

Guilty Conscience (Ft. Dr. Dre)

Eminem

Meet Eddie, twenty-three years old
Fed up with life and the way things are going, he decides to rob a liquor store
But on his way in, he has a sudden change of heart
And suddenly, his conscience comes into play
Alright, stop! Now before you walk in the door of this liquor store
and try to get money out the drawer
You'd better think of the consequence
"But who are you?"
I'm your motherfuckin' conscience
That's nonsense
Go in and gaffle the money and run to one of your aunt's cribs
And borrow a damn dress and one of her blonde wigs
Tell her you need a place to stay, you'll be safe for days
If you shave your legs with Renee's razor blades
Yeah, but if it all goes through like it's supposed to
The whole neighborhood knows you and they'll expose you
Think about it, before you walk in the door first
Look at the store clerk, she's older than George Burns
Fuck that, do that shit
Shoot that bitch
Can you afford to blow this shit?
Are you that rich?
Why you give a fuck if she dies?
Are you that bitch?
Do you really think she gives a fuck if you have kids?
Man, don't do it, it's not worth it to risk it
Not over this shit
Stop!
Drop the biscuit
Don't even listen to Slim, yo
He's bad for you
You know what, Dre?
I don't like your attitude
Meet Stan, twenty-one years old
After meeting a young girl at a rave party
Thing's start getting hot and heavy in an upstairs bedroom
Once again, his conscience comes into play
Now listen to me: while you're kissin' her cheek
Smearin' her lipstick, I slip this in her drink
Now all you gotta do is nibble on this little bitch's earlobe... Yo, this girl's only fifteen years old
You shouldn't take advantage of her, it's not fair
Yo, look at her bush, does it got hair?
Fuck this bitch right here on the spot bare
Till she passes out and she forgot how she got there
Man, ain't you ever seen that one movie "Kids"?

No, but I seen the porno with Son Doobiest!

Shit, you wanna get hauled off to jail?

Man, fuck that, hit that shit raw dawg and bailMeet Grady, a twenty-nine years old construction worker

After coming home from a hard day's work

He walks in the door of his trailer park home

To find his wife in bed with another manAlright, calm down

Relax, start breathin'

Fuck that shit, you just caught this bitch cheatin'

While you at work, she's with some dude, tryin' to get off?

Fuck slittin' her throat!

Cut this bitch's head off!

Wait, what if there's an explanation for this shit?

What? She tripped? Fell? Landed on his dick?

Alright, Shady

Maybe he's right, Grady but think about the baby, before you get all crazy

Okay! Thought about it

Still wanna stab her?

Grab her by the throat, get your daughter and kidnap her?

That's what I did

Be smart, don't be a retard

You gonna take advice from somebody who slapped Dee Barnes!?

What'd you say?

What's wrong?

Didn't think I'd remember?

I'ma kill you, motherfucker!

Ah-ah, temper, temper!

Mr. Dre? Mr. N.W.A? Mr. AK, coming straight outta Compton, y'all better make way?

How in the fuck you gonna tell this man not to be violent?

'Cause he don't need to go the same route that I went

Been there, done that

Aw, fuck it, what am I sayin'?

Shoot 'em both, Grady, where's your gun at?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>