

Eminem, Ain't Nuttin but Music

It's shit like this I kick to these rich white kids
Who just might see how fucked up this sick life is
Ooops I did it again didn't I my shit's harder
To figure out than what Britney's tit size is
Oooh I probably pissed you off again didn't I bitch
So what Christina Gaguilera kiss my grits
You know how many shit's I get if I wish I did
So I can quit givin these twisted little kids ideas
This just in, Britney just dissed Justin
She just fucked Ben, got tit fucked and dick sucked him
If Afflec can get his ass licked, how I can't shit
Goddamn bitch I'm rich I can't understand this
Are those pictures they made of us together on the internet
As close as I'm ever gonna get to hittin it from the back
And shit when it comes to that I hit harder from the back
Than Everlast when he's pluggin Lethal in his fuckin ass
Just give me one more chance Britney hit me one more time
Let me know what's on your mind, Whitney give me one more line
To sniff, you fuckers know what time it is
Fuck your jewelery my record's almost diamond, BEEOTCH!
What's goin on in the world today
People fightin, feudin, lootin, it's okay
Let it go, let it flow, let the good times roll
Tell 'em Dre- It aint nuttin but music
Eminem doesn't like N'Sync, well I do
So fuck him, and the Backstreet Boys too
Whatever happened to the cast of Different Strokes
Mary's broke, Ty's snortin coke, and then an overdose
I got two little boys wit me
Michael Jackson sent two helicopters to get me
I'm up early wit my hair curly
Me and Mr. Furly, fuckin Laverne and Shirley!
Alotta rappers are livin in la la land
That's why I let my dogs out on the Baha men
As bad as a life I had, I'm not mad
I don't need to be a jackass to beat up my dad
My whole family's country, my grandmother's old fashioned
And she keeps askin me why I rap wit a honky
But grannie I'm a flunky I could be a junky
I could be hangin with the hoochies out at the club scene
To all the independent women in the house! (HEY!)
Show us your tits and shut your motherfuckin mouth! (WHAT?!)
Robert Downey, Bobby Brownie, Whitney Houston
The shit's confusin (SNIFF!)
Jesse Jackson, reverend scandal
Got George Michael's, Tevin Campbells
PeeWee Herman's, peep show places
Public restrooms, peep those cases
Huh, your mom and dad probably mad at us (for what)
We done turned their kids into little body snatchers
Aint like where I'm from, we don't bite our tongue
Are you sure you want niggas 21 to carry guns
It's sad but I'm glad that I'm made to rhyme
Where you work you aint gettin paid for that overtime
It's only music, media know it but they blind
I aint in your light, so stay they hell up outta mine
Y'all the reason why Princess Diana ended up dyin
If you people get offended I don't care (stop cryin)
Tryin to get us to leave 'cause what we say just aint clean (uh, uh)
But holdin back on what I say just aint me
Now what's these parents all mad for? (Your music is bad for 'um)
For teenage kids that drink more than Ted Danson in Cheers
Carson drink beers, we all fart and piss and cuss out our bitch (SHUTUP!)
Broke or rich, I still do that same old shit

I don't jump in front of a camera and change no shit
So when they ask me about my sarcasticness
I just slap 'em, turn around and ask 'em this
Hoooo Hoooo Hooo (Fade Out)