Symphony In H

Eminem

Don't ask me what's up with the hoes
I'm still working the kinks out
Love stinks, that explains all this anger that's spillin' out
And I ain't chillin now
I got an Oscar, I'm still a grouch
I use it as a doorstop, and the prop
For the broken leg for the couch
Yelawolf, Shady, Tony, touch Slaughterhouse
Yeah the swat team bout to break them flyswatters out
Go to hell in a drought, break ice waters out
Nice try, shorty what? We can window shop
The jewelry store
But Christ, for that price coulda bought a house
Besides only thing I ever had iced out was my heart since I started out
It's F.Y.I if ya ain't knowing
What go with you? Where? Nah ain't going.
Oh wait, you want a date oh? Well in that case ho it's June 8 oh
Kinda like Beethoven composin' a symphony of hate
So much hate woved into these raps
Shit I'm beginning to hate clothing
I hate overalls because they remind me of hoes
For christ sake theyre shaped like a H woah, and
You know what else starts with H, though?
Hockey, shit thought I had the place flowing
I hate to put you on ice but
You already had 3 periods in 60 minutes, great going
Plus you remind me of cocaine ho
You always in the mirror with your face off
I feel an urge to put you all in a line
And chop you with a razor blade, yo wait
I'm an a-hole, devil with a Halo
Hell yeah I nailed J-Lo, to the railroad
Say I won't, better hope you can stay afloat
When I take the wind out your sail boat
I ain't playing yo! Go for Shady don't kid yourself
Bitch, you aint even a baby goat

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