

# Campaign Speech

## Eminem

Jumped out of the second floor of a record store  
With a Treacherous Four cassette and a cassette recorder  
In Ecuador with Edward Norton Eminem speaks out against Donald Trump on "Campaign Speech"

Witness the metamorphosis  
Of a legend growin' like an expert swordsman  
From the Hessian war and  
Hence the origin of the Headless Horseman  
Born with the endorphins of a pathetic orphan  
Endless sores and reservoir  
Of extension cords in dresser drawers  
And deadbolts on the bedroom doors  
And sexual torture kits kept in a separate storage bin  
Excellent boyfriend Use intercourse to settle scores  
With women who have been vendettas towards men  
Dickhead is forced in and the shredded foreskin  
Red is torn and they're only bein' fed a portion  
Bed sores in sore shins  
Pregnant whores can get abortions  
Fetish for stickin' metal forks in, self-absorption  
Skeletor, I went to Hell and fell a floor  
A predator, I'm headed for competitors  
Better warn 'em, what I lack in tact and a set of morals  
I make up for in metaphors like a cosmetic store  
Stegosaurus, Chuck Norris with a thesaurus  
Yes, of course, I mess up once  
You want some? Come and get some, boys!  
I'm givin' Daniel Pantaleo a refresher course  
On excessive force and pressure points  
And dressin' George Zimmerman in a fluorescent orange  
Dress and four inch heels to address the court  
With a bullseye on his back, his whole chest and torso  
Are left on the doorsteps of Trayvon's dad as a present for him In my present form I'm Desert Storm  
Appetite for destruction is no suppressant for  
Aggressive, forceful, and less remorseful in every morsel  
Unpleasant, horrible; hello, gorgeous!  
The rebel with devil horns just fell off the yellow short bus  
Met a contortionist, said, "When you wanna get sexual?"  
She said, "However I fit in your schedule. I'm flexible."  
Expired tags on the Saturn, got Kathryn Beck

In the back in Daisy Dukes with the hazards on  
At a traffic stop gettin' harassed, sign an autograph  
For this asshole cop's daughter  
Laugh 'cause I called her a brat on it  
He spat on it and brought it back lookin' half in shock  
Had a heart attack and dropped dead  
Started fallin' back with it  
And got slapped with a Colin Kaepernick practice sock  
One ball and half a dick, Apple Watch  
Crack for an axle, walked in a Bass Pro Shop with David Hasselhoff, pulled Tabasco sauce out of my satchel  
Knocked over a fisherman's tackle box and \*crash sound\*  
Asked if they had a laugh in stock  
That was fuckin' stupid... You got it twisted, all 'cause I offered this bitch  
A doggie biscuit, you call me misogynistic  
Bitch, get to massagin' this dick!  
Like spas in this bitch, slob on it, with gobs of lipstick  
Got a shoppin' list for you to run some odds and ends with  
It's not a bitch on this earth I can be monogamous with  
She's non-existent  
Robin Thicke with a throbbin' dick on some swab and slick shit  
But I shout derogatives at bitches like fuckin' missile launches  
Misfit, blond and nitwit  
Like I've gone ballistic, with a frostin' tip kit  
Screamed, "I hate blondes," and became one, I'm optimistic  
Love to start shit  
Shovin' Clark Kent's undergarments in the glove compartment  
Of the bucket, bumpin' Bubba Sparxxx  
I'm double parkin' up at Targets, trouble 'cause a double cross  
The shadiest mothafucka you'll ever come across  
Olympic gymnast, been known for some assaults  
A couple lawsuits, enough to cause a stomach ulcer  
Same damn brain scan results as Rainman's is  
Something's awful when Dustin Hoffman's  
Dressin' up in your mummy costume  
On stage dancin' to "Brain Damage," what's the problem?  
Nothing's wrong, the name brand is back to reclaim status  
Run the faucet, I'ma dunk  
A bunch of Trump supporters underwater  
Snuck up on 'em in Ray Bans in a gray van with a spray tan  
It's a wrap, like an Ace bandage  
Don't-give-a-fuck persona, to my last DNA strand  
E&J in the waistband, at the VMAs with the stagehand  
She wants kielbasa, pre-arrange an escape plan  
Three-inch blade on point, like a See-and-Say  
Consider me a dangerous man  
But you should be afraid of this dang candidate

