Drips

Eminem

Obie, yo I'm sick
Damn, you straight dog?
That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time
Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk
I hadda bag of the skunk, one and last night's tunk
Pussy residue was on my penis, Denise, from the cleaners
Fucked me good, you should've seen us
Big booty bitch, switch unbearable
French role styling, body like a stallion
Sizing up the figure, while my shit gettin' bigger
Debating on to fuck her, do I wanna be a nigga
Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits
Sipping on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story
For surely your pussy on toast, after we toast
Our clothes fell like bishop and juice
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my john
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop
Response I got when I was knocking it
Clocks steading ticking, kinky finger licking
The cannon, seen us at my temple when she moans
I gotta slow down before I cum soon
And work that nigga, like a slave owner
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her
She foaming at the lips, the ones between the hips
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip
Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though
Pussy tighter than conditions of his black folks
Being a vinyl stretched, the last part of sex
I bust a fat ass nut then I woke up next

Like, what the fuck is going on here?
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all just picked up and vacated
And now I'm frustrated 'cause my dick was unprotected
And doctor Wesley telling me I ain't really got that shit, fuck
That's why I ain't got no time
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That's why I ain't got no time
Now I don't wanna hit no women when this chicks got it coming
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach
And she's pregnant, but she's egging me on, begging me to throw her
Off the steps on this porch, my only weapon is force
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort
But whys she shoving me for doesn't she love me no more?
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?
Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours
And you found it isn't 'cause this bitch has been visiting
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips
When you get back to Michigan, now the plot has thickened 'n worse
'Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a hurse
So you're paranoid at every little cold that you get
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick
So you go to the clinic, sweating every minute you're in it
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the menace
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby, it's AIDS
He ain't even gotta to call in you the office to say it
So you jet back home, 'cause you gone get that ho
When you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo
'Cause you love her, you never would've expect that blow
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this bitch works at the cleaner's
Bringing me home diseases swinging from Obie's penis
She's so deceiving, shit this ho's a genius, she geed us
That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips

Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time
I'm busy, yeah, fuck these bitches
Fuck em all, get money
Ha, shady records
Wow, Obie Trice
Eminem mother fucker
New millennium shit, yeah
Turn this shit off, turn this shit the fuck off

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