Can I Bitch

Eminem

Uncle Marshall!
Will you tell us a bedtime story?
Here we go...
Now once upon a time not long ago
There was a little rapper about to blow
But his album came and it was not good
I think it went lead or double copper wood
So the silly little fans they were mislead
By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head
"Me and you, 'Clef, we're gonna make some cash
Grab the silver paint and let's paint my ass"
Hey mister, would ya care to bare witness to
The ass-whippin' I'm about to administer
To this ass-kissin' little vaginal blister
Stanabis, little Marshall Mathers' sister
And in this corner, we have the mister
Not havin' it, it's the mad sinister
Dr. Evil with his bag of tricks for
this little antagonist faggot dick-suckin'
Ex-LL Cool J fan from Windsor
I'm 'bout to murder little Kenny fag Keniff-sta
You bastard I ain't wanna have to diss ya
Canibis, where the fuck you at? I miss ya!
[Chorus]Can-i-bitch, oh Can-i-bitch
Where for art thou Can-i-bitch?
Please tell me what happened with
That style that you were rappin' with
Can-i-bitch, oh Can-i-bitch
Are you from Los Angeles
New York or just a janitor
From Canada? Oh Can-i-bitch
Now at first I ain't really understand the shit
Picture me for a second and imagine it
Chillin' in the Bat-Mansion and relaxin'
When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanners
It's Can-i-bitch on some "Stan Lives" shit
It creeped me out at first. Man this is sick
For me, being just a sick, this conflict
Gets my dick harder than arithmetic

And I know how you jealous ones envy
I shoulda knew better from the first few letters you sent me
The first two letters you were tellin' me shit
Like you respect me, like any other regular MC
The third letter you ask how come I ain't return
None of the messages at Shady Records you left me
The fourth letter: "Slim, you really startin' to upset me!"
The fifth letter told me you were comin' to get me
The sixth letter there's a bomb threat in our building
This crazy motherfucker's really tryin' to kill me!
So I went back and read the first few letters that said
Some shit about a message you left
Oh shit, that's not an "E" that's an "A"
This dude wants to leave me a "massage," he's gay!!

Right away I'm on the phone with Dr. Dre
We got a bogey! (Marshall I'm on the way)
[Chorus]So in two seconds flat Dre's at my crib
The funny thing is we both know where this kid lives
And neither one of us have Canadian citizenship
Shit. Oh Dre, wait a mintue that's it
All we gotta do is use a bit of turbo boost
We can fly over the border "Let's go" [WOOSH!]
So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin' speed
[BOOSH!] (What was that? Oh) Jermaine Dupri
Fuck It, keep goin' no time to waste
Wait, backup hit him one more time in case
Okay .. fuck now he's draggin' under the car
Oh well, only 30 more thousand miles
Meanwhile me and Dre are tryin' to conversate
Just tryin' to find a reason for the constant hate
And tryin' to figure out what happened to 'Germaine Propaine'
"He couldn't have fell off that hard" Ain't no way
"What happened to the way you was rappin' when you was scandalous
That Canibus turned into a television evangelist"
Plus he raps with his regular voice [BOOSH! BOOSH!]
[BOOSH! BOOSH!] (What was that?) Pet Shop Boys
So we pull up to the bridge where he last was spotted
His corpse was still movin' but his ass was rotted
He kinda smelled a little like Courtney Love
I figure if I stick him with a fork he's done
So I stabbed him twice, kept jabbin', Christ
He won't die, this guy's like a battered wife
He's like Kim, he keeps comin' back for more
But he won't fight back I cracked his jaw

Hold up, 'Bis quit foldin' up!
Punch me in the chest! Make my shoulders touch!
Do somethin'! At least one punchline
C'mon till the meter reads 9-9-9-
ty-nine percent of my fans are blonde
'Bis c'mon answer me man respond!
Tell me 'bout the sun rain moon and stars
Intergalatical metaphors from Mars!
Raw to the floor, raw like Reservoir Dogs
Bite another line from Redman's song!
Suddenly the stub from a dead man's arm
From a midget reaches out from under the car
It's JD, this motherfucker won't die neither
Dre starts sprayin' him with cans of ether
We stomped the bitch and then stopmed the bitch again
(Compton!) Detroit bitch! Talk some shit again!
Stomp him! (switch feet) Stomp him! (switch again!)
Dre alright he's dead dog, quit kickin him!
I think Stanabis jumped off the bridge again (Damn)
He disappeared yo he's gone he did it again
[Chorus]

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