

**Eminem - 25 To Life**  
**Eminem - Adam Levine - My Life**  
**Eminem – Beautiful**  
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**Eminem - Without Me**

## "25 To Life"

*[Intro]*

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

25 to life

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

25 to life

(*[Eminem:] Yeah*)

Too late

(*[Eminem:] I can't keep chasing em*

I'm taking my life back)

Caught in a chase

25 to life

*[Verse 1]*

I don't think she understands the sacrifices that I  
made

Maybe if this bitch had acted right I would've stayed

But I've already wasted over half of my life I  
would've laid

Down and died for you I no longer cry for you

No more pain bitch you

Took me for granted took my heart and ran it straight  
into the planet

Into the dirt I can no longer stand it

Now my respect I demand it

Imma take control of this relationship

Command it, and imma be the boss of you now  
goddamn it

And what I mean is that I will no longer let you  
control me

So you better hear me out this much you owe me

I gave up my life for you, totally devoted to you  
while I've stayed

Faithful all the way this is how I fucking get repaid

Look at how I dress fucking baggy sweats, go to  
work a mess

Always in a rush to get back to you I ain't heard you  
yet

Not even once say you appreciate me I deserve  
respect

I've done my best to give you nothing less than  
perfectness

And I know that if I end this I'll no longer have

nothing left

But you keep treating me like a staircase it's time to  
fucking step

And I won't be coming back so don't hold your  
fucking breath

You know what you've done no need to go in depth

I told you, you'd be sorry if I fucking left

I'd laugh while you wept

How's it feel now, yeah, funny ain't it, you neglected  
me

Did me a favor although my spirit free you've set

But a special place for you in my heart I have kept

It's unfortunate but it's,

*[Chorus]*

Too late for the other side (*[Eminem:] Yeah*)

Caught in a chase

25 to life

(*[Eminem:] Can't take no more*)

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

25 to life

*[Verse 2]*

I feel like when I bend over backwards for you all  
you do is laugh

Cause that ain't good enough you expect me to fold  
myself in half

Til I snap

Don't think I'm loyal

All I do is rap

How can I moonlight on the side

I have no life outside of that

Don't I give you enough of my time

You don't think so, do you?

Jealous when I spend time with the girls

Why I'm married to you still man I don't know

But tonight I'm serving you with papers

I'm divorcing you

Go marry someone else and make em famous

And take away their freedom like you did to me

Treat em like you don't need them and they ain't  
worthy of you

Feed em the same shit that you made me eat

I'm moving on forget you oh,

Now I'm special? I didn't feel special when I was with  
you  
All I ever felt was this  
Helplessness  
Imprisoned by a selfish bitch  
Chew me up and spit me out  
I fell for this so many times  
It's ridiculous  
And still I stick with this  
I'm sick of this but in my sickness and addiction  
You're addictive as they get  
Evil as they come vindictive as they make em  
My friends keep asking me why I can't just walk  
away from  
I'm addicted  
To the pain, the stress, the drama  
I'm drawn in so I guess imma mess  
Cursed and blessed  
But this time imma  
Ain't changing my mind  
I'm climbing out this abyss

### "My Life"

(feat. Eminem & Adam Levine)

(That's what I think he said...)

My life, my life  
Makes me wanna run away  
But there's no place to go, no place to go  
All the confusion, it's an illusion  
Like a movie, got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to run and hide,  
No matter how hard I try  
  
Yeah, '03 I went from quite filthy to filthy rich  
Man their emotions change so I can never trust a  
bitch  
I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and  
spit  
Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a  
dick  
Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some  
other shit  
Cause I'm not writing anymore, they not making hits  
I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done

You screaming as I walk out that I'll be missed  
But when you spoke of people who meant the most to  
you  
You left me off your list  
  
Fuck you hip-hop  
I'm leaving you, my life sentence is served bitch  
And it's just

### [Chorus]

Too late for the other side  
Caught in a chase  
25 to life  
([Eminem:] I'm gone, man)  
Too late for the other side  
Caught in a chase  
25 to life  
Too late  
Caught in a chase  
25 to life

learned  
If money's evil look at all the evil I done earned  
I'm doing what I'm supposed to  
I'm a writer, I'm a fighter, entrepreneur  
Fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver, what's it to  
you?  
The track I lace it, it's better than basic  
This is my recovery, my comeback kid

My life, my life  
Makes me wanna run away  
But there's no place to go, no place to go  
All the confusion,  
It's an illusion  
Like a movie, got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to run and hide,  
No matter how hard I try

While you were sipping your own kool-aid getting  
your buzz heavy  
I was in the fucking shed sharpening my machete  
Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my  
taste buds ready

To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this  
spa-get-even?  
I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting  
Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the  
beginning  
He's buggin' again, he's straight thuggin', fuck who  
he's offending  
He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches  
plugged in the  
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity  
Now take the other end of 'em then plug them,  
motherfuckers in each  
One of your eye sockets cause I thought you might  
finally fucking see  
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksuckin'  
opinion to me  
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this  
shit  
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up regretting you  
ever betted against me  
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah, it's  
happening again  
I'm thinking about the same  
Motherfuck everybody that's up in this bitch, but 50!  
Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go  
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more  
than anybody knows  
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap, but every time I rap I'm  
more trapped  
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess  
it's bubble wrap  
It's like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis  
Christ, how was I supposed to know shit would turn  
out like it did?  
Feels like I'm going psycho again  
And I might just blow my lid  
Shit, I almost wish that I would have never made  
Recovery, kid

### "Beautiful"

*[Sample - Rock Therapy "Reaching Out":]*  
Lately I've been hard to reach, I've been too long on  
my own  
Everybody has a private world where they can be

Cause I'm running in circles with  
My life, my life  
Makes me wanna run away  
But there's no place to go, no place to go  
All the confusion,  
It's an illusion  
Like a movie, got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to run and hide,  
No matter how hard I try  
I haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid  
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did  
Maybe this is for me, maybe  
Maybe I'm supposed to go crazy  
Maybe I'll do it 3 AM in the morning like Shady  
(hah)  
> Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a  
lighter  
Tryna say this ain't classic, get your ass kicked  
Mad quick, wrap your head up in plastic  
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots  
It's tragic, it's sad it's  
Never gonna end, now we number one again  
With that frown on your face, and your heart full of  
hate  
Accept it, respect it  
This a gift God given like the air in the lungs  
Of every fucking thing livin'  
My life, my life  
Makes me wanna run away  
But there's no place to go, no place to go  
All the confusion,  
It's an illusion  
Like a movie, got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to run and hide,  
No matter how hard I try

alone  
Are you calling me? Are you trying to get through?  
Are you reaching out for me, like I'm reaching out for  
you?

*[Eminem:]*

I'm just so fuckin' depressed, I just can't seem to get  
out this slump

If I could just get over this hump  
But I need something to pull me out this dump,  
I took my bruises, took my lumps  
Fell down and I got right back up  
But I need that spark to get psyched back up  
In order for me to pick the mic back up  
I don't know how or why or when I ended up in this  
position I'm in

I'm starting to feel distant again  
So I decided just to pick this pen  
Up and try to make an attempt to vent  
But I just can't admit  
Or come to grips with the fact that I may be done  
with rap  
I need a new outlet, and I know some shit's so hard to  
swallow

But I just can't sit back and wallow  
In my own sorrow  
But I know one fact I'll be one tough act to follow  
One tough act to follow  
I'll be one tough act to follow  
Here today, gone tomorrow  
But you'd have to walk a thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see  
What it's like, to be me  
I'll be you, let's trade shoes  
Just to see what it'd be like to  
Feel your pain, you feel mine  
Go inside each other's minds  
Just to see what we find  
Look at shit through each other's eyes  
But don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful, oh  
They can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you  
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
Oh, they can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you, yeah, so...

