

Sociopath

Eminem

'Til I was eleven, I bed-wetted, the red-headed adopted
My fuckin' head's braindead, get it? I lost it (Woo)
Med fetish, I was fed lettuce and sausage
With the side of Valium, poached eggs, relish, and Frosted
Flakes, skulls, arms, legs, skeletons in the closet
Elephant Man's relics, pelicans feed off him
He's awesome, telekinesis through Steve Hawking
There are no more lines 'cause he's crossed 'em
Didn't mean to rape Portia but she forced him
He had no other choice, she had a chance to divorce Ellen
His head aches, you see more swellin'
His brain is exploding like a C4 melon
Eighty-six eroding whores, indeed, you're smelling
'Cause Shady's sickest clothing fuckin' reeks, you're tellin'
The police on 'em; he's walkin' like Igor, yellin'
Fuck him, he's back on the same shit as before

Well, I'm the S-L-I-M S-H-A-D-Y
I'm H-I-G-H, yeah, that's right, baby, high
You may think he's just a wacky, wildin', crazy guy
But Shady be this way 'til the day Shady dies

So, here we go, let's do-si-do
With the sociopath with the hokey flow
Better watch when you're walkin' from the grocery store
And don't act like you never see a ghost before
Now, here we go, let's do-si-do
With the sociopath with the .44
Better watch when you're walking from the grocery store
And don't act like you never see a ghost before

Well, I'm the F-I-F-T-Y, C-E-N-T, I
Get H-I-G-H, yeah that's right, baby, high
You might think he's just a wacky, wildin', crazy guy
But Fifty be this way until the day Fifty dies (Yeah)

I kill a bitch with a potato peeler for the skrilla
I'm finna skin a sinner, dick robbed like Bruce Jenner
Long time
It turns me on, I
Like it like I like snuff flicks, sip piss, eat shit
You're workin' my nerves, louder now, come on, bark, bitch
Hi, I'm Shady's co-D, Shady done rubbed off on me
Yeah, bitch, bone me 'fore he use the chainsaw for me
After you see my G-U-N, a pine box we will see you in
You can't believe it's me again, I B-I-G T-I-M-E
K-I-L-L very W-E-L-L, go to Hell, R-U-N, T-E-L-L
I'm comin', straight dumbin' with my gun in
Hand, there's no options, I'm P-O-P-P-I-N, you're dyin'
Doc's still tryin' to save you
If you survive, I'ma show you what the gauge do
I'm the type there's nothin' you can say to

Well, I'm the S-L-I-M S-H-A-D-Y
I'm H-I-G-H, man, just wait 'til they see my
Mother-F-U-C-K-I-N C-H-A-I-N-S-A-W
"What are you crazy? High?

You smokin' THC?" I got the GHB
Here comes the vagina finder with the ESP
Man, I've been tryna give Rihanna my new STD
And have her screamin' "O-M-G, H-E-L-P"
Like, C-H-R-I-S B-R-O-W-N, while I L-O-L
You know what kinda trouble you in?
Well, FYI, I'll beat her like a couple of men
Then we'll be BFFs and become a couple again
It's like that, y'all, ahaha, hand me that hacksaw
I belie-I believe-that's all, for that pussycat doll
It's like this, y'all, ahaha, hand me my pistol
A couple uppers-and-downers and some crystal

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Oh my God! What the fuck?
Oh