

Cocaine

Eminem

Yeah

Oh

This game's like cocaine

I want this more than anything in the world

Ha, so do I. At least I thought I did.

Got to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

This is a beat with no words at first

It's a blank painting

Exercising the mind is brain strength training

Starts off with something, like Shady's an insane maniac,

Yeah, Slim Shady, that's a zany name, ain't it?

Now all you need's an image to go with the name, baby

Wife beaters and white t-shirts, Hanes mainly

It's a long shot, but is it possible there's a lane, maybe?

If not, he's gonna have to come and change the whole game, ain't he?

He wants the fame so bad he can taste it

He could see his name up in lights

Women screaming his fuckin' name, fainting

Shady did it, he sold out the whole dang stadium

Joe Schmoe made it, he took his Plain Jane lady and his baby Hailie out the trailer

But he ain't trailing anymore, he's ahead of the race

While maintaining his innocence

Little does he know, his train is derailing

And he's about to be raped by this game anally

What would you do for a little bit?

What would you give for a little hit?

For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.

'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leave

Got to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

You're operating on all cylinders

Syllables spit like Dillinger's spilling ya guts

People are feeling ya mic skills, but these haters are ice grillin' ya

Willing to sacrifice anything for the life that they might steal from ya

Fake friends'll kill for ya, die for ya

But you can't decipher "why?" for the life of ya

It wasn't like this when you were Cypherin'

Argue wit' your wife again

She found vicodin in your pants last night again

Your dispute's public, nothing is private anymore

Oh, and your best friend? Say bye-bye to him

What kinda apple you take a bite'a, Slim?

(This is what you wanted Marshall, ain't it?)

Fuck no!

The way that it turned out was nothin' like the picture that I painted in my head

Sometimes a dream to make it, it's more fun than it is to actually make it
The game stripped me naked

It robbed me ever having another real relation-
-ship, with another girl

This world is a fuckin' trip

'Cause I slip in another world, proceed, take another hit

Sniff 'til I fuckin' hurl, tell 'em all to fuckin' sit

And spin 'til they fuckin' twirl, middle finger up again

Relapsing back in this game

Oh well, fuck it, then

What would you do for a little bit?

What would you give for a little hit?

For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.

'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leave

Got to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

Start off right

Just to see your name in lights

Just so you can live the life

You take a bite

And lose your sight

They call this (Fame)

You think you good (ha ha)

Just cause you got out the hood

Concerned only with getting dough,

No longer poor but lost your soul They call this.. (Fame)

I hear it callin'

My name is callin'

Why you strugglin'

When you could be ballin'

My head is sayin' yeah

But my feet is stallin'

So many walk in

But any fallin'

But I got to have it

Like Eve and the apple

She had to grab it

I got to take it

I got to make it

That's the plan

And I can't forsake it.

What would you do for a little bit?

What would you give for a little hit?

For that C.O.C.A.I.N.E.

'Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leave

Got to have it

Yeah, I made it

I'm addicted

Yeah, I'm feigning

('Cause once you get in, you don't wanna leave)

Guess I can't leave then
Guess I'm addicted
Oh well