

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

twentiesA 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' himI'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 hatersAccused 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' faceWith 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 itYou 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 MeyersPlates 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 skipLettin' 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 laughedI 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 thatIn 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 stackWant 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 atBitch 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 salesReckless, 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 youGet 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 toddlersBrigade 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 churchAnd 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 rentI 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 bombI 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

Swifty McVay

The Kon Artis

The Kuniva

Dirty Harry

and Slim Shady

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