

# Marsh

## Eminem

My name is Marsh and this world, I'm out of it (Out of it)  
'Cause with all this A-B-C shit, I'm startin' to sound like alphabet  
Ha! I kill me, this medicine's counterfeit  
I was misled by the sound of it, how am I gonna get turnd up on this Valium shit? Checked in at  
the Royal Garden  
To chill and avoid my problems  
Until paranoia caused me to feel like I'm going bonkers  
For real, think my toilet's talkin'  
I spilled like, like forty bottles of pills  
Think your boy is startin' to feel like a spoiled carton of milk  
'Cause it just occurred  
My girl's cheatin', I'm kickin' that fuckin' bitch to the curb  
But the word "fuckin'" ain't meant to be a descriptive word  
The type of bitch she is ain't no adjective, it's a verb  
Ho thinks her snatch is magical but that's how she attracts men  
And who traps 'em and attack similar to an actual arachnid  
Or a vaginal tarantula or black widow  
In fact it'll be nothing to throw that lil' Bitch  
With a capital B at the back window out the black Cadillac limo like a whack demo  
When I'm strapped, when I spit rapid, like a ratchet  
I have [?]  
Been fire bitch, I can't outtrap Reynolds  
Apparently it'll be great but a napkin'll do  
Return of the whack sicko  
Head spinnin' like invisible scratch pickles  
Yeah, Shady's back, see the bat signal  
It's time to go bat shit, like you accidentally ate a Louisville slugger  
And crapped it, I'd like to introduce myself  
Hi there, bitch my name is  
My name is Marsh and, I'm out this world (This world)  
S on my chest (Superman) like it's plural (It's lit)  
Call me extra, extra terrestrial  
Extra, extra, extra terrestrial I could keep beefing  
Fuck is the point?  
I could make it really difficult for motherfuckers to come to Detroit  
If you're still looking for smoke, I already gave you an L  
I'd rather just see you in hell but I should get puff on the joint (Diddy)  
Wait, run it back, I said gave you an L, in hell  
Puff on the joint, I am the blunt you avoid  
Used to get jumped for my poems  
When I was growin' up they said a slinky's a wonderful toy  
My mother thought I was such a fun little boy

"Oh, what a bundle of joy!"  
Until the morning she suffered a punch in the groin  
From the tantrum I was throwing  
Like a motherfuckin' disgruntled employee, I don't cut the beat till I fuckin' destroy it  
Once I get going rain thunder it's storming  
Puddles are forming, I hear somebody's voice  
In my head said it's still a dream  
Then he said kill emcee's  
Trippie Redd, with pills on lean  
Sippin' meds in the limousine  
Getting head, guillotine  
My name is Marsh and, I'm out this world (This world)  
S on my chest (Superman) like it's plural (It's lit)  
Call me extra, extra terrestrial  
Extra, extra, extra terrestrial Yeah  
So all of y'all can just suck a penis (Suck a penis)  
I'll do the opposite (I'll do the opposite)  
Eat you pussies like cunnilingus (Like cunnilingus)  
There ain't no stopping it (There ain't no stopping it)  
They say I'm such a genius (They say I'm such a genius)  
When that kamikaze hits (When that kamikaze hits)  
Now they call me "Butter fingers" (They call me "Butter fingers")  
'Cause I just keep droppin' shit (I just keep droppin' shit)  
You wanna butt heads?, shut up Beavis, ha ha  
I got your bitch with her butt out  
I'm hittin' a lick and she stickin' her tongue out  
You got no hitters, you might be pitchin' a shut out  
She 'bout to give up the dug out  
I should just live in a nut house  
Right now, I live in an igloo (Yeah)  
And I'm not chillin' the fuck out  
Treat you like a stepparent, does to a stepchild with red hair and  
Plus I get dough like Ed Sheeran, so call me the ginger bread man  
I'm a stan of Redman, X-Clan and I'm a Treach fan  
But I look up to myself (Yeah)  
Like a fucking headstand (Yeah)  
So why, w-w-why else, would I call myself an alien  
How could I hit a dry spell (Yeah), I'm named after the wet lands I'm Marsh and, I'm out this  
world (This world)  
S on my chest (Superman) like it's plural  
Call me extra, extra terrestrial  
Extra, extra, extra terrestrial  
My name is Marsh and, my name is, my name is  
My name is Marsh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>