

That's All She Wrote

Eminem

Chorus: Now I don't really care what you call me You can even call me cold These bitches know as soon as they saw me Its never me to get the privilege to know 'em I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go Still I ball like there's no tomorrow good nights its over and thats all she wrote

1st Verse: Your staring straight into a barrel of hate Terrible fate, Not even a slim chance to make a narrow escape Cupid shot his arrow and missed Wait Sarah you're late, your train left. Mascara and eggs smeared on your face Nights over goodbye, hoe I thought that I told ya' the spilled nut aint nothing to cry over Never shoulda' came within Range of my Rover Shoulda' known i was trouble soon as I rolled up, Any chick who's dumb enough out there I blind fold her, She still comes back to my crib, Must want me to mess with her mind hold up. She must've took me for some high roller. But i wont buy her a soda Unless it's rock n' roll cola. Buy u a bag of fritos I wouldn't let u eat the fucking chip on my shoulder. If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't dye for ya Tryna pull 5 bucks from me is like tryna pulling 5 molar's You get your eyes swole up i'm on my straight grizzly So why would i buy you a gayass teddy bear,bitch you're already bi-polar
(Chorus)

2nd Verse: Man TIP told me on this hoe tip, best tip I could give you to hip you Never let these traits trick you Mighty ambiguous of you to think I love slut, shit Dig you a hole, take the shovel and dig you some dignity bitch Shit you talk about some advice that sticks with you If i should listen to anyone tell me to stick to my guns Like double stick, its you but fuck 'em TIP, its cold Its chilling like and feeling like the penguin in it's fucking igloo eating fudgesicles I'd rather slip and fall in shit than fall in love with you Before I tie a fucking knot I'd tie you in one bitch You think this is some Nintendo game how f-cking dumb is you I'll give you some mumps before I split some lump some's with you So here's a penny for your thoughts But it won't buy you a chesseburger, although a nickle might just get you one pickle Fuck it, its official so blow the whistle I got a trust issue Thats a bombshell, scud missile! I got this cuss at you to fucking cuss at you Like before I rap there was some motherfucking stud Slut, this will teach you not to come drunk, stumbling my way fo shizzle I still live like I bought you the Gilbert slot checks stob bizzle So fuck sissors these checkers are bust like a blood blister
(Chorus)

3rd Verse: I guess life is a bitch aint it tip And each one thinks they the shit Shirt off my back? I wouldn't give you the dirt off my hankerchief I'm giving these hoes a dose of there own medicine Let em get a good taste of it I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now, But in case you didnt Imma stick this whole pad full of sticky notes to your forehead and staple it Life is too short and I got no time to sit around just wasting it So I pace this shit a little bit quicker That clock I'm racing and double timing it But I still spit triple the amount of insults in a tenth of the time It may take you pricks to catch on While you strong arm like Stretch Armstrong Man I still say K-mart like theres an apostrophe "S" on it dog And they say McDonalds isn't a restaurant well I guess I'm wrong But if you gon tell me that the A&W aint the spot for the best hot dogs you can get the "F" on dawg
(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>