Music Box

Eminem

Yo, yeah girl
Can you hear that? It's playing our song
Are you sleepy? Take a nap
You're not afraid of the dark? Are you?You hear the beat as it makes ya not wanna go to sleep
I knock on Dakota's door, its locked so I go to creep
'Round the back, with binoculars, not cause I wanna peep
But because I'm hungry, she smells like tacos I wanna eatVisions of hot chocolaty marshmallows, all so sweet
With sugar plums, oh look, here comes Marshall, he's on your street
He's placing hot, smoldering charcoals beneath your feet
Now walk on 'em, he's dancing with carcasses cheek to cheekLike a Thanksgiving turkey, a holiday ham
Cinnamon sprinkled on toast, strawberry marmalade jam
Flavor my favorite graham crackers with JonBent Ramsey
I guess a modern day Jack the Ripper is all that I am(My music box)
'Cause when the lights are off, I see the girls asleep
(My music box)
But I can hear you, my love, you keep calling me
(My music box)
And when we're worlds apart, you mean the world to me
(My music box)
So if you call, I come, I will answer
(My music box)(My music box)
'Cause when the lights are off, I see the girls asleep
(My music box)
I hear my music box, playing a song for me
(My music box)
So when she twirls around and do a whirl for me
(My music box)
Won't you be my private little dancer?
(My music box)I almost look comatose, who wants to be sober? Gross!
I foam like a doberman, mouth open, I overdose
Put coke up my nostrils, in both my holes and I plug my nose
My pupils quadruple in size, eyes are so bugged, I knowI put on my mother's make-up, get naked, and run around
Wavin' the gun around, I think I'm down to a hundred pounds
There's thunder, I wonder how come it rains but the sun is out?
The devil's upset with his wife, they must be sluggin' it outI must be buggin' the fuck out, but what the fuck about?
Voices are leading me up to the attic, I love my house
They pull and they tug my blouse, the sound of a music box

Comes from inside a toy chest, but what do I do? It's lockedI pick it and open it, but it's stuffed full of human parts
I dig 'til I find it, I wind it up, and the tune just starts
Its playing a song, so beautiful and the room is dark
The moon is full, I smell a funeral, guess I'll loom in the park(My music box)
'Cause when the lights are off, I see the girls asleep
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(My music box)
Won't you be my private little dancer?
(My music box)I'm fixated on asphyxiating and breakin' this little chick's
Neck like a pixie stick the sick Satan worshippin'
Bitches get horse-whippin's, I'm in the back
Through the back door, slippin' through the crack leavin' the corpse drippin'The mortician of love, sent from above forced
And treat 'em all when cheat them all, stingy I've become
Been doin' this for more than a quarter century, I'm just numb
Am I dreamin', is it real? Someone pinch me on the bunsThe time has come to tie her up, gotta roll me the ladder
I've had enough of the chatter, climb up to the window, look at her
Then climb in, slowly shatter her brain matter and batter her
With the bat, a matter of fact that will splatter herBut before I do that, I'll have a chat to flatter her
Give her two compliments, back-to-back, like
"Tabatha, I'm your secret admirer, I'm back to ravish ya"
So strong is your fight, but your no match for DraculaProlonging her plight, as I go back to stabbin' her
Dismember her limbs, simple as that, cadaver her
Zoom in with the lens, then pan back, the camera
Stand back, 'cause here comes your man Jack, so Pamela(My music box)
'Cause when the lights are off, I see the girls asleep
(My music box)
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