

# Elevator

Eminem

All aboard, okay, next stop: my basement  
Haha, I'll meet you down there

There once was a saying that I used to say  
Back in the day when I met Dre  
I used to sit and goof on the phone with my friend proof  
That if I went gold, I'd go right through the roof

He said what If you went platinum, I'd just laugh at him  
That's not happening, that I can't fathom  
Eighty something million records worldwide later  
I'm living in a house with a fucking elevator

Haters getting mad, they done had enough of Shady  
You slay me, nothing you say matters enough that you shame me  
Rappers try to play me, they use Hailie as a ukulele  
Woopsa-that-a-fucking daisy

That's a no-no even she knows dada's fucking crazy  
Fucking animal, cookoo, bananas, fucking A.B.  
Maybe it's because I never had a mother raise me  
Fuck around and throw a baby at another baby

You may think it's 'cause of the way that I was brought up  
But it's all caught up to me now, karma's in the waters  
Every line I ever said has got me in a corner  
You might think it doesn't creep up on ya, but it all does

You wouldn't listen man, I tried to warn ya when you started  
Now your brains all horny 'cause of all the shit you thought of  
Chainsaw slaughters turn your daughters into sawdust  
I never thought it'd come to this, I oughta just be honest but

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Sorry Lance, Mr. Lambert, and Aiken ain't gonna make it  
They get so mad when I call them both fagots  
All these fucking voices in my head, I can't take it  
Someone shut that fucking baby up, 'fore I shake it

You're standing adjacent to Jason's last slut, they're facing  
Together makes 'em a fucking bad combination  
I lashed at the doctor in my last operation  
Shoved the weiner schnitzel up his ass, hopped away

Somebody please stop the patient, get the cops to mace him  
Homie, I'm the scheisse, pass Doctor Dre some  
I can't leave the game, I just can't walk away son  
No not-a-now, not a chance, not today, son

I can't believe I leave for one brief second  
And you pussies queef all over the rap game, naked  
And use a leaf to wipe up the crap stains, feck it  
I just keep saying the same exact saying, check it

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Eighty something million like it's worldwide,  
Later I'm living in a house with a fucking elevator

Elevator in my house, I'll smell ya later  
I blew the fuck up, a hamster in a microwave, I'm  
Think about an escalator now, steps, I hate 'em  
Told the neighbor step away, then I just pepper sprayed 'em

Yeah, for every time you ride down the street  
Or hideout, drive by my house and beep  
Like now motherfucker, try now to sleep  
Lie down motherfucker, try countin' sheep

And you're tryin' to find out, why now there's beef?  
Mace in your face bitch, cry now pussy  
This is my house, all nine thousand feet  
So you can suck my dick with Amy Winehouse's teeth

Then I shove 'em in the elevator, take 'em to the top  
Stand above em, just to cut the fucking cable, let 'em drop  
Walk an hour to the damn refrigerator, get a pop  
While I let 'em fall all the way to the basement yelling, "Stop!"

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Fucking son of a bitch, I can't believe this shit  
This must be all that there is, this must be it  
Fuckin'-A, even got a bidet to  
Wash my ass after I shit with gold toilet paper

Dishwasher's so big, when I'm pissed off  
I can just toss a flying saucer in it  
This shit's awesome, yeah, fucking elevator  
Living in a house with a fucking elevator