Oh! Yeah, So much for 1st single on this one Shady's the label, Aftermath is the stable That the horses come out of 'erp Of course we're about to stir up Some shit thick as Mrs. Butterworth's syrup It's the Mr. Picked-On-Christopher-Reeves-Just-For-No-Reason Other than to just tease him 'Cause he was his biggest (burp) fan He used to be Superman Now I'm pourin' liquor on the curb in his name for him "Eminem you wait til we meet up again Fucker I'm kicking your ass for everything you've ever said" It goes one for the money two for the fuckin' show Ready get set let's go Here comes the buckin' bronco Stompin' and stampedin' up the damn street like them buffalo Soldiers I told ya I'm about to blow so look out below, Geronimo Motherfuckers it's dominoes I'm on a roll, around and around I go When will I stop? I don't know Tryin' to pick up where the Eminem Show left off but I know Anything's possible though I'm not gonna top what I sold I'm at the top of my game that shit is not gonna change Long as I got Dr Dre on my team I'll get away With murder, I'm like O-J He's like my Cochran today We keep them Mark Ferman tapes in a safe Lock em away Better watch what you say just when you thought you were safe Them fuckers got you on tape You swear to God you was playin' Whether or not you was little Joshua Gosh I wish I could of told you not to do the same 'Cause one day it could cost you your name [Chorus] And this was supposed to be my first single (burp) But I just fucked that off so Fuck it let's all have fun, let's mingle (burp) Slap a bitch and smack a ho This was supposed to be my catchy little jingle (fart) That you hear on your radio But shit's about to hit the shingle (fart) Oh oh oh oh oh no Oh ah oh ah oh ah Oh oh ah ah Oh ah oh ah oh ah Poo poo ka ka Eri-eri-Erick swallowed some generic Sleeping pills, and woke up in bed next to his best friend Derrick bare-Jig-a-jig-ji-ji-Janean just turned sixteen and used a fake I-D To sneak in V-I-P to see are Kelly

Hee-hee-hee To be so young and naive Oh what I wouldn't give to live so Kim and care free Paris and Nicky's parents must be so tickled they cherish every picture With their kids with hickeys all over their necks Hicky-dickory dirk diggler look at me work wizardry With these words, am I a jerk or just jerk chicken? Or (scratch sound) jerkin your chain Twenty two jerks in a jerk circle Or is it a circle jerk Or wait a minute what am I saying? Allow me to run it back and rewind it Wait let me ask you again Am I just jerkin your chain Am I berserk or insane Or am I just one of them damn amateurs Working the dang cameras Filmin' one of them Paris Hilton homemade Porno's who keeps tiltin' the lens at an angle Jigga-ji-just recently somebody just discovered Britney and Justin Video tapes of em fuckin' When they was just Musketeers in the Mickey Mouse Club and dusted em

When they was just Musketeers in the Mickey Mouse Club and dusted em And went straight to The Source with em Cause they could have sworn someone said ni—And then tried to erase and record over it But if you listen close enough to it You can hear the ga—uh And then come ta Find out it was Justin Sayin' "I'm gon—na cum!" And this was supposed to be

[Chorus]

Any opinions or somethin' you just wanna get off your chest
And address it about my lyrics
I'd love to hear it
All you gotta do is pick up the phone and just dial up this number
It's 1-800 I'm a dick sucker I love to suck a dick
And if someone picks up you can talk all the shit you want about me
Just type in your number back and follow it by the pound key
And I'll be sure to get back as soon as there comes a day
That I fall out with Dre
Wake up gay and make up with Ray
Hey! So fuck a chicken, lick a chicken, suck a chicken, beat a chicken
Eat a chicken like it's a big cock, big a big cock
Or suck a dick and lick a dick and eat a dick and stick a dick in your mouth
I'm done you can fuck off
Fuck a fuck off

(Chorus)