

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Freestyle

Par Eminem

Album : Lost in London

Yeah!

Oh shit, it's the evil genius

GREEN LANTERN!

Yeah, aiyo Em (haha)

What we call this shit right here?

The Invasion!

You had part 1, you've got part 2, now it's...

The final chapter motherfuckers

Armageddon! Let's go.

I got a riddle, what's little and talks big

With midget arms and creamy white filling in the middle.

That'll do anything to throw dirt on my name.

If it means walking the whole Mediterranean.

Is it an Albanian, Armenian, Iranian, Tasmanian.

No, it's Dave, Raymond and O, Osario

So sorry woah, but that was a long time ago.

When I was just Joe shmo, rapping in Joe blow's basement.

I apologized for it before, so

Either accept it or you don't.

And let's move on, if I aint shown that I've grown.

Then get the bone, keep licking these nuts.

You industry mutts, keep walking around sniffing each other's butts

Or should I say asses?

What would be the more politically correct term to use for the masses?

The question I ask is.

How can I explain this?

How can I swing this, in English language?

If I switch to slang and turn mayn to mayn.

Do I do it in vein, or simply to entertain?

Am I being real or am I being fake.

Am I just a fraud or am I truly genuine.

Or am I caught up in this hot water.

Woody on my daughter I told you I love this culture.

Don't let 'em insult ya, I'ma tell you one more gain.

This is the environment I was brought up in.

But every now and then, I use my pen

To get rid of some frustration, or should I say "tion".

This is just another one of my subliminal ways to racism.

You're face is numb, you're stunned you look as cold.

Like that of a man who's 70 some years old.

And it only gets colder, which is why I understand.

It can't be mad at a forty-four year old fan.

With a chip on his shoulder.

Who only owns half of a magazine, and the only way to have it seen.

Is to put me on the front of it again

Only think that makes him grin, is to see me frown.

Papa can't stand me, papa needs to take his medication and sit the fuck down

In his new chair that goes round and round.

That he bought from new money of his bank account.

That I get him every issue when the thang comes out.

Sit back and let his puffy clown hair come out.

And let his black side arm wrestle his white side.

Yell apartheid loud enough that he might slide.

He might find someone dumb enough who might ride.

But ain't nobody over here buying two white guys.

Disguised as pro-black there is no slack

For a Harvard college grad, in a fitted hat.

And a hunchback, standing by the clearance coat rack.

And some RSO throwbacks, yeah.

Shady in the place to be seen.

And it takes what I got to rock the mic RIGHT.

Still knockin' a K to these punks

Fuckin' cocksuckin' pussy lips hatin' mixed cunts!