

Wicked Ways

Eminem

I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell Guess I got a way with words I could get away with murder
Ever heard of Aspergers? It's a rare condition
It's what you're suffering from when you simply don't care if it's an
Eighty degree day and there's no fricken air conditioning
And you can't see, the b****'s hair is frizzin'
'Cause you got the windows up blaring the system in your Chevrolet Prism The devil ain't on the level same as
him
Just someone who rebels in straight masochism
And imagine him giving him an adjective an a** whooping
So bad they should put his a** in prison
I word bully I verbally abuse verbs like he did something to me personally
Used forgetfully so I cut class and ditch it now I fully rap Cadillac from a K Car, my a** from a hole in the
ground, still can't tell em apart
Came straight out the trailer park screaming I'm proud
To shop at K-mart and it became art
And I'm still fed up and as pissed off as they are
To this day I still get in fights with the same broad
At the same Walmart arguing over the same cart
In the middle of the aisle whilin I don't give a f*** I don't play!
You think you saw this basket first?
Yeah backwards like motherf***ing Bob and Silent Jay
Illest s*** you could think I would say
Mind's like a pile of clay
When's the last time you saw a villain with a cape?
With a gaping hole in it
Whip out, whip down Tied him around my neck went down the fire escape of the Empire State
Straight fell straight down to the ground splattered all over the entire state
And straight to hell got an impaled by the gates
So Satan stuck his face in an ashtray
But I sacheted around flames with a match and I gave him the gas face
And this ain't got nothing to do with a scalar
Being gay little faggot but by the way
Plus it's getting darker by the day

I'm a combination of Skylar Grey, Tyler the Creator, and Violent Jay
It's a f***ing miracle to be this lyrical
Paint my face with clown make up and a smiley face, I'm insane
Every rhyme I say, a**aults you like an ultra violet ray
I'm sellin' hatred buffet style all the s*** you can eat
\$11.99 so come on and pile a plate
I'm throwin' down the gauntlet to see what hell I can raise
With the rhyme I'm spittin' while I'm s***tin' on the competition
In the meantime it's always mean time I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell I've been a career a**hole
I don't see why these people always got my back
I done said so much f***ed up s***, I was born a mistake
But I was put here not by accident
I had a purpose and that purpose was to beat a beat purplish
Slaughter tracks, I done put my two dimes and a nickel in this s***
And I'm coming to get that quarter back
Like Ndamukong the drama can build
Your mama can ask me for my autograph
That cougars a MILF, she's the oldest trick in the book
But I sure would fall for that
You done brought a bat to a rocket launcher fight
When I get on the mic I'm a snap
Make you wish the ambulance that took me to the hospital
When I overdosed would have caught a flat If it makes you sick to your stomach pass it
Indigestion my suggestions's Kaopectate
If it feels like I'm running away with the game
Its 'cause I am don't speculate spectate
All I got is dick for days and insults for decades
But I get by my wicked ways, lady you can suck a dick till your neck aches
Cry till you get puffy eyes red face
But I'm leaving on this jet plane
You ain't fly, you're an airhead
I'm sick of pounding a square peg in a round hole, sorry another catchphrase
But your baggage ain't gonna fit in my storage over headspace
'Cause you just ain't big enough to fit your damaged goods
Other words don't try to put the heart in a headcase 'Cause baby stable mentally I ain't I need my meds, I peed
my bed
I'm going blind, I don't see my legs, I keep on falling down
No wonder you can't stand me, I need my cane
Someone help me I think my face is melting
If you felt these migrains, see these maggots eat my brain

This G-I-A-empty hole in my empty head
If you read my mind you can see my pain
And you could see why I'd be this way
Ever since I was knee high playin' with G.I. Joes
Or shut the P-I-E hoes that peep my game 'Cause I'm about, like a f***in' echo
Psycho on a cycle
If I hear Iko
I'm out of control like no
Other mike-o, stab you to the nightpost
Nothing but a hole inside your skull where you eye close
'Cause I'm gonna sock it to you, dyko, you don't like it
Get on your Harley Davidson menstrual cycle and ride it, like a motorbike
I'm gonna blow the mike the whole night so strike up the f***in' maestro, I'm like nitro
And heigh-ho, hand me my shovel I'm libel to dig my hole deeper
It's off to H-E double hockey sticks I go I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways
I'm loading up and I'm taking names
I want to dig my way to hell
I want to dig my way to hell Oh please be empty, please be empty, please be empty
Thank you, God
S***.
It's a girl
I'm gonna rock this blouse and put a c*** in mouth and get my balls blew out
And gay into the A.M
And lay with eighteen guys naked and let myself show, let myself show
But f*** it, suck from the tucket
Life's too short to not stroke your bone
So everybody, everybody
Circle jerk, touch my body Who is that? Where are you going? Mm come back
Why does everyone always leave me?
Hello? F*** you then
Blow it out your a**

Songwriters

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