

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