Eminem, I Still Don't Give A Fuck

A lot of people ask me.. am I afraid of death..
Hell yeah I'm afraid of death
I don't want to die yet
A lot of people think.. that I worship the devil..
that I do all types of.. retarded shit
Look, I can't change the way I think
And I can't change the way I am
But if I offended you? Good
Cause I still don't give a fuck
I'm zonin off of one joint, stoppin a limo
Hopped in the window, shoppin a demo at gunpoint
A lyricist without a clue, what year is this?
Fuck a needle, here's a sword, bodypierce with this
Livin amuk, never givin a fuck
Gimme the keys I'm drunk, and I've never driven a truck
But I smoke dope in a cab
I'll stab you with the sharpest knife I can grab
Come back the next week and re-open your scab (YEAH!)
A killer instinct runs in the blood
Emptyin full clips and buryin guns in the mud
I've calmed down now I was heavy once into drugs
I could walk around straight for two months with a buzz
My brain's gone, my soul's worn and my spirit is torn
The rest of my body's still bein operated on
I'm ducked the fuck down while I'm writin this rhyme
Cause I'm probably gonna get struck with lightnin this time
For all the weed that I've smoked yo this blunt's for you
To all the people I've offended yeah fuck you too!
To all the friends I used to have yo I miss my past
But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass
For all the drugs that I've done yo I'm still gon' do
To all the people I've offended yeah fuck you too!
For everytime I reminisce yo I miss my past
But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass
I walked into a gunfight with a knife to kill you
And cut you so fast when your blood spilled it was still blue
I'll hang you til you dangle and chain you with both ankles
And pull you apart from both angles
I wanna crush your skull til your brains leaks out of your veins
And bust open like broken water mains
So tell Saddam not to bother with makin another bomb
Cause I'm crushin the whole world in my palm
Got your girl on my arm and I'm armed with a firearm
So big my entire arm is a giant firebomb
Buy your mom a shirt with a Slim Shady iron-on
And the pants to match ("Here momma try em on")
I get imaginative with a mouth full of adjectives,
a brain full of adverbs, and a box full of laxatives
(Shittin on rappers) Causin hospital accidents
God help me before I commit some irresponsible acts again
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But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass
I wanted an album so rugged nobody could touch it
Spend a million a track and went over my budget (Oh shit)
Now how in the fuck am I supposed to get out of debt?
I can't rap anymore - I just murdered the alphabet
Drug sickness got me doin some bugged twitches
I'm withdrawn from crack so bad my blood itches

I don't rap to get the women - fuck bitches
Give me a fat slut that cooks and does dishes
Never ran with a click I'm a posse
Kamikaze, strappin a motherfuckin bomb across me
From the second I was born, my momma lost me
I'm a cross between Manson, Esham and Ozzy
I don't know why the fuck I'm here in the first place
My worst day on this earth was my first birthday
Retarded? What did that nurse say? Brain damage?
Fuck, I was born during the earthquake
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