Eminem, Bagpipes From Baghdad

(Intro)
Oh! It's music to my ears, Oh man!
How can I describe, the way I feel?
Fuckin great man! Okay, let me see...
How could I begin...
(Verse 1)
Locked in Mariah's wine cellar all I had for lunch,
Was red wine, more red wine, and captain crunch,
Red wine for breakfast and for brunch,
And to soak it up and in between snack, crackers to munch,
Mariah, what's ever happened to us, why did we have to break up,
All I asked for was a glass of punch,
You see, I never really ask for much,
I can't imagine what's going through your mind after such,
A nasty breakup with that Laftin Hunkler,
Weisman Gale, Nick Cannon better back the fuck up,
I'm not playin, I want her back you punk,
This is Hello Kitty bedspread satin funk,
Mixed with egyptian, with a little rappin pump,
Zappin Eric Clapton, (Shaft?), Frank Zappa crunk,
And yeah baby, I want another crack at ya,
You can beat me with any spatula thatcha want,
I mean I really want you bad you cunt,
Nick you had your fun,
I've come to kick you in your sack of junk,
Man I could use a fresh batch of blood,
So prepare your vernacular for dracula acupunc-ture
(Chorus)
Bagpipes from Baghdad
When will it ever cease, for Pete's sake he's crazy, to say the least
Bagpipes from Baghdad
What's going through my mind half the time, when I rhyme, while blowing on my
Bagpipes from Baghdad
Sombody turn the vacancy sign on, 'cause I'm gone, blowing on my
Bagpipes from Baghdad
I run the streets and act like a madman, holding a glad-,
(Verse 2)
You can be a permanent fixture,
In my lyrical mixture,
I'm the miracle whit trixter,
My sig-nature sound, when the tube of lipstick's around,
I'm bound to put on in an instant, wow
Man what an ensemble, what an assortment of pharma-
Ceuticals, it's beautiful, pill dust in my palm, my
Cuticles get residue just from touching the bottle,
Never knew I could remind me so much of my mama,
I'll cut you like Dahmer, pull a butcher knife on ya,
The size of a sword boy, I'm like a fucken Red Sonia,
Get it stuck in your cornea,
Nice knowin ya Norman,
You're so fuckin' annoyin,
Drop the shovel boy, you don't know what the fuck ya doin',
I ain't playin' no fuckin' more,
Nick Cannon you prick, I wish you luck with the fuckin whore,
Every minute there's a sucker born,
Snuck up on Malachai and made the motherfucker suck on a shuck of corn,
Shuck of, shuck of corn, shuck of corn,
Hit Jason in the face with a hockey puck and told him it's fucken on,
What the fuck are you doin',
You're runnin' over the snow blower,
With the lawnmower, blow on your
Bagpipes from Baghdad
(Chorus)
Bagpipes from Baghdad

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I run the streets and act like a madman, holding a gladbag,
(Verse 3)
In the bed with two braindead lesbian vegetables,
I bet you they become heterosexual,
Nothing will stop me from molesting you,
Tittyfucking you til your breastnipple
Flesh, tickles my testicles,
Is what they said to the two conjoined twins,
How's it going girlfriends, you need a boyfriend,
You need some ointment, just make an appointment,
Who's gonna see the doctor first, we'll do a coin flip
I just got my one year sobriety coin chip,
When the bad get going, how bad does the going get
Baby you shouldn't have any trouble rubbing groins wit
Each other, especially when you're joined at the hip,
I'm going to get the needle, new thread from the sewing kit,
An attempt to seperate em and stitch em back at the loin shit,
Lured the little boy with the chocolate chips ahoy chip
Cookie, lookie even took me a polaroid, bitch
(Chorus)
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(Vocoder) Hum-de-lay-le-lah-aaahhhhhhh (X4)