## **Cum on Everybody**

## **Eminem**

Yo, mic check Testing one, two, um, twelve My favorite color is red, like the blood shed In Curt Cobain's head when he shot himself dead Women all grabbin' at my shish-kabob Bought Lauren Hill's tape so her kids could starve You thought I was livid, now I'm even more so Shit I got full blown AIDS and a sore throat I got a wardrobe with an orange robe I'm in the fourth row, signin' autographs for my show I just remembered that I'm absent minded Wait, I mean I've lost my mind I can't find it I freestylin' ever verse that I spit 'Cause I don't even remember the words to my shit I told the doc that I need a change in sickness I gave a girl herpes in exchange for syphilis Put my L-P on your Christmas wish list You want to get high, here bitch just sniff this Cum on everybody, get down tonight Cum on everybody, get down tonightI tried suicide once and I'll try it again That's why I write songs where I die at the end 'Cause I don't give a fuck, like my middle finger was stuck And I was waving it at everybody screamin' "I suck" I go on stage in front of a sellout crowd And yell out loud "All of y'all get the hell out now" Fuck rap, I'm givin' it up y'all, I'm Sorry I'm bored out of my gord So I took a hammer and nailed my foot the the floorboard of my Ford I guess I'm just a sick, sick bastard Just one sandwich short of a picnic basket One Excedrin tablet short of a full medicine cabinet Fell like my head has been shredded like lettuce and cabbage And if you ever see a video for this shit

I'll probably be dressed up like a mummy with my wrists slit

Cum on everybody, get down tonight

Cum on everybody, get down tonightGot bitches on my jock out in East Detroit

'Cause they think I'm a motherfuckin' Beastie Boy

So I told 'um I was Mike D,"they was like, "Gee, I don't know he might be."

I told um meet me at Kid Rocks next concert

I'll be standin' by the Loch Ness monster, peace out

Then I jetted to the weed house, smoked out 'till I started bustin'

Freestyles

Broke out then I dipped quick back to the crib, put on lipstick

Crushed up the Tylenol then ate it with a dipstick

Made a couple of crank calls collect

I wanna make songs on a fellas dub

And murder every rich rapper that I'm jealous of So just remember when I bomb your set

Yo, I only cuss to make your mom upset

Cum on everybody get down tonight

Cum on everybody, get down tonight

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