Killer

Eminem

(Killer)
Yeah, it's crazy, I'm a (Killer)
Made all this money from doin' this
(D.A. got that dope)

Now count it, five, ten, yeah, fifteen, twenty
Twenty-five, thirty, yeah, get the money
Throw it in the furnace, yeah, this shit be funny
Earn it just to burn it, swag drippin' from me

That's what I do with money, got money up the ass
Call it toilet paper, yeah, flush with cash
Girl, nice butt, is it up for grabs?
Just wanna touch your ass, is that too much to ask? Yeah
I made a grip, I know it's tough to grasp, get the bag
Call it potato chips, I stuff in duffel bags
On some public transportation shit, 'cause I will bus' your ass
Fuck the chain, I'm off the trailer hitch, I got a bunch of swag

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Yeah, I'm a (Killer)

Yeah, I'm a (What?), I'm a (What?), I'm a (Killer)
Yeah, look, yeah

My income is all that and then some
Girl, your man is nincompoop, a symptom
Of a simp 'cause he'll spend some loot to get some
As for me, I'm the Kim Jong-Un of pimps, hon' (Haha)
Swag dripping, I'm in a pub
Went up to this chick who was so tipsy, we went to hug
Ended up tripping, I picked her up
She yelled out it's her birthday
She's fifty and in the club
Then it comes on (Yeah), that "In da Club" song (Yeah)
She's a buzzsaw (What?), we're goin' numbskull (Uh)
I live on the edge (Haha), she's a jump off (Yeah)
Call her Cinderella (Why?), she loves balls (Oh)

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Attack like the Ripper
All over the track doin' laps like a stripper
Now (Now), now (Now), w— wow (Wow) look out (Out)
Rap circles around ('Round) clowns, surround sound (Sound)
John Rambo's back and my ammo's stacked
And I'm cocking raps, I'm on your head
Other words, I'm stocking caps and I'm talking facts (Fax)
Like OfficeMax
Never down, I'll be up like an insomniac

Girl, I got racks you got a rack
How you got all that back and no body fat
I'm in awe with that
When I stopped the Pontiac at the laundromat that I saw you at
You almost had a heart attack, went into cardiac
You ran inside and told your boyfriend like, "I'll be back"
But for all you knew I probably act like I'm Daniel Wozniak
I'm a psycho-pa-pathic killer
I'm a cap peeler, caterpillar
With the botanic of bananas
You never heard better vernacular
Comin' after your scapula
For the lack of a better word, Dracula
'Cause I'm attackin' a rapper at the phrenic nerves
I'm a savage, back to put the dagger in the back of competitors
Predator and scavenger
I am a carnivore and a baller, you're at the dollar store
What the fuck you got a wallet for? Y'all are poor
I was livin' in squalor but, uh-uh, not no more
Now I'm the one they holla for
Fuckin' shit up like a dinosaur in a China store
Bitch, I'm number five (What?) minus four (Haha)

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Yeah

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