

# Cum on Everybody

Eminem

Yo, mic check  
Testing one, two, um, twelve  
This is my dance song, can you hear me?  
Alright, turn my headphones up  
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 at your 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  
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I 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

[illegible]

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