Eminem, I Just Don't Give A Fuck (Slim Shady Ep

[Intro: Frogg]
Whoah!
A get your hands in the air, and get to clappin 'em
and like, back and forth because ah
this is.. what you thought it wasn't
It beez.. the brothers representin' the Dirty Dozen
I be the F-R-O the double G *coughing in background*
And check out the man he goes by the name of er...
[Verse One: Eminem]
Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady
I'm a M80, you Lil' like that Kim lady
I'm buzzin, Dirty Dozen, naughty rotten rhymer
Cursin at you players worse than Marty Schottenheimer
You wacker than the motherfucker you bit your style from
You ain't gonna sell two copies if you press a double album
Admit it, fuck it, while we comin out in the open
I'm doin acid, crack, smack, coke and smokin dope then
My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic (Hi Marshall)
I have a disease and they don't know what to call it
Better hide your wallet cause I'm comin up quick to strip your cash
Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and whip your ass
Bitch, I'm comin out swingin, so fast it'll make your eyes spin
You gettin knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson
The +Proof+ is in the puddin, just ask the Deshaun Holton
I'll slit your motherfuckin throat worse than Ron Goldman
[Chorus:]
So when you see me on your block with two glocks
Screamin _Fuck the World_ like Tupac
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!
Talkin that shit behind my back, dirty mackin
tellin your boys that I'm on crack
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!
So put my tape back on the rack
Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!
But see me on the street and duck
Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed
Cause I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!
[Verse Two: Eminem]
I'm Nicer than Pete, but I'm on a Serch to crush a Miilkbone
I'm Everlast-ing, I melt Vanilla Ice like silicone
I'm ill enough to just straight up diss you for no reason
I'm colder than snow season when it's twenty below freezin
Flavor with no seasonin, this is the sneak preview
I'll diss your magazine and still won't get a weak review
I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers crystals
This is a lyrical combat, gentlemen hold your pistols
But I form like Voltron and blast you with my shoulder missiles
Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials (Bye-bye!)
Extortion, snortin, supportin abortion
Pathological liar, blowin shit out of proportion
The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic
Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict
Half animal, half man
Dumpin your dead body inside of a fuckin trash can
With more holes than an Afghan
[Chorus]
[Verse Three: Eminem]
Somebody let me out this limousine (hey, let me out!)
I'm a caged demon, on stage screamin like Rage Against the Machine
I'm convinced I'm a fiend, shootin up while this record is spinnin
Clinically brain dead, I don't need a second opinion
Fuck droppin the jewel, I'm flippin the sacred treasure
I'll bite your motherfuckin style, just to make it fresher

I can't take the pressure, I'm sick of bitches
Sick of naggin bosses bitchin while I'm washin dishes
In school I never said much, too busy havin a headrush
Doin too much rush had my face flushed like red blush
Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face grayed
Went to gym in eighth grade, raped the women's swim team
Don't take me for a joke I'm no comedian
Too many mental problems got me snortin coke and smokin weed again
I'm goin up over the curb, drivin on the median
Finally made it home, but I don't got the key to get in
[Chorus]
[Outro: Eminem]
Hey, fuck that!
Outsidaz..
Pace One..
Young Zee..