Eminem, Drips Feat Obie Trice

Prelude:
Obie...Yo...I'm sick...
Damn...you straight dog?
Chorus:
That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
Or these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victims to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I aint got no time...
Obie Trice:
Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk
I had a bag of the skunk won in last nights Tunk
Pussy residue was on my penis,
Denise from the cleaners
Fucked me good,
you should've seen this big booty bitch,
switch unbearable, french role styling,
body like a stallion
Sizing up the figure, while my shit getting bigger
Debating on a fuck or do I wanna be a nigga
Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits
Sippin' on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story
For surely the pussy on toast, after we toast
Our clothes fell like Bishop in Juice
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my jock
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop!
The response I got when I was knocking it
Clock steading ticking, kinky finger lickin'
The can on, semen's at my tip when she moans
I gotta slow down before I cum soon
And work that nigga, like a slave owner
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her
She foaming at the lips, the ones between them hips
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip
Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though
Pussy tighter than conditions of us black folks
We in the final stretch, the last part of sex
I bust a fat ass nut - then I woke up next
Like, what the fuck is going on here?
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all,
just picked up and vacated
Now I'm frustrated cause my dick was unprotected
And doctor Wesley telling me I really got that shit
Fuck
Chorus:
Eminem:
Now I don't wanna hit no woman but this chicks got it coming
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach
And she's pregnant, but she's eggin' me on, beggin' me to throw her
Off the steps of this porch, my only weapon is force
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort
But what's she shoving me for? Doesn't she love me no more?
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?
Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours
And you found it isn't cause this bitch has been visiting
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips

When you get back to Michigan, Now the plot has thickenin' worse
Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a hearse
So you paranoid at every little cold that you get
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick
So you goto the clinic, sweating every minute your in it
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the Menace
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby it's AIDS
He ain't even gotta to call in you his office to say it
So you jet back home, cause you gone get that ho
And when you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo
Cause you love her, you never would expect that blow
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this, bitch works at the Cleaner's
Bringin' me home diseases swingin' from Obie's penis
She's so deceivin', shit this ho's a genius
She g'd us
Chorus:
I'm busy!
Fuck these bitches
Fuck em all
Get money
Ha!
Shady Records
Obie Trice
Eminem, mothafucka
New millenium shit...Yeah
Turn this shit off
Turn this shit the fuck off