

Eminem, Eminem Part 1

Met a retarded kid named greg, with a wooden leg

Snatched it off and beat him over the head with the peg

Go to bed with a keg, wake up with a forty

Mix it with alka seltzer and formula 44-d

Forget an acid tab I'll strap the whole sheet to my forehead

Wait until it absorbed and fell to the floor dead

No more said case closed end of discussion

We blowing up like spontaneous human combustion

Leaving you in the aftermath of holocaust and dramas

Cross the bombest

We blowing up your house

Killing your parents and coming back to get your foster mommas

I'm as good at keeping a promise as Nostradamus's

Cause I ain't making no more threats

I'm doing drive-bys in tinted corvettes

On Vietnam war vets

I am more or less sick in the head

Maybe more

Because I smoked crack today, yesterday,

And the day before sabateur

Walk the block with a Labrador

Strapped with more straps than el salvador

Foul style galore

Verbal cow manure

Coming together like an eyebrow on al b. sure