

Eminem & Jessie Reyez, Nice Guy

[Chorus: Jessie Reyez]

You're such a nice guy, a nice guy
You're faithful, you don't lie
After the club, you'll go back home, right?
Right? Sike

[Post-Chorus: Jessie Reyez]

Suck my dick, you fuckin' suck, man
Suck my dick, you fuckin' suck, man
I hope that your heart get hit by a semi-truck
Suck my dick, you fuckin' suck, man

[Verse 1: Jessie Reyez]

I hop in your whip and take a sip, then I gun it
I don't, I don't got much self-control, I hope that you runnin'
I'm bipolar with the switch-up just as quick, like you cummin'
I don't, I don't got much self-control, I hope that you runnin'

[Verse 2: Eminem]

I'm not a cheater, but if I'ma be accused, might as well be
You tell me you'll take me back when Hell freezes, but females be Rushin' me outside my telly, tem
Like my monthly bill from Sprint, they chargin' me for a selfie
Chargin' me, so I gave my hotel key
Uh, I was tryna be nice

[Chorus: Jessie Reyez & Eminem]

You're such a nice guy, a nice guy
You're faithful, you don't lie
After the club, you'll go back home, right?
Right? Sike

[Post-Chorus: Jessie Reyez & Eminem]

Suck my dick, you fuckin' suck, bitch
Suck my dick, (Bi-) you fuckin' suck, man
I hope that your heart get hit by a semi-truck (Bi-)
Suck my dick, you fuckin' suck, bitch

[Verse 3: Jessie Reyez]

I play your music while you suffer like I'm Carmine Coppola
Got you tied up in the basement while I chill on your sofa
La próxima yo sé que mejor me quedo sola
Estás de buenas que yo ya vendí mi pistola

[Verse 4: Eminem]

I'm an emotional wreck, weak (Uh-huh)
Everything over-affects me (Yeah)
When you joke, it upsets me (Yeah)
You say I'm no good at sex
And you think I'm gross and unsexy (Uh-huh)
I need Scope 'cause my breath stinks (Yep)
You hope I choke on a Pepsi (Yep)
Bitch, you was supposed to correct me (Oh)
Been textin' you since three, I still get no fucking reply
You say you sleep alone, but yet your mattress is king size
Fuck you goin' in those knee-high boots? Cut it out, bitch
I doubt that you're goin' to house sit
In that outfit, and those skin-tight Levi's
Every word that comes out your mouth's a fucking lie
Oh, it's springtime, time for you to have a fling like a slingshot
You say don't come over 'cause you got pink eye
But I think I got just the thing
Why don't I bring my fuckin' bat and just swing by?