

## Road Rage

Eminem

This rap shit divided by panty lines, mm, which side are you on? (Pussy)  
Social media got you fuckin' in pantomime, damn, why that line so long? (Rooke)

I'm just caught up in the rapture, tryna be a rap star, I hope I make it out alive (Alive)

I'm a master at masquerading and actin' like I ain't faded, only I can see through my disguise

Yeah, I walk around more confused than my aunt Linda's man-friend  
A black transgender Klan member (What?)

Who's a Caitlyn Jenner fan and a (What?)

Member of Grindr and Tinder

Head empty as an empty abandoned a- (Yeah)

'Partment while I'm dancing a-

'Round all these names and labels that I can't memo- (What the fuck?)

'Rize, now my antennae

Are up on this PC shit, I'm finna

Go out on my shield like Captain A- (What?)

'Merica, transgender

I'm the god of façade (Woo), give me a road rage reason

To black the fuck out and roll with the heathens

Road rage, vroom, vroom, vroom, and I'm speedin'

Fuck that red light, I'm tryna get even

Yeah, how could I say some shit so mean? (Damn)

They're tryna make my mouth closed like it's clothing (What?)

It's what it is though, but this is show biz, so things

Ain't never really truly over 'til Lizzo sings (Like I won't say that)

We should coddle fat people (Yeah), yeah, here's a concept (What?), let's celebrate onset (Yeah)

Diabetes and instead of us dieting, we can just have a pie-eating contest (Delicious)

And we should be extra nice (What?) instead of honest (Yeah)

And instead of exercise (What?)

It's easier to find a triple-X your size

And try to press society to change so you don't have to change

Pick up a way to eat less, them fries make your blood pressure rise

As it starts increasin'

All that starch and grease and

Clogged arteries and

These are the reasons

For your heart disease and

Can't tie your shoes (Why?), it's too hard to reach 'em (Shit)

But the way things been (With what?)

With today's thinking (Yeah)

We should baby them (Why?)

Instead of shaming them (Oh)

But enabling can (Yeah)

Do more harm than good, so call me Abe Lincoln

'Cause I'll be honest, I can flip in a blink and

All I need is one little road rage reason

Yeah, blah, blah, blah, I'm the

I'm the god of façade, give me a road rage reason

To black the fuck out and roll with the heathens

Road rage, vroom, vroom, vroom, and I'm speedin'

Fuck that red light, I'm tryna get even

Yeah, all my obese people, if you're fat, proud, and you know it (Hey)  
Raise your hand if you're shovin' food in your mouth at this moment (Mmm)  
But if you're mad 'cause they're clownin' you for poundin' them donuts (What?)  
Put 'em down and either do somethin' about it or own it

Okay, here we go  
(Wait, what are you doin'?)  
Fuck's it look like I'm doin'? (What? Nah)  
Dyin' our hair  
(No, stop, stop, ow)  
Shut the fuck up  
(You're never gonna—)  
I said, shut the fuck up  
Trust me, I know what I'm doin'  
Yeah

So transgender rights, where do I stand? Oh (Uh)  
I'm all for 'em, I really am pro (Nah, for real)  
But intercourse with you (What?), would I have? No (Nope)  
I'm just bein' honest (Yeah), now I'm an asshole (Ho)  
Call me a transphobe (Really? Yeah) 'cause I just can't go (What?)  
And try and pretend you was never a man though (Sorry)  
I mean, damn, bro (Yeah), it's just the way I feel (Uh)  
But if I say it will (Mm), it get me cancelled (Yup, shit)  
My music get banned (What?), or can it withstand? (No)  
This shit is quicksand (Help), man, I'm just sayin' (Ha)  
I gotta participate for us to co-exist? Damn  
I gotta memorize pronouns of a cis man? (Really?)  
How come can't we just show solidarity with a wristband? (Or somethin' like  
that, you know?)  
And this ain't even a diss, trans  
People, my dick just won't expand  
Them tits won't make it stand  
But Caitlyn, big fan (No, wait)

Oh, you want me to fuckin' chill and tone this shit down, huh? (Yup)  
That's Shady speaking his mind like it was his mouth, huh?  
You wish he'd grow up and not be so juvenile, huh?  
Cash Money Records, this shit's about to go south, huh?  
You feelin' stupid now, huh?  
Old Slim would've told 'em to put a lid on it like a toilet bowl rim  
Hat with the low brim  
I'm in the blue corner (What?), white trunks with the gold trim  
They bet that I won't win (Yup)  
Guess you really showed them (Ha)  
Became the best and I made it (Yeah) like Adult Swim  
Yeah, but you pick on handicapped people with no limbs  
Well then, fuck you, Chris Reeves, and the horse that he rode in

Bitch