

# Eminem, Turn Me Loose

Eminem: Aite

Fred Durst: Check! Slim Shady, do the mic. kid

(Eminem)

I don't do black music

I don't do Withe music

I make fight music

For High School kids

I pull side full grips

When I drive like this {screech}

With a slipped disk

From a Limp Bizkit diss

I just missed the gift list for Christmas gifts

So I get pissed and can't pick which wrist to slit

Little rich kids in cribs

Don't attempt this shit

Just step back

While I prep up to pimp this bitch

So I said to the girl, I'm like

"What up girl?"

"Shut up girl!"

And showed her a cut-up squirrel

She screamed bloody murder so loud everybody heard her

Slapped me in the mouth and called me a nutty murderer

I moved on to two blondes

And kissed 'em on a futon

{Ay yo baby!}

{What do you want?!}

I looked at 'em both and I was like

"Look, check this out toots, I'm lookin' for cookie pus"

I need to speak to 'em immediately

They played my video on MTV last week

And just when I was thinkin' I was all that and then some

In comes Fred Durst

(Fred Durst)

Yo Shady let me get some

Who knows what galaxy I came from

One where a bass drum hung from my high chair

Now I'm a nightmare

You stay right there

I got the diva

Hold the flavor of a single

See me and Shady?

I think we got a lock down

Shocked by the sound

I got you cruisin' with your top down

These two blondes

I offered 'em both a drink

And this you would think

Could get the party started

But instead them girls turned their heads

Opened up their mouths

Smelt like somebody farted

So if it's time for me to move on

Shady said the livin' room was a dance floor

So turn me loose

I was cuttin' the rug with this chick

Bumped into this dude who was drunk

And a prick

Ramblin' on about how

He was gonna kill me

Wow!

I spilled a drink on his shirt

But no- He insisted we should go

Before I could drop 'em

Shady had to clock 'em  
The music stopped  
The party stood in shock  
So I looked around  
Grabbed the cutest girl and did the smurf  
Turn me loose  
Turn me loose  
Turn me loose  
Turn me loose  
This party's goin' my way  
Or no way at all  
But don't you  
Turn me loose  
Turn me loose  
Turn me loose  
This party's goin' my way  
Or no way at all  
(Eminem)  
Turn me loose  
You better tell 'em to come re-shingle the roof  
Just keep feedin' me free drinks till I puke  
And Fred'll ask me to lead sing in his group  
I'm sick at the barn  
I'm not bein' approached  
Cuz Fred's over there stealin' all of my hoes  
{Yo Fred save me some}  
I walked up to these saimese twins  
And asked to have a threesome  
Told 'em two heads are better than one  
Plus I respect how y'all roll together as one  
Got a slap in the teeth and a kick in the groin  
Stood up like "Ay wait, where you goin'"; {bye!}  
Oh well  
Three strikes and I'm out  
I struck out and stood tied to the road {ouch}  
I ain't tryin' no more  
Fuck it- I'm chillin'  
Get a shot of yable {ahhh}  
Fell asleep on the ceiling  
(Fred Durst)  
Who knows what galaxy I came from  
One where a bass drum hung from my high chair  
Now I'm a nightmare  
You stay right there  
I got the diva  
Hold the flavor of a single  
See me and Shady?  
I think we got a lock down  
Shocked by the sound  
I got you cruisin' with your top down  
These two blondes  
I offered 'em both a drink  
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Could get the party started  
But instead them girls turned their heads  
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So if it's time for me to move on  
Shady said the livin' room was a dance floor  
So turn me loose  
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Ramblin' on about how  
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