

I'm Having A Relapse

Eminem

Damn it feels good to be back
I'm having a relapse

How the hell did he manage
To get more felony charges?
He's already got life in jail
Man, what the hell is his problem?

Well to be honest the smell of these chronic leaves make me hella demonic
They compelled me
To kill this elderly man

And i get these panic attacks
Pop a xanax, relax
Try to stick my fucking dick
Inside a mannequins ass

Then i get manic depressed
And the orthodontist get gas masked
Kick ass
The first thing i'll put on is the mask

Speaking of masks, man
It aint to late to have a change of pace
And take it off and show my face
So you can see the things you face
And slice you up
And cook you after your murder
By strangulation

Thats bacon souffle
You making aint you
Well thank you jason

There goes one more coma
Due to blunt force trauma
Just give me one more soma
And i'll be done for it mama

Go in the damn broom closet
Another valium lost it
Shovin the vacuums nozzle
Down the bathroom faucet

It seems like every day i get a little flakier
The medication is making my hands a little shakier
Hand me that 18 month old baby
To shake him up
It'll only take me a second to choke his trachea
Breaking his neck in 80 some places

Baby here shady comes lady
He's got the razor ba-blades and the cha-cha-chainsaw-saw baby
You b-b-blundering bumbling m-m-mumbling dummm dumms
Yeah, here i come come you hear the rumbling, vrum vrum

Theres something inside of that blue tarp

And that drum drum
A head and torso of someone
Where'd it come from?

Who's it belong to
Maybe that girl with the long blond hair
Who disappeared and left her cheerleader pom poms
Clearly theres some'n wrong
'Cause she didn't come home

Shes missing
Where is she
Something fishy is going on
I guess he stuck the bitch with the pitchfork with the long prongs

Now everybody get your dance on
To my damn song
C'mon