I think I'm starting to lose my sense of humor  
Everything is so tense and gloom  
I almost feel like I gotta check the temperature in the

room

Just as soon as I walk in  
It's like all eyes on me  
So I try to avoid any eye contact  
'Cause if I do that then it opens the door for  
conversation  
Like I want that... I'm not looking for extra attention  
I just want to be just like you  
Blend in with the rest of the room  
Maybe just point me to the closest restroom  
I don't need no fucking man servant  
Trying to follow me around and wipe my ass  
Laugh at every single joke I crack  
And half of them ain't even funny like  
"Ha!, Marshall you're so funny man, you should be a  
comedian, God damn"  
Unfortunately I am, but I just hide behind the tears of  
a clown

So why don't you all sit down?  
Listen to the tale I'm about to tell  
Hell, we don't gotta trade our shoes  
And you ain't gotta walk no thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see  
What it's like, to be me  
I'll be you, let's trade shoes  
Just to see what it'd be like to  
Feel your pain, you feel mine  
Go inside each other's minds  
Just to see what we find  
Look at shit through each other's eyes  
But don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
Oh they can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you so  
Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
Oh they can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you so

Nobody asked for life to deal us  
With these bullshit hands we're dealt  
We gotta take these cards ourselves  
And flip them, don't expect no help  
Now I could have either just  
Sat on my ass and pissed and moaned  
Or take this situation in which I'm placed in

And get up and get my own  
I was never the type of kid  
To wait by the door and pack his bags  
Who sat on the porch and hoped and prayed  
For a dad to show up who never did  
I just wanted to fit in  
In every single place  
Every school I went  
I dreamed of being that cool kid  
Even if it meant acting stupid

Feel your pain, you feel mine  
Go inside each other's minds  
Just to see what we find  
Look at shit through each other's eyes  
But don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful, oh  
They can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you  
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
Oh, they can all get fucked.  
Just stay true to you, yeah, so...

Aunt Edna always told me "Keep makin' that face it'll  
get stuck like that"  
Meanwhile I'm just standin' there  
Holdin' my tongue tryna talk like this  
'Til I stuck my tongue on that frozen stop sign pole at  
8 years old  
I learned my lesson then cause I wasn't tryna impress  
my friends no more  
But I already told you my whole life story  
Not just based on my description  
'Cause where you see it from where you're sitting  
It's probably 110% different  
I guess we would have to walk a mile  
In each other's shoes, at least  
What size you wear? I wear tens  
Let's see if you can fit your feet  
  
In my shoes, just to see  
What it's like, to be me  
I'll be you, let's trade shoes  
Just to see what it'd be like to

*[Sample - Rock Therapy "Reaching Out":]*  
Lately I've been hard to reach, I've been too long on  
my own  
Everybody has a private world where they can be  
alone...  
So are you calling me, are you trying to get through,  
oh?  
Are you reaching out for me, like I'm reaching out for  
you?  
So oh oh

*[Eminem:]*  
Yeah... To my babies. Stay strong.  
Daddy will be home soon  
And to the rest of the world, God gave you them  
shoes  
To fit you, so put 'em on and wear 'em  
Be yourself, man, be proud of who you are  
Even if it sounds corny,  
Don't ever let no one tell you, you ain't beautiful  
So...

## **"Berzerk"**

*[Verse 1:]*

Now this shit's about to kick off, this party looks  
wack  
Let's take it back to straight hip-hop and start it from  
scratch  
I'm 'bout to bloody this track up, everybody get back  
That's why my pen needs a pad cause my rhymes on  
the ra-ag  
Just like I did with addiction I'm 'bout to kick it  
Like a magician, critics I turn to crickets

Got 'em still on the fence whether to picket  
But quick to get impaled when I tell 'em stick it  
So sick I'm looking pale, wait, that's my pigment  
'Bout to go ham, ya bitch, shout out to Kendrick  
Let's bring it back to that vintage Slim, bitch  
The art of MCing mixed with da Vinci and MC Ren  
And I don't mean Stimpy's friend, bitch  
Been public enemy since you thought PE was gym,  
bitch

*[Bridge:]*

Kick your shoes off, let your hair down  
(and go berserk) all night long  
Grow your beard out, just weird out  
(and go berserk) all night long

*[Hook:]*

We're gonna rock this house until we knock it down  
So turn the volume loud, cause it's mayhem 'til the  
A.M.  
So baby make just like K-Fed and let yourself go, let  
yourself go  
Say fuck it before we kick the bucket  
Life's too short to not go for broke  
So everybody, everybody (go berserk), shake your  
body

*[Verse 2:]*

Guess it's just the way that I'm dressed, ain't it?  
Khaki's pressed, Nike shoes crispy and fresh laced, so  
I guess it ain't  
That aftershave or cologne that made 'em just faint  
Plus I showed up with a coat fresher than wet paint  
So if love is a chess game, check mate  
But girl, your body's banging, jump me in, dang,  
bang-bang  
Yes siree, 'Bob', I was thinking the same thang  
So come get on this Kid's rock, Baw with da baw,  
dang-dang  
Pow-pow, chica, pow, chica, wow-wow  
Got your gal blowing up a valve, valve-valve  
Ain't slowing it down, throw in the towel, towel-  
towel  
Dumb it down, I don't know how, huh-huh, how-how  
Least I know that I don't know  
Question is are you bozos smart enough to feel stupid  
Hope so, now hoe...

*[Bridge]*

**"Crack A Bottle"**

(feat. Dr. Dre, 50 Cent)

Ooww ladies and gentlemen  
The moment you've all been waiting for..

*[Hook II:]*

We're gonna rock this house until we knock it down  
So turn the volume loud, cause it's mayhem 'til the  
a.m.  
So crank the bass up like crazy and let yourself go, let  
yourself go  
Say fuck it before we kick the bucket  
Life's too short to not go for broke  
So everybody, everybody (go berserk) shake your  
body

*[Scratch]*

*[Verse 3:]*

And they say that love is powerful as cough syrup in  
Styrofoam  
All I know is I fell asleep and woke up in that Monte  
Carlo  
With the ugly Kardashian  
Lamar, oh sorry yo, we done both set the bar low  
Far as hard drugs are though, that's the past  
But I done did enough Codeine to knock future into  
tomorrow  
And girl, I ain't got no money to borrow  
But I am trying to find a way to get you a-loan (car  
note)  
Oh, Marshall Mathers  
Shit head with a potty mouth, get the bar of soap  
lathered  
Kangols and car-heart-less cargos  
Girl you're fixing to get your heart broke  
Don't be absurd, ma'am, you birdbrain baby  
I ain't called anybody baby since Birdman, unless  
you're a swallow  
Word, Rick? word man you heard, but don't get  
discouraged girl  
This is your jam, unless you got toe jam

*[Bridge + Hook + Hook II]*

In this corner: weighing 175 pounds,  
With a record of 17 rapes, 400 assaults, and 4  
murders,  
The undisputed, most diabolical villain in the world:

Slim Shady!

*[Chorus — Eminem:]*

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of 'em got  
clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I notice there's so many of 'em  
And there's really not that many of us.  
and ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust.  
It's on till the break of dawn  
And we're starting this party from dusk

OK... let's go

Back wit Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk  
Fix your musk, you'll just be another one bit the dust  
Just one of my mothers son who got thrown under the  
bus  
Kiss my butt. Lick the fumunda cheese from under  
my nuts  
It disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks  
It's a must I redeem my name 'n' haters get mused.  
Bitches lust. Man, they love me when I lay in the cut.  
Fist the cup. The lady gave her eighty some paper cut.  
Now picture us. it's ridiculous you curse at the  
thought  
'Cause when I spit the verse the shit  
Gets worse then Worcestershire sauce  
If I could fit the words as picture perfect, works every  
time  
Every verse, every line, as simple as nursery rhymes  
It's elementary. The elephants have entered the room.  
I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true  
Not to mention back with a vengeance so here's the  
signal  
Of the bat symbol. The platinum trio's back on you  
hoes.

