

Discombobulated

Eminem

Oh, ayo, Dre
I'm discombobulated
Let's take 'em back (Accents)
In time (Everything's all fucked up)
I'm discombobulated, discombobulated
Miss, you ovulating? Wait, I didn't mean to
Piss you off, my lady, what I really meant to say is
It goes a little something like this

Soon as I'm through with the Unisom I'ma hit the snooze alarm
Before I lose my mind, who am I gonna use it on?
Utilizing this tool, I will execute a line
Like what I tried to do one time in my youth when I euthanized
My poodle in junior high, used to hide in my room and fly
To the moon and try suicide with the glue from my school supplies
Then Proof, Denaun
Eye-Kyu and I would climb in that hooptie to ride to Drew's and rhyme
Bodied Saint Andrew's Hall too many times to count
Before I tear up The Shelter, give my dawgs a pound
Now I'm 'bout to treat all of you rappers noggins how
Dre does every time he goes back to Compton now
'Cause every so often I'll visit my old stomping grounds
And Doc's in the house, so you know the bong is out
Room is spinning like nine-hundred-thousand miles an hour
Forgot what I'm talkin' 'bout, fuck, I'm discombobulated

Now up is down, left is right
Day is night now, in is out, black is white
So to-and-fro and side-to-side
Am I coming or going? Man, I can't decide
'Cause back is forth now and stop means go
No means yes, but yes don't mean no
So, baby, please, take off your clothes
(No!) Yes! (No!) Yes! (No!) No! (Yes!) Oh! (Oh!), yeah

Just flew the coop, the cops are in hot pursuit
But the day they catch me is the day 50'll call a truce
And quash the feud with him and Ja and Ja'll actually spit a bar
That's not from a Dr. Seuss book and they'll start a group (Haha)
Fuck it, I'm a kook, I know I got a screw
And a couple of marbles loose, brain is like ramen soup
Shout to Trugoy, gotta give a De La salute
'Cause my noodle's in a knot, call it pasta noose (Yeah)
Wizard of ahs and oohs
Same Marshall Bruce in that battle who lost to Juice
Who also used to sound like Nas on "Live at the Barbeque"
Now I got the juice, wouldn't beef if I was you
Like, au jus, but beef, if like
"I was you," but, like, ah, fuck you (Man)
Long as I got these walls and these hallways I'm always
Have someone to argue with, I'm just all twisted, I'm discombobulated, man

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I'm at my best when I'm at my worst
And for that I'm blessed, so every time I rap I curse
And that's why press, I usually get attacked by first
They're at my neck like motherfucking vampires
So critics si-day I si-day the same shi-dit, I'm always degrading, little bi-ditch
Well, fi-duck 'em, they can si-duck my di-dick when I'm taking a shi-dit
Mid-y middle fid-inger is ex-tid-ended now, should I tell 'em where to put it?
I'm si-do fed up with it, they ask me dumb shi-dit
So I act like I'm on a kayak with my back to Niagara
No life jacket, man, I had like six psychiatrists, scientists
Misdiagnose me with plaque psoriasis 'cause I asked 'em, "Why is it
My eye itches?" so they gave me some diet tips
And Viagra with side effects, I might end up growing spiderwebs
In my head and dying a horrifying death, on my final breath
I will tell you, apply your lips to my dick, it's one size that fits
I just took an AIDS test and the doctor said to think positive, what the fuck?

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Haha, yeah
Dr. Dre
Black Bethoven
S1
2050, haha
We're out