

Whatever You Want

Eminem

[Eminem]

Haha, Swifty McVay!
Mr. Porter, the Kon Artis (ha!)
I told you we wasn't leavin, c'mon!

[Swifty McVay]

I come from a jungle, with a trunk load of punk hoes (nigga)
Muzzle this animal, fuck with mechanical
Gun totin hazardous cutthroat, cantaloupe can split it
And the Pope couldn't prevent me from shittin on niggaz
Fitted caps get blew back like bad wind, imagine backspinnin'
into a casket, it happens when bastards try to act masculine (hoe)
A hell raiser, I smack the skin off your man's face
so fast it'll leave acne on my hand when it land (hah!)
Placed in a class where professors came to school with Smith 'n Wessons
just to teach us a lesson, had that ass hangin' up with the flag (yeah)
Parental discretion, I'll send you a video
with me naked havin a session on my urinal (RESPECT IT! HAH!)
When you kill in the nighttime and claimin' yo' innocence
I'll be waitin' ready to A.K. you and yo' egg Bene-dick {AHH!}
Usin' yo' balls to play tennis with (hah)
You'll be in some shit like flies and fuck the witnesses

[Chorus:Repeat x2:Swifty McVay]

(MOTHERFUCK!) Niggaz that doubt and thought we wasn't killin' shit
(WHAT!) Whatever you want, we providin' it diligently
(PUMP!) Double barrel wherever we go willingly
(DUMPIN!) On opposition in the streets or industry

[Kon Artis a.k.a. Mr. Porter]

You was born I was hatched, but you came out deformed
I have nuts of a horse, and you ain't got no balls
Come runnin' with tec-9's whenever niggaz would call
Bang-bang-bang, bang-bang, shoot up classway halls
I don't give a fuck, who you call to come
You came with thirty niggaz, I only came with one
That just goes to show you how much scrap a nigga got in me
You gone off Henny, that liquid courage drivin you into these
Situations you in, don't get that "Purple Pills" shit confused
With us bein cool up here singin "My Band"
I'm sure you see these little kids cryin over me man
They'll do anything for a fuckin autograph
So say that shit loud enough out of the fuckin crowd and
I'll show you the meanin' of die-hard fans
Saddam Hussein who sews, who radical act
A mechanical bomb attached to my pelvis
That's what I mean by get, back; I mean get, back
Or find your head detached from that Mitchell and Ness
So find your spinal cord, uh-uh-oh I digress
I guess I'm just too fresh, to finish that line
Denaun's ain't next

[Chorus:Repeat x2]