*[Chorus — Eminem:]*

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of 'em got  
clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I notice there's so many of 'em  
And there's really not that many of us.  
and ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust.  
It's on till the break of dawn  
And we're starting this party from dusk

Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre

*[Dr. Dre]*

They see that low rider go by, they're, like, "Oh, my!"  
You ain't got to tell me why you're sick 'cause I know  
why.  
I dip through in that six trey like sick 'em Dre.  
I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they're sick of me.  
But hey, what else can I say? I love LA.  
'Cause over and above all, it's just another day  
And this one begins where the last one ends.  
Pick up where we left off and get smashed again.  
I'll be damned, just fucked around and crashed my  
Benz.  
Driving around with a smashed front end  
Let's cash that one in.  
Grab another one from out the stable  
The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado  
The hell if I know.  
Do I want leather seats or vinyl?  
Decisions, decisions  
Garage looks like Precision Collision.  
Or Maaco beats quake like Waco  
Just keep the bass low speakers away from your face  
though

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle  
Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto  
O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe  
Got one riding shotgun and no not one of 'em got  
clothes  
Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?  
I notice there's so many of 'em  
And there's really not that many of us.  
and ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust.  
It's on till the break of dawn



And we're starting this party from dusk

And I take great pleasure in introducing: 50 Cent

*[50 Cent]*

It's bottle after bottle

The money ain't a thing when you party with me

It's what we into, it's simple

We ball out of control like you wouldn't believe

I'm the napalm, the bomb, the don, I'm King Kong

Get rolled on, wrapped up, and reigned on

I'm so calm through Vietnam, ring the alarm

Bring the shaun dawn, burn marajaun, do what you  
want

Nigga, on and on till the break of what

Get the paper, man, I'm caking, you know, I don't  
give a fuck

I spend it like it don't mean nothing

Blow it like it's supposed to be blown

### **"Detroit Vs. Everybody"**

(feat. Royce Da 5'9", Big Sean, Danny Brown, Dej  
Loaf & Trick-Trick)

Detroit!

*[Dej Loaf:]*

Tell 'em if they want it, they can come get that static

I swear I love my city, I just want a little static

See me, they salute me, they ain't ready for that static

Detroit vs. Everybody

*[Royce Da 5'9":]*

I took a bite out the rotten apple by the poison tree

All these females need to email to make noise

And now things changin' a lot, he fuck with my  
authority

Then he shall sea shells, but not by the seashore

If he gang bangin' or not

It's simple as the alphabet

He F with me, that G shall surely see

He definitely is 'bout it, it's retail fraud, he's sweet

The honest gesture

The trigger finger 'round the diamond tester, we tell  
flaw with heat

Motherfucker I'm grown

I stunt, I style, I flash the shit

I gets what the fuck I want, so what I trick

Fat ass burgundy bags, classy shit, Jimmy Choos  
shoes

I say move a bitch move

So crack a bottle, let your body waddle

Don't act like a snobby model you just hit the lotto

O-oh o-oh, bitches hopping in my Tahoe

Got one riding shotgun and no not one of 'em got  
clothes

Now where's the rubbers? Who's got the rubbers?

I notice there's so many of 'em

And there's really not that many of us.

and ladies love us and my posse's kicking up dust.

It's on till the break of dawn

And we're starting this party from dusk

The same soldier, it's me, myself and I

Ridin' 'round shootin' my biopic and my  
autobiography

Range Rover, this ain't the squash beef state

You thinkin' makeup, we thinkin' Lark Voorhies face

The Twin Eagles ol' air his coup might as well ride by  
in the ambulance

My pair ol' shoot like sky divin' in Hammer pants

So call it siblinn rivalry

Take his life, call it the unforgivable robbery

A wise man told me that holdin' a grudge is like  
Lettin' somebody just live inside of your head rent  
free

Real talk, I don't got time to evict these clowns

Y'all niggas been bitches, that's none of my business,  
but I don't sip tea

(That's Nickel) Ridin' around this block

All we knows is pitfalls, that's why he's always  
climbin' out his drop

(I got a question) Do you wanna ride or die?

*[Big Sean:]*

Shawn Don

(Welcome to Detroit)

Boy I need no half's a half, I want the game in

entirety  
Hundred percent cut, no stitches required  
Welcome to Detroit where is you get that promotion  
Don't worry, man those bullets will still be at your ass  
firin'

I still call it safe, I would suck if I was umpiring  
Boy hit the beat & just treat that shit like it's a diary  
I'm offended if you hear my new shit and you ain't  
rewindin' me  
Self made, I've never needed your bail or a wire, see  
I'm never callin' collect, I call to collect  
My homie wanted a Chevy so I put my dawg in a vet  
Ha plus I'm so loyal that that paper, boys, is all that I  
fetch

If the the ball in my hand then the ball in the net  
Bitch I'm the D, can't no offense dunk on me  
I'm Mr. Big Shot, these hoes get drunk off me  
I'm over respected, my mama gated community's over  
protective

So futuristic, I'm already over my next bitch  
Reminisce all listening to 50 fifty times a day  
Back when tenth grade was like 50 days away  
Tryin' to get paid 50 ways a day  
Used to put 50 on the layaway, now my closet 50  
shades of grey  
Twenty six and I done lived a life time a few times  
From futons to Grey Poupon's  
In church tryin' to get a little savings, yeah coupon  
I spit that A1 every day, I'm hittin' new primes  
Now the stakes high, niggas surprised at the new lines  
Takin' down my number like "you still ain't got a new  
line?"

Naw it's the same, we been laborin' for years  
I know it took way longer than nine months, but fuck  
it, it's all in due time  
I turned a blunt to a roach with dreams of bein' a  
Beatle though  
Don't want to, I need to, gotta learn to keep it cerebral  
When you come up in a place where everyone got a  
piece but ain't peaceful  
This is just part one, wait 'til the sequel

*[DeJ Loaf:]*

Tell 'em if they want it, they can come get that static  
I swear I love my city, I just want a little static

See me, they salute me, they ain't ready for that static  
Detroit vs. Everybody

*[Danny Brown:]*

Comin' from them streets where they thirsty, starvin'  
to eat  
Just a step away from failin', that's why they call it  
the D

Arguably the whole reason for all of this honesty  
Honestly no honor roll, but honored up in them  
streets

Cause I'm a Linwood nigga, them young niggas hit ya  
Put a stack on your head, you'll bleed a lake on Grand  
River

If you think your hood harder then I might beg to  
differ

Know some killas pull the trigger for a Swisher and  
Miller

If the blicka hit ya kisser, bet yo ass not remembering  
They say my city's tougher than two fat bitches  
scissorin'

So nigga I'm a veteran, retire my letterman  
Had K's in front ya school, but I ain't going to  
Ketteran

Cough up a lung, 313 where I'm from  
Ghan got me cross eyed like Bernstein's son  
Any nigga try to copy, put a hole in his top  
It's us vs. them, Detroit vs Everybody

*[Eminem:]*

Lately it seems as if it's me against the world  
Like it was before my life became a movie  
And they used to use my mother fuckin' trailer to  
tease me with

But I flipped that script like a refilla a  
Painkillers to pop that lid off that safety seal  
It made me feel amazing, navy seal of bravery  
And if I may reiterate, I ain't even need a script  
Ain't bein' conceited

But I made it to radio, eat a dick

I still never ABC'D the shit  
Mainstream appeal but the skill is what made me iller  
Since before they called Jay Dee Dilla

