

# Evil Twin

## Eminem

Yeah, trying to figure out the difference  
But I think I think the lines are starting to get blurred I'm in a strange place  
I feel like Ma\$e when he gave up the game for his faith  
I feel like I'm caged in these chains and restraints  
Grimming every stranger in the place while I gaze into space  
'Cause I'm mentally rearranging his face  
I need a change of pace 'cause the pace I'm working at is dangerous  
There's nowhere to dump this anger and thanks to this angst  
I done quit chicken heads cold turkey and started slowly roasting 'em  
'Cause that's where most of my anger is baste  
Fuck your feelings, I feel like I play for the Saints  
I just want to hurt you, aim for the skanks  
Then aim for all these fake Kanyes, Jays, Waynes and the Drakes  
I'm frustrated cause ain't no more N'Sync, now I'm all out of whack  
I'm all out of Backstreet Boys to call out and attack  
I'm going all out in this rap shit and whatever the fallout is I'm strapped for battles sucka  
Duck, crawl out the back, it's a bar fight  
Prepare your arsenal and beware of bar stools  
Flying through the air and bottles breaking, mirrors also  
And I ain't stopping till the swear jar's full  
"You done called every woman a slut"  
"But you're forgetting Sarah, Marshall"  
(Palin!)  
Oh, my bad... Slut  
And next time I show to in court I'll be naked and just wear a lawsuit  
Judge be like "That's sharp, how much did that motherfucker cost you?"  
"Smart-ass, you're lucky I don't tear it off you"  
"And jump your bones, you sexy motherfucker"  
"You're so fucking gravy, Marshall I should start calling you au jus"  
"Cause all you do is spit them lyrics out the wazoo"  
Evil twin, take this beat now, it's all you  
I believe people can change, but only for the worse  
I could've changed the world if it wasn't for this verse  
So satanic, K-Mart chains panic  
'Cause they can't even spin back the curse words  
Cause they're worse when they're reversed, motherfucker  
(Rape your mother, kill your parents)  
And these kids are like parrots, they run  
around the house just like terrorists  
Screaming, "fuck, shit, fuck" adult with a childish-like arrogance  
Wild ever since the day I came out I was like, merits  
Fuck that, I'd rather be loud and I like swearing

From thr first album even the gals were like "Tight lyrics, dreamy eyes"  
But my fucking mouth was nightmare-ish  
And from the start of it you felt like you were part of  
this and opposition felt the opposite  
Sometimes I listen and revisit them old albums often as I  
can and skim through all them bitches  
To make sure I keep up with my competition  
Hogger of  
beats, hoarder of rhymes

Borderline genius who's bored of his lines  
And that sort of defines  
Where I'm at  
And the way I feel now, feel like I might just strike first and ignore the replies  
There's darkness  
closing in, there it goes again  
It controls my pen, but that ain't me, it's my evil twin  
But he's just a friend, who pops up now and again  
So don't blame me, just blame him, it's my  
evil twin  
Welcome back to the land of the living, my friend

You have slept for quite some time

So who's left, Lady Gaga? Mess with the Bieber

Nah, F with Christina, I ain't fucking with either Jessica neither  
Simpson or Alba, my albums just sicker than strep with the fever

Get the Cloriseptic, Excedrin, Aleve or

Extra Strength Tylenol 3's, feel like I'm burning to death but I'm freezing

Bed ridden and destined never to leave the

Bedroom ever again like the legend of Heath-uh-

Ledger, my suicide notes, barely legible read the

Bottom, it's signed by the Joker, Lorena said I never can leave her

She'd sever my wiener I ever deceive her

Fuck that shit, bitch!

Give up my dick for pussy?

I'd be Jerry Mathers, I ever left it to Beaver

Get them titties cut off trying to mess with a cleaver

Golly-wally, I vent, heat register, Jesus

Ever since 1-9-9-4-6 Dresden, it was definitely my

Destiny when on the steps, I met DeShaun

At Osborn, I'd never make it to sophomore

I just wanted to skip school and rap, used to mop floors

Flip burgers and wash dishes, while I wrote rhymes trying to get props for 'em

Cause I took book-smarts and swapped for 'em

They were sleeping, I made 'em stop snorin'

Made them break out the popcorn

Now I've been hip-hop in it's tip-top form

Since N.W.A was blaring through my car windows leaning on the horn

Screaming "Fuck the police" like cop porn

Flipped rap on its ear

Like I dropped corn

Fuck top five, bitch, I'm top four

And that includes Biggie and Pac, whore

And I got an Evil Twin, so who the fuck do you think that third and that fourth spot's for?

And crazy as I am I'm much tamer than him

And I'm nuts, then again who the fuck wants a plain Eminem?

But no one's insaner than Slim, look at that (evil grin)

(Evil twin) please come in, what was your name again?

Hi! Faggot

Look who's back with a crab up his ass

Like a lobster crawled up there

Two rabbits, a koala bear and a ball of hair  
And you're all aware I don't got it all upstairs  
Guess that's why I'm an addict and it's so small up there  
Peace to Whitney, jeez, just hit me  
That I should call the Looney Police to come get me  
'Cause I'm so sick of being the truth, I wish someone finally admit me  
To a mental hospital with Britney  
Oh! LMFAO  
Oh, no way, Jo-  
Se Baez couldn't beat this rap, OJ no  
Hooray, I'm off the like Casey Anthony, hey ho  
Hey-ho!  
I sound like I'm trying to sing the fucking chorus to "Hip Hop Hooray", no  
I'm hollering you got bottom-end like an 8-0-  
8 and I 'base' whether we're fucking off that instead of your face, so  
Let your low end raise, yo  
Tango, what you think, ho? Slow dancing or bowling?  
You trying to hold hands with your homie?  
What, you think I'm looking for romance 'cause I'm lonely?  
Change that tune, you ain't got a remote chance to control me  
Ho, I'm only vulnerable when I got a boner  
Superman try to fuck me over, it won't hurt  
Don't try to fix me, I'm broke so I don't work  
So are you, but you're broke cause you don't work  
But all bullshit aside, I hit a stride  
Still Shady inside, hair every bit as dyed  
As it used to be when I first introduced y'all to my skittish side  
And blamed it on him when they tried to criticize  
'Cause we are the same, bitch

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>