

Puke

Eminem

There I go
Thinkin' of you again

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you I puke

I was gonna take the time to sit down
And write you a little poem
But off of the dome would probably be a little more
More suitable for this type of song, woh

I got a million reasons off the top of my head that I can think of
Sixteen bars just ain't enough to put some ink to
So fuck it, I'm a start right here, I'll just be briefer
'Bout to rattle off some other reasons

I knew I shouldn't go and get another tattoo
Of you on my arm, but whatever I gonna do?
I go and get another one, now I got two
Ooh!

Now I'm sittin here, with your name on my skin
I can't believe I went and did that stupid shit again
My next girlfriend, now her name's gotta be Kim
Shit!

If you only knew how much I hated you
For every motherfuckin' thing you ever put us through
Then I wouldn't be standin' here cryin' over you
Ooh!

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think of you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you I puke

I was gonna take the time to sit down
And write you a little letter
But I thought a song would probably be a little better
Instead of a letter, that you probably just shred up, yeah

I stumbled on your picture yesterday and it made stop
And think of how much of a waste it'd be for me to put some ink
To a stupid piece of paper, I'd rather let you see
How much I fuckin' hate you in a freestyle

You're a fuckin' cokehead slut, I hope you fuckin' die
You get to hell and Satan sticks a needle in your eye
I hate your fuckin' guts, you fuckin' slut, I hope you die
Die

But please don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter or mad
It's not that I still love you, it's not 'cause I want you back
It's just that when I think of you it makes me wanna yack
Aack

But what else can I do, I haven't got a clue
Now I guess I just move on, I have no choice but to
But every time I think of you now all I wanna do
Is puke

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think of you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you, I puke

Goddamn it
Fuckin' bitch