
I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'  
It's gonna cost three hundred dollars to get my pit bull an abortion  
Some bitch asked for my autograph  
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face and laughed  
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam

All bitches is hoes, even my stinkin' ass momAh-yo flashback, two feats, two deep up in that ass crack  
Weed laced with somethin' nigga pass that  
In Amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats  
At a 'Stop the Violence' rally, I blast gats  
Be your mom on publishin', get your ASCAP-ped  
The Kuniva, divide up your cash stack  
Run your motherfuckin' pockets, asap  
I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch Shaq's  
Born loser, half thief and half black  
Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at  
Bitch smacker, rich rappers get they Jag jacked

And found chopped up in a trash bagStranglin' rappers until the point they can't yell  
'Cause they crew is full of fags and sweeter than bake sales  
Reckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace  
Gruesome, and causin' more violence than nine hoodlums  
I grapple your adam's apple until it crackle  
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you  
Get executed, cause I'm a "Luni"  
I got a "Yukmouth" and it's polluted  
I cock it back then shoot it  
I love snatchin' up players thugs and young ballers  
Shoot up the household, even the young toddlers  
Brigade barricade to bring the noise  
While the bullets break your bones up like Christmas toys  
If I go solo, I'm doin' a song with Bolo  
A big Chinese nigga, screamin' "Kuniva yo yo"  
I leave ya face leakin', run up in church  
And smack the preacher while he's preachin'

Take a swing at the deaconI used to tell cats I sold weed and weight  
I was straight 'til I got caught sellin' 'em shake  
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent  
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin' sex in my tent  
With the superintendent's daughter, my brain's out of order

I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin' in water  
In cahoots with this nigga named Carlisle Von  
Who got fired from U-P-S for tryin' to send you a bomb  
(Special delivery!)

I signed to a local label for fun  
Say I got cancer, get dropped, take the advancement and run  
Drive-by you in the rain while you carry your son  
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin' me none  
Born straight up out a pussy but a son of a gun  
Got a reputation for havin' niggas runnin' they funds  
Used to be the type of nigga that was foldin' some one's  
'Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin' in doughSo you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick  
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like, my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dickHa ha, suck my motherfuckin' dick  
D-12, Dirty motherfuckin' dozen  
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin' husbands  
Bizarre kid  
Swifty McVeigh  
The Kon Artis  
The Kuniva  
Dirty Harry  
Ha ha, and Slim Shady

Songwriters

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