

# Eminem, Puke

[Sounds of someone puking]

There I go--thinking of you again

[Chorus]

You don't know how sick you make me  
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach  
Every time I think of you, I puke  
You must just not know--whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
You may not think you do, but you do  
Every time I think of you I puke

I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you a little poem  
But off of the dome would probably be a little more, more suitable for this type of song--whoa  
I got a million reasons off the top of my head that I could think of  
Sixteen bars, this ain't enough to put some ink ta  
So fuck it, I'ma start right here I'll just be brief I'm  
Bout to rattle off some of the reasons  
I knew I shouldn't go and get another tattoo of you  
On my arm, but what do I go and do  
I go and get another one, now I got two  
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh  
Now I'm sittin' here with your name on my skin  
I can't believe I went and did this stupid shit again  
My next girlfriend, now her name's gotta be Kim  
Shi-ii-ii-ii-ii-it  
If you only knew how much I hated you  
For every motherfuckin' thing you ever put us through  
Then I wouldn't be standing here crying over you  
Boo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-who

[Chorus]

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I was gonna take the time to sit down and write you a little letter  
But I thought a song would probably be a little better  
Instead of a letter  
That you'd probably just shred up--yeah  
I stumbled on your picture yesterday and it made me stop and think of  
How much of a waste it'd be for me to put some ink ta, a stupid piece a  
Paper, I'd rather let you see how  
Much I fuckin' hate you in a freestyle  
You're a fuckin' coke-head slut, I hope you fuckin' die  
I hope you get to hell and Satan sticks a needle in your eye  
I hate your fuckin' guts, you fuckin' slut, I hope you die  
Di-ii-ii-ii-ii-ii-ie  
But please don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter or mad  
It's not that I still love you, it's not 'cause I want you back  
It's just that when I think of you, it makes me wanna  
gag-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-ag  
What else can I do, I haven't got a clue  
Now I guess I'll just move on, I have no choice but to  
But every time I think of you now, I'll I wanna do  
Is pu-uu-uu-uu-uu-uu-uke

[Chorus]

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You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach  
Every time I think of you, I puke

You must just not know--whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
You may not think you do, but you do  
Every time I think of you, I puke

Fuckin' bitch