Just Lose It by Eminem

Fill in the gaps

Down, down, down, down down
Down, down, down
Okay, guess who's back, back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Now everyone report to the dance floor
To the dance floor, to the (1) floor
Now everyone report to the dance floor
Alright stop, pajama time
Come here little kiddies on my lap
Guess who's back with a brand new rap
And I don't (2) rap as in a new case
Of child molestation accusations
(Ah ah ah ah ah) no worries
Papa's got a brand new bag of toys
What else could I (3) do to make noise?
What else could I (3) do to make noise? I've done touched on everything but little boys
I've done touched on everything but little boys
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor Like TP for my bung-hole
I've done touched on everything but little boys That's not a stab at Michael That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho I go a little bit crazy sometimes I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes Good god, dip, do a little slide Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide To the center of the dance floor Like TP for my bung-hole And it's cool if you let one go

Oops my CD just skipped



inglés
And everyone just heard you let one rip
Now I'm gonna make you dance
It's your chance
Yeah boy, shake that ass
Whoops I (4) girl, girl girl girl
Girl you know you're my world
Alright now lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)
Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)
Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)
Oh baby (ah ah) oh baby, baby (ah ah)
It's Friday and it's my day
Used to party all the way to Sunday
Maybe 'til Monday
I don't know what day
Everyday's just a holiday
Cruisin' on the freeway, feelin' kind of breezy
Let the top down and my hair blow
I don't know where I'm goin'
All I know is when I get there someone's gonna
(Touch my body)
Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk
But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out from work
Would you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair
Spit on me, maybe (5) my eyes out (yeah)
Now what's ya name girl, what's ya sign?
(Man you must be up out yo mind)
Dre (ah ah) beer goggles, blind
I'm just tryin' to unwind (now I'm)

Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

SUB inglés

Yeah boy, (6) that ass
Oops I mean girl, girl girl girl
Girl you know you're my world
Alright now lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)
Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)
Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)
Oh (7) (ah ah) oh baby (ah ah)
It's Tuesday and I'm locked up
I'm in jail and I don't know what happened
They say I was runnin' butt naked
Down the street screamin' (ah ah ah ah)
Well I'm sorry, I don't remember
All I know is this much, I'm not guilty
They said "Save it, boy we got you on tape
Yellin' at an old lady" (touch my body)
Now this is the part where the rap breaks down
It's real intense, no one makes a sound
Everything looks like it's "8 Mile" now
The beat comes back and everybody lose themselves
Now snap back to reality, look! there's B. Rabbit
"Oh you signed me up to battle? I'm a grown man!"
(Tubba tubba (8) tubba tubba tubba tubba)
I don't have any lines to go right here so, chubby
Tellytubby fellas (what) fellas (what)
Grab your left nut, make your right one jealous (what)
Black girls, white girls, skinny girls, fat girls
Tall girls, small girls, I'm calling all girls
Everyone report to the (9) floor
It's your chance for a little romance or (10) squeezin'
It's the season, just go (ah ah ah ah)



It's so appeasin'

Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy, shake that ass

(Whoops) I mean girl, girl girl girl

Girl you know you're my world

Alright now lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Just lose it (ah ah ah ah ah)

Go crazy (ah ah ah ah ah)

Oh baby (ah ah) oh baby (ah ah)

Touch my body

Touch my body

Oh boy

Just touch my body

I mean girl just touch my body



- 1. dance
- 2. mean
- 3. possibly
- 4. mean
- 5. gouge
- 6. shake
- 7. baby
- 8. tubba
- 9. dance
- 10. butt