

Houdini

Eminem

Hey, Em, it's Paul
Uh, I was listening to the album
Good fucking luck, you're on your own

Guess who's back, back again?
Shady's back, tell a friend
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back
(Da-da-da, da, da, da, da, da, da)
(Da-da-da, da, da, da, da)

Well, look what the stork brung
(What?) Little baby devil with the forked tongue
And it's stickin' out, yeah, like a sore thumb
(Bleah) With a forehead that it grew horns from
Still a white jerk
Pullin' up in a Chrysler to the cypher with the vic's, percs and a Bud Light
shirt
Lyrical technician, an electrician y'all light work
And I don't gotta play pretend, it's you I make believe
And you know I'm here to stay 'cause me
If I was to ever take a leave, It would be aspirin to break a feve
If I was to ask for Megan Thee Stallion if she would collab with me
Would I really have a shot at a feat? (Ha!)
I don't know, but I'm glad to be back, like

Abra-abracadabra
(And for my last trick) I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh
Abra-abracadabra
(And for my last trick, poof) Just like that and I'm back, bruh

Now back in the days of old me
(When) Right around the time I became a dope fiend
Ate some codeine, as a way of coping taste of opiates, case of O.E
Turned me into smiley face emoji
My shit may not be age appropri-
Ate but I will hit an eight year old in the face with a participation trophy
'Cause I have zero doubts
That this whole world's 'bout to turn into some girl scouts
That censorship bureau's out
To shut me down so when I started this verse
It did start off light-hearted at first
But it feels like I'm targeted
Mind bogglin' how my profit has skyrocketed, look what I pocketed
Yeah, the shit is just like y'all have been light joggin' and I've been runn
ing at full speed
And that's why I'm ahead like my noggin, and I'm the fight y'all get in
When you debate who the best but ops I'm white-chalkin' when
I step up to that mic, cock it then
"Oh my god, it's him... not again!"

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(And for my last trick) I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh
Abra-abracadabra
(And for my last trick, poof) Just like that and I'm back, bruh

Sometimes I wonder what the old me'd say
(If what?) If he could see the way shit is today
(Look at this shit, man) He'd probably say that everything is gay
(Like happy!) What's my name, what's my name?

So, how many little kids still wanna act like me?
I'm a bigger prick than cacti be
And that's why these words sting, just like you were being attacked by bees
In the coupe leaning back my seat
Bumpin' R. Kelly's favorite group, the black guy pee's
In my Air Max 90's
White T's walkin' parental advisory
My transgender cat's Siamese
Identifies as black, but acts Chinese
Like a motherfuckin' hacky sack I treat the whole world, 'cause I got it at
my feet
How can I explain to you?
That even myself, I'm a danger too
I hop on tracks like a kangaroo
And say a few things or two to anger you
But fuck that, if I think that shit, I'ma say that shit
Cancel me what? Okay, that's it, go ahead, Paul, quit
Snake-ass prick, you male crossdresser, fake-ass bitch
And I'll probably get shit for that
(Watch) But you can all suck my dick, in fact
Fuck them, fuck Dre, fuck Jimmy, fuck me, fuck you, fuck my own kids they're
brats (Fuck 'em)
They can screw-off, them and you all
You too, Paul, got two balls, big as RuPaul's, what you thought you saw ain'
t what you saw
'Cause you're never gon' see me
Caught sleepin' and see the kidnappin' never did happen
Like Sherri Papini, Harry Houdini, I vanish into the thin air as I'm leaving
, like

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(And for my last trick) I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh
Abra-abracadabra
(And for my last trick, poof) Just like that and I'm back, bruh