Eminem, Fast Lane

Uh, first verse, uh, I'm armed 'til I'm on an island
My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot
Before I touch dirt, I'll kill y'all with kindness
I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse
You've been warned if you've been born or if you conformed
Slap up a cop and then snatch him out of his uniform
Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on
And hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn
Y'all niggas' intellect mad slow, y'all fags know
Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'
Bet you could light your own cigarette with ya asshole
Me and Shady deaded the past
So that basically resurrected my cashflow
I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke
Though I ain't wrapped tight
My blood type's the '80s, my '90s was like the Navy
You was like the Bradys, you still fly kites daily
Catch me in my Mercedes, bumpin' "Ice Ice Baby"
Screamin', "Shady 'til I die", like a half a pair of dice, life's crazy
So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze
And you only live it once, so I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice, nice lady
Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll (Danish)
Let me tell you what this pretty little dame's name is
'Cause she's kinda famous
And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say this
Nicki Minaj, but I wanna stick my penis in your anus
You morons think that I'm a genius
Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum cleanin'
Came to drive them trailer parks crazy
I am back, and I am razor-sharp, baby
And that's back with a capital "B" with an exclamation mark
Maybe you should listen when I flip the linguistics
'Cause when I rip this mystical slick shit
You don't wanna become another victim, a statistic of this shit
'Cause after I spit the bullets
I'ma treat these shell casings like a soccer ball
I'ma kick the ballistics, so get this dick, I'ma live this
I'm livin' life in the fast lane
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down
Only got a gallon in the gas tank
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now
I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride
Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die
I'm livin' life in the fast lane
(Pedal to the metal)
Livin' life in the fast lane
(Pedal to the metal)
Yeah, my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit
At war with a bottle, as Captain Morgan attacks my organs
My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins
I made a pact with the Devil that says "I'll let you take me"
"You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpse of Jack Kevorkian"
Go back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in
I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down
My tenement chimney now, the semi's the remedy, pow
Spin him around, enterin' in the vicinity
Now, was called M&M
But he threw away the candy and ate the rapper
Chewed him up and spitted him out, girl giddy-up, now get-get down
He's lookin' around this club
And it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now
Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town
Did I s-s-stutter, motherfucker? Fuck them all, he shuts
The whole motherfuckin' Walmart d-d-down

Every time he comes a-r-r-round
And he came to the club tonight with 5'9 to hold this bitch down
Like a mothafuckin' chick underwater, he tryin' d-d-drown
Shorty, when you dance, you got me captivated, just by the way
That you keep lickin' them dick-suckin' lips, I'm agitated, aggravated
To the point you don't suck my dick
Then you're gonna get decapitated
Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head, then I'm have to take it
And then after takin' that, I'ma catch a case, it's gon' be fascinatin'
It's gon' say "The whole rap game passed away"
On top of the affidavit
Graduated from master debater, slash massive masturbator
To Michael Jackson's activator, meanin' I'm on fire off the top
Might wanna back up data, runnin' over hip hop
In a verbal tractor trailer
Homie, they're sick, you could normally ask a hater
Don't it make sense, these shell casings is just like a bag of paper
Drop in the lap of a tax evader, homie they spent
Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes, what girl?
I'm the crack-a-lator
Percolator to this party, be my penis ejaculator later
Tell you boyfriend that you just struck pay dirt
You rollin' with a player, you won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin'
I'm livin' life in the fast lane
Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down
Only got a gallon in the gas tank
But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now
I don't really know where I'm headed, just enjoyin' the ride
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