

Chemical Warfare

Eminem

You are now listening to the sounds of...Shady and...Alchemist..Alchemist..Alchemist...Got an axe in the duffel

bag, couple of fags,
Stuffed in the backseat, muzzled n gagged,
Wrapped in bubble wrap, two lesbians ahh,
Couple hustler mags, now grab the pez dispenser,
Fill it up to the max, with muscle relaxers,
The governor of Alaska, She lusts when I ask her,
To shove my polaski sausage up in her ass huh,
While we hover over Nebraska,
Shooting at the fucking buffalo pasture,
In the helicopter, man I can't fuck her no faster,
She's screaming grab my titties, shady suck on those bastards,
But I ain't no sucker, I won't snuggle up with her after,
I'm a gigolo, But Ya'll look like the juggalo rapper,
Everyday man I just seem to get a little bit dooper,
Shit, Back down,
Man I'd rather lick on a scrotum,
And eat the fucking octa Mom's pussy lips with some okra,
While I watch Whoopi Goldberg, Sizzle with Oprah,
While bossy pussy farts and takes a piss on the sofa,
Getting home and play dick swords with the Jonas...Brothers,
Your mother fucking mothers are roamers, Like no other,
I keep thinking of her smothered in soma's...Its chemical warfare, Drop bombs like sadam,
I'm bringing the drama, Like Barrack Obama,
Playing rock em' sock em' robots with the Octo Mama,
I'm vato loco, homie I'll cock those llamas,

Songwriters

MATHERS, MARSHALL B. III / MAMAN, ALANPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>