Eminem, Vegas (Iggy Azalea Diss)

Got a shit-eatin' grin
Bitch, show me them itty-bitty titties again
We're in Sin City
Since when did we begin to get 'dicted to dope
Diggity, bitch, you need to run and go get your frigity-friends
I'm looking at your bum-stickity-bum, hun
The mickity mack's bickity back, don't act wickity-wack
And you can get the fickity-finger, the middle
You little dizzy bitch, eatin' spaghetti again
Got a 6 o'clock craving, stop, get Ciroc
It's 'bout to be an unbelievable night
I called it surreal, Sir Mix-a-Lot tape in
Hit the spot, spot my next victim
I'm picky like I missed a spot shavin'
Came to sip vodka, shit
Yeah, that little chick is hot but if she got rabies
I wouldn't give the bitch a shot, I'd poke her in the rear
But I bet if I licked her, she'd try to chase me (Ha-ha)
What are you, pit, rott, mixed?
Or you just got fixed, well, shit, then, let's lip-lock
If not then, chicks, piss off, you snobby little pig snot nose
You think you're hot shit cause you're in heat
Well, bitch, if you're solar, then I'm your polar opposite, dog
Cause I'm colder than popsicle sticks, poppin' shit
Talkin' it, walkin' it, spit boxin'
My sick thoughts are 'bout to lick shots, like this shit's hoppin'
And drip-droppin' in chocolatey whip-toppin'
So whether you're hip-hop, Slipknot, B.I.G., Pac
Kid Rock, Kris Kross, Rick Ross, you'll dig this
If not then kick rocks in flip flops
And I produced the track
So you don't have to ask who it is when this shit knocks (Turn up!)
So bring clairvoyance to this bangin and I'mma keep on saying
All the shit I should be hung for, and probably killed for saying
And I probably will, but not until the day I pop a pill again
Like chopping 'til I'm dropping, still if that don't
Do the job of killing Shady, then the karma will
They saying I must bring it as Mohammad
Until the Parkinson's done eat away my brain
And made me Robin Williams crazy
Or I end up with dementia, but you rocking with a sadist
Hate to say this, but if the thought is entertaining
I ain't stopping till be sprayed it
Oh my god, for real man, not again I'm shaking
But before I tie a rope around this nob
If they don't like it, got a knob that they can slob on until
Wait I just forgot what I was thinking
What's it called again? I'm blanking
The thing above the balls between my legs and I think
I can feel it dangling, it's throbbing and it's veiny
Wait I think I got it, okay bitch I got you, Robin Williams hanging
Go hang in the lobby unless you came to slob me
Come on kemosabe
It's past time, like your favorite hobby
Cause if the way that I spit shit remains on my dick
then she grab me by the nuts and tried to take my sausage as a hostage
Ain't it obvious? Pretty much a no brainer, or should I say Cobainer?
That she's plain addicted to my dick like Lorena Bobbit
Got a wean her off it, weiner off it like she took my fucking penis
chopped it, and stuck it up between her armpits
And she begun to swing a crumpet knife and paint the carpet
at least that's what her train of thought is
Cause I came, saw, conquered, hit it
quit it, and made up a plane of bonkers

And I always end up giving these bitches some complex
And I don't mean apartment
So spread your feet apart
And let me see you do some yoga stretches, splits
Now grab this Cuisinart
And make me breakfast, bitch, that's a prerequisite
And that's just to get in this bedroom, bitch
Walked up to that Ke$ha chick (what up?)
Said my name is Booger, wanna catch a flick?
I'll even let you pick, make her fetch a stick
Bet you if you get this old dog these new tricks
To get familiar with I'll learn extra quick
Kick a pregnant bitch, oops, I guess the shit
Took an unexpected twist like the neck of the freaking exorcist
Bitch, I said that this mask ain't for hockey
Hate Versace, Versace, I got Münchhausen by proxy
I'm making you sick, don't pretend you can't hear me
You deaf, girl, I said you was foxy
I'll tell a bitch like Bizarre
Bitch, shut the fuck up and get in my car
And suck my fucking dick while I take a shit
And I think with my dick so come blow my mind
And it tastes like humble pie
So swallow my pride, you're lucky just to follow my ride
If I let you run alongside the Humvee
Unless you're Nicki, grab you by the wrist, let's ski
So what's it gon' be? Put that shit away Iggy
You gon' blow that rape whistle on me
(Squee!) I love it
'Fore I get lost with the gettin' off
Like this is our exit, now lets hit the highway and try not to get lost
'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)
Vegas
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Vegas

Whatever happens here, stays here
So let's go all the way dear
Til we get to Las Vegas

Whatever happens in my room, it stays in my room like movie night like cable
Treat every women in my stable like flavors
Looking like she kryptonite and I get weak after like 7 days
In 7 nights in the days and it's our Vegas
We rolling circles and packs, we the lifesavers
She got a boyfriend, I got a toy then
I'll bring her with me when I show up to her crib waving
And I ain't tryna be the nice neighbor
I'm so Jay Electronic, I'm cut like I'm all out of razors
And all I got is a gun left with a bayonet on it
Next ho froze and it look like I walked in to a jewelry store
With a about a million dollars with your mama
And sat down did an ALS challenge, huh
I stole that adlib from French, Bad & Evil back at it again
About to get my back tatted again
About to get a pic of a backstabber with an axe in his hand

Sitting on a bike in the sand
If you ain't been through nothing
Then that shouldn't mean nothing to you like likes on the Gram
If she current I keep her pussy purring like the pipes on a lamp
Weed got her so chinky eyed
Look like she been getting high on a flight to Japan
I keep my jewelry on while I'm fucking
Sound like I'm shaking up dice in a can
Listen, though this ain't Christmas I make you my ex miss
If this is my passion
I learn to give those who don't appreciate my presence
The gift of my absence
I don't know who you been listening to
Got me fucked up like Pookie in the chicken coop
Bitch, I don't give a two shits
Bitch, get the fuck out of my face
To make a long story short, I don't really gotta stand there
And listen to you while you throw a silly tantrum
Even though I have an affinity for witty banter
Starting to feel like foulplay like Billy Laimbeer
Hold up, she misunderstood me
I said saint, por favor
Thought I said to wait, had four doors
I knock a nigga face off
Give him the bottom of the nine like a baseball scoreboard (whatever)
I leave the club with my tab still open
Won't even get a cab for you and your friend
The only fear I have is of loathing
And I won't even kick in 'till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)
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