Off The Wall

Eminem

No matter what people say
I'm gonna keep rapping this way
No matter what you may think
I'm gonna keep doing my thing

I'm almost as famous as fat bald men
Decided to write songs to teach Musketeers to sing
I stick Britney Spears in a room full of mirrors
So she gets fifty years of bad luck [crash]
Causing terror to Christina Aguilera
When I grab her by the hair and drag her across the Sahara
Beware of this rap terrorist with a therapist
With a hair up his ass like a rabbit crawled in his pants
Gotta have it, I hold Tylenol in his hands
'til it melts in his fucking palms and dissolves in his glands
(So who is it?)
The fool who visit the playground
With two biscuits to lay down the school district
Get pistol whipped with a Mauseburg
With a pistol grip and fed pitbulls shit
Sniff glue sticks like I give two shits
If I get too rich, I just get sued

Yo, I leave with no injure, after I blow four in you
One handstand on top of your ninja
Crash it, (ERRRR) Doc stir the madness
'til you all outta work like Tony Atlas
Walking, cans in the laundry basket
America's most with the army after us
Fuck flossing, we take what's yours
A low fifteen like a ace in four
I'm outta work, but Doc laid them off
(shit, the power's out)
The tape is off
Yo, you targeted from arsonists
Papermate pens filled with arsenic
I got hoes that don't know what Prada is
Doc could shape up, touch your barber miss
Betty you with a bloody blade
I turn rap camps into Crystal Lake
Fuck bitches face is what I'm gonna do
'Cause that what white boy Tano do

So how is everybody doing tonight?
Hope you're in the mood to get drunk and scream in a fight
'Cause uh, we getting down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if you all don't wanna bump to this... Off the Wall!!

Yo, so how is everybody feeling tonight?
Hope you're in the mood to get rude and ill in a fight
'Cause uh, we getting down for the fuck of it
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Yo, you could buy Jaz spittin', hospital, son admit it
Rip your lips off, kiss my ass with it
Slap bitches, got Marshall Maths [printing]
Weed, X, and the acid tabs did it
I'm "What's happening?" with no "Rerun"
Doc Rob "Deniro" when the "Heat" come
My barrel hang out the Camaro
Aimed at the nose of them hoes it's hard to breathe from
Flash the gat, your town, bogardin'
Your wallet, your chain the main target
Beef is like cold engine, don't start it
Bust in the air and hit a airplane pilot
We clowned you, rap surround sounds around you
From ten speed and brown shoe
Doc and Eminem, cock the M & M
Blood flows with 2Pacalypse and them

It's like, Funk Doctor meets the punk rocker
Got the drugs stopped inside the lunch box [uh]
Pop junk like I just got jumped
Popped the trunk and pulled out the shotgun pump
Knock wood, it's all good, thank God for Vodka
'Cause with my luck, I'll probably get shot by a stalker
Probably got a fanatic waiting upstairs in the attic
With an automatic calling me up there
My man Stan with a gat in his hand
Staking my house out in a tan tinted Sedan
He pull your mouth out 'til you can't finish a damn
Ham sandwich, or your can spinach and Spam
'til you gotta sip through a straw, shoplifted a mall
Pictures of me on my mom's living room wall
Hey ma, maybe I'll give you a call
Sike you fucking bitch, suck a dick and two balls
I'm giving you all my job descript'
which is to piss bitches and priest off with this
Pop more pills than police officers
Arrive at the scene and pull me off of Kim
Teeth off my dick, hands off my balls
But you all can kiss my ass, pants off and all
'Cause I'm so goddamn off the wall
I might as well as be a painting smashed on the floor

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No matter... oh

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