

# 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)