Eminem, Under The Influencee

querh ner ner ner, le le le le, le le, le le, quer ner le
ner neich ner neh
translation:
So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
Cuz I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
[Eminem]
Two pills I pop, till my pupils swell up like two pennies
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid-20's
A young-ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass
So the rats can't chew through his last pants
I'm like a mummy at night, fightin with bright lightning
Frightened with five little white Vicaden pills bitin him
I'm like a fucking wasp in the hospital, lost
Stingin the fuck out of everything I come across in the halls
I light a candle and place it up on the mantle
Grab a knife by the blade and stab you with the fucking handle
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds hurtin
(Bitch it's too late)
Cuz once you're hung from the drapes, it's "curtains"
[Swifty]
I'm an instigator, three-eighty slug penetrator
They bring creating murders to kill haters
Accused for every crime known to the equator
They knew I did it, for havin blood on my gators
My weed'll hit your chest like a double-barreled gaugean
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in your face(WA WA WA WA)
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Henny I do shit on purpose
You'll never hear me say "forgive me"
I'm snatchin every penny, it's gotta be that way
Nigga face it, that weed I sold to you? Regate laced it
You had it, I'll make the President get a face-lift
Niggas just afraid, handin me their bracelets
Chillin in the lab wasted
I'm the type that'll drink Kaluha and Gin, and throw up on the mic
Don't like this rule, you get socked right on sight
And even at the Million Man March, we gon' fight
So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
Cos I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
[Bizarre]
I'm a compulsive liar, set my preacher on fire
Slash your tires, find out, thinkin they're mine
Plate's expired, so as soon as I'm hired, I'm fired
Jackin my dick off in a band of barbed wires
"Hey, is Bizarre performing?"
Bitch, didn't you read the flyer?
Special invited guest will be Richard Pryor
"Aren't you a male dancer?"
Naw bitch, I'm retired, for fuckin a bitch in the ass with a tire iron
I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip
My DJ's in a coma for lettin the record skip
Lettin the record skip - lettin the record skip (Damn!)
(reverse revolving of record)
I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin
It's gonna cost $300 dollars to get my pit bull an
abortion
Some bitch asked for my autograph
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face, and laughed
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam
All bitches are hoes, even my stinkin ass mom
[Proof]
Ayo flashback, two seats, too deep up in that asscrack
Weed laced with somethin, nigga pass that

In Amsterdam we only hang out with hashrats
At a Stop The Violence rally
I blast gats, be it a mom or publishing
Get your ASCAP-ed, the Kuniva, divider
Yo cash that, run your motherfucking pockets
ASAP, I don't need a platinum chain
Bitch, I'll snatch Shaq's, born loser
Half thief and half black
Bring your boys and your guns, and get laughed at
Bitch smack 'em, rich rappers get ejac-jacked
And found chopped up in a trash bag
[Kuniva]
We stranglin rappers to the point they can't yell
Cuz their crew is full of fags, sweeter than bake sells
Wreckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace
Cruisin and causin more trouble than nine hoodlums
I rattle your Adam's Apple until it crackles
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you
Get executed, cuz I'm a looney
I got an adept mind, and it's polluted
I cock it back then shoot it
I love snatchin' up players, thugs, and young ballers
Shoot up they household, even the young toddlers
Brigades barricade to bring the noise
While the bullets wrap you bones up like Christmas toys
If I go solo, I'm doing a song with Bolo
A big Chinese nigga, screamin "Kuniva yo-yo"
I'll leave your face leakin
Run up in church and smack the preacher while he's preachin
Take a swing at the deacon
[Kon Artis]
I used to tell cats I sold weed and weight
I was straight until I got caught sellin em shaped
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin sex in my tent
With the superintendents daughter
My brains out of order
I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin in water
In cahoots with this nigga named Carisle Von
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb
(special delivery)
I signed to a local label for fun
Say I got cancer, get dropped an advancement and run
Drive by you in the rain while you carry your son
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin me none
Born straight up out a pussy but the son of a gun
Got a reputation for havin niggas run up they funds
Used to be the type of nigga that was full of some ones
Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin in dough
So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
Cos I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit
Cos I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
Suck my motherfucking dick...
D12...Dirty motherfucking Dozen...
Assed you like a snake slut bitch with 30 fucking husbands...
Bizarre Kid...Swifty McVay...The Kon Artis...The Kuniva...
Derty Hairy...Haha,and Slim Shady...