

Framed

Eminem

Feeling kinky, lip syncing to Too \$hort's "Freaky Tales (Biatch!)
Having creepy visions of whiskey drinking
And envisioning sneaking into where Christie Brinkley dwells
I know this is risky thinking but I wanna stick her like she's decals
But when murdering females
Better pay attention to these details or you could be derailed
Better wear at least three layers of clothing or be in jail
If you get scratched because your DNA'll
Be all up under her fingernails
Man, he hears you, I don't think he cares
He gives a fuck, even his pinky swears
Three personalities burstin' out of me, please beware
Her TV blares, can't hear the creaking stairs
She's unaware in no underwear, she's completely bare
Turns around and screams, I remember distinctly
I said "I'm here to do sink repairs"
Chop her up, put her body parts
In front of Steven Avery's trailer and leave 'em there
But hey man, I was framed
I know what this looks like, officers
Please just give me one minute
I think I can explain
I ain't murdered nobody
I know these words are so nutty
But I'm just here to entertain
How come your shirt is so bloody?
There's a missing person, so what? He's
Got nothin' to do with me
I'm almost certain I was framed
Woke up, it was dawn, musta knew somethin' was wrong
Think I'm becomin' a monster 'cause of the drugs that I'm on
Donald Duck's on, there's a Tonka Truck in the yard
But dog, how the fuck is Ivanka Trump in the trunk of my car?
Gotta get to the bottom of it to try to solve it
Must go above and beyond, 'cause it's incumbent upon me
Plus I feel somewhat responsible for the dumb little blonde
Girl, that motherfuckin' baton twirler that got dumped in the pond
Second murder with no recollection of it
Collectin' newspaper articles, cuttin' out sections from it

Memory's too fucked to remember, destructive temper
Cut my public defender's jugular then stuck him up in a blender
Another dismembered toddler discovered this winter probably
 'Cause I disassembled the body
Was covered up in the snow since the month of November oddly
 I'm wanted for questioning

Them son of a bitches probably just wanna pin this on meBut hey man, I was framed
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 How come your shirt is so bloody?
 There's a missing person, so what? He's
 Got nothin' to do with me

I'm almost certain I was framedStill on the loose, they
 Spotted me inside McDonald's Tuesday

In a Toronto Blue Jays cap, lookin' like your college roommate
With Rihanna, Lupe, Saddam Hussein, Bobby Boucher
 Or was it Cool J? The cops is on a goose chase
 Just escaped from the state pen
 For [edited] eight women who hate men
 Don't make it no weirder, I'm naked
 When I break in your basement
 Under your baby's play pen, I lay in, wait adjacent
 Facin' the door, remainin' patient while stayin' complacent
 Blatant sexual implications are continuin' to get thrown
 Insinuations are placed in little riddles and poems
 Left on your pillow in hopes, that when you get home
 You'll get the hint, ho: I'm in your window

But it never occurred to me I could describe a murder scene
 In a verse and be charged with first degree
 'Cause it just happened to match up perfectly
 With the massacre or the Burger King burglary
 No, officer, you see...I was framed
 I know what this looks like, officers
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 How come your shirt is so bloody?
 There's a missing person, so what? He's
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I'm almost certain I was framed
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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