I was daydreamin' one day I would be the shit  
And if I ever end up escapin' the streets I swear that I

would stay here  
Still in it, I'm crazy, I'll always be real  
Don't make me steal an eighteen-wheeler  
Break all of my friends out of here and take 'em  
straight to the Mercedes dealer  
Peel off back to the same block that we came from,  
on a rampage to crazy?  
For me to flip  
What's makin' you think I need a switch? Cause I'm  
Adrian Peterson  
When he's raging and heated and on the way to go  
beat his kid  
On the track get spanked like he just did  
(Detroit!) I can't never leave this bitch  
Sick of bein' treated like me and shit  
But Jesus, I can see just why people quit callin' me to  
do features  
And them cyphers on BET cause if  
I wasn't me, I probably wouldn't wanna play with me  
neither, shit  
Seems to be reachin' it's fever pitch  
One hundred and eighty degrees in here  
Shoulder blade full of cedar chips  
MC's just bit off more than they can chew like a face  
full of Swedish Fish  
Or Lorena with a two penises  
Hateful and genius ness, inconvenience  
And for the record, you don't want this type of static  
in your life  
When I'm makin' you cling  
May consider tryin' to reinsulate ya windows may be  
in or another crazy winter  
Cause so cold in the D, it is as days begin to tick  
away  
But ain't this really what made me into the angry  
bitter blond

**"Die Alone"**  
(feat. Kobe)

*[Eminem:]*

Roll over and go to reach for you, you're gone  
This bed's empty without you  
You said you're moving on  
But I'm having some trouble getting there

But ain't we sick of bein' underdogs  
Don't make me unleash this shit, release this Pit  
May even seem as if  
I'm yankin' your chain a bit or maybe the way in  
which I'm sayin' shit  
Is playin' with ya  
And it's still the same shit and Shady's still a lady  
killer  
Since the day I went insane and then attacked the  
babysitter  
With the potato peeler mushed her face into the  
entertainment center  
It's like another plane just entered into Ukraine again  
The Bermuda Triangle and attempted to make a safe  
descent  
Awaiting anyone who ain't affiliated, it could be  
danger  
Did you make arrangements with the gangsters 'for  
you came here?  
And if they mention

*[Dej Loaf:]*

Tell 'em if they want it, they can come get that static  
I swear I love my city, I just want a little static  
See me, they salute me, they ain't ready for that static  
Detroit vs. Everybody

*[Trick Trick:]*

What up though, it's the godfather Trick Trick. You  
either ridin' with us or gettin' rolled on. That means  
Detroit vs. Everybody! Hey Em let me get that  
instrumental take it down to the hood, let the little  
homies get this remix crackin'.

Detroit!  
Okay! *[echo]*

But dwelling ain't getting me, uhh, anywhere  
Fuckin' Valentine's Day  
Fuck February, stuffed teddy bear, guts everywhere  
Machete on the floor I smashed up every mirror  
Yeah, how do I look?  
You fuckin' just let me here to, die didn't you?  
Why didn't you respond yet?

I've written you five or six different times and  
I'm gettin' sick and tired of always apolo-gizing to  
you

I didn't do shit to deserve what you're puttin' me  
through

This couldn't be true, we can't be over

So violets are blue, roses are red

Why is it everything I do I'm reminded of you?

*[Chorus - Kobe:]*

Saw two white coffins in my dreams last night

I saw my Lord Jesus with his hands pointing toward  
the light

Saw my old sweetheart she said, "honey, I'm back"

Just so you don't die alone, just so you don't die alone

*[Eminem:]*

Guess I gotta deal with the fact that, you ain't never  
comin' back

Now every woman that I look at I'm lookin' for you

So I'm findin' something the matter with them

Excuse to not see anyone

Useless, rather pick up the phone, not at all, followin'  
protocol

I get bowled like bowling balls

No balls and go to call to talk, forget what I want to  
say

Damnit I'm drawin' blanks like I'm playin' hangman

I'm sick of playin' these games, I can't handle this  
heartbreak

It's makin' me wanna blow out my brains

Like birthday cake candles

Hang up the phone and I shake, I think I may have  
made a mistake

Can't escape the madness

Turn the radio on, I hate this sad song

But I can't even change the station

The same one's playin' on eight channels

I lay awake in shambles I'm startin to hallucinate

I'm havin' all these visions of us at each other's wakes

In caskets and suddenly I wake and that's when I  
know I

*[Chorus - Kobe:]*

Saw two white coffins in my dreams last night

I saw my Lord Jesus with his hands pointing toward  
the light

Saw my old sweetheart she said, "honey, I'm back"

Just so you don't die alone, just so you don't die alone

Give me one more, bottle for the pain

Give me one more for the memories

Give me one more, I'll make it taste like a steak

It'll help alleviate

It'll soothe this ache

Of trying to fake

That she's really, she's really coming back

*[Eminem:]*

And it's been a while now, but I finally realize how  
Much reality sucks, but it's just something about our  
love

I'm still in denial now, dealing with the finality of it

And it's making me crazy thinking of the days we,  
spent

And how I'll never hold you again

Ain't shit I can do about it

Now my head is overcrowded

With these clouded memories and I can't seem to get  
you out it

And how the fuck do you sleep comfortably

Knowing what you done did to me, huh?

Did it even occur to you that I loved you?

Completely, deep and madly, head over heels for you

Was you and me, once used to be together forever

It was supposed to be us, but you crushed the dream

We was supposed to die together, and it's killing me  
so much

When I sleep I wake up dead, must be why I

*[Chorus - Kobe:]*

Saw two white coffins in my dreams last night

I saw my Lord Jesus with his hands pointing toward  
the light

Saw my old sweetheart she said, "honey, I'm back"

Just so you don't die alone, just so you don't die alone

## "Fine Line"

Another day, another hotel, the inside of it's nice  
though  
Oh well, this is my life so  
As I go and try to close for the night's show  
See how far that line goes  
Still blows my mind show  
Business guess I'll just never get  
So this shit just always feels so weird  
To this day because all I ever did  
Was just say the shit I would've wanted to hear  
Other people say to me when I was a kid  
So please don't make me some type of hero  
Cause I will say some inspirational shit in a real way  
But still will have a field day with some of the  
Fucked up shit in the world and tell it to suck the dick  
Cause I still make fun of a sit.  
Someone's in like a son of a bitch  
At another's expense, I'm fuckin' relentless  
As fuck when it comes to this pen  
I struggle with coming to my senses  
Stuck on the fence on a balance beam if I seem  
unbalanced  
It's challenging but my conscience allows me to think  
The most foulish childish things without even  
blinking  
Without even thinkin' about, all the stinkin' amounts  
of people that seem to be reachin' in the crowds  
I'm scream in the palace, sold out this evening  
But now it's, lay me down to sleeping  
Is it really my soul to keep or  
Have I sold it cheap is it greed  
Do I take more than I need  
When I joke about leavin'  
But keep over achievin'  
Because what's stolen from me barely broke even  
  
It's a fine, fine line  
It's a fine, fine line  
  
So I notice how I paint myself  
And through my hair when ordeals I'm so vain  
I want my respect but ignore the  
Butterfly effect that comes from my dialect  
Till I, sit in the dark and I reflect

And my reflection shows what it's like here  
Cause this vanity, surrounded by all these lights yeah  
It's like a nightmare  
I said, this vanity surrounded by these lights is a  
nightmare  
And I don't like how I see myself so I  
Open the Bible to Isaiah cause  
I swear to Christ there are nights where  
I stay up at night just to say a prayer twice  
Just to make sure God hears cause this ice layer  
Ice skate on the nice way  
Putting it but I like staying  
Feistier then a triceritops and like a dice player  
I got a nice pair of dice here  
Sealed off in my lair  
Away from the bullshit good safe place to sit and talk  
shit  
From in this house it's quite bare, but it ain't when  
you can't leave it  
And I feel so isolated, nice I made it  
But it's like I payed the price of fame twice I hate it  
So I bitch about my life then make another song, it's a  
cycle ain't it  
Then I wonder why I stay famous  
Keep walkin' the line  
This gold fish poke gets old  
But especially when you don't know  
If your conscience is sayin' I told you so  
You don't even know anymore if you got the soul of a  
soldier  
Or if you sold your soul  
  
It's a fine, fine line  
It's a fine, fine line  
  
And from here you look so small  
Hovering high above us all  
Please come back, to me  
  
I still remember the times when  
They were, simpler than the rhymes of  
Vanilla Ice were, when I was just killin' the mics  
I'll never forget what that feeling was like I,  
Miss those times now when I was just starting out  
Without a dime and, now I'm diamond

