

Shit on You (A Cappella)

D12

I'll shit on you...da da..da da..
I'll shit on you...da da..da da..
I'll shit on you...da da..da da..
I'll shit on you...da da..da da..
I'll shit on you...i will shit on you
I'll shit on you...girl you know
I'll shit on you...bitch or men
I'll shit on you...i will shit on you[swiftly:]
I remain fatter than gluttony
Tapin' bombs on the back of record companies (uh huh)
Blow 'em up if they ain't wantin' me
The national guard- they scared of huntin' me
I love beef- I got your hoe duckin' me
A drug thief- bitch I'll take your marijuana
These slugs will keep your ass away from my corner
I drown niggaz in hundred degree saunas
You can act if fool if you wanna- biatch
It's this lyrical piranha- strapped with a grenade in a pool with yo' mama
Attack her by the legs and pull her to the bottom
Twit lettin' up like a condom
Slappin' if you fuckas got a problem
When I see 'em- you hoes endin' up in a fuckin' mausoleum
Or hidden in a trunk of a black and gold bm
Pull in a garage while you screamin'
Keep the motor on and I'm leavin'
I'll shit on you[chorus: eminem]
I will shit on you I don't care who you are- I'll shit on you
I don't give a fuck a-bout you or your car- I'll shit on you
Fuck your house, fuck your jewelry and fuck your watch- I'll shit on you
Fuck your wife, fuck your kids, fuck your family
I'll shhh...[bizarre:]
I'm an alcholic- where's the fuckin' toilet
Pass the hot dog (bizarre, aren't you islamic?)
Bitch shut your fuckin' mouth
I'ma keep eating 'till richard simmonds comes to my house
With a chainsaw to cut me out (my house, my house)
Aww fuck your wife- I had sex since I met her
Too busy fuckin' with- your baby sitter (ha ha ha)
And all women ain't shit

Only good for cooking cleaning and sucking dick- and that's it (I said it)
I'm responsible for killing john candy
Got jonbennet ramsey in my '98 camry (she's lost)
I don't give a fuck who you are
I'll shit on anybody
Truly yours- the idoitic bizarre[eminem:]
My adolescent years weren't shit to wait I do know
I never grew up- I was born grown and grew down
The older I get- the dumber the shit I get in
The more ignorant the incident is- I fit in
Ignorin' the shit? how boring it gets when there's no one to hit
I don't know when to quit throwin' a fit (nope)
I know I'm a bit flaky- but they make me
It's they who hate me and say they can takee (c'mon)
It's they whose legs I break and make achey
It's they who mistake me make me so angry (urgh)
I'll shit on you
I'll spit on you
Start pissin' and do the opposite on you
You weren't listenin'- I said I'll cop a squad on you
Start spillin' my guts like chicken cordeu bleu and straight shit
Like notorious big did to that bitch on the skit on his last album
Pull my pants down and...[chrous][kon artis:]
Is richard pryor still alive?
If not I'm sicker than he was prior to him dyin' (what? !)
Born brainless this steel ain't stainless
Your blood stains all over this steel god-dangit
Bitch bring it!
These niggaz that I hang with'll hang u up naked by your ankles dangling
But need I stay straight when I don't need your help
If you won't gimme ya pussy I'll unloosen my belt and (I'll shit on you)
I bet your daddy's not, your momma's kinda caught, your sister's chin crushed
Ya aunt supply ya rocks
Buck fifty 'cross your neck
Blow up your tech
I'll beat you across your chest[kuniva:]
Yo it's only right I jack the car keys and run
Spent all of my advancements on weed and guns
For fun when I'm drunk I run a truck through the weed house
Jump out and beat your peeps down worse than steve stought
Put you in choke holds I learned last week from the police man
Who caught me stealing weed from his jeep (hey, hey, hey!)
I see hoes fightin' y'all don't wanna brawl
That's like deebo fightin' peabo bryson (uhhh)
I'll shit on you

Fuck what your hollerin' and yellin' about
I'll reach in your mouth and pull your fuckin' skeleton out
Niggaz get hit with a 2-piece bling bling
With a poisonous thing- I'm such a violent thing[chorus][eminem:]
Once I get on two hits of ex my disc slips and disconnects
'till I walk around this bitch with a twisted neck
But still shit on the first bitch that disrespects
I'll shit on you
Over reaction is my only reaction which only sets off a chain reaction
That puts five more zany actin' maniacs in action
A rat pack in black jackets who pack 10 9 millimeters
5 criminals pullin' heaters and spillin' liters of blood like swimmin' pools
Shiesty individuals shoot at bitches too
A lot of people say misogynistic which is true
I don't deny it- matter of fact I stand by it
So please stand by at the start of a damn riot
If you don't wanna get stampeded then stand quiet (that's)
Boy girl dog woman man child I'll shit on you
Da da da da

Songwriters

MATHERS, MARSHALL / BELL JR., KENNETH / CARLISLE, VON / JOHNSON, RUFUS / MOORE,
ONDRE / PORTER, DENAUN / SMITH, LONNIE
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>