

# Guilty Conscience (feat. Dr. Dre)

Eminem

Meet Eddie, twenty-three years old  
Fed up with life and the way things are going, he decides to rob a liquor store  
But on his way in, he has a sudden change of heart  
And suddenly, his conscience comes into play Alright, stop! Now before you walk in the door  
of this liquor store and try to get money out the drawer  
You'd better think of the consequence  
"But who are you?"  
I'm your motherfuckin' conscience That's nonsense  
Go in and gaffle the money and run to one of your aunt's cribs  
And borrow a damn dress and one of her blonde wigs  
Tell her you need a place to stay, you'll be safe for days  
If you shave your legs with Renee's razor blades  
Yeah, but if it all goes through like it's supposed to  
The whole neighborhood knows you and they'll expose you  
Think about it, before you walk in the door first  
Look at the store clerk, she's older then George Burns Fuck that, do that shit  
Shoot that bitch  
Can you afford to blow this shit?  
Are you that rich?  
Why you give a fuck if she dies?  
Are you that bitch?  
Do you really think she gives a fuck if you have kids? Man, don't do it, it's not worth it to risk it  
Not over this shit  
Stop!  
Drop the biscuit  
Don't even listen to Slim, yo  
He's bad for you  
You know what, Dre?  
I don't like your attitude Meet Stan, twenty-one years old  
After meeting a young girl at a rave party  
Thing's start getting hot and heavy in an upstairs bedroom  
Once again, his conscience comes into play Now listen to me: while you're kissin' her cheek  
Smearin' her lipstick, I slip this in her drink  
Now all you gotta do is nibble on this little bitch's earlobe... Yo, this girl's only fifteen years old  
You shouldn't take advantage of her, it's not fair Yo, look at her bush, does it got hair?  
Fuck this bitch right here on the spot bare  
Till she passes out and she forgot how she got there  
Man, ain't you ever seen that one movie "Kids"?  
No, but I seen the porno with Son Doobiest!  
Shit, you wanna get hauled off to jail?  
Man, fuck that, hit that shit raw dawg and bail Meet Grady, a twenty-nine years old construction  
worker

After coming home from a hard day's work  
He walks in the door of his trailer park home  
To find his wife in bed with another man  
Alright, calm down  
Relax, start breathin'  
Fuck that shit, you just caught this bitch cheatin'  
While you at work, she's with some dude, tryin' to get off?  
Fuck slittin' her throat!  
Cut this bitch's head off!  
Wait, what if there's an explanation for this shit?  
What? She tripped? Fell? Landed on his dick?  
Alright, Shady  
Maybe he's right, Grady but think about the baby, before you get all crazy  
Okay! Thought about it  
Still wanna stab her?  
Grab her by the throat, get your daughter and kidnap her?  
That's what I did  
Be smart, don't be a retard  
You gonna take advice from somebody who slapped Dee Barnes!?  
What'd you say?  
What's wrong?  
Didn't think I'd remember?  
I'ma kill you, motherfucker!  
Ah-ah, temper, temper!  
Mr. Dre? Mr. N.W.A? Mr. AK, coming straight outta Compton, y'all better make way?  
How in the fuck you gonna tell this man not to be violent?  
'Cause he don't need to go the same route that I went  
Been there, done that  
Aw, fuck it, what am I sayin'?  
Shoot 'em both, Grady, where's your gun at?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>