

# 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 doorstep, 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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