You say Trump don't kiss ass like a puppet  
'Cause he runs his campaign with his own cash for the fundin'  
And that's what you wanted  
A fuckin' loose cannon who's blunt with his hand on the button, who doesn't have to answer to no one - great  
idea! If I was president, gettin' off is  
The first order of business once I get in office  
Second thing that'll make me happy's walkin' up to Uncle Sam  
Naked, laughing, dick cupped in hand  
Screaming, "Fuck safe sex!"  
Throw a latex and an AIDS test at him  
Tell Congress I run this land  
And I want the rubber banned, and make it snappy  
Addiction to friction and static  
Addict who can't escape the habit  
It's in you to chase the dragon  
But as fate would have it, I walked up in major Magics  
Dressed as the maintenance man  
In a laser tag vest and a racin' jacket, with a gauge to blast it  
And sped away in the station wagon  
Stacey Dash's and Casey Anthony's  
Crazy asses in the backseat  
Throwin' Stay-Free pads at me  
Dead passenger in the passenger seat  
Unfasten the safety latches  
And slam on the brakes in traffic so hard  
I snapped the relocation brackets for the monster tires  
Finna get a murder case and catch it  
Like you threw it at me encased in plastic And send Dylan Roof through the windshield of the Benz  
Until he spins like a pinwheel and begins feelin'...  
Like a windmill with a thin bill while his skin's peelin'  
And skids 'til he hits a cement pillar  
Swing for the fence like Prince Fielder  
Knock it into the upper peninsula  
You want to go against zilla? The Rap God  
When will I quit? Never been realer  
The in-stiller of fear, not even a scintilla of doubt  
Whose pens iller than Prince in a chinchilla  
Or Ben Stiller in a suspense thriller  
Revenge killer of bin syllable binge  
Fill a syringe, till I  
Draw first blood  
Even pop shit on my pop shit, and it's popular  
Couldn't be more awkwarder  
Cause you're innocence I robbed you of  
It's my fingers that got stuck up

Tortured a, not give a  
Slapstick, hockey puck  
The broad hunter with the sawed off  
Like an arm when it's lopped off of ya  
But I'm not gonna, get the shotgun  
Or the Glock, I'm gonna opt for the ox  
Cause I'm into objects that are sharp when I sharpen  
It's not a shock, I'm such an obnoxious fucker  
The rock cuts into rock cause who would have thought  
This much of a cocksucker that go across the buttocks of Vivica Fox with a box cutter  
That was for 50, little slap on the wrist be warned  
I'm unrevealing quickly  
My squabbles, I'm grappling with your time traveling with me  
Try and follow, as I wobble, relapse into history, with a flask of the whiskey  
Tip it back then I'm twisting wine bottles  
Like what happened to Chris Reeves' spine column  
That's the plan of attack when I'm fixing my problems  
Wish my chest wasn't having to get these rhymes off 'em  
But the fact that I have so many rappers against me mind boggles  
And why I had to come back on these faggots who diss me is  
More of a spectacular mystery than a fucking Agatha Christie crime novel But my patience is wearing thin  
Swear I been contemplating rubbing shit in your face till I smear it in  
Diss you in every lyric until you fear the pen  
And never appear again  
If you actually had fucking careers to end  
But then I think of Molly Qerim and I steer 'em in that direction and forget my ideas for them  
Molly, I'm gone off you  
Man, light some kush  
You're my first take, I'll nail you  
Can't lie, I gush  
If I won you over, you would be the grand prize  
I'm entranced by your looks, come and give the Shady franchise a push  
You can get it in a can like some Anheuser Busch  
Jeans too small, least three pant sizes tush  
Mushed against your damn side, you puss  
And thighs are squooshed  
What kind of attires that?  
I'm ready to be rode  
Psychopath, bet you we'll get it popping like a flat  
Light the match to ignite the wrath  
Got knives to slash and slice hermaphrodites in half  
Piper Chapmans might just have to picket me  
Like a scab  
Hard to describe in fact  
Startling violent perhaps

Are things that come to mind as soon as I start spitting rhymes like that  
And you aren't really surprised at that  
But as far as these lines I rap  
And these bars, wouldn't dial it back if I star 69'ed the track Why am I such a dick?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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