

# Framed

Eminem

Feeling kinky, lip syncing to Too \$hort's "Freaky Tales" (Biatch!)  
Having creepy visions of whiskey drinking  
And envisioning sneaking into where Christie Brinkley dwells  
I know this is risky thinking but I wanna stick her like she's decals  
But when murdering females  
Better pay attention to these details or you could be derailed  
Better wear at least three layers of clothing or be in jail  
If you get scratched because your DNA'll  
Be all up under her fingernails  
Man, he hears you, I don't think he cares  
He gives a fuck, even his pinky swears  
Three personalities burstin' out of me, please beware  
Her TV blares, can't hear the creaking stairs  
She's unaware in no underwear, she's completely bare  
Turns around and screams, I remember distinctly  
I said "I'm here to do sink repairs."  
Chop her up, put her body parts  
In front of Steven Avery's trailer and leave 'em there

But hey man, I was framed  
I know what this looks like, officers  
Please just give me one minute  
I think I can explain  
I ain't murdered nobody  
I know these words are so nutty  
But I'm just here to entertain  
How come your shirt is so bloody?  
There's a missing person, so what? He's  
Got nothin' to do with me  
I'm almost certain I was framed

Woke up, it was dawn, musta knew somethin' was wrong  
Think I'm becomin' a monster 'cause of the drugs that I'm on  
Donald Duck's on, there's a Tonka Truck in the yard  
But dog, how the fuck is Ivanka Trump in the trunk of my car?  
Gotta get to the bottom of it to try to solve it  
Must go above and beyond, 'cause it's incumbent upon me  
Plus I feel somewhat responsible for the dumb little blonde  
Girl, that motherfuckin' baton twirler that got dumped in the pond  
Second murder with no recollection of it  
Collectin' newspaper articles, cuttin' out sections from it  
Memory's too fucked to remember, destructive temper  
Cut my public defender's jugular then stuck him up in a blender  
Another dismembered toddler discovered this winter probably  
'Cause the disassembled body  
Was covered up in the snow since the month of November oddly  
I'm wanted for questioning  
Them son of a bitches probably just wanna pin this on me

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Still on the loose, they  
Spotted me inside McDonald's Tuesday  
In a Toronto Blue Jays cap, lookin' like your college roommate  
With Rihanna, Lupe, Saddam Hussein, Bobby Boucher  
Or was it Cool J? The cops is on a goose chase  
Just escaped from the state pen  
For eight women who hate men  
Don't make it no weirder, I'm naked  
When I break in your basement  
Under your baby's play pen, I lay in, wait adjacent  
Facin' the door, remainin' patient while stayin' complacent  
Blatant sexual implications are continuin' to get thrown  
Insinuations are placed in little riddles and poems  
Left on your pillow in hopes, that when you get home  
You'll get the hint, ho: I'm in your window  
But it never occurred to me I could describe a murder scene  
In a verse and be charged with first degree  
'Cause it just happened to match up perfectly  
With the massacre or the Burger King burglary  
No, officer, you see ...

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