

# All She Wrote (Solo Version)

Eminem

Now I don't really care what you call me  
You can even call me cold  
These bitches knew as soon as they saw me  
It's never me they'll get the privilege to know  
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go  
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow  
Until it's over and that's all she wrote You're starin' straight into a barrel of hate, terrible fate  
Not even a slim chance to make a narrow escape  
Cupid shot his arrow and missed, wait Sarah you're late  
Your train left; mascara and eggs smeared on your face  
Night's over, good bye ho I thought that I told ya  
That spilled nut ain't nothing to cry over  
Never should've came within range of my Rover  
Should've known I was trouble soon as I rolled up  
Any chick who's dumb enough after I blindfold her  
To still come back to the crib  
Must want me to mess with her mind, hold up  
She mistook me for some high roller, well I won't buy her soda  
Unless it's Rock & Rye Cola (Faygo's cheaper)  
Buy you a bag of Fritos?  
I wouldn't let you eat the fuckin' chip on my shoulder  
If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't die for ya  
Trying to pull five bucks from me is like trying to pull five molars  
You'll get your eyes swoll up, I'm on my straight grizzly  
So why would I buy you a gay ass teddy bear bitch? you're already bi-polar!  
Now I don't really care what you call me  
You can even call me cold  
These bitches knew as soon as they saw me It's never me they'll get the privilege to know  
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go  
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow  
Until it's over and that's all she wrote Man TIP told me on this ho tip, best tip I could give you to help you  
Is never to let these tricks trick you Mighty ambiguous of you to think I love slut, shit  
Dig you a hole? Take the shovel and dig you some dignity, bitch  
Shit you talk about some advice that sticks with you  
If I should listen to anyone, tell me to stick to my guns  
Like double stick it's you, but fuck 'em TIP, it's cool  
I'm chilling like a villain like the penguin in its fucking igloo eating fudgesicles  
I'd rather slip and fall in shit than fall in love with you  
Before I tie a fucking knot I'd tie you in one bitch

You think this is some Nintendo game how fucking dumb is you  
I'll give you some lumps before I split some lump sums with you  
So here's a penny for your thoughts  
But it won't buy you a cheeseburger  
But a nickel might just get you one pickle  
Fuck it, it's official so blow the whistle I got a trust issue  
There's a bombshell, scud missile  
Like I just cuss at you to fucking cuss at you  
Like before I rapped I was a motherfucking stud  
Slut, this will teach you not to come drunk, stumbling my way for shizzle  
I still live like I budget a Gilbert's Lodge check stub, bizzle  
So fuck Sizzler these checkers are bust like a blood blister Now I don't really care what you call me  
You can even call me cold  
These bitches knew as soon as they saw me  
It's never me they'll get the privilege to know  
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go  
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow Until it's over and that's all she wrote Yeah I guess life is a bitch, ain't it  
TIP? And each one thinks they the shit  
Shirt off my back? I wouldn't give you the dirt off my handkerchief  
I'm givin' these hoes a dose of their own medicine  
Let em get a good taste of it  
I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now, but in case you didn't  
I'll stick this whole pad full of sticky notes to your forehead and staple it  
Life is too short and I got no time to sit around just wastin' it  
So I pace this shit a little bit quicker, that clock I'm racin' it  
Double timin it', but I still spit triple the amount  
Of insults in a tenth of the time that it may take you pricks  
To catch on, while you strong arm like Stretch Armstrong  
Man I still say K-mart's like there's an apostrophe "S" on it, dog  
And they say McDonalds isn't a restaurant, well I guess I'm wrong  
But if you gonna tell me that A&W ain't the spot for the best hot dogs  
You can get the "F" on dawg Now I don't really care what you call me  
You can even call me cold  
These bitches knew as soon as they saw me  
It's never me they'll get the privilege to know  
I roll like a desperado, now I never know where I'm gonna go  
Still I ball like there's no tomorrow  
Until it's over and that's all she wrote All she wrote, all she wrote  
I said it's over and that's all she wrote  
All she wrote, all she wrote  
Ya, goodnight it's over, and that's all she wrote  
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