Eminem, Pills...

Well, I do pop pills
I keep my tube socks filled
And pop the same shit that got Tupac killed
Spit game to these hos
Like a soap opera episode
Then punch a bitch in the nose
Until her whole face explodes
There's three things I hate: Girls, women, and bitches
I'm that vicious to talk up and drop-kick midgets
They call me "Boogie Night"
A stalker that walks awkward
Stick figure with a dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg
Coming through the airport sluggish, walking on crutches
And hit a pregnant bitch in the stomach with luggage
It's like a dream, I can't back out, I black out
I'm back out, looking for someone "of" to beat
the "crap out"
I'm bringing you rap singers
Two middle fingers
Flip you off in French and translate it in English
Then I'm gonna vanish from the face of this planet
And come back speaking so much Spanish that Pun can't even understand it