Can't even stage dive in the crowd anymore now  
when I've been  
Stuck in this house hibernatin'  
Hate even going outside it  
Sucks, sometimes I just wanna walk in Target and  
look at shit Browse, I don't even want to buy nothin'  
I just wanna fuckin' walk around inside it  
Look how excited, I sound when I get to talkin' bout  
life and  
Everything about it I miss  
Which now reminds me  
Put a thousand lighters in the sky for the Outsidaz  
Wow, I must have had Alzheimers  
Long time since I shouted them out, bout time

### **"Guts Over Fear"**

(feat. Sia)

*[Bridge - Eminem:]*

Feels like a close, it's coming to  
Fuck am I gonna do?  
It's too late to start over  
This is the only thing I, thing I know

*[Verse 1 - Eminem:]*

Sometimes I feel like all I ever do is  
Find different ways to word the same, old song  
Ever since I came a long  
From the day the song called "Hi, my Name Is"  
dropped  
Started thinkin' my name was fault  
Cause any time things went wrong  
I was the one who they would blame it on  
The media made me the, equivalent of a modern-day  
Genghis Khan  
Tried to argue it was only entertainment, dog  
Gangsta? Nah, courageous balls  
Had to change my style, they said I'm way too soft  
And I sound like AZ & Nas, out came the claws  
And the fangs been out since then  
But up until the instant that I went against it  
It was ingrained in me that I wouldn't amount to a  
shitstain I thought  
No wonder I had to unlearn everything my brain was  
taught

Cause it's been on my mind lately how  
Zee you always supported me  
You vouched, I will never forget that and  
How you guys, accepted me for me and Pace  
I love you too, you slept on my couch  
And I been thinkin' bout the time I slept on the floor  
at the outhouse  
Rhyming is all we ever wanted to do  
And regardless how life has turned out  
Inside I'll always be an outsider  
My life has been turned inside out but I  
  
It's a fine, fine line  
It's a fine, fine line

Do I really belong in this game? I pondered  
I just wanna' play my part, should I make waves or  
not?  
So back and forth in my brain, the tug-o-war wages  
on  
I don't wanna' seem ungrateful or disrespect the  
artform I was raised upon  
But sometimes you gotta' take a loss  
And have people rub it in your face before you get  
made pissed off  
Keep pluggin', it's your only outlet  
And your only outfit so you know they're gonna' talk  
about it  
Better find a way to counter it quick and make it, ah  
Feel like I've already said this a kabillion eighty times  
How many times can I say the same thing different  
ways that rhyme?  
What I really wanna' say is if there's anyone else that  
can relate to my story  
Bet 'cha feel the same way I felt when I was in the  
same place you are  
When I was afraid ta'

*[Hook - Sia:]*

I was a... afraid to make a single sound  
Afraid I would never find a way out  
Afraid I'd never be found  
I don't wanna' go another round  
An angry man's power will shut you up

Trip wires fill this house with tip toed love  
Run out of excuses for everyone  
So here I am and I will not run  
Guts over fear (the time is near)  
Guts over fear (I shed a tear)  
For all the times I let you push me round  
And let you keep me down  
Now I got guts over fear, guts over fear

*[Bridge - Eminem:]*

Feels like a close, it's coming to  
Fuck am I gonna do?  
It's too late to start over  
This is the only thing I, thing I know

*[Verse 2 - Eminem:]*

I know what it's like, I was there once, single parents  
Hate your appearance, did you struggle to find your  
place in this world?

And the pain spawns all the anger on  
But it wasn't until I put the pain in songs learned who  
to aim it on

That I made a spark, started to spit hard as shit  
Learned how to harness it while the reins were off  
And there was a lot of bizarre shit, but the crazy part  
Was soon as I stopped saying "I gave a fuck"

Haters started to appreciate my art  
And it just breaks my heart to look at all the pain I've  
caused

But what am I gonna do when the rage is gone?  
And the lights go out in that trailer park?  
And the window is closing and there's nowhere else  
that I can go with flows  
And I'm frozen cause there's no more emotion for me  
to pull from

Just a bunch of playful songs that I make for fun  
So to the break of dawn here I go recycling the same,  
old song  
But I'd rather make "Not Afraid 2" than make another  
motherfucking "We Made You", uh  
And I don't wanna' seem indulgent when I discuss my  
lows and my highs

My demise and my uprise, pray to God  
I just opened enough eyes later on  
Gave you the supplies and the tools to hopefully use  
that'll make ya' strong  
Enough to lift yourself up when you feel like I felt  
'Cause I can't explain to y'all how dang exhausted my  
legs felt

Just havin' to balance my dang self  
When on eggshells I was made to walk  
But thank you, ma, 'cause that gave me the  
Strength to cause Shady-mania,  
So when they empty that stadium  
'Least I made it out ta that house and a found a place  
in this world when the day was done  
So this is for every kid who all's they ever did was  
dreamt of one day just getting accepted  
I represent him or her, anyone similar, you are the  
reason that I made this song  
And everything you're scared to say don't be afraid to  
say no more

From this day forward, just let them a-holes talk,  
Take it with a grain of salt and eat their fuckin' faces  
off

The legend of the angry blonde lives on through you  
when I'm gone  
And to think I was a...

*[Hook - Sia:]*

I was a... afraid to make a single sound  
Afraid I would never find a way o-o-out  
Afraid I'd never be found  
I don't wanna go another round  
An angry man's power will shut you up  
Trip wires fill this house with tip toed love  
Run out of excuses for everyone  
So here I am and I will not run  
Guts over fear (the time is near)  
Guts over fear (I shed a tear)  
For all the times I let you push me round  
And let you keep me down  
Now I got, guts over fear, guts over fear

## "Headlights"

(feat. Nate Ruess)

*[Verse 1: Nate Ruess]*

Mom, I know I let you down  
And though you say the days are happy  
Why is the power off, and I'm fucked up?  
And, Mom, I know he's not around  
But don't you place the blame on me  
As you pour yourself another drink, yeah.

*[Hook: Nate Ruess]*

I guess we are who we are  
Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on  
Maybe we took this too far

*[Verse 2: Eminem]*

I went in headfirst  
Never thinking about who what I said hurt, in what  
verse  
My mom probably got it the worst  
The brunt of it, but as stubborn as we are  
Did I take it too far?  
"Cleaning Out My Closet" and all them other songs  
But regardless I don't hate you 'cause, Ma,  
You're still beautiful to me, 'cause you're my mom  
Though far be it from you to be calm, our house was  
Vietnam  
Desert Storm and both of us put together can form an  
atomic bomb equivalent to Chemical warfare  
And forever we can drag this on and on  
But, agree to disagree  
That gift from me up under the Christmas tree don't  
mean shit to me  
You're kicking me out? It's 15 degrees and it's  
Christmas Eve (little prick just leave)  
Ma, let me grab my fucking coat, anything to have  
each other's goats  
Why we always at each other's throats?  
Especially when dad, he fucked us both  
We're in the same fucking boat, you'd think that it'd  
make us close (nope)  
Further away it drove us, but together headlights  
shine, a car full of belongings  
Still got a ways to go, back to grandma's house it's  
straight up the road

And I was the man of the house, the oldest, so my  
shoulders carried the weight of the load  
Then Nate got taken away by the state at eight years  
old,  
And that's when I realized you were sick and it wasn't  
fixable or changeable  
And to this day we remained estranged and I hate it  
though, but

