

# Adrenaline Rush

Eminem

Get the fuck up  
Aiyo, when I step up in the bar  
Everybody hit the fuckin' floor  
Lucky motherfuckers make it to the door  
Cause when I spit on mic's, I spit raw  
Which cause confusion from the bar to the dance floor  
I keep the club owner vexed  
Cause he gotta pay me when I spit  
Plus replace a lot of shit  
Niggers get to wildin'  
When my words echoes the room like  
(Get your hand out my pockets)  
You sock shit while my topics rockin'  
I'm banned from clubs cause of my toxic tonsils  
Loud speakin' like a fuckin' sports announcer  
I spit the block hot 'til you rush the bouncer  
Or rush the motherfucker in your way who's bouncin'  
You know O. Trice get the gats pronouncin'

Get loud motherfucker when I speak motherfucker  
Out your seat motherfucker, I'ma reach motherfuckers  
Shady Records 'til I sleep motherfucker  
Obie Trice, nothin' but street, motherfucker  
Tear this bitch up until you bleed motherfucker  
I wouldn't give a fuck who you be, motherfucker  
Punk, pussy, bitch or G, motherfucker  
Adrenaline Rush before you leave, motherfucker

When I speak I blow out your tweeters  
A dog  
Show out with speakers  
Roll out with heaters  
I'm just a animal eatin' the game  
Jungle monkey  
Funky, and Obie's the name  
I roll solo  
Never been a hoe, though  
Keep gats vocal  
When cats act loco  
Where you at when I'm movin' the crowd  
You get trampled, mashed on Detroit style  
Up out your seats  
Pump out the E's  
Off the beats, the crowd "Obie, please"  
Where my niggers at, smokin' them trees  
Off the cognac, finger fuckin' a skeez  
That's how it is when you party with me  
You don't like it?  
You L7 like a square be

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Yo, and since I came  
I've rearranged the place with blaze  
Stage dive with Colt Seavers, DNA  
I'm so addicted to gettin' niggers lifted  
Drunk off the liquid  
O. Trice, the misfit  
Dousin' the crowd with piss and bile  
We underground, motherfucker, fix your frown  
I be the boy with the whiskey toy  
Off a whiskey  
You never been to skeet before  
So throw up your hands and  
Peep out your man's when  
I come through  
Next quarter Trice intervene use  
And trust, I'm attackin' it  
I cook up the hot shit like Ainsley Harriet  
That's why I'm so miraculous  
And Obie gets you niggers pumped up  
I'll see you next coliseum, chump  
That's right, it's your Obie Trice fucked up  
Off weed... E's and whiskey

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