

# brainless

## Necromorph

[Intro]Eminem Has a full line of chainsaws  
Eminem..Eminem..Eminem..Eminem  
Marshall Mathers, Eminem, the rapperâ€|Eminem  
Who can say fore sure?  
Perhaps a frontal lobotomy would be the answer  
If science can operate on this distorted brain and put it to good use  
Society will reap a great benefit[Verse 1]  
I walk around like a space cadet, place your bets  
Who's likely to become a serial killer? Case of tourettes  
Fuck Fuck fuck Can't take the stress  
I make a mess as the day progresses  
Angry and take it out on the neighbours hedges  
Like this is how I'll cut your face up bitches  
With these hedge trimming scisors with razor edges  
Imagination's dangerous, it's the only way to escape this  
Mess and make the best of this situation, I guess  
Cuz I feel like a little bitch's, predicaments, despicable  
I'm sick of just getting pushed, it's ridiculous  
I look like a freaking woos, a pussy  
This kid just took my stick of liquorice  
And threw my sticker books in a picker bush  
I wanna kick his toosh, but I was six and shook  
This fucker was 12 and was 6 foot, with a vicious hook  
He hit me, I fell, I got back up, all I did was book, now there's using your head[Hook]  
Mama always said 'If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous  
A brain you'd be dangerous' (Mama I'll Prove You wrong)  
Mama, Ima grow a name and be famous  
And Imma be a pain in the anus  
(Imma be the Bomb)  
Imma use my head as a weapon  
Find a way to escape this insaneness  
Mama always said 'Son, If you had a brain, you'd be dangerous  
Guess it pays to be brainless[Verse 2]  
Fast forward some years later  
A teenager, this is a fun, sweet  
I just got jumped twice in one week, it's complete  
Cuz usually once a month, this is some feat I've accomplished  
They've stomped me into the mud [gee] for what reason, you stomped me  
But how do you get the shit beat out of you be down and be upbeat

When you don't have no-thing, no valid shot at life  
Chance to make it or succeed  
Cuz you're doomed from the start  
It's like you grew up on drug street, from jump street  
But if I had just kept my head up my ass  
I could accomplish any task  
Practicing trash talking in a trance  
Locked in my room yeah But I got some plans mama  
These damn rhymes are falling  
Out of my pants pocket I can't stop it  
And I'm starting to blend in more, school this shit helps for sure  
I'm getting more self assured than I've ever been before  
Plus no one picks on me anymore, I done put a stop to that  
Threw my first punch, end of story  
Still in my skulls a vacant, empty void,  
Been using it more as a bin for storage

Take some inventory and as gorge as a Ford engine door hinge syringe an orange an extension cord and a Ninja sword  
Not to mention four lynch pins and a stringent stored ironing board a bench a wrench or winch and a tangent whore  
Everything but a brain, but dome's off the fucking chain  
Like an independent store, something's wrong with my head  
Just think if I had a brain in it, thank God that I don't  
Cause I'd probably be dahmer cause mama always said[Hook][Bridge]  
Now my mum goes "womp womp womp"  
Cause I'm not that smart but I'm not dumb  
I was on a bottom of the pile getting stomped  
But somehow, I came out on top[Verse 3]  
I told you one day, I said they'd have that red carpet rolled out, yo  
I'm nice, yo, fuck it I'm out cold  
Now everywhere I go, they scream out 'Go'  
I'm bout to clean house, yo  
I'm Lysol, now I'm just household  
Outsold the sell outs, freak the hell out  
Middle America, hear them yell out  
[until] they were so scared, and those kids  
Just about, belted out  
Whatever spout that it fell out  
Of my smart alleck mouth, it was so weird  
Inappropriate, so be it, I don't see it  
Maybe one day when the smoke clears, it won't be as  
Motherfuckin' difficult, ye, till then  
Hopefully you little homos get over your fears and grow beards  
It's okay to be scared straight, they said I provoke queers  
Till emotions evoke tears, my whole careers a stroke of sheer genius

Smoke and mirrors, tactical, practical jokes, yeah  
You motherfuckin' Insert insult here  
Who the fuck would've thought one little lone MC would be able to take the whole culture and re-upholstery it  
And boy they did flock  
Can't believe this loaded Glock  
This hip hop shit and this ??and still the shit got  
That white trash traffic and gridlock  
Shit hopping like a six blocks from a Kid Rock  
Insane Clown Posse Concert in mid oc-tober  
And got forbid ah See a wizard and get a brain in my titanium cranium dog  
Cause I turn to the unibomber mama always said[outro]  
Insaneness ain't even a word you stupid fuck  
Neither is ain't

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