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3: Eminem]*

'Cause to this day we remain estranged and I hate it  
though  
'Cause you ain't even get to witness your grand babies  
grow  
But I'm sorry, Mama, for "Cleaning Out My Closet",  
at the time I was angry  
Rightfully maybe so, never meant that far to take it  
though,  
'cause now I know it's not your fault, and I'm not  
making jokes  
That song I no longer play at shows and I cringe  
every time it's on the radio  
And I think of Nathan being placed in a home  
And all the medicine you fed us  
And how I just wanted you to taste your own,  
But now the medications taken over  
And your mental state's deteriorating slow  
And I'm way too old to cry, the shit is painful though  
But, Ma, I forgive you, so does Nathan, yo  
All you did, all you said, you did your best to raise us  
both  
Foster care, that cross you bear, few may be as heavy  
as yours  
But I love you, Debbie Mathers, oh, what a tangled  
web we have,  
'cause one thing I never asked was  
Where the fuck my deadbeat dad was  
Fuck it, I guess he had trouble keeping up with every  
address  
But I'd have flipped every mattress, every rock and  
desert cactus  
Own a collection of maps and followed my kids to  
the edge of the atlas



Someone ever moved them from me? That you  
coulda bet your asses  
If I had to come down the chimney dressed as Santa,  
kidnap them  
And although one has only met their grandma once  
You pulled up in our drive one night as we were  
leaving to get some hamburgers  
Me, her and Nate, we introduced you, hugged you  
And as you left I had this overwhelming sadness  
come over me  
As we pulled off to go our separate paths,  
And I saw your headlights as I looked back  
And I'm mad I didn't get the chance to thank you for  
being my Mom and my Dad  
So, Mom, please accept this as a tribute I wrote this  
on the jet  
I guess I had to get this off my chest,  
I hope I get the chance to lay it before I'm dead  
The stewardess said to fasten my seatbelt, I guess  
we're crashing  
So if I'm not dreaming, I hope you get this message  
that I'll always love you from afar  
'Cause you're my Ma

### **"Like Toy Soldiers"**

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left  
We all fall down...

#### *[Chorus]*

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left  
We all fall down like toy soldiers  
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win  
But the battle wages on for toy soldiers

#### *[Verse 1]*

I'm supposed to be the soldier who never blows his  
composure  
Even though I hold the weight of the whole world on  
my shoulders  
I ain't never supposed to show it, my crew ain't  
supposed to know it  
Even if it means goin' toe to toe with a Benzino it  
don't matter

#### *[Hook]*

#### *[Verse 4: Nate Ruess]*

I want a new life (start over)  
One without a cause (clean slate)  
So I'm coming home tonight (yeah)  
Well, no matter what the cost  
And if the plane goes down  
Or if the crew can't wake me up  
Well, just know that I'm alright  
I was not afraid to die  
Oh, even if there's songs to sing  
Well, my children will carry me  
Just know that I'm alright  
I was not afraid to die  
Because I put my faith in my little girls  
So I never say, "Goodbye, cruel world."  
Just know that I'm alright  
I am not afraid to die

#### *[Hook]*

I want a new life

I'd never drag them in battles that I can handle unless  
I absolutely have to  
I'm supposed to set an example  
I need to be the leader, my crew looks for me to guide  
'em  
If some shit ever does pop off, I'm supposed to be  
beside 'em  
That Ja shit I tried to squash it, it was too late to stop  
it  
There's a certain line you just don't cross and he  
crossed it  
I heard him say Hailie's name on a song and I just lost  
it  
It was crazy, this shit went way beyond some Jay-z  
and Nas shit  
And even though the battle was won, I feel like we  
lost it  
I spent too much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted  
And I'm so caught in it I almost feel I'm the one who  
caused it

This ain't what I'm in hip-hop for, it's not why I got in  
it  
That was never my object for someone to get killed  
Why would I wanna destroy something I help build  
It wasn't my intentions, my intentions were good  
I went through my whole career without ever  
mentionin'  
And that was just out of respect for not runnin' my  
mouth  
And talkin' about something that I knew nothing  
about  
Plus Dre told me stay out, this just wasn't my beef  
So I did, I just fell back, watched and gritted my teeth  
While he's all over t.v. down talkin' a man who  
literally saved my life  
Like fuck it i understand this is business  
And this shit just isn't none of my business  
But still knowin' this shit could pop off at any minute  
cause

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

There used to be a time when you could just say a  
rhyme  
And wouldn't have to worry about one of your people  
dyin'  
But now it's elevated cause once you put someone's  
kids in it  
The shit gets escalated, it ain't just words no more is  
it?  
It's a different ball game, callin' names and you ain't  
just rappin'  
We actually tried to stop the 50 and Ja beef from  
happenin'  
Me and Dre had sat with him, kicked it and had a chat  
with him  
And asked him not to start it he wasn't gonna go after  
him  
Until Ja started yappin' in magazines how we stabbed  
him  
Fuck it 50 smash 'em, mash 'em and let him have it  
Meanwhile my attention is pullin' in other directions

Some receptionist at The Source who answers phones  
at his desk  
Has an erection for me and thinks that I'll be his  
resurrection  
Tries to blow the dust off his mic and make a new  
record  
But now he's fucked the game up cause one of the  
ways I came up  
Was through that publication the same one that made  
me famous  
Now the owner of it has got a grudge against me for  
nothin'  
Well fuck it, that motherfucker can get it too, fuck  
him then  
But I'm so busy being pissed off I don't stop to think  
That we just inherited 50's beef with Murder Inc.  
And he's inherited mine which is fine ain't like either  
of us mind  
We still have soldiers that's on the front line  
That's willing to die for us as soon as we give the  
orders  
Never to extort us, strictly to show they support us  
We'll maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus  
To show them we love 'em back and let 'em know  
how important it is  
To have Runyan Avenue, soldiers up in our corners  
Their loyalty to us is worth more than any award is  
But I ain't tryna have none of my people hurt and  
murdered  
It ain't worth it, I can't think of a perfecter way to  
word it  
Then to just say that I love ya'll too much to see the  
verdict  
I'll walk away from it all before I let it go any further  
But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coppin'  
I'm just willin' to be the bigger man  
If ya'll can quit poppin' off at the jaws, well then I can  
Cause frankly I'm sick of talkin'  
I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin rest on my  
conscience cause

*[Chorus]*

## "Lose Yourself"

Look, if you had, one shot, or one opportunity  
To seize everything you ever wanted. In one moment  
Would you capture it, or just let it slip?  
Yo

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy  
There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti  
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and  
ready to drop bombs,  
But he keeps on forgetting what he wrote down,  
The whole crowd goes so loud  
He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out  
He's choking how, everybody's joking now  
The clock's run out, time's up, over, blaow!  
Snap back to reality. Oh, there goes gravity  
Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked  
He's so mad, but he won't give up that  
Easy, no

He won't have it, he knows his whole back's to these  
ropes  
It don't matter, he's dope  
He knows that but he's broke  
He's so sad that he knows  
When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when  
it's  
Back to the lab again, yo  
This whole rhapsody  
He better go capture this moment and hope it don't  
pass him

*[Hook:]*

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment  
You own it, you better never let it go (go)  
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to  
blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime (yo)  
You better lose yourself in the music, the moment  
You own it, you better never let it go (go)  
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to  
blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime (yo)  
(You better)

The soul's escaping, through this hole that is gaping

This world is mine for the taking  
Make me king, as we move toward a new world order  
A normal life is boring, but superstardom's close to  
postmortem  
It only grows harder, homie grows hotter  
He blows. It's all over. These hoes is all on him  
Coast to coast shows, he's known as the globetrotter  
Lonely roads, God only knows  
He's grown farther from home, he's no father  
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter  
But hold your nose 'cause here goes the cold water  
His hoes don't want him no more, he's cold product  
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows  
He nose dove and sold nada  
So the soap opera is told and unfolds  
I suppose it's old partner, but the beat goes on  
Da da dum da dum da da da da

*[Hook]*

No more games, I'mma change what you call rage  
Tear this motherfucking roof off like two dogs caged  
I was playing in the beginning, the mood all changed  
I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage  
But I kept rhyming and stepped right into the next  
cypher

Best believe somebody's paying the Pied Piper  
All the pain inside amplified by the  
Fact that I can't get by with my 9 to 5  
And I can't provide the right type of life for my  
family

'Cause man, these goddamn food stamps don't buy  
diapers  
And it's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my  
life

And these times are so hard, and it's getting even  
harder

Trying to feed and water my seed, plus  
Teeter totter caught up between being a father and a  
primadonna

Baby, mama drama's screaming on her  
Too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another day of monotony's gotten  
me

To the point, I'm like a snail

I've got to formulate a plot or I end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only motherfucking option, failure's  
not

Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got to go  
I cannot grow old in Salem's lot  
So here I go it's my shot.

