

# Under the Influence (feat. D12)

## Eminem

- Translation

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit 'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck  
my dick

Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies

I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid

twenties 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 Vicadin' pills bitin' him I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital  
lost

Stingin' the fuck outta everything I come across in the halls

I light a candle and place it up on the mantle

Grab a knife at the blade and stab you with the fuckin' handle

So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds, hurtin'

- Bitch it's too late

- 'Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's curtains

- I'm an instigator, 3-80 slug penetrator

Degradin', creatin' murders to kill haters Accused for every crime known through the equator

They knew I did it, for havin' blood on my 'gators

My weed'll hit yo' chest like a double barrel gauge an'

I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in yo' face With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Remi I do shit  
on purpose

You never hear me say, forgive me

I'm snatchin' every penny it gotta be that way nigga, face it

That weed I sold to you, brigade laced it You hidin' I make the president get a facelift

Niggaz just afraid, handin' me they bracelets

Chillin' in the lab wasted

I'm the type that'll drink kahlua and gin, throw up on the mic

Your life is ruined, you get socked right on site

And even at the million man March we gon' fight

- So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit

'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick 'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like  
my shit

'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

- I'm a compulsive liar, settin' my preacher on fire

Slashin' your tires, flyin' down Fenkel and Meyers Plates expired, soon as I'm hired, I'm fired

Jackin' my dick off in a bed of barbed wire

(Hey, is Bizarre performing?)

Bitch didn't you read the flyer?

Special invited guest will be, Richard Pryor

(Aren't you a male dancer?) Nah bitch, I'm retired

Fuckin' your 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!)  
 I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'  
 It's gonna cost 300 dollars to get my pitbull 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 is hoes, even my stinkin' ass mom  
 - Aiyyo flashback, two feets, two deep up in that ass crack  
 Weed laced with somethin', nigga pass that In Amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats  
 At a stop the violence rally, I blast gats  
 Be your mom on publishin', get your ass capped  
 The Kuniva, divide up your cash stack Want your motherfuckin' pockets, ah-sap  
 I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch Shaq's  
 Born loser, half thief and half black  
 Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at Bitch smacker, rich rappers get their jag  
 jacked  
 And found chopped up in a trash bag  
 - We stranglin' the rappers until the point they can't yell  
 'Cause they crew is full of fags and sweeter than bake sales Reckless, come from behind and  
 snatch your necklace  
 Gruesome and causin more violence than nine hoodlums  
 I grapple your Adam's apple until it crackle  
 Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you Get executed, cuz I'm a loony  
 I got a yuk mouth and it's polluted, I cock it back then shoot it  
 I love snatchin' up players thugs and young ballers  
 Shoot up the household, even the young toddlers Brigade barricade to bring the noise  
 While the bullets break your bones up like Christmas toys  
 If I go solo, I'm doin a song with Bolo  
 A big Chinese nigga, screamin Kuniva yo yo  
 I leave ya face leakin', run up in church And smack the preacher while he's preachin  
 Take a swing at the deacon  
 - I used to tell cats that I sold weed and weight  
 I was straight 'til I got caught sellin' 'em shake  
 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 superintendent's daughter, my brain's out of order  
 I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin' in water  
 In cahoots with this nigga named fall out von  
 Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb I signed to a local label for fun  
 Say I got cancer, get dropped, take the 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 a son of a gun  
 Got a reputation for havin niggaz runnin' they funds  
 Used to be the type of nigga that was foldin some one's  
 '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

'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit  
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick  
Suck my motherfuckin dick

D-12

Dirty Motherfuckin' Dozen

Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin husbands

Bizarre Kid

Swiftly McVay

The Kon Artis

The Kuniva

Dirty Harry

and Slim Shady

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>