These Demons

Eminem

Yeah, you know what? (Loud Pack)
Haters are funny, man (Haha)
It's like, you're gonna hate it no matter what it is
Yet you still click on it (Zombie on the track), huh, yeah

I want you to change, but don't change (Yeah)
I want you to grow up, but don't age
I want the rage, but don't get too angry
I want the new, but old Shady
I want you to say what they won't say (Yeah)
Just don't go too far, but go cray
I want you to almost lose it, man
They keep movin' the goalpost, don't they?
Just cut to the chase like OJ
In his Bronco goin' up the roadway (Skrrt)
And get off my dick
If I said my balls were yarn, you bitches would crochet (Haha)
All I ever wanted's a rope chain
From the day I saw Cool J on Soul Train
Now I got that Kangol, two cables (Haha)
One yellow and white gold plated
Just to let 'em know I made it

I told my dawgs we gon' get right in they ear (Yeah), yeah, yeah
What did it cost? Now I dip, gone in a Lear (Woo), yeah, yeah
Still have all these demons comin' for my neck, yeah, yeah
I ain't never comin' down, yeah, yeah (Yo)

This pandemic got us in a recession
We need to reopen America (What?)
Black people dyin', they want equal rights
White people wanna get haircuts (Haha)
Some people protest, some people riot (What?)
But we ain't never escapin' this virus (Nah)
To the cops that are racially biased (What?)
We no longer enable these liars
You get 'em on tape, they stick to a story
Like Spider-Man crawlin' up side of a wall and (Yeah)
Some are just unabiding-ass lawmen (Yeah)
Like Garrett Rolfe and like Derek Chauvin (Yup)
No cap, still riding with Colin (Yup)
Though some people don't like me at all and (Yeah)
Some are like bees to flowers (Why?)
'Cause some people find me appalling (Haha)
Ooh, I say a line, people are outraged (Oh no)
The press slams me again (Yeah), people ain't having it nowadays
Give an album that I put out in, like, 2000 you griped about praise
But I wake up every day even more caked up than the makeup on your clown fac
e
And I've laid my foundation

I told my dawgs we gon' get right in they ear, yeah, yeah
What did it cost? Now I dip, gone in a Lear, yeah, yeah
Still have all these demons comin' for my neck, yeah, yeah
I ain't never comin' down (Yeah), yeah, yeah

I got a question (What?)

What rhymes with pariah?
(I don't know) Mm, tsk, uh, LEGO? (Oh shit)
You just bit into the lit end of the wick
Shit, I meant, shit end of the stick
I'm addicted to friction and mischief
It's like your bitch's midriff, shit gets my dick stiff as a stick shift
Dick as in Cheney, drip as in saline
They bring my name up just to get ratings
It's like trying to choose between Bizzy, Layzie, and Wish against Krayzie
'Cause I got a bone to pick and Slim Shady (Slim Shady)
Will thug (Thug) and harm any (Harmony)
Who attempt to diss Hailie (Hailie)
Bitch, I will go in like it's raining
And I get cancelled like once a day (Yeah)
Why would I go? It's more fun to stay (Ah)
You get me to leave? It's no fuckin' way
I got a better chance of fuckin' Young M.A. (Ooh)
Ooh, sounds like I'm zoning
So me sayin' I'm out, nice to know me
Is like askin' me where my shin is
It's down right below knee (Haha)
Uh, oh, well we can play hide the salami (Yeah)
If your gal'd like to blow me (Yup)
My wave is like a tsunami (Yup)
These flows you're still tryna wrap your head around like you're a swami (Ha
)
Just call me the mic kamikaze with Mike Zombie and I'ma just keep bombing (W
oo)
'Cause the game is mine like an IED (Yeah)
If they ever do cancel me like Live PD
Said I'm takin' some of you with me if I'm leaving (Brr)
It's time to murder you now, psych, meet me
I might be D to the fuckin' I-Z-Z
Y from rappin' circles around these hoes
Just like girdles and every word from my mouth so fire
I should be burnt to the ground
There's a fuckin' circus in town, yeah, bitch, this verse finna clown, ICP
R. Kelly sex tape, I see pee (Look)
My shit is intense like tipis
You gettin' wiped like TP
You don't like me? You can bite my little white wee-wee
And I repeat, you can bite my little white wee-wee long as I L-I-V-E
And ever since my pre-
teens, striped Lee jeans and grandma Nan's little black and white TV (Yeah)
Now I'm so bougie that I stick out my pinkie every time I drink tea
Used to wanna wife Sweet Tee (Sweet Tee)
Used to rock wife beaters, now I let your wife beat me (Yeah)
So you can eat shit, but I might be the shit
So when I say "Eat shit," I mean me

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