

Chloraseptic

Eminem

Instinctive nature, to bring the anguish (yeah) to the English language
With this ink, you haters get wrote on like a piece of paper
This rap shit got me travelin' place to place, you barely leave your house
'Cause you're always stuck at your pad, it's stationary
Yeah, that's why when I brainstorm, gotta write it out
Simon Cowell's rhymin' foul, that's why you sound so shook
Why your bound notebook got tied around your throat
Hook it inside your mouth, go "HRUHHH"
That's what it's like when the mic is out
'Cause I'm tearin' at your fleshful dead
'Til your larynx and neck are split
With these lyrics, weapons expert with
Like hair extensions, extra clips
And you're scared to effin' death of it
Bitch, you're starin' at a legend that
In a pair of Sketchers, sweatshirt ripped
And hoodie black, should be strapped to a chair or stretcher
Electric, swear on every record, bitch
Finger so high in the air, I bet your senses flip
Like a barometric pressure switch
Carin' less who I offend with this
I'm at your neck like Pez dispense
Go 'head, spit your flow, bitch...

I'm at your throat like chloraseptic, 'septic
And you got strep, I'm too complex with, 'plex with
This shit I wrote is on some next shit, next shit
I'm at your throat, I'm feelin' reckless, reckless, yeah

And I'll take a hundred of you, hundred of you
All at once like I had nothin' to lose, what can I do?
My appetite for destruction is loose, destruction is loose
And all at once just to have somethin' to chew, somethin' to chew
Somethin' to chew

Yeah, uh
And still conjoined at the hip with hop
Still on point and poignant
Skilled as Floyd is
And it's filled and still no filter, boy
I'll put you in your place (yeah) like a realtor, boy
You still ain't in the buldin', boy
I will destroy shit, even as I build it
Get the drill bit, pen is filled with poison
Which is the source, easy to still pinpoint it
Like what? Like a real thin joint, it
What? Comes on Quilted Northern
And what? In a built-in toilet
Yeah, bitch I told you I'm a dog (woof, woof)
I wouldn't heal with ointment
Way I'm kickin' these fairies tails
Should write a children's storybook (yeah)
Million voices in my head, but still get a little bit of thrill
And some real enjoyment
Off what? Off the feel of going in
Like? Like your bitch when she gives me brain
Like she thinks I'm dumb

Grabs the crown of my dick and blows me to kingdom come
'Til I feel anointed
She makes iller noises
When she's with me, must be from the Windy City
Pretty apparent, she's a M.I.L.F. when blowin' me
'Cause like Kandor and two, rippin' the condom in two, woo!
Dick is a bargain or two, now I'm gettin' blue like Kolonopins
I go there, you wouldn't
Well, I still have a few views, and comment on you
Just not YouTube, 'cause...

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You're a has-been
That has been the case since back when
You last went and threw your hat in the race
You've been trash
Stick your raps in the trash bin
Or end up in my next rhyme
You're a fuckboy, so next time
It's gonna be heads flyin' like Dez Bryant
With a TEC-9 against Rex Ryan, yeah!
Now watch me set it like correct time
All you get is sloppy seconds like a Timex time
I clock rejects into the next line
Talkin' reckless, that is just my
Strongest suit, but you can get my
Columbian neck tie
Prostitute just climb in the Humvee and lets ride
Why you hitching at night?
I put an end to your life (sex crime)
Kidding aside, insidious vibe
Girl, you know you got the prettiest eyes
But all you're getting is bribe
Ending your life to try to get you inside
Then we gon' end up spending the night
And I'm skinning your hide like an Indian tribe
What kind of nut drives a Budweiser truck
Finds a slut, tries to surprise her, cuffs, ties her
Up, binds up, cuts, slices her twice
But the muff diver must just like it rough
Fuck right in her vagina, blood
Flies up, under thighs, ugh, like a gyser, uh
Music, please
Enthusi', instead of roofie
Goal is to get a floozie inside the jacuzzi
And have a loosie, goosey as coozie is with an Uzi
But I am to rap what blue jeans mean to Bruce Springsteen
Glued me be, I'm truTV, you're too PG
I'm Schoolly D, you're spoony, G
No diss there, just notice there are no similarities that we share
Besides the fact we breathe air
Happily married, to rap and I'm glad that we buried
The hatchet and patched it up
Now I'm back to ratchet up my attack
And I'm at your mothafuckin' throat like...

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