

# Chloraseptic (feat. PHRESHER)

## Eminem

Instinctive nature,  
to bring the anguish (yeah) to the English language  
With this ink, you haters get wrote on like a piece of paper  
This rap shit got me travelin' place  
to place, you barely leave your house  
'Cause you're always stuck at your pad, it's stationary  
Yeah, that's why when I brainstorm, gotta write it out  
Simon Cowell's rhymin' foul, that's why you sound so shook  
Why your bound notebook got tied around your throat  
it inside your mouth, go "HRUHHH"  
That's what it's like when the mic is out  
'Cause I'm tearin' at your fleshful dead  
'Til your larynx and neck are split  
With these lyrics, weapons expert with  
Like hair extensions, extra clips  
And you're scared to effin' death of it  
Bitch, you're starin' at a legend that  
In a pair of Sketchers, sweatshirt ripped  
And hoodie black, should be strapped to a chair or stretcher  
Electric, swear on every record, bitch  
Finger so high in the air, I bet your senses flip  
Like a barometric pressure switch  
Carin' less who I offend with this  
I'm at your neck like Pez dispenseGo 'head, spit your flow, bitch...I'm at your throat like  
chloraseptic, 'septicAnd you got strep, I'm too complex with, 'plex with  
This shit I wrote is on some next shit, next shit  
I'm at your throat, I'm feelin' reckless, reckless, yeahAnd I'll take a hundred of you, hundred of  
you  
All at once like I had nothin' to lose, what can I do?My appetite for destruction is loose,  
destruction is loose  
And all at once just to have somethin' to chew, somethin' to chew  
Somethin' to chewYeah, uh  
And still conjoined at the hip with hop  
Still on point and poignant  
Skilled as Floyd is  
And it's filled and still no filter, boy  
I'll put you in your place (yeah) like a realtor, boy  
You still ain't in the buldin', boy  
I will destroy shit, even as I build it  
Get the drill bit, pen is filled with poison  
Which is the source, easy to still pinpoint it  
Like what? Like a real thin joint, it

What? Comes on Quilted Northern  
And what? In a built-in toilet  
Yeah, bitch I told you I'm a dog (woof, woof) I wouldn't heal with ointment  
Way I'm kickin' these fairies tails  
Should write a children's storybook (yeah)  
Million voices in my head, but still get a little bit of thrill  
And some real enjoyment  
Off what? Off the feel of going in  
Like? Like your bitch when she gives me brain  
Like she thinks I'm dumb Grabs the crown of my dick and blows me to kingdom come  
'Til I feel anointed She makes iller noises When she's with me, must be from the Windy City  
Pretty apparent, she's a M.I.L.F. when blowin' me 'Cause like Kandor and two, rippin' the  
condom in two, woo!  
Dick is a bargain or two, now I'm gettin' blue like Kolonopins  
Would you? I go there, you wouldn't?  
Well, I still have a few views, and comment on you Just not YouTube, 'cause... I'm at your throat  
like chloraseptic, 'septic  
And you got strep, I'm too complex with, 'plex with  
This shit I wrote is on some next shit, next shit  
I'm at your throat, I'm feelin' reckless, reckless, yeah You're a has-been  
That has been the case since back when  
You last went and threw your hat in the race  
You've been trash  
Stick your raps in the trash bin  
Or end up in my next rhyme  
You're a fuckboy, so next time  
It's gonna be heads flyin' like Dez Bryant  
With a TEC-9 against Rex Ryan, yeah! Now watch me set it like correct time  
All you get is sloppy seconds like a Timex time  
I clock rejects into the next line  
Talkin' reckless, that is just my  
Strongest suit, but you can get my  
Columbian neck tie  
Prostitute just climb in the Humvee and lets ride  
Why you hitching at night?  
I put an end to your life (sex crime)  
Kidding aside, insidious vibe  
Girl, you know you got the prettiest eyes  
But all you're getting is bribe  
Ending your life to try to get you inside  
Then we gon' end up spending the night  
And I'm skinning your hide like an Indian tribe What kind of nut drives a Budweiser truck  
Finds a slut, tries to surprise her, cuffs, ties her Up, binds up, cuts, slices her twice  
But the muff diver must just like it rough  
Fuck right in her vagina, blood Flies up, under thighs, ugh, like a gyser, uh  
Music, please  
Enthusi', instead of roofie  
Goal is to get a floozie inside the jacuzzi And have a loosie, goosey as coozie is with an Uzi But  
I am to rap what blue jeans mean to Bruce Springsteen

Glued me be, I'm truTV, you're too PG  
I'm Schoolly D, you're spoony, GNo diss there, just notice there are no similarities that we share  
Besides the fact we breathe air  
Happily married, to rap and I'm glad that we buried  
The hatchet and patched it up  
Now I'm back to ratchet up my attack  
And I'm at your mothafuckin' throat like...Chloraseptic, 'septic  
And you got strep, I'm too complex with, 'plex with  
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Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>