

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Godzilla (Clean)

Par Eminem Feat. Juice Wrld

Album : DMC Cool Grooves Vol. 58

Ugh, you're a monster

I can swallow a bottle of alcohol, and I'll feel like Godzilla

Better hit the deck like the card dealer

My whole squad's in here, walkin' around the party

A cross between a zombie apocalypse and B-Bobby "The Brain" Heenan

Which is probably the same reason I wrestle with mania

Shady's in this bitch, I'm posse'd up, consider it to cross me a costly mistake

If they sleepin' on me, the hos better get insomnia

ADHD, Hydroxycut, pass the Courvoisi'

In AA with an AK, melee, finna set it like a play date

Better vacate, retreat like a vacay, mayday

This beat is cray-cray, Ray J, H-A-H-A-H-A

Laughin' all the way to the bank, I spray flames, they cannot tame or placate the

Monster, you get in my way, I'ma feed you to the monster (yeah)

I'm normal durin' the day, but at night, turn to a monster (yeah)

When the moon shines like Ice Road Truckers

I look like a villain outta those blockbusters

Godzilla, fire spitter, monster

Blood on the dance floor, and on the Louis V carpet

Fire, Godzilla, fire, monster

Blood on the dance floor, and on the Louis V carpet

I'm just a product of Slick Rick and Onyx, told 'em lick the balls
Had 'em just appalled, did so many things that pissed 'em off
It's impossible to list 'em all
And in the midst of all this, I'm in a mental hospital with a crystal ball
Tryna see, will I still be like this tomorrow?
Risperdal, voices whisper
My fist is balled back up against the wall, pencil drawn
This is just the song to go ballistic on
You just pulled a pistol on the guy with a missile launcher
I'm just a Loch Ness, the mythological
Quick to tell a bitch screw off like a fifth of vodka
When you twist the top of the bottle, I'm a

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If you never gave a damn, raise your hand

'Cause I'm about to set trip, vacation plans

I'm on point like my index is, so all you will ever get is

The motherfuckin' finger (finger), prostate exam ('xam)

How can I have all these fans and perspire? Like a liar's pants, I'm on fire

And I got no plans to retire, and I'm still the man you admire

These chicks are spazzin' out, I only get more handsome and flyer

I got 'em passin' out like what you do when you hand someone flyers

And what goes around comes around just like the blades on the chainsaw

'Cause I caught the flack, but my dollars stacked right off the bat like a baseball

Like Kid Ink, bitch, I got 'em racks with so much ease that they call me Diddy

'Cause I make bands and I call gettin' cheese a cakewalk (cheesecake, yeah)

Bitch, I'm a player, I'm too motherfuckin' stingy for Cher

Won't even lend you an ear, ain't even pretendin' to care

But I tell a bitch I'll marry her if she'll bury her

Face in my genital area, the original Richard Ramirez

Cristhian Rivera, 'cause my lyrics never sit well, so they wanna give me the chair

Like a paraplegic, and it's scary, call it Hari Kari

'Cause e'ry Tom and Dick and Harry carry a Merriam motherfuckin' dictionary on 'em

Swearin' up and down they can spit, this shit's hilarious

It's time to put these bitches in the obituary column

We wouldn't see eye to eye with a starin' problem

Get the shaft like a steerin' column (monster)

Trigger-happy, pack heat, but it's black ink

Evil half of the Bad Meets, evil, that means take a back seat

Take it back to Fat Beats with a maxi single

Look at my rap sheet, what attracts these people

Is my 'Gangsta Bitch' like Apache with a catchy jingle

I stack chips, you barely got a half-eaten Cheeto

Fill 'em with the venom and eliminate 'em, other words, I Minute Maid 'em

I don't wanna hurt 'em, but I did, I'm in a fit of rage, I'm murderin' again, nobody will evade

I'm finna kill 'em and dump all their fuckin' bodies in the lake

Obliteratin' everythin', incinerate a renegade

I'm here to make anybody who want it with the pen afraid

But don't nobody want it, but they're gonna get it anyway

'Cause I'm beginning to feel like I'm mentally ill

I'm Attila, kill or be killed, I'm a killer bee, the vanilla gorilla

You bringin' the killer within me outta me

You don't wanna be the enemy of the demon who entered me

And be on the receivin' end of me, what stupidity it'd be

Every bit of me's the epitome of a spitter

When I'm in the vicinity, motherfucker, you better duck

Or you finna be dead the minute you run into me

A hunnid percent of you is a fifth of a percent of me

I'm 'bout to fuckin' finish you, bitch, I'm unfadable

You wanna battle, I'm available, I'm blowin' up like an inflatable

I'm undebatable, I'm unavoidable, I'm unevadable

I'm on the toilet bowl, I got a trailer full of money

And I'm paid in full, I'm not afraid to pull a-

Man, stop, look what I'm plannin'

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