

Cum On Everybody

Eminem

Yo, mic check
Testing one, two, um, twelve
This is my dance song, can you hear me?
Alright, turn my headphones up
My favorite color is red, like the blood shed
In Curt Cobain's head when he shot himself dead
Women all grabbin' at my shish-kabob
Bought Lauren Hill's tape so her kids could starve
You thought I was livid, now I'm even more so
Shit I got full blown AIDS and a sore throat
I got a wardrobe with an orange robe
I'm in the fourth row, signin' autographs at your show
I just remembered that I'm absent minded
Wait, I mean I've lost my mind I can't find it
I freestylin' ever verse that I spit
'Cause I don't even remember the words to my shit
I told the doc that I need a change in sickness
I gave a girl herpes in exchange for syphilis
Put my L-P on your Christmas wish list
You want to get high, here bitch just sniff this
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I tried suicide once and I'll try it again
That's why I write songs where I die at the end
'Cause I don't give a fuck, like my middle finger was stuck
And I was waving it at everybody screamin' "I suck"
I go on stage in front of a sellout crowd
And yell out loud "All of y'all get the hell out now"
Fuck rap, I'm givin' it up y'all, I'm Sorry
I'm bored out of my god
So I took a hammer and nailed my foot the the floorboard of my Ford
I guess I'm just a sick, sick bastard
Just one sandwich short of a picnic basket
One Excedrin tablet short of a full medicine cabinet