### **"Love The Way You Lie"**

(feat. Rihanna)

*[Intro - Rihanna:]*

Just gonna stand there and watch me burn  
But that's alright because I like the way it hurts  
Just gonna stand there and hear me cry  
But that's alright because I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie

*[Verse - Eminem:]*

I can't tell you what it really is  
I can only tell you what it feels like  
And right now there's a steel knife in my windpipe  
I can't breathe but I still fight while I can fight  
As long as the wrong feels right it's like I'm in flight  
High off her love, drunk from her hate,  
It's like I'm huffing paint and I love her the more I  
suffer, I suffocate  
And right before I'm about to drown, she resuscitates  
me  
She fucking hates me and I love it.  
"Wait! Where you going?"  
"I'm leaving you!"  
"No you ain't. Come back."  
We're running right back.  
Here we go again  
It's so insane cause when it's going good, it's going  
great  
I'm Superman with the wind at his back, she's Lois  
Lane  
But when it's bad it's awful, I feel so ashamed I  
snapped  
Who's that dude?  
"I don't even know his name."  
I laid hands on her, I'll never stoop so low again  
I guess I don't know my own strength

Feet, fail me not

This may be the only opportunity that I got

*[Hook]*

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

*[Chorus - Rihanna:]*

Just gonna stand there and watch me burn  
But that's alright because I like the way it hurts  
Just gonna stand there and hear me cry  
But that's alright because I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie

*[Verse - Eminem:]*

You ever love somebody so much you can barely  
breathe when you're with 'em  
You meet and neither one of you even know what hit  
'em  
Got that warm fuzzy feeling  
Yeah, them chills you used to get 'em  
Now you're getting fucking sick of looking at 'em  
You swore you'd never hit 'em; never do nothing to  
hurt 'em  
Now you're in each other's face spewing venom in  
your words when you spit them  
You push, pull each other's hair, scratch, claw, bit 'em  
Throw 'em down, pin 'em  
So lost in the moments when you're in them  
It's the rage that took over,  
It controls you both  
So they say you're best to go your separate ways  
Guess that they don't know you 'cause today that was  
yesterday  
Yesterday is over, it's a different day  
Sound like broken records playing over but you  
promised her  
Next time you show restraint  
You don't get another chance  
Life is no Nintendo game  
But you lied again  
Now you get to watch her leave out the window  
Guess that's why they call it window pane

*[Chorus - Rihanna:]*

Just gonna stand there and watch me burn  
But that's alright because I like the way it hurts  
Just gonna stand there and hear me cry  
But that's alright because I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie

*[Verse - Eminem:]*

Now I know we said things, did things that we didn't  
mean  
And we fall back into the same patterns, same routine  
But your temper's just as bad as mine is  
You're the same as me  
When it comes to love you're just as blinded  
Baby, please come back  
It wasn't you, baby it was me  
Maybe our relationship isn't as crazy as it seems  
Maybe that's what happens when a tornado meets a  
volcano  
All I know is I love you too much to walk away

### **"Not Afraid"**

*[Chorus:]*

I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)  
To take a stand (to take a stand)  
Everybody (everybody)  
Come take my hand (come take my hand)  
We'll walk this road together, through the storm  
Whatever weather, cold or warm  
Just letting you know that you're not alone  
Holler if you feel like you've been down the same  
road (same road)

*[Intro (during Chorus):]*

Yeah, it's been a ride  
I guess I had to, go to that place, to get to this one  
Now some of you, might still be in that place  
If you're trying to get out, just follow me  
I'll get you there  
  
You can try and read my lyrics off of this paper  
before I lay 'em

though

Come inside, pick up your bags off the sidewalk  
Don't you hear sincerity in my voice when I talk  
Told you this is my fault  
Look me in the eyeball  
Next time I'm pissed, I'll aim my fist at the drywall  
Next time? There won't be no next time!  
I apologize even though I know its lies  
I'm tired of the games I just want her back  
I know I'm a liar  
If she ever tries to fucking leave again  
Im'a tie her to the bed and set this house on fire  
I'm just gonna

*[Outro - Rihanna:]*

Just gonna stand there and watch me burn  
But that's alright because I like the way it hurts  
Just gonna stand there and hear me cry  
But that's alright because I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie  
I love the way you lie

But you won't take the sting out these words before I  
say 'em  
Cause ain't no way I'ma let you stop me from causing  
mayhem  
When I say I'ma do something I do it,  
I don't give a damn what you think,  
I'm doing this for me, so fuck the world  
Feed it beans, it's gassed up, if it thinks it's stopping  
me  
I'ma be what I set out to be, without a doubt  
undoubtedly  
And all those who look down on me I'm tearing down  
your balcony  
No ifs, ands or buts, don't try to ask him why or how  
can he  
From "Infinite" down to the last "Relapse" album  
He's still shitting, whether he's on salary paid hourly  
Until he bows out or he shits his bowels out of him  
Whichever comes first, for better or worse  
He's married to the game, like a fuck you for  
Christmas  
His gift is a curse, forget the Earth, he's got the urge

To pull his dick from the dirt, and fuck the whole  
universe

*[Chorus]*

Okay quit playing with the scissors and shit, and cut  
the crap  
I shouldn't have to rhyme these words in the rhythm  
for you to know it's a rap  
You said you was king, you lied through your teeth,  
for that  
Fuck your fillings, instead of getting crowned you're  
getting capped  
And to the fans, I'll never let you down again, I'm  
back  
I promise to never go back on that promise, in fact  
Let's be honest, that last "Relapse" CD was eh  
Perhaps I ran them accents into the ground  
Relax, I ain't going back to that now  
All I'm trying to say is get back, click-clack, blow  
Cause I ain't playing around  
It's a game called circle and I don't know how, I'm  
way too up to back down  
But I think I'm still trying to figure this crap out  
Thought I had it mapped out but I guess I didn't, this  
fucking black cloud  
Still follows me around but it's time to exorcise these  
demons  
These motherfuckers are doing jumping jacks now!

*[Chorus]*

And I just can't keep living this way

**"Phenomenal"**

*[Hook:]*

I am phenomenal  
With every ounce of my blood  
With every breath in my lungs  
Won't stop until I'm phe-no-menal  
I am phenomenal  
However long that it takes  
I'll go to whatever lengths  
It's gonna make me a monster though

So starting today, I'm breaking out of this cage  
I'm standing up, I'ma face my demons  
I'm manning up, I'ma hold my ground  
I've had enough, now I'm so fed up  
Time to put my life back together right now! (now)

It was my decision to get clean, I did it for me  
Admittedly, I probably did it subliminally  
For you, so I could come back a brand new me you  
helped see me through  
And don't even realize what you did, 'cause believe  
me you  
I been through the ringer, but they could do little to  
the middle finger  
I think I got a tear in my eye, I feel like the king of  
My world, haters can make like bees with no stingers  
And drop dead, no more beefingers  
No more drama from now on, I promise  
To focus solely on handling my responsibilities as a  
father  
So I solemnly swear to always treat this roof, like my  
daughters  
And raise it, you couldn't lift a single shingle on it!  
Cause the way I feel, I'm strong enough to go to the  
club  
Or the corner pub, and lift the whole liquor counter  
up  
Cause I'm raising the bar  
I'd shoot for the moon but I'm too busy gazing at stars  
I feel amazing and I'm...

*[Chorus]*

I am phenomenal  
But I would never say, 'Oh, it's impossible'  
Cause I'm born to be phenomenal  
  
Unstoppable, unpopable thought bubbles  
Untoppable thoughts, fuckin' juggernaut that'll  
Stomp you in the verse, obstacles I'm drawn to 'em  
When the going got rough  
Some of what I done fought through was the worst,  
little sissy  
Who the fuck taught you how to persevere?

