

Underground

Eminem

A lotta people ask me
Where the fuck I've been at the last few years
Shit, I don't know
But I do know I'm back now, haha Here comes the rain and thunder now
Nowhere to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground Here comes the rain and thunder now
Nowhere to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground Dre, I'm down here under the ground
Dig me up, broken tibias, fibias, yeah, fix me up
60 sluts, all of them dyin' from asphyxia
After they sip piss through Christopher Reeves sippy cup Dixie cups, toxins, boxes of oxy pads
Enough oxy cotton to send a fuckin' ox to rehab
Whack job in a bag and a black stalkin' cap
Jackin' off to a hockey mask at a boxin' match He can't say that, yes he can
I just did, faggot, now guess again
You better text message to your next of kin
Tell 'em shit's about to get extra messy especially when I flex again
Throw a fuckin' lesbian in wetzy men So faggidy, faggidy, faggidy, raggidy Ann and Andy
No, raggidy, Andy and Andy, no, it can't be, it can't be
Yes, it can be, the fuckin' Antichrist is back
Danny and Satan in black satin panties This is Amityville, calamity
Goddamn it, insanity pills, fanny pack filled with zanies
Through every nook and cranny, lookin' for trannies
Milk and cookies spilled on my silk negligee, lookie Razor blades with me to make you bleed
Cases of Maybelline make up layin' on the table with weed
Slim Shady, shit sounds like a fable to me
Until he jumps out of the fuckin' toilet when you're takin' a pee Here comes the rain and thunder now
Nowhere to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground Here comes the rain and thunder now
Nowhere to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground Six semen samples, 17 strands of hair
Found at the back of a van after the shoot with Vanity Fair
Hannah Montana, prepare to elope with a can opener
And be cut open like cantaloupe and canopy beds And glad bags, yeah, glad to be back
'Cause last year was a tragedy that landed me smack dab in rehab

Fuckin' doctor, I ain't understand a damn word he said
I planned to relapse the second I walked out of that bitch
Two weeks in Brighton, I ain't enlightened
Bitin' into a fuckin' Vicadin like I'm a Viking
Oh, lighten the strikin', might be a fuckin' sign I need a psychic
Evaluation, fuck Jason, it's Friday the 19th
That means is just a regular day
And this is the kind of shit I think of regularly
Fuckin' lesbian shouldn't have had her legs in the way
Now she's pregnant and gay, missin' both legs and beggin' to stay
Here comes the rain and thunder now
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Lookin' for me, I'm underground
Here comes the rain and thunder now
Nowhere to run, to run to now
I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground
So tell the critics I'm back and I'm comin' to spit it back in abundance
Hit a fag with onions and split a bag of Funyuns
Mad at me? Understandable, cannibal, shootin' animal
Light up a cannon and have him catapult addin' a dog
Captain of the cult with an elite following
To turn Halloween back to a trick or treat holiday
Have Micheal Myers lookin' like a liar, swipe his powers
Replace his knife with flowers and a stack of fliers
Hit Jason Voorhees with a 40
Stuck a suppository up his ass and made him tell me a story
Gave Hannibal Lecter a fuckin' nectarine
And sat him in a fuckin' fruit and vegetable section
And gave him a lecture
Walked up Elm Street with a fuckin' wiffle bat, Drew
Fought Freddy Krueger and Edward Scissorhands, too
And came out with a little scratch, ooh
Lookin' like I got in a fuckin' pillow fight with a triple fat goose
Insanity, can it be vanity? Where is the
humanity?
And havin' a twisted fantasy with an arm and leg amputee
Straight jacket with a hundred eight brackets
And a strap that wraps twice around my back, then they latch it
Cut your fuckin' head off and ask you where you
headed off to
Get it, headed off to? Medic, this headache's awful
This anesthetic's pathetic, so's this diabetic waffle
And this prosthetic arm keeps crushin' my hard taco
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I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
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Here comes the rain and thunder now
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I'll disappear, you'll wonder how
Lookin' for me, I'm underground
So, it wasn't a choice, it was I had to do this
And now I got 90 days clean and that's all I have to share, thanks
Thanks for sharin', Brian, is there anyone else
Who would like to share this evenin'? Yeah, I got somethin' to share
When you walked through the door you were queer to me

So come here, baby boy, just come here to me
You're a cock boy, everybody wants you
You're gayer than you would ever claim to I won't have to rape you
So homie, lay down, down, down
Lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down
Lay down, lay down Where's everybody goin'?
This always went over real big in Gay A
Okay wait, I got another one
I just love condoms and lots of cum
No? Oh shit

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