Low, Down, Dirty

Eminem

Warning, this shit's gon' be rated R, restricted
You see this bullet hole in my neck? It's self inflicted
Doctor slapped my momma, "Bitch you got a sick kid"
Arrested, molested myself and got convicted
Wearing visors, sunglasses and disguises
'Cause my split personality is having an identity crisis
I'm Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll, disrespectful
Hearing voices in my head while these whispers echo
"Murder murder Redrum"
Brain size of a bread crumb
Which drug will I end up dead from
Inebriated, till my stress is elevated
How in the fuck can Eminem and Shady be related?
Illiterate, illegitimate shit spitter
Bitch getter, hid in the bush like Margot Kidder
Jumped out killed the bitch and did her
Use to let the babysitter suck my dick when I was little'er
Smoke a blunt while I'm titty fuckin' Bette Midler
Sniper, waiting on your roof like the Fiddler
Y'all thought I was gonna rhyme with Riddler
Didn't Ya? Bring your bitch, I wanna see if this dick gon' fit in her
I'm low down and I'm shiftee
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack him
And ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps from
I'm low down and I'm shiftee
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack him
And ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps from
I lace tunes, I'm out this world like Space Moons
With a bunch crazed loons dismissin' brains like braze wounds
Nothing but idiots and misfits, dip shits
Doing whip pits, passed out like Sanford snip pits
Where's the weed, I wanna tamper with it
I'ma let your grandpa hit it
Mix it up with cocaine so her can't forget it
Fuck it, maybe I'm a bum
But I was put on this earth to make your baby mama cum
So what I'm on is way beyond the bomb or any alcoholic beverage
Losing all of my leverage
Went up inside the First National Bank broke, and left rich

Walking bio-hazard causing wreckage, smoked out like Eckridge
Band just making my neck itch, what the fuck? Gimme the tech bitch
You just lost your tip, there's a pubic hair in my breakfast
Got shit popping off like bottle cap tips

Get your cap peeled like the dead skin of your mama's chapped lips
Slap hips, support domestic violence
Beat your bitches ass while your kids stare in silence
I'm just joking, is Dirty Dozen's really dust smoking?
If all your shit's missing, than probably one of us broke in
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My head's ringing, like it was Spider Sense tingling
Lit it like Green Bay did when they shitted on New England
I'm out the game, put the second string in
This Brandy got my swinging
Bobbing back and forth like a penguin
Delinquent, toking microphones with Broken English
Make your mama be like "Oh, this is good, who sing this?"
Slim Shady, his tape is dope, I love it
It's rugged, but he needs to quit talking all that drug shit
It was predicted by a medic
I'd grow to be an addicted diabetic
Living off liquid Triametic
Pathetic, but I don't think this headache's ever vanishing
Panicking, I think I might have just took too much Anacin
Frozen Manaquin, posted stiffer than a statue
I think I'm dying, God is that you?
Somebody help me, before I OD on an LP
Take me to ER ASAP for an IV
Motherfuck JLB, they don't support no hip hop
They say that's where it ends, the closest they gon' come is Tupac
It's politics, it's all a fix
Setup by these white blue collared hicks
Just to make a dollar off of black music
With a subliminal ball of tricks
But those can kiss ass and swallow dicks
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