

# Little Engine

## Eminem

[Alfred Hitchcock:]  
I trust that everyone is enjoying the music  
As the title of the album suggests  
This was meant for your listening pleasure  
While you are being done in[Eminem:]  
Call this evil intent, like me in a limo (Yeah)  
Like the shade in these windows  
Smoke gray, ladies go mental  
But no way they can see in though (Nah)  
OJ blade is a pencil (Yeah)  
Propane takin' my cranium  
Code-name Titanium Temper  
I almost swallowed my car  
I call my Mercedes a Benzo  
Bitch, I ball like a baby  
Ball like J, but not Jaysin  
Jay-Z, J as in Leno  
'Cause I got a huge mansion  
No, huge man chin, new Manson, loose cannon  
Too scandalous, Sue Atkins  
The kinda crazy you can't fix  
I'm still the one your parents hate  
I'm in your house eatin' carrot-cake  
While I sit there and wait and I marinate  
I'm irritated, you 'bout to meet a scary fate  
And come home to find yourself starin' straight into a fuckin' barrel like Sharon Tate  
Raise the concerto while I narrate  
Yeah, you be on the straight and narrow like a fuckin' arrow shape  
I be on a higher plane in aerospace  
With so much leg-room and air space on this airplane  
Unlike you 'cause you're on a flight too, but it's a staircase  
Now, little engine gone, finna vrin-vrin gone  
I'm losin' control  
Heroin and blow, Marilyn Monroe  
Overd-d-dose  
Time to Ri-Rick-Roll, up the en-endo  
Like a win-window  
Little engine gone, little engineI am the top-sellin', who cares?  
Stop dwellin', then stop yellin'  
I'm not yellin', you're yellin'  
Smart aleck, goddammit  
Fuck is that? Stop hammering (God)

That's what it sounds like in my brain  
 Much as I fight to restrain  
 I have the right to remain violent  
 Any rhyme that I say can and will be used against you  
 Icicle veins, mics will get slain  
 Life it will strangle you with bicycle chain  
 You're gonna have to come identify the remains  
 Wait, what?  
 I said my head is twisted like a red tie (Yup)  
 Can't get a fuckin' word in, edgewise (Shut up)  
 Success overnight like a red eye (Bitch)  
 Dressed like a Jedi at a Best Buy from the Westside  
 I'm hot dog, no you're not, I'm the guy with the Oscar, admires  
 And the appliances like washers and dryers  
 Chick ran up like, "Marshall, you're fire"  
 I looked down and said, "No, I'm not, you're a liar"  
 She said, "No, your music"  
 Heard you're back with the Dr. and I heard  
 Now, little engine gone, finna vrin-vrin gone  
 I'm losin' control  
 Heroin and blow, Marilyn Monroe  
 Overd-d-dose  
 Time to Ri-Rick-Roll, up the en-endo  
 Like a win-window  
 Little engine gone, little engineDr. Dre  
 (Psycho) Psycho, killer  
 Michael (Michael), Thriller (Thriller), my flow, apeshit  
 I Go-rilla  
 My flow (My flow), still a psycho (Psycho), killer (Killer)  
 (Nitro) Hi ho, Silva  
 Similes and idioms giddy up  
 I think I can, I think I can  
 I know I can, psycho I am  
 Michael, my knife go right hand  
 In my left hand, I hold mic stand  
 Little engine gone  
 Ch-ch-chill like I d-d-do z-z-zilch (Yeah)  
 Like Kaepernick, I got n-n-kneel, word to Goodwill-will  
 This must be how bein' hoodrich feels  
 Was a ghetto boy, now I ball out like Bushwick Bill (Hi ho)  
 Finna take you out like an outro  
 Bruce Wayne and Alfred, look out ho  
 Blueface meets Albert DeSalvo  
 Balboa with a scalpel  
 Scoundrel hound with a mouth full of AlpoNow, little engine gone, finna vrin-vrin gone  
 I'm losin' control  
 Heroin and blow, Marilyn Monroe  
 Overd-d-dose  
 Time to Ri-Rick-Roll, up the en-endo

Like a win-window  
Little engine gone, little engine

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