

The Warning

Eminem

Only reason I dissed you in the first place
Was because you denied seeing me
Now I'm pissed off
Sit back, homie, relax
In fact grab a six pack
Kick back while I kick facts
Yeah Dre, sick track
Perfect way to get back
Wanna hear something wick-wack?
I got the same exact tat
That's on Nick's back
I'm obsessed now
Oh gee, is that supposed to be me
In the video with the goatee?
Wow Mariah, didn't expect you to go balls out
Bitch, shut the fuck up before I put all them phone calls out
You made to my house when you was wild-n-out before Nick
When you was on my dick and give you somethin to smile about
How many times you fly to my house? Still trying to count
Better shut your lying mouth if you don't want Nick finding out
You probably think cuz it's been so long
If i had something on you I woulda did it by now
Oh on the contrary, Mary Poppins, I'm mixing our studio session
Down and sending it to mastering to make it loud
Enough dirt on you to murder you
This is what the fuck I do
Mariah, it ever occur to you that I still have pictures?
However you prefer to do
And that goes for Nick too
Faggot, you think I'm scared of you?
You gonna ruin my career, you better get one
Like I'mma sit and fight with you over some slut, bitch-cunt
That made me put up with her psycho-ass over 6 months
And only spread her legs to let me hit once
Yeah, what you gonna say? I'm lucky?
Tell the public that I was so ugly
That you fucking had to be drunk to fuck me?
Second base? What the fuck you tell Nick, punk?
In the second week we were dry humping

That's gotta count for something
Listen girly, surely you don't want me to talk about
How I nutted early, 'cause I ejaculated prematurely
And bust all over your belly and you almost started hurling
And said I was gross, go get a towel you're stomachs curling?
Or maybe you do, but if I'm embarrassing me
I'm embarrassing you, and don't you dare say it isn't true
As long as the song's getting airplay, I'm dissing you
I'm a hair away from getting carried away and getting sued

I was gonna stop at 16, that was 32
This is 34 bars, we ain't even a third of the way through
Damn Slim, Mariah played you. Mariah who?
Oh, did I say "whore", Nick? I meant a liar too
Like I've been goin' off on you all this time for no reason
Girl you out ya alcholic mind
Check ya wine cellar, look at the amounts of all the wine
Like I fuckin' sit around and think about you all the time
I just think this shit is funny when I pounce you on a rhyme
But fuck it now I'm bout to draw the line
And for you to cross it that's a mountain that I doubt you wanna climb
I can describe areas of your house you wouldn't find
On an episode of Cribs, a blow below the ribs
If I hear another word so don't go opening your jibs
'Cause every time you do it's like an over load of fibs
I ain't saying this shit again, ho, you know what it is
It's a warning shot before I blow up your whole spot
Call my bluff and I'll release every fucking thing I got
Including the voicemails right before you flipped your top
When me and Luis were trying to stick two CD's in the same slot
Slim Shady, Slim Shady, I love you
I love you too
Let me whisper sweet nothings into your ear, boo
Now what you say?
It's nothing
Yeah, so what I'll do
Is refresh your memory when you said, "I want you"
Now should I keep going, or should we call truce?
You think you cute, right?
You bet your sweet ass I do
I'm Mary Poppins, B
And I'm Superman, mmm
Mary P., Slim Shady
Comin' at you
So if you'll still be my baby girl

Then I'll still be your superhero
Oh my, Em
Yeah, I'm right here
You like this
Nope, not anymore dear
It cuts like a knife when I tell you get a life
But I'm movin' on with mine
Nick, is that your wife?
Well tell her to shut her mouth, then I'll leave her alone
If she don't stick to the script, then I'mma just keep goin'
Damn
I see Mary Ann. Mary Ann's saying, "Cut the tape, cut the tape"
Knife!

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