Eminem, Can-I-Bitch

Intro:
(little girl)
I, I wanna grow up toon
Poppa Marshall, will you tell us a bed time story?

(Eminem)
Heeere we gooo
Now once upon a time not long ago
There was a little rapper about to blow
But his album came and it was not good
I think it went letter double pop a wood
So the silly little fans they were mislead
By a nerdy internet computer hip-hop head

"Me and you clef we're gonna make some cash
Grab the silver paint and let's paint my ass"

Hey mister, would ya care ta bear witness ta
The ass-whippin I'm about to administer
To this ass-kissin little vaginal blista
Stan-abis, little Marshall Mathers sista
Annanis, corner, we have a mister
Not havin it it's the machinista
Dr. Evil with his bag of tricks for
This little antagonist bag of dick-suckin
Ex LL Cool Jay fan from Windsor
I'm bout to murder little guinea fag Anista
You bastard, I ain't wanna have to diss ya
Canabis, where the fuck you at I miss ya

Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch where for art thou can-a-bitch?
Please tell me what happened with that style that you were rappin with?
Can-a-bitch oh can-a-bitch are you from Los Angeles
New York or just a janitor from Canada? Oh Can-a-bitch

Now at first I ain't really understand this shit
Picture me for a second and imagine it
Chillin in a bat man chair an relaxin
When all a sudden some bullshit comes across the scanner
It's 'Can-a-bitch' or some Stan lives shit
They creep me out at first man this is sick
But me being just a sick as conflict gets my dick harder than arithmetic
And I know how you jealous ones envy
I shoulda knew better from the first few letters you sent me
The first two letters you were
Tellin me shit like you respect me like any other regular MC
The third letter you ask
How come I ain't return none of the messages at Shady Records you left me?
The fourth Letter "Slim you really startin to upset me"
The fifth letter told me you were comin to get me
The sixth letter there's a bomb threat in our building
This crazy mother fucker's really tryin to kill me
So I went back and read the first few letters
That said some shit about a message you left
Oh shit that's not an "e" that's an "a"
This dude wants to leave me a massage he's gay
Right away I'm on the phone with Dr. Dre
We got a bogey "Marshall I'm on the way"

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So in two seconds flat Dre's at my crib
Only thing is we both know where this kid lives
And neither one of us have Canadian citizenship
Shit oh Dre wait a mintue that's it
All we gotta do is use a bit of turbo boost
We can fly over the border "Let's go whoosh"
So we're off to Toronto and we're gainin speed
Pfftt Arghh What was that? Oh Jermaine Dupre fuck It
Keep goin no time to waste
Wait backup hit him one more time in case (Okay)
Fuck now he's draggin under the car
Oh well only 30 more thousand miles
Meanwhile me and Dre are tryin to conversate
Just tryin to find a reason for the constant hatin
And tryin to figure out what happened to Jermaine propaine
"He couldn't have fell of that hard" ain't no way

"What happened to the way you was rappin,
When you was scandalous then Canabis turned into a television evangelist?"

Plus he raps with his regular voice
Pft, pft, pft, pft "What was that?" (Pet Shop Boys)
So we pull up to the bridge where he last was spotted
His corpse was still movin but his ass was rotted
He kind of smelled a little like Courtney Love
I figured if I stick him with a fork he's done
So I stapped him twice kept jabbin christ
He won't die this guy's like a battered wife
He's like Kim he keeps comin back for more
But he won't fight back I cracked his jaw
Hold up Bis quit foldin up
Punch me in the chest make my shoulders touch
Do somethin at least one punch line
C'mon till the meter reads 9-9-9-tey-nine percent of my fans are blonde
Bis c'mon answer me man respond
Tell me bout the sun, rain, moon and stars
Intergalatic or metaphors from Mars
Raw to the floor raw like Resovoir dogs
Bite another line from Red Man's song
Suddenly the stub of a dead man's arm from a midget
Reaches out from under the car
It's JD, this motherfucker won't die neither
Dre starts sprayin him with cans of Ether *Sshhhh*
We stomped the bitch and then stopmed the bitch again
(Compton) Detroit Bitch talk some shit again
Stomp him (switch feet)
Stomp him (switch again)
Dre alright he's dead dawg quit kickin him
I think Stan-abis jumped off the bridge again (Arghhhhhh.....Damn!)
He disappeared yo he's gone he did it again

[Chorus]