

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 curtains I'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' fight 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
'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 dick I'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 dough
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
'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 dick
Ha ha, suck my motherfuckin' dick
D-12, Dirty motherfuckin' dozen
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin' husbands
Bizarre kid
Swiftly McVeigh
The Kon Artis
The Kuniva
Dirty Harry
Ha ha, and Slim Shady

Songwriters

DE SHAUN DUPREE HOLTON, DENAUN M PORTER, MARSHALL B III MATHERS, ONDRE C
MOORE, RUFUS JOHNSON, RUFUS B JOHNSON, VON M CARLISLE

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>