

Guns Blazing

Eminem

It's time to face the music
A stay of execution
No more distribution
(The fuck you doin'?)

You did this to me
I'm right back on my bullshit, right back out on these streets
Just remember that you did this to yourself (Yeah, you did it to yourself)
Now you gotta suffer the consequences
Back up to bat and swingin' for the fences (Remember that)

Let's make one thing clear (Here), here, my dear
My resolute for this year
No pollution, fresh air
My solution, long hair with a fat ass, I'm deadass
Mile high club 'til I jet lag
Rothstein flow, Casino
And you're just like Ginger, we know
Single negro, I don't need your (Double standards and hypocrisy)
And that fake handholdin' on Father's Day
You a different motherfucker when you're not with me
Been sleepin' with the enemy, mockery
It's like I'm John F. Kennedy, shots at me
Yes, I'm president of debauchery
None of that bullshit ever got to me
'Cause your pillow Brillo, ditto
Breakin' this shit down little by little
I ain't got time for the fuckin' pom-poms
Shoulda never let this dog out of that kennel

Wastin' time, debatin' 'bout
Who I'm with when I'm not around
Just don't forget who you fuckin' wit'
When steppin' on hallowed ground

('Cause) You did this to me (Yeah, I'm)
Right back on my bullshit, right back out on these streets
Just remember that you did this to yourself (Yeah, you did it to yourself)
But now you gotta suffer the consequences
(And "sorry" isn't gonna help, nah)

How many times have I got burnt and tried to act like I'm not hurt? (What?)
Or take you back and we not work, like clockwork
This shit is agony, you're draggin' me, Glocks burst
Just remember, you drew first
You ain't toe taggin' me, ho-bag, any blowback, you deserve
Get the bozack, bitch (Yeah), my soul's blackening
So actually, this could've been a lot worse (Why?)
I could've name-dropped you in my verse (Yeah)
But out of respect for your daughter
I won't blow your spot up 'cause your toddler
Does not deserve to get caught up in our dirt (Damn)
And good luck with the father
Bitch, you're stuck with him now, ah-fuckin'-ha
Word to the doctor, these are wounds you cannot nurse
Hope it's drivin' you bonkers that I'm not yours (Oh no, woo)
Guess I must've got wise, you are not sly

Just 'cause you can make up an on-the-spot lie
I'm comin' out, guns blazin', shots fired
Hand sani', I'm cutting off ties
Bitch, everything you own's in a box, bye
Guess it's back to the trailer and pot pies
Hope I pull up to the window at Popeyes
One day and you'll be servin' me hot fries 'cause (You did this to me)
Taste of your own medicine
You shedded skin, yeah, you reptilian bitch
Off of your knees (Yeah), beggin' for forgiveness
Yeah, look at you, marry him again, bitch
You ain't Em's bitch, you're just regular him's bitch
We will never be together again, ever
And when you're in bed with him and you wish you was with me
Just remember that

You did this to me (Yeah, now)
I'm right back on my bullshit, right back out on these streets (Look what you did)
Just remember that you did this to yourself (Yeah, you did it to yourself)
But now you gotta suffer the consequences
(And "sorry" isn't gonna help)
Remember that (Michelle) you did this to me (Yeah)
I'm right back on my bullshit, right back out on these streets (Fuck around and make you famous)
Just remember that you did this to yourself (Yeah, you did it to yourself)
But now you gotta suffer the consequences (Oh no)
(So when I'm hittin' someone else and you're)

Wastin' time, debatin' 'bout
Who I'm with when I'm not around
Just don't forget who you fuckin' wit'
When steppin' on hallowed ground