Alfred's Theme

Eminem

Before I check the mic (Check, check, one, two)
I give it an extra swipe with a Lysol disinfectant wipe (Good evening)
Coronavirus in effect tonight
Antiseptics on deck, I got every type (Yeah)
I throw on my tux, then I (Yeah) give zero fucks, then I (Yeah)
Act like a jockstrap (Uh), cup my nuts, then I (Yeah)
Check my ball hair (What?), make sure it's all there (Yeah)
Then call the pallbearer (Yeah)
It's Music to Be Murdered By again, why stop?
Overkill like a pipe bomb in your pine box
You're all hitched to my cock (What?)
Went from punchin' a time clock to getting my shot
Then treated it like a cyclops
Like it's the only one I (Only one eye) got
And my thoughts are like nines cocked (Chk-chk)
Every line's obscene, pervertedest mind, got the dirtiest rhyme stocked
That's why there's parental advising (Visine) every time I drop (Eye drop)
So throw on the theme to Alfred, I'll channel him like the Panama Canal
But how could I get up in arms about you saying trash is all that I put out?
Bitch, I still get the bag when I'm putting garbage out
Plus, the potty mouth, I'm not about to wash it out
The filthiest, so all this talk about "I'm washed up", how preposterous
Because if cleanliness is next to godliness
It's obvious that it's impossible for me to be beside myself
And I'm 'bout that capital like a proper noun
Still on top the pile
Got me sitting on numbers like a pocket dial
Quick to call you out on your bullshit
Don't make me give that crock a dial
'Cause if I do it, see you later, alligator
Made it out the trailer, then I made a vow to cater to no one
So hate, I've gained about the same amount that's in my bank account
So here's some more shit for you to complain about, I say the
Bars that never slack (Yeah), but always get attacked (Yeah)
I think they're gunnin' for me, it's startin' to feel like that
Like I'm marked, 'cause when I rap, it's like fallin' on my back in a tar pi
t
'Cause I have this target on my back (Ew, yuck)
But if I ever double-crossed my fans and lost my Stans
I'd probably pop five Xans (Yeah)
Go in my garage, start my van
Inhale as much carbon monoxide and exhaust I can
And doze off like [*snores*]
But odds like that, with these thoughts I have's like a giant getting squash
ed by ants
If this is the test of time, I'd pass with flying colors
Like I just tossed my crayons (Tossed my crayons)
Small, medium, and large size cans
Sanitizers of all types, brands, cost nine bands
Which is a small price for Lysol wipes and
If my palms brush across my pants, I wash my hands

Shit, hold on, man
Motherfucker
Happy birthday to—
Fuck (Shh, quiet)

I sit in silence in candlelit environments
Sipping Wild Irish while getting violent
Homicidal visions when I'm spitting like this
But really I'm just fulfilling my wish of killing rhymes
Which is really childish and silly, but I'm really like this
I'm giving nightmares to Billie Eilish, I'm Diddy's side bitch

What the fuck? Hold on, wait
"I'm Diddy's side bitch?"
Oh, I'm still east side, bitch

So 'til the E-N-D, since EPMD
Been givin' y'all the business (Yeah), D-R-E and me (Yup)
From the MMLP to (Huh?) MTBMB (Bitch)
Bitch, it's 2020, you still ain't seein' me (Haha)
So call me Santa Claus (Santa Claus)
'Cause at the present (Yeah), I out-
rap 'em all (Wrap 'em all), I'm at the mall
Got your bitch in a bathroom stall, she could suck a basketball (Uh)
Through a plastic straw (Yeah) with a fractured jaw (Damn)
My dick is coat check (Ha), she wanna jack it off (Yeah)
I'm so far past the bar, I should practice law
Mentally, I'm fucked up generally (General Lee) (Duh)
Dukes of Hazzard car (Yeah), get the cadaver dogs
'Cause this is murder, murder and you'll get murked, murked
This music 'bout to kill you, brr, brr (Brr)
This chicken hit my phone, she said, "Chirp, chirp"
I said, "Hut, hut, hike your skirt, skirt"
Then go eat some worms, like the early bird
What the fuck is love? That's a dirty word
Make me fall in it, there's not a girl on Earth
Or any other planet, that's a world of hurt
And I won't buy a designer, 'cause I don't pander (Panda)
But I'm back with so many knots, I need a chiropractor (Damn)
And this the final chapter (Why?), 'cause I'm either frying after (Oh)
Or they gon' give me the needle (What?) like a vinyl scratcher (DJ)
Yeah, I'm a card, like Hallmark
At Walmart with a small cart buying wall art
And y'all who claim to be dogs aren't
No bite, like a tree, mostly just all bark, arf, arf
But y'all pickin' the wrong tree, they call me dog because I'm barking (Bar
king, bark, bark, barking)
And I got a lot, yeah, like where cars park
I'd describe it as bowling (Why?) ball hard (Ball's hard)
'Cause the gutter's where my mind is and when
It's in this frame, better split like the five and the ten
'Cause without a second to spare, I'm strikin' again
And when the beat is up my alley, I go right for the pens (Pins)
The cypher begins
I'm talkin' smack like heroin, the mic's a syringe
It's like a binge, Vicodin, I would liken to tin
My mind is a recycling bin
There's no place I never been
But I never budge and I never bend
You hyperextend on me, this game's life, it depends
Like adult diapers for men
Even when I'm rappin' less stellar
It's sour grapes, I still whine, I'm the best seller (Cellar)
Like a trey deuce, spray you as these shots penetrate through Dre's booth
And go straight through your grapefruit, no escape route
So you won't leave here just scathed with a few scrape wounds
Your ass is grass and I am not gonna graze you
But if bars were semi-mac's, I'd be the Mad Hatter

'Cause I got so many caps, and you don't have any straps (Nah)
So you'd be a fitted (Yeah), so don't act like you fittin' to snap
Bitch, I'll pee (P) on your head like a Phillies hat (Haha)
No stoppin' me, you're on a window shopping spree
Bitch, you probably go broke at the Dollar Tree
You never buy shit, all you ever cop's a plea
You're always punkin' out like Halloween
You rather opt to flee, you need to stop it, punk
Homie, you're not a G, act like you got the pump
And you're gonna cock the heat or get the Glock and dump
Bitch, if you shot a tree, you wouldn't pop the trunk
Yeah, and I'm buddies with Alfred, we about to
Disembowel them, gut 'em and scalp 'em, yeah
This is 'bout to be the bloodiest outcome
'Cause we gon' make you bleed with every cut from this album
So I'm choppin' 'em up like Dahmer
The nut job with the nuts that are bigger than Jabba the Hutt
I'm in the cut, and I'm out for the blood
It's lookin' like it's that time of the month
Carvin' 'em up with the bars while I sharpen 'em up, dog and a mutt
I'm gonna fuck your mom in the butt with a thermometer, fuckin' phenomenal, but
Y'all'll get cut the fuck up like abdominals if you don't vámonos
I keep droppin' like dominos, the formidable, abominable
Stompin' a mudhole in my comp even if it's off the top of the dome
Son 'em, get the Coppertone, I'm at the Stop and Go coppin' the Mop and Glo
Got your stomach in knots like you swallowed rope
You out of pocket though, like a motherfuckin' wallet stole

Wait, why'd the beat cut off?
Fuck it

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