

# Wicked Ways (feat. X Ambassadors)

## Eminem

I'm getting by with my wicked ways  
I'm loading up and I'm taking names  
I wanna dig my way to hell  
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I'm loading up and I'm taking names  
I wanna dig my way to hell  
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Guess I got a way with words, I could get away with murder  
Ever heard of Aspergers'? It's a rare condition  
It's what you're suffering from  
When you simply don't care if it's an  
80 degree day and there's no fricken air conditioning  
And you can't see the bitch's hair is frizzing  
Cause you got the windows up  
Blaring the system in your Chevrolet Prizm  
The devil ain't on a level same as him  
Picture someone who revels in straight masochism  
And imagine him giving an adjective an ass whooping  
So bad they should put his ass in prison  
A word bully, I verbally abuse verbs  
Like they did something to me personally  
Used to get bullied, so I'd cut class and ditch it  
Now I bully rap, I'm the shit, faggot (sniff it)  
Cadillac from a K Car  
My ass from a hole in the ground, still can't tell em a-part  
Came straight out the trailer park screaming I'm proud  
To shop at K-Mart and it became art  
And I'm still fed up and as pissed off as they are  
To this day I, still get in fights with the same broad  
At the same Walmart arguing over the same cart  
In the middle of the aisle whilin'  
I don't give a fuck I don't play!  
Bitch you think you saw this basket first?  
You're ass backwards like motherfucking Bob and Silent Jay  
Illest shit you could think I would say  
Mind's like a pile of clay  
When's the last time that you saw a villain with a cape  
Ripped a gaping hole in it  
Flipped out, ripped down the drapes  
Tied 'em around my neck  
Went down the fire escape of the Empire State  
Slipped, fell straight down to the ground

Splattered all over the entire state  
And straight to hell, got impaled by the gates  
Saw Satan, stuck his face in an ashtray  
While I sashayed around flames with a match and I gave him the gas face  
And this ain't got nothing to do with a scale or being gay little faggot  
But by the way, thoughts are getting darker by the day  
I'm a combination of Skylar Grey, Tyler the Creator, and Violent J  
It's a fuckin' miracle to be this lyrical  
Paint my face with clown makeup and a smiley face I'm insane  
Every rhyme I say, sons you like an ultra violet ray  
I'm selling hatred buffet style, all the shit you can eat  
\$11.99 so come on and pile a plate  
I'm throwin' down the gauntlet to see what hell I can raise  
With the rhyme I'm spittin' while I'm shittin' on competition  
In the meantime it's always mean time  
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I wanna dig my way to hell  
I wanna dig my way to hell I've been a career asshole  
I don't see why these people always got my back  
I done said so much fucked up shit, I was born a mistake  
But I was put here not by accident  
I had a purpose and that purpose was to beat a beat purplish  
Slaughter tracks, I done put my two dimes and a nickel in this shit  
I'm coming to get that quarter back  
Like Ndamukong, the drama can build  
Your mama can ask me for my autograph  
Cause that cougar's a MILF, she's the oldest trick in the book  
But I sure would fall for that  
You done brought a bat to a rocket launcher fight  
When I get on the mic I'mma snap  
Make you wish the ambulance that took me to the hospital  
When I overdosed woulda caught a flat  
If it makes you sick to your stomach acid  
Indigestion, my suggestion's Kaopectate  
If it feels like I'm running away with the game  
It's cause I am, don't speculate, spectate  
All I got is dick for days and insults for decades  
But I get by with my wicked ways  
Lady you can suck a dick til your neck aches  
Cry til you get puffy eyes, red faced  
But I'm leaving on this jet plane  
You ain't fly, you're an airhead  
And I'm sick of pounding a square peg in a round hole, sorry another catchphrase  
But your baggage ain't gonna fit in my storage overhead space

Cause it just ain't big enough to fit your damaged goods  
Other words don't try to put your heart in a headcase  
Cause baby, stable mentally I ain't  
I need my meds, I peed my bed  
I'm going blind, I don't see my legs  
I keep on falling down, no wonder you can't stand me, I need my cane  
Someone help me, I think my face is melting  
If you felt these migraines and see these maggots eat my brain  
This G-I-A-N-T hole in my empty head  
If you read my mind, you can see my pain  
And you'd see why I be this way  
Ever since I was knee high playin' with G.I. Joes  
Told these hoes shut their P-I-E holes, now peep my game  
Cause I'm 'bout it 'bout it  
Like a (like a) fucking (fucking)  
Echo (echo)... (Psych) Psycho on a cyclone cycle  
Spiraling, here I go, I'm outta control like no  
Other mic go, stab you til' the knife goes - dull  
I'm nothing but a hole inside your skull where your eye goes  
Coz I'mma sock it to you  
Dyke ho, you don't like it  
Get on your Harley Davidson menstrual cycle  
And ride it like a motorbike  
I'm finna blow the mic the whole night so  
Strike up the fucking maestro, I'm nitro  
And hi ho, hand me my shovel, I'm liable to dig my hole  
Deeper, and it's off to H.E double hockey sticks I go  
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I wanna dig my way to hell  
Ohh please be empty, please be empty, please be empty  
Thank you, God  
Shit...  
Is that a girl?  
I'm gonna rock this blouse and put a cock in my mouth  
And get my balls blew out, and get gay into the A.M  
And lay with 18 guys naked and let myself show, let myself show  
Buttfuck it, suck it, pull it, tug it  
Life's too short to not stroke your bone  
So everybody, everybody  
Circle jerk, touch my body  
Who is that? Where are you going? Come back  
Why does everyone always leave me?  
Hello? Fuck you then

Blow it out your ass

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