Just Don't Give a Fuck

Woah, I get your hands in the air, and get to clappin' 'em And like, back and forth because ah This is, what you thought it wasn't It beez, the brothers representin' the dirty dozen I be the F R O, the double G And check out the man he goes by the name of er

Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady I'm a M80, you lil' like that Kim lady I'm buzzin', dirty dozen, naughty rotten rhymer Cursin' at you players worse than Marty Schottenheimer You wacker than the motherfucker you bit your style from You ain't gonna sell two copies if you press a double album Admit it, fuck it, while we comin' out in the open I'm doin' acid, crack, smack, coke and smokin' dope then

My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic I have a disease and they don't know what to call it Better hide your wallet 'cause I'm comin' up quick to strip your cash Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and whip your ass Bitch, I'm comin' out swingin', so fast it'll make your eyes spin You gettin' knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson The proof is in the puddin', just ask the Shawn Holman I'll slit your motherfuckin' throat worse than Ron Goldman

So when you see me on your block with two glocks Screamin' 'Fuck the world' like Tupac I just don't give a fuck Talkin' that shit behind my back, dirty mackin' Tellin' your boys that I'm on crack I just don't give a fuck So put my tape back on the rack Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack I just don't give a fuck But see me on the street and duck 'Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed 'Cause I just don't give a fuck

I'm nicer than Pete, but I'm on a search to crush a milkbone I'm everlasting, I melt Vanilla Ice like silicone I'm ill enough to just straight up diss you for no reason I'm colder than snow season when it's twenty below freezin' Flavor with no seasonin', this is the sneak preview I'll diss your magazine and still won't get a weak review I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers crystals This is a lyrical combat, gentlemen hold your pistols

But I form like Voltron And blast you with my shoulder missiles Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials Extortion, snortin', supportin' abortion Pathological liar, blowin' shit out of proportion The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict Half animal, half man Dumpin' your dead body inside of a fuckin trash can With more holes than an Afghan

Eminem

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Somebody let me out this limousine I'm a caged demon On stage screamin' like Rage Against The Machine I'm convinced I'm a fiend, shootin' up while this record is spinnin' Clinically brain dead, I don't need a second opinion Fuck droppin' the jaw, I'm flippin' the sacred treasure I'll bite your motherfuckin' style, just to make it fresher I can't take the pressure, I'm sick of bitches Sick of naggin' bosses bitchin' while I'm washin' dishes

In school I never said much, too busy havin' a headrush Doin' too much rush had my face flushed like red blush Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face grayed Went to gym in eighth grade, raped the women's swim team Don't take me for a joke I'm no comedian Too many mental problems Got me snortin' coke and smokin' weed again I'm goin up over the curb, drivin' on the median Finally made it home, but I don't got the key to get in

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Hey, fuck that Outsidaz, Pace One, Young Zee