

Under The Influence - 1/4

Interprété par Eminem.

(Gibberish) translation:

So you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick

(Eminem)

Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid-20's
A young-ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass
So the rats can't chew through his last pants
I'm like a mummy at night, fightin' with bright lightnin'
Frightened with five little white Vicaden pills bitin' him
I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital, lost
Stingin' the fuck out of everything I come across in the halls
I light a candle and place it up on the mantle
Grab a knife by the blade and stab you with the fuckin' handle
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds hurtin'
(Bitch it's too late)
'Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's "curtains"

(Swifty McBay)

I'm an instigator, three-eighty slug penetrator
They bring creative murders to kill haters
Accused for every crime known to the equator
They knew I did it, for havin' blood on my gators
My weed'll hit your chest like a double-barreled gauge'er
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in your face
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Henny I do shit on purpose
You'll never hear me say "forgive me"
I'm snatchin' every penny, it's gotta be that way
Nigga face it, that weed I sold to you? Regate laced it
You had it, I'll make the President get a face-lift
Niggas just afraid, handin' me their bracelets
Chillin' in the lab wasted
I'm the type that'll drink Kaluha and Gin, and throw up on the mic

Under The Influence - 2/4

Don't like this rule, you get socked right on sight
And even at the Million Man March, we gonna fight

Chorus:

So you can suck my dick if you don't like, my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like, my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck, my dick

(Bizarre)

I'm a compulsive liar, set my preacher on fire
Slash your tires, find out, thinkin' they're mine
Plate's expired, so as soon as I'm hired, I'm fired
Jackin' my dick off in a band of barbed wires
"Hey, is Bizarre performing?"
Bitch, didn't you read the flyer?
Special invited guest will be Richard Pryor
"Aren't you a male dancer?"
Naw bitch, I'm retired, for fuckin' a bitch in the ass
with a tire iron
I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip
My DJ's in a coma for lettin' the record skip
Lettin' the record skip - lettin' the record skip
(reverse revolving of record)
I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'
It's gonna cost \$300 dollars to get my pit bull an
abortion
Some bitch asked for my autograph
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face, and
laughed
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam
All bitches are hoes, even my stinkin' ass moms

(Caniver)

Ayo flashback, two seats, too deep up in that asscrack
Weed laced with somethin', nigga pass that
And after then we go to hang out with hashrats
At a Stop The Violence rally
I blast gats, be it a mom or publishing
Get your ass capped, the Caniver divider
Yo cash that, run your motherfuckin' pockets
ASAP, I don't need a platinum chain
Bitch, I'll snatch Shaq's, born loser
Half-thief and half-black
Bring your boys and your guns, and get laughed at
Bitch smack 'em, bitch rappers get ejac-jacked
Found chopped-up in a trash bag

(Dirty Harry)

Under The Influence - 3/4

Stranglin' rappers to the point they can't yell
'Cause their crew is full of fags that're sweeter than
bake sales
Wreckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace
Cruisin' and causin' more trouble than nine hoodlums
I rattle your Adam's Apple until it crackles
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you
Get executed, 'cause I'm a looney
I got an adept mind, and it's polluted
I cock it back then shoot it
I love snatchin' up players, thugs, and young ballers
Shoot up they household, even the young toddlers
Brigades barricade to bring the noise
Watch the bullets wrap your bones up like Christmas
toys
If I go solo, I'm doing a song with Bolo
A big Chinese nigga, screamin' "Ihava yo-yo"
I'll leave your face leakin'
Run up in church and smack the preacher while he's
preachin'
Take a swing at the deacon

(The Con Artist)

I used to tell cats I sold weed and weight
I was straight until I got caught sellin' em shaped
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin' sex in my
tent
While the superintendent thought up, my brain's out of
order
I've been a con artist since I was swimmin' in water
And cahoots with this nigga named Fall Out Tom (?)
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb
(special delivery)
I signed to a local label for fun
Say I got cancer, get dropped an advancement and run
Ride by you in the rain while you carry your son
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin' me
none
Born straight up out a pussy but a son of a gun
Got a reputation for havin' niggas run up they funds
Used to be the type of nigga that was full of some
one's
'Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin' in dough

Chorus

Suck my motherfuckin' dick...
D-12... Dirty motherfuckin' Dozen...

Under The Influence - 4/4

Assed you like a snake slut bitch with 30 fuckin'
husbands...
Bizarre kid... Swifty McBay... The Con Artist... The
Caniver... Dirty Harry...
Haha, and Slim Shady...