Eminem, 3 Verses

I'm the illest rapper to hold a cordless
Patrolling corners
Looking for hookers to punch in the mouth with a roll of quarters
I'm meaner in action
Than Rosco beating James Tarteenyer (?)
And smackin his back with vacuum cleaner attachments
I grew up in the wild hood
As a hazardous youth
With a fucked up childhood
That I used as an excuse
And aint shit changed
But kept the same mindstate
Since the third time that I failed 9th grade
You probably think that I'm a negative person don't be so sure of it
I don't promote violence I just encourage it
I laugh at the sight of death
As I fall down a cement flight of steps
And land inside a bed of spider webs
So throw caution to the wind
You and a friend
Can jump off of a bridge and if you live, do it again
Shit, why not? Blow your brain out
I'm blowing mine out
Fuck it, you only live once you might as well die now
It's only fair to warn
I was born with a set of horns
And metaphors attached to my damn umbulical cord
Warlord of rap little bastard with a two by four board
That smashed into your Honda Accord
With a 4 door Ford
But a more toward (?) droppin an accapella
The choppa (?) fella
The mozarella
Worse than a hellacopta propella
Got you locked in the cella
With your skeleton showing
Developing anorexia
While I'm standin next to ya
Eating a full course meal watching you starve to death
With an IV in your veins
Feeding you liquid darvicet
Pumping you full of drugs
Pull the plugs
On the gunshot victims full of bullet slugs
Who were picked up in an ambulance
And driven
To receiving with the asses ripped outta they pants
And given
A less than 20 percent chance
Of living
Have a possible placement
It's a hospital patient
Storing the dead bodies in grandma's little basement
Doctor Kevorkian has arrived
To perform an autopsy on you while you scream "I'M STILL ALIVE!"
Driving a rusty scalpel in through the top of your scalp
And pulling your adams apple out through your mouth
Better call the fire department
I've hired a arson
To set fire to carpet
And burn up your entire apartment
I'm a liar to start shit (?)
Got your bitch wrapped around my dick
So tight you need a crobar to pry her apart wit

Met a retarded kid named Greg with a wooden leg
Snatched it off and beat him over the fucking head with the peg
Go to bed with the keg wake up with the 40
Mixed up with Alka Seltzer and Formula 44D
Fuck an acid tab I'll strap the whole sheet to my forehead
Wait until it absorbed in and fell to the floor dead
No more said case closed end of discussion
I'm blowin up like spontaneous human combustion
Leaving you in the aftermath of holocaust and traumas
Cross the bombas (?)
We blowin up your house killing your parents
and coming back to get your foster mommas
And I'm as good at keeping a promise as Nostradamus
Cause I aint making no more threats
I'm doing drivebys in tinted Corvettes on Vietnam war vets
I'm more or less sick in the head
Maybe more cause I smoked crack (?)
today, yesterday, and the day before sabbath
Walk the block with a labrador
Strapit more corral for war than El Salvador
Foul style galore
Verbal cow manure
Coming together like the eyebrow on Al B. Sure