

## W.T.P.

Eminem

Yeah! Oh! Get Up! I said get up! Let's go!  
Better watch out (now)  
Cause here we come (come)  
And we ain't stoppin' until  
We see the mornin' sun (sun)  
So give us room to do our thing  
Cause we ain't come to hurt no one (one)  
So err'boby come on get up on the floor  
Right now and grab someone (one)

Now first of all I'm a boss  
I just wanna get that across  
Man even my dentist hates when I floss  
Pull up to the club in a Pinto likes it's a Porsche  
Garbage bag on one of the windows  
Spray-painted doors with the flames on 'em  
Michigan plates and my name's on 'em  
Baby, Shady's here come on get him  
If you dames want 'em  
But he ain't stupid so quit tryin' to run them games on him  
He's immune to Cupid, why you tryin' to put your claims on him?  
Cause you won't do to me what you did to the last man  
Now climb in back try not to kick over the gas can  
There's a half a gallon in it, that could be our last chance  
We have of just gettin' home, now could I get that lap dance?  
She's got a tattoo of me right above her ass, man  
In the streets of Warren, Michigan we call 'em tramp stamps  
That means she belongs to me, time to put the damn clamps  
Down and show this hussy who's the man  
Now, get up, dance!

[Chorus]

Now you can do this on your own  
But everyone knows that no one likes to be alone  
So get on the floor and grab somebody!  
Ain't nothin' but a White Trash Party!  
So let's have us a little bash  
And if anyone asks  
If there ain't no one but us trash  
You dunno, you better ask somebody  
Cause we're havin' a White Trash Party!

Pull a fifth of Bacardi from outta my underwear  
And walk around the party without a care  
Like a body without a head  
Lookin' like a zombie from Night of the Livin' Dead  
And tomorrow I'll prolly still be too high to get outta bed  
Til I feel like I been hit wit the sharp part'a the hammer  
Mixin' Hennessey and Fanta with Pepto and Mylanta  
I shoot to kill like I'm hollerin' "Die Santa!"  
Miss the tree and hit Rudolph and two innocent bystanders  
So quit tryin' ta play the wall like you pawlin'  
Get on the floor when the beat drops and stop stallin'  
They call me the Stephon Marbury of rap, darlin'  
Cause as soon as they throw on some R-Kelly I start ballin'  
Makin' it rain for them ladies in the mini's  
But I'm not throwin' ones, fives, tens, or even twenties

I'm throwin' quarters, nickels, dimes, pennies up at skinnies  
Man I do this for them bunnies up at Denny's  
From the north, east and west, but when  
It comes to them trailers in them South Parks  
Muffle it, cause homie that hood's tighter then Kenny's  
So ladies if your belly button's not an innie then I'm outie  
Now hop in my minivan, let's get rowdy  
C'mon

[Chorus]

Now whether you're black, white or purple  
If you're misunderstood  
But you don't give a fuck  
You weren't doin' shit that you should  
Long as you know you're up to evil  
And you're no damn good  
Get on the floor, man, and rep your 'hood  
Now honey, don't let them pricks trip  
We should make a quick dip  
And go do some donuts in the hospital parkin' lot  
Cause girl I got a sick whip  
Kick the back window outta my Gremlin  
Put two milk crates in the trunk  
Rip out the stick shift and  
Make a five seater  
I'll be damned if I feed a chick  
It ain't like me to split a piece 'a dry pita  
I'll be the S-L to the I-M to the S-H-A-D-Y  
And I don't need a tank top to be a wife beater  
I'll rip a tree out the ground  
And flip it upside down  
'Fore I turn over a new leaf, clown  
I'll tell ya now  
I'm so raw I still need to un-thaw  
You feel me, y'all?  
I shut the club down like Drake in the mall  
But baby, a body like that's against the law  
You the baddest little chain with the blades I ever saw  
Coleslaw containers, empty straw wrappers and all  
You got more junk in your trunk than I do in my car  
Now get up!

[Chorus]