

# Bagpipes From Baghdad (Album Version (Explicit))

Eminem

Oh! It's music to my ears.

Oh, man!

How can I describe, the way I feel?

Fuckin' great man!

Ok, let me see, how can I begin? Locked in Mariah's wine cellar all I had for lunch

Was bread wine, more bread wine and Captain Crunch

Red wine for breakfast and for brunch

And to soak it up and in between snack crackers to munch

Mariah whatever happened to us

Why did we have to break up, all I asked for was a glass of punch

You see I never really asked for much, I can't imagine what's

Going through your mind after such

A nasty break up with that Latin hunk

Luis Miguel, Nick Cannon better back the fuck

Up, I'm not playin' I want her back ya punk

This is Hello Kitty bedspread satin funk

Mixed with Egyptian, with a little rap and punk

Zapp and Eric Clapton, Shaft, Frank Zappa, crunk

And yeah baby I want another crack at ya

You can beat me with any spatula that ya want

I mean I really want ya bad ya cunt

Nick you had your fun, I've come to kick you in your sack of junk

Man, I could use a fresh batch of blood So prepare your vernacular for Dracula acupuncture  
Bagpipes from Baghdad

When will it ever cease? For Pete sakes he's crazy to say the least

Bagpipes from Baghdad

What's going through my mind, half the time when I rhyme while blowing on my

Bagpipes from Baghdad

Somebody turn the vacancy sign on cause I'm gone, blowing on my Bagpipes from Baghdad

I run the streets and act like a madman holding a Glad bag

You can be a permanent fixture, in my lyrical mixture

I'm the Miracle Whip trickster my signature

Sound, when a tube of lipstick's around

I'm bound to put it on in an instant wow

Man, what an ensemble, what an assortment of pharma-

ceuticals this beautiful pill dust in my palm my

Cuticles get residue just from touchin' the bottle

Never knew I could remind me so much of my mama

I'll cut ya like Dahmer, pull a butcher knife on ya

The size of a sword, boy I'm like the fuckin' Red Sonja  
 Get it stuck in your cornea, nice knowing ya, Norman  
 You're so fucking annoyin' drop the shovel boy, you don't know what the fuck you're doing  
 I ain't playin' no fuckin' more  
 Nick Cannon ya prick I wish ya luck with the fuckin' whore, every minute there's a sucker born  
 Snuck up on Malachi  
 Made the motherfucker suck on a shuck of corn  
 Shuck of, shuck of corn, shuck of corn  
 Hit Jason in the face with a hockey puck and told him it's fucking on  
 Man what the fuck are ya doin'?  
 You're running over the snow blower with the lawn mower  
 Blow on your bagpipes from Baghdad Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 When will it ever cease? For Pete sakes he's crazy to say the least  
 Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 What's going through my mind, half the time when I rhyme while blowing on my Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 Somebody turn the vacancy sign on cause I'm gone, blowing on my  
 Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 I run the streets and act like a madman holding a Glad bag In the bed with two brain dead lesbian vegetables  
 I bet you they become heterosexual  
 Nothing will stop me from molesting you  
 Titty fuckin' you till your breast nipple flesh tickles my testicles  
 Is what I said, to the two conjoined twins  
 How's it going girlfriends? You need a boyfriend?  
 You need some ointment? Just set up an appointment  
 Who's gonna see the doctor first we'll do a coin flip  
 I just got my one year sobriety coin chip  
 When the bad get going, how bad does the going get?  
 Baby you shouldn't have any trouble rubbing groins with Each other especially when your joined at the hip  
 I'm going to get a needle and thread from the sewing kit  
 And attempt to separate 'em and stitch them back at the loin, shit  
 Lure the little boy with the chocolate Chips Ahoy chip  
 Cookie, lookie, even took me a Polaroid flick Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 When will it ever cease? For Pete sakes he's crazy to say the least  
 Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 What's going through my mind, half the time when I rhyme while blowing on my  
 Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 Somebody turn the vacancy sign on cause I'm gone, blowing on my  
 Bagpipes from Baghdad  
 I run the streets and act like a madman holding a Glad bag of bagpipes from Baghdad  
 Huhulaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
 Huhummm diddddly laaaaaaaaaa  
 Huhummm diddddly laaaaaaaaaa  
 Huhummm diddddly laaaaaaaaaa

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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