Eminem, The King And I (ft. CeeLo Green)

I rolled up like the bottom of a tooth paste tube
Blue suede shoes, one missin' a shoe lace too
Two chains, you can call me 2 Chainz
Ropes hang like Hussein's noose
Yeah, they let the fruitcake loose
It goes: one for the trailer park, two for my baby-ma's
Three for the tater tots, four if you ate a lot
Five if you came to rock, straight up while I'm shittin' on my comp'
I'm about to use the John like Grey Poupon
Money like a scroll, bitch, my paper long
Longer than it takes a blonde to put her makeup on
'Cause me and Elvis gelled together like cellmates
Yeah, this the Jailhouse, and I don't give a (What?)

And I don't give a shit about a thing you say
I just wanna feel like a king again
And if you don't like it you can sit and spin
Middle fingers up (Yeah), we 'bout to do this shit again

Modus operandi, bottled the blond dye
Top five since I discovered peroxide
Yeah, since I got signed, I went from pot pies
To Jack and the Bean–, I'm watchin' my stock rise (Woo!)
These little attention seekers, I'm finna treat 'em like diabetics
Got 'em all on pins and needles, just like Ozempic, meaning
Give these little pricks the finger, and when I stick this thing up
It's higher than Wiz Khalifa, soon as he lit the weed up
As I go pickin' speed up, like I was finna re-up
Rap is my new Vicodin, Moxin is how I treat it
Still goin' toe-to-toe, I'm still boxing with all my demons
A couple Xanny bars and I'm Danny Gar–, see-ya
Been stuntin' on you from the jump like Evel Knievel
I'm back in the cut and stackin' chips up like a can of Pringles
Sometimes I feel like D. Rose, I got so many hit singles
Bitch, I barely have any free throws, you sleepin' on me like I'm ZzzQuil

See, I don't give a shit about a thing you say
I just wanna feel like a king again
And if you don't like it you can sit and spin
Middle fingers up, we 'bout to do this shit again

It goes: one for the trailer park, two for my baby-ma's
Three for the tater tots, four if you ate a lot
Five if you came to rock, and you never gave a fuck
Middle fingers up, we 'bout to do this shit again

I stole black music, yeah true
Perhaps used it as a tool to combat school
Kids way back on some bathroom shit
Now I call a hater a bidet (Why?)
'Cause they mad that they can't do shit (Haha)
And I know I'm such a dick, huh? (Yeah)
And it must be fuckin' with ya (Yeah)
To know I fuckin' quit the (What?)
Prescription drugs and liquor
And yet my house is bigger
Still wrappin' circles around you, like a boa constrictor (Break it down)
Now I'm about to explain to you all the parallels
Between Elvis and me, myself
It seems obvious: one, he's pale as me
Second, we both been hailed as kings
He used to rock the Jailhouse, and I used to rock The Shelter
I used to have no self-esteem
I used to cry myself to sleep

Honestly, my new doubt is me
lost motivation
He done make you look stupid
Believers, a little faith is all I seek from you
All I need to do is hear you say the same shit
My father said to me when I was just a week or two
"Marshall, I be leavin' you" (Haha, stupid)
No more Guinness stout, but my belief in myself
Once again is stout, so many world records, I'm Guinness'ed out
Bitch, what you say goes in and out
My ear canals, so either my hearing's out