

**3 a.m.**

**Eminem**

There's no escaping  
There's no place to hide  
You scream 'Someone save me'  
But they don't pay no mind, goodbye

You're walkin' down a horror corridor  
It's almost 4 in the mornin' and your in a  
Nightmare it's horrible  
Right there's the coroner

Waitin' for you to turn the corner  
So he can corner ya', you're a goner  
He's on to ya', out the corner of his cornea  
He just saw you run, all you want is to rest  
'Cause you can't run anymore, you're done

All he wants is to kill you in front of an audience  
While everybody is watching in the party, applauding it  
Here I sit while I'm caught up in deep thought again  
Contemplating my next plot again

Swallowing the Calotapin  
While I'm nodding in and out on the ottoman  
At the Ramada Inn holding onto the pill bottle then  
Lick my finger and swirl it round the bottom

And make sure I got all of it, wake up naked  
At McDonald's with blood all over me  
Dead bodies behind the counter, shit  
Guess I must've just blacked out again, not again

It's 3 A.M. in the morning  
Put my key in the door and  
Bodies laying all over the floor and  
I don't remember how they got there  
But I guess I must've killed 'em  
(Killed 'em)

Sitting nude in my living room  
It's almost noon, I wonder what's on the tube  
Maybe they'll show some boobs  
Surfing every channel until I find Hannah Montana

Then I reach for the aloe and lanolin  
Bust all over the wall paneling  
Dismantling every candle on top  
Of the fire place mantle and grab my flannel  
And my bandanna then

Kiss the naked mannequin man again  
You can see him standing in my front window  
If you look in, I'm just a hooligan who's used to  
Using hallucinogens, causing illusions again

Brain contusions again, vutting and bruising the skin  
Razors, scissors, and pins, Jesus, when does it end?  
Phases that I go through, dazed and I'm so confused

Days that I don't know who, gave these molecules to me

What am I gonna do? Hey, the prodigal son  
The godfather for one  
Very methodical when I slaughter them

It's 3 A.M. in the morning  
Put my key in the door and  
Bodies laying all over the floor and  
I don't remember how they got there  
But I guess I must've killed 'em  
(Killed 'em)

She puts the lotion in the bucket  
It puts the lotion on the skin  
Or else it gets the hose again

I cut and I slash slice and gash  
Last night was a blast  
I can't quite remember when I had that  
Much fun off a half-pint of a Jack

My last vic and a half, a flashlight up  
Kim Kardashian's ass, I remember the first time  
I dismembered a family member, December  
I think it was, I was having drinks with my cousin

I wrapped him in Christmas lights  
Pushed him into the stinking tub  
Cut him up into pieces and just  
When I went to drink his blood

I thought I oughta' drink his bathwater that oughta' be fun  
That's when my days of serial murder manslaughter begun  
The sight of blood excites me that might be an artery son  
Your blood curdling screams just don't seem to bother me none

It's 3 A.M. and here I come so you should probably run  
A secret passageway around here, man  
There's got to be one, oh no, there's probably none  
He can scream all that he wants, top of his lungs  
But ain't no stopping me from chopping him up  
(Up)

It's 3 A.M. in the morning  
Put my key in the door and  
Bodies laying all over the floor and  
I don't remember how they got there  
But I guess I must've killed 'em  
(Killed 'em)