

Cocaine (Feat. Jazmine Sullivan)

Eminem

Yeah

Oh

This game's like cocaine

I want this more than anything in the world

Ha, so do I. At least I thought I did.

Got to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

This is a beat with no words at first

It's a blank painting

Exercising the mind is brain strength training

Starts off with something, like Shady's an insane maniac,

Yeah, Slim Shady, that's a zany name, ain't it?

Now all you need's an image to go with the name, baby

Wife beaters and white t-shirts, Hanes mainly

It's a long shot, but is it possible there's a lane, maybe?

If not, he's gonna have to come and change the whole game, ain't he?

He wants the fame so bad he can taste it

He could see his name up in lights

Women screaming his fuckin' name, fainting

Shady did it, he sold out the whole dang stadium

Joe Schmoe made it, he took his Plain Jane lady and his baby Hailie out the trailer

But he ain't trailing anymore, he's ahead of the race

While maintaining his innocence

Little does he know, his train is derailing

And he's about to be raped by this game anally

What would you do for a little bit?

What would you give for a little hit?

For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.

'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leaveGot to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

You're operating on all cylinders

Syllables spit like Dillinger's spilling ya guts

People are feeling ya mic skills, but these haters are ice grillin' ya

Willing to sacrifice anything for the life that they might steal from ya

Fake friends'll kill for ya, die for ya

But you can't decipher "why?" for the life of ya
It wasn't like this when you were Cypherin'
Argue wit' your wife again
She found vicodin in your pants last night again
Your dispute's public, nothing is private anymore
Oh, and your best friend? Say bye-bye to him
What kinda apple you take a bite'a, Slim?
(This is what you wanted Marshall, ain't it?)
Fuck no!

The way that it turned out was nothin' like the picture that I painted in my head
Sometimes a dream to make it, it's more fun than it is to actually make it
The game stripped me naked
It robbed me ever having another real relation-
-ship, with another girl
This world is a fuckin' trip
'Cause I slip in another world, proceed, take another hit
Sniff 'til I fuckin' hurl, tell 'em all to fuckin' sit
And spin 'til they fuckin' twirl, middle finger up again
Relapsing back in this game
Oh well, fuck it, then
What would you do for a little bit?
What would you give for a little hit?
For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.
'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leaveGot to have it
Yeah, I made it
I'm addicted
Yeah, I'm feigningStart off right
Just to see your name in lights
Just so you can live the life
You take a bite
And lose your sight
They call this (Fame)You think you good (ha ha)
Just cause you got out the hood
Concerned only with getting dough,
No longer poor but lost your soul They call this. (Fame)I hear it callin'
My name is callin'
Why you strugglin'
When you could be ballin'
My head is sayin' yeah
But my feet is stallin'
So many walk in
But any fallin'
But I got to have it
Like Eve and the apple
She had to grab it

I got to take it
I got to make it
That's the plan
And I can't forsake it.
What would you do for a little bit?
What would you give for a little hit?
For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.
'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leaveGot to have it
Yeah, I made it
I'm addicted
Yeah, I'm feigning
('Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leave)
Guess I can't leave then
Guess I'm addicted
Oh well

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

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