

# Houdini – Eminem

Hey, Em, it's Paul  
Uh, I was listening to the album  
Good fucking luck, you're on your own  
Guess who's back, back again?  
Shady's back, tell a friend  
Guess who's back, guess who's back  
Guess who's back, guess who's back  
Guess who's back, guess who's back  
Guess who's back  
(Da-da-da, da, da, da, da, da, da)  
(Da-da-da, da, da, da, da)  
Well, look what the stork brung  
Little baby devil with the forked tongue  
And it's stickin' out, yeah  
Like a sore thumb  
With a forehead that it  
Grew horns from  
Still a white jerk  
Pullin' up in a Chrysler  
To the cypher  
With the vic's, percs and a Bud Light shirt  
Lyrical technician, an electrician  
Y'all light work  
And I don't gotta play pretend  
It's you I make believe  
And you know I'm here to stay 'cause me  
If I was to ever take a leave  
It would be aspirin to break a feve  
If I was to ask for Megan Thee  
Stallion if she would collab with me  
Would I really have a shot at a feat?  
I don't know, but I'm glad to be back, like  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
Just like that and I'm back, bruh

Now back in the days of old me  
Right around the time I became a dope fiend  
Ate some codeine, as a way of coping  
Taste of opiates, case of OE  
Turned me into smiley face emoji  
My shit may not be age appropri—Ate  
But I will hit an eight year old  
In the face with a participation trophy  
'Cause I have zero doubts  
That this whole world's 'bout  
To turn into some girl scouts  
That censorship bureau's out To shut me down  
So when I started this verse  
It did start off light-hearted at first  
But it feels like I'm targeted  
Mind bogglin' how my profit has skyrocketed  
Look what I pocketed  
Yeah, the shit is just like y'all  
Have been light joggin'  
And I've been running at full speed  
And that's why I'm ahead like my noggin  
And I'm the fight y'all get in  
When you debate who the best but  
Ops I'm white-chalkin' when  
I step up to that mic, cock it then  
"Oh my god, it's him not again!"  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
Just like that and I'm back, bruh  
Sometimes I wonder what the old me'd say  
If he could see the way shit is today  
He'd probably say that everything is gay  
What's my name, what's my name?  
So, how many little kids  
Still wanna act like me?  
I'm a bigger prick than cacti be  
And that's why these words sting  
Just like you were being attacked by bees  
In the coupe leaning back my seat

Bumpin' R Kelly's favorite group  
The black guy pee's  
In my Air Max 90's  
White T's walkin' parental advisory  
My transgender cat's Siamese  
Identifies as black, but acts Chinese  
Like a motherfuckin' hacky sack I treat  
The whole world, 'cause I got it at my feet  
How can I explain to you?  
That even myself, I'm a danger too  
I hop on tracks like a kangaroo  
And say a few things or two to anger you  
But fuck that, if I think that shit  
I'ma say that shit Cancel me what?  
Okay, that's it, go ahead, Paul, quit  
Snake-ass prick, you male crossdresser  
Fake-ass bitch  
And I'll probably get shit for that  
But you can all suck my dick, in fact  
Fuck them, fuck Dre, fuck Jimmy, fuck me  
Fuck you, fuck my own kids they're brats  
They can screw-off, them and you all  
You too, Paul, got two balls  
Big as RuPaul's, what you thought  
You saw ain't what you saw  
'Cause you're never gon' see me  
Caught sleepin' and see the kidnappin'  
Never did happen  
Like Sherri Papini, Harry Houdini  
I vanish into the thin air as I'm leaving  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
I'm 'bout to reach in my bag, bruh  
Abra-abracadabra (And for my last trick)  
Just like that and I'm back, bruh



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych