

Bad One

Eminem

Yo, Dre, yeah
I'ma just lay back on this one
Let me apologize in advance (I like that)
Fuck it, forgive me (Alright)
Fuck it, I don't mean to sound (You ready?) arrogant (Fuck it, yeah) but

Yeah, my head up in the sky again
But even that, my stacks are higher than
Money pile like Tony Stark's, that's how much I earn, man
Girl, my head is swole, I feel incredible as the Hulk
Meaning I'm trying to smash
So come get in line like Santa and climb up inside my lap
While I devise a plan
Won't be talkin' about Purell when Santa ties your hands
And I am an
Industrial-strength high-end brand
Frying pan
Rap is something that I've just had the skill at for some time, and am
An artist who can draw a crowd like a diagram
Like drawing breath from your diaphragm
I've achieved every aspiration that I have had
Got a diamond plaque or two or three or four
But that don't change my attitude, I got a bad one

I got a bad one
She just gotta put up with my shit, I'm going platinum
You just gotta put up with my wrist, I'm going diamond
I just put Fidel up on the link, I'm going gold now
I love all of my records, but she said I got a bad one
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Yeah
One minute, you're here, next minute, you're gone, don't sit there and scoff
Lil' bitch, you can knock the shit about me being immature off
It isn't my fault, the liquor is often twisting my thoughts
You said you're looking for miniature golf
Thought you said looking for men to jerk off
Your mouth is a hole (What?), that means my dick is engulfed
Sick as a dog with croup cough (What?)
Biggie is gone and Tupac (Yeah)
And I'm still alive and you not the Wu, dog
So who died and made you God?
Anything can set my mood off, attitude, I've always had one
My temper is like the bitch I just scooped up, I got a bad one

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Yeah, this whole sub-
 genre with all these corny white rappers, I'm not a fan of it
 It ain't my fault, but like sock puppets, I had a hand in it
 This thousand bucks in my hand is just like what Candace did
 When she turned her back on her own race 'cause I have abandoned it
 One of the greatest who did it, look what I came up through
 You never made it to the level that I made it to
 So similar to a dinner table, I ate at you (Sorry)
 Haters, I made a few
 But like when Three Stacks just plays the flute
 I ain't got shit to say to you (Nah)
 And me offending you's nothing new (Nah)
 Fuck it, it's what I love to do
 This is subterfuge, just to screw with you
 And yeah, this much is true
 This sounds like something that Puff would do
 At the party with Aaron Hall 'cause I just love to fuck with you (Woah)
 A line of blush, foundation kit
 'Cause it's you I make upset
 Brain is dead, space cadet
 Like when Ye forgets to take his meds
 So when they get mad or angry at
 A statement that I may have said
 I just say, "Man, I didn't say that shit, Shady did"
 'Cause all I do is write the rhymes and then wait for that beat to play, spit 'em
 Trigger finger, make like a green beret like he would get a submachine to spray with 'em
 I should go back to those sleeping aids
 Because I'm so stuck in my evil ways
 Then I'm fucked either way
 The people still seem to think that they want the old me 'til they get him
 Got 'em up in arms like monkey bars
 The fucking bomb, word to Puffy, I'm
 I'm blowing up like Kid Cudi's car
 In front of his house where all his buddies are
 Just another day at the office, but it seems like Marsh's fucking job is done
 Mission accomplished, he pulled off his stunt
 And pissed a billion people off at once (Yeah)
 But I gotta keep going Tyson on Kelly (What?)
 I bodied him twice and already
 That little motherfucker's back throwing subs (Like what?) like a food fight at the deli
 And that is why E got the attitude he got like Liza Minnelli
 My male ego
 Is the size of the belly on Jelly Roll
 And bitch, I got a bad one

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