Tone Deaf

Eminem

Yeah, I'm sorry (Huh?)
What did you say?
Oh, I can't hear you
I have an ear infucktion and I cunt finger it out (Out), yeah (I need autotune)
Yeah

It's my alter ego's fault
These evil thoughts can be so dark
Cerebral palsy, three Zolofts
I eat, doze off to "Rico Suave" (Look it up)
Cadillac with a ladder rack in the back, with a cracked axel, a backpack full of Paxil
A black satchel, a knapsack and a flask full of 'gnac and Jack Daniels
Girl, let's go back, back to my castle (Yeah)
I don't wanna hassle you, Alexandra
But my dick's an acronym 'cause it stands for you (Stands for you, oh)
Wait, Alexandra who? (Damn)
All I know is Friday, I met you (What?)
Saturday, I'll probably forget you
Guess that's what the Molly and X do (What the fuck?)
'Cause who the fuck am I laying next to? (Huh)
But ever since D-Nice To Tha Rescue, Fila Fresh Crew (Uh)
I been a lab rat (Yeah) from a test tube (Uh)
I'm goin' in like the red roof (Red Roof Inn)
You don't like it, eat a cock 'til your jaw breaks (Yeah)
Call it caught between a rock and a hard place
Like a sasquatch in a crawlspace
'Cause you're watchin' your heart race like you're Scarface
In a car chase with the cops or an arcade
Stuck inside of a Mario Kart race duckin' saw blades
At a stop and a start pace
What I'm tryin' to say is I'm drivin' 'em all crazy

I can't understand a word you say (I'm tone-deaf)
I think this way I prefer to stay (I'm tone-deaf)
I won't stop even when my hair turns grey (I'm tone-deaf)
'Cause they won't stop until they cancel me (Yeah, yeah)

I see the rap game, then attack the verses (Uh)
Turn into a graveyard packed with hearses (Yeah)
Just like your funeral, I'm at your service (What?)
Pockets on stuffed like a taxidermist (Woo)
Just landed in Los Angeles when this chick Angela and her grandmother in a tan
Colored van pull up with a hand full of Xans
And a substantial amount of gan' just to ask what my
Grand plans for the night are (Yeah)
I said, "Sneak into the Sleep Inn for the weekend and pretend it's a five-star," yeah
I leap into the deep end of the pool
I can show you where the dives are (Get it?), ha
We don't even gotta drive far
I know this spot that is so live
But I'm tryna get some head first (What?), like a nosedive (Haha)
So many side chicks, can't decide which to slide with and which should I ditch

So when it comes to ass, bitch, I get behind like the Heimlich (Get behind, yeah)
Had one chick who liked to flip sometimes on some switchin' sides shit
Pushed her out, the side kick, then I flipped the lil' white bitch off like a light switch (Bitch)
It's okay not to like my shit
Everything's fine, drink your wine, bitch
And get offline, quit whinin', this is just a rhyme, bitch (Rhyme, bitch)
But ask me will I stick to my guns (Guns) like adhesive tape? (Adhesive tape)
Does Bill Cosby sedate once he treats to cheesecake and a decent steak? (Huh?)
You think gettin' rid of me's a piece of cake?
I'm harder than findin' Harvey Weinstein a date (Damn)
And that's why they say I got more lines than Black Friday
So save that shit for the damn library (Shh)
You heard of Kris Kristofferson? (Yeah)
Well, I am Piss Pissedofferson (Oh)
Paul's askin' for Christmas off again
I said, "No," then I spit this song for him
It goes

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Bitch, I can make "orange" rhyme with "banana" (Yeah)
Oranana
Eating pork rinds, sword fightin' in pajamas
At the crib, playin' Fortnite with your grandma
But I'm more like a four-five with the grammar
'Bout to show you why your five favorite rappers can't touch this
But before I get the hammer
I should warn you, I'm Thor-like in this manner (Thor)
But the day I lose sleep over you critiquin' me or
I ever let you cocksuckers eat at me
I'd need to be a motherfuckin' pizzeria
But you ain't gettin' no cheese from me
I went from Little Caesars, BLTses, grilled cheeses
Bein' dirt poor to filthy rich, I'm still me, bitch
Like a realtor, that's real tea, bitch (Real talk)
Aftermath, bitch, whole camp's lit
We put out fire, Dre stamps it
With my cohorts, hit a bogart
Yeah, got your whole squad yellin', "Oh, God"
Here comes Barshall with no holds barred
Bitch, I'm a hurricane, you're a blowhard
Like your old broad, she full of semen, like the coast guard
And life's been pretty good to me so far (Yeah), for the most part
Had a couple of run-ins with popo, caught
A couple assault charges, got a few priors like crowbars (Priors)
Which is so odd 'cause I'm forty-eight now
That 5-0's startin' to creep up on me like a patrol car (Woo)
I'll be an old fart, but you don't want no part, so, bitch, don't start (Don't start)
Simmer down, compose yourself, Mozart
I ain't went nowhere, call me coleslaw
'Cause I'm out for the cabbage and I'm so raw
And if time is money, you have no clocks
And any folk caught within close proximity's gettin' cold-cocked
My enemies, I'm a chimney, give me the smoke, opps
And R.I.P. to King Von, and it don't stop, and I know not

What the fuck you say? I told y'all, it ain't me, it's my alter ego's fault
But if y'all wanna cancel me, no prob
I'll tell you the same thing I told Paul (Woo)

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