

# Eminem, Low Down Dirty

Warning, this shit's gon be rated R, restricted  
You see this bullet hole in my neck? It's self inflicted  
Doctor slapped my momma, "Bitch you got a sick kid"  
Arrested, molested myself and got convicted  
Wearing visors, sunglasses and disguises  
Cause my split personality is having an identity crisis  
I'm Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll  
Disrespectful  
Hearing voices in my head while these whispers echo  
"Murder Murder Redrum"  
Brain size of a bread crumb  
Which drug will I end up dead from  
Inebriated, till my stress is elevated  
"How in the fuck can Eminem and shady be related?"  
Illiterate, illegitimate shit spitter  
Bitch getter, hid in the bush like Margot Kidder  
Jumped out (Ahhhh!) killed the bitch and did her  
Use to let the babysitter suck my dick when I was little'er  
Smoke a blunt while I'm titty fuckin Bette Midler  
Sniper, waiting on your roof like the Fiddler  
Y'all thought I was gonna rhyme with Riddler  
Didn't Ya? Bring your bitch I wanna see if this dick gon' fit in her

(Redman Sample)

I'm low down and I'm shittee  
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack'em  
And ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps from  
(repeat)

I lace tunes, I'm out this world like Space Moons  
With a bunch crazed loons dismissin brains like braze wounds  
Nothing but idiots and misfits, dipshits  
Doing whippits, passed out like Sanford snippits  
Where's the weed, I wanna tamper with it  
I'ma let your grandpa hit it  
Mix it up with cocaine so her can't forget it  
Fuck it, maybe I'm a bum  
But I was put on this earth to make your baby mama cum  
So what I'm on is way beyond the bomb or any alcoholic beverage  
Losing all of my leverage  
Went up inside the First National Bank broke, and left rich  
Walking bio-hazard causing wreckage  
Smoked out like ?  
Band just making my neck itch  
What the fuck? Gimme the tech bitch  
You just lost your tip, there's a pubic hair in my breakfast  
Got shit popping off like bottle cap tips  
Get your cap peeled like the dead skin of your mama's chapped lips  
Slap hips, support domestic violence  
Beat your bitches ass while your kids stare in silence  
I'm just joking, is Dirty Dozen's really dust smoking?  
If all your shit's missing, than probably one of us broke in

Chorus

My head's ringing, like it was Spider Sense tingling  
Lit it like Green Bay did when they shitted on New England  
I'm out the game, put the second string in  
This Brandy got my swinging  
Bobbing back and forth like a penguin  
Delinquent, toking microphones with Broken English  
Make your mama be like "Ohh! This is good! Who sing this?"  
"Slim Shady, his tape is dope, I love it  
It's rugged, but he needs to quit talking all that drug shit."

It was predicted by a medic  
I'd grow to be an addicted diabetic  
Living off liquid Triametic  
Pathetic, but I don't think this headache's ever vanishing  
Panicing, I think I might have just took too much Anasin  
Frozen Manakin, posted stiffer than a statue  
I think I'm dying, God is that you?  
Somebody help me, before I OD on an LP  
Take me to ER ASAP for and IV  
Motherfuck JOP, they don't support no hip hop  
They say that's where it ends, the closest they gon come is Tupac  
It's politics, it's all a fix  
Setup by these white blue collared hicks  
Just to make a dollar off of black music  
With a subliminal ball of tricks  
But those can kiss ass and swallow dicks

Chorus