There ain't no situation that you ever had to respond  
to that's adverse  
The messiest thing you've ever gone through was  
your purse  
Yeah, I don't try like hell, then I might as well  
Hang it up like a shelf, gotta keep growin' with it,  
evolve  
Cause you can keep throwin' shit at the wall  
But you're gonna find that nothing's gonna stick until  
you apply yourself  
Time to slip in that zone till' I find myself  
Inside the realm of the unknown and boldly go  
Into waters where nobody else has gone before  
Or willing to go, uncharted, feeling is so  
Bomb, I'm feelin' myself, I'm a giant  
Sometimes I gotta remind myself that I am...

I am phenomenal  
With every ounce of my blood  
With every breath in my lungs  
Won't stop until I'm phe-no-menal  
I am phenomenal  
However long that it takes  
I'll go to whatever lengths  
It's gonna make me a monster though  
I am phenomenal

But I would never say, 'Oh, it's impossible'  
Cause I'm born to be phenomenal

Let me self-empower you  
When you're down and they're tryin' to clown the  
fuck out of you  
And you feel like you're runnin' out of fuel  
I'll show you how to use doubt as fuel  
Convert it to gunpowder too  
Now what you do is put the match to the charcoal  
fluid  
Put the spark to it like Martha Stewart barbecuing  
Ah screw it, feel like you want to hit that wall then do  
it  
Punch through it, just cock back, put your all into it  
Now you gon' take that rage and make that what you  
wage  
Never take back what you say  
If you stay strapped in your brain, engaged in a steel

cage match  
Ready to scrap asap  
Take your fists and just ball it  
Show who's big and who's smallest you're  
Christopher Wallace  
Now picture 'em all as plastic and foam  
Lays flat, where you put your dinner plates at  
And set it on 'em like a placemat  
(I am phenomenal)  
And I want you to say that

I am phenomenal  
With every ounce of my blood  
With every breath in my lungs  
Won't stop until I'm phe-no-menal  
I am phenomenal  
However long that it takes  
I'll go to whatever lengths  
It's gonna make me a monster though  
I am phenomenal  
But I would never say, 'Oh, it's impossible'  
Cause I'm born to be phenomenal

Step into the unknown and find yourself  
You're floating freely, no emotion

Got a fuckin' mouth with no shut-off valve  
Can't even cut off power to it, but it's what allowed  
Me to come up out from under the fuckin' ground  
Cause I worked my butt off now  
It's a subject that I don't know how to shut up about  
Cause I stuck it out  
Like a motherfucking tongue that's how, I responded  
when I got shoved around  
You're gonna have non-believers  
But when you're beyond belief, you probably  
shouldn't wonder how  
Get it how you live  
But are you prepared to give more than you get?  
And put in twice what you get back from this shit  
Though what you sacrifice barely is half, never give  
Rap is my shiv  
But it's like my shield at the same time I wield and  
my knife is will  
Sometimes I feel just like B. Real from Cypress Hill

How I can just kill a cypher, survivor's guilt  
I rhyme like life is still an uphill climb  
Ready to face any challenge, waitin'  
Can taste it, it's salivation, I'm wagin' retaliation  
Look what I have built, reputation is validation  
The only thing I'm capable of makin' is amazing  
Only thing you're capable of makin' is a false  
statement  
Or accusation... I am legendary status, in fact  
That is the only way you'll ever be able to say  
Your legend is makin' an allegation  
I write with the left, same hand I hold the mic with  
As I fight to the death, 'til my last breath  
Managed to prove who the best man is  
Prevail at all costs, be the only ones left standing  
In the end, but I ain't gonna be the only one with the

### **"Run Rabbit Run"**

Some days I just wanna up and call it quits  
I feel like I'm surrounded by a wall of bricks  
Every time I go to get up I just fall in pits  
My life's like one great big ball of shit!

If I could just put it all into all I spit  
Instead of always trying swallow it  
Instead of starin' at this wall and shit  
While I sit writer's block, sick of all this shit  
Can't call it shit!

All I know is I'm about to hit the wall  
If I have to see another one of Mom's alcoholic fits  
This is it, last straw  
That's all, that's it  
I ain't dealin' with another fuckin' politic

I'm like a skillet bubblin', until it filters up  
I'm about to kill it, I can feel it buildin' up  
Blow this building up, I've been sealed enough  
My cup runneth over, I done filled it up

The pen explodes and busts, ink spills my guts!  
You think all I do is stand here and feel my nuts  
Well, Imma show you what, You gon' feel my rush  
If you don't feel it, then it must be too real to touch

advantage  
Of knowing what it's like to be southpaw  
Cause you can bet your ass you'll be left handed  
Cause I am

I am phenomenal  
With every ounce of my blood  
With every breath in my lungs  
Won't stop until I'm phe-no-menal  
I am phenomenal  
However long that it takes  
I'll go to whatever lengths  
It's gonna make me a monster though  
I am phenomenal  
But I would never say, 'Oh, it's impossible'  
Cause I'm born to be phenomenal

Build the dutch, I'm about to tear shit up  
Goosebumps, Yeah Imma make your hair sit up,  
Yeah sit up  
Imma tell you who I be, Imma make you hate me,  
Cause you ain't me

You wait, it ain't too late to finally see  
What you close-minded fucks were too blind to see  
Whoever finds me is gonna get a finder's fee  
Out this world, ain't no one out their mind as me

You need peace of mind? Here's a piece of mine  
All I need's a line, but Sometimes I don't always find  
the words to rhyme  
To express how I'm really feeling at that time, Yes  
Sometimes, Sometimes, Sometimes

It's just sometimes it's always me  
How dark can these hallways be  
The clock strikes midnight  
1, 2, then half past 3  
This half-assed rhyme, with this half-assed piece of  
paper

I'm desperate at my desk  
If I could just get the rest of this shit off my chest,



Again

Stuck in this slump, Can't think of nothing  
Fuck, I'm stumped, Oh, Wait, Here comes something,  
nope!

It's not good enough, scribble it out  
New pad, crinkle it up, and throw this shit out  
I'm fizzling out, thought I figured it out  
Ball's in my court but I'm scared to dribble it out

I'm afraid, but why am I afraid? Why am I a slave  
To this Trade ? Cyanide I spit to the grave  
Real enough to rile you up, Want me to flip it? I can  
rip it  
any style you want.

Imma switch hitter bitch Jimmy Smith ain't a quitter  
Imma sit here till I get enough of me to finally hit a  
fucking boiling point  
Put some oil in your joints, Flip the coin, Bitch come  
get destroyed

An MC's worst dream, I make them tensed, they hate  
me

## "Rap God"

*[Intro:]*

Look, I was gonna go easy on you not to hurt your  
feelings

But I'm only going to get this one chance  
(Six minutes, six minutes)

Something's wrong, I can feel it  
(Six minutes, six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)

Just a feeling I've got  
Like something's about to happen

But I don't know what  
If that means, what I think it means, we're in trouble  
Big trouble. And if he is as bananas as you say  
I'm not taking any chances  
You were just what the doctor ordered

*[Chorus:]*

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back

See me and shake like a chain-link fence

By the looks of 'em you would swear that Jaws was  
coming

By the screams of 'em you would swear I'm sawing  
someone

By the way they runnin', you would swear the law  
was coming

It's now or never, and tonight it's all or nothing  
Momma, Jimmy keeps leaving on us, He said he'd be  
back

He pinky promised, I don't think he's honest

I'll be back baby, I just gotta beat this clock  
Fuck this clock! Imma make them Eat this watch  
Don't believe me Watch! Imma win this race  
And Imma come back and rub my shit in your face,  
Bitch!

I found my niche, You gon' hear my voice  
'Til you're SICK of it, you ain't gonna have a choice  
If I gotta scream 'til I have half a lung  
If I have half a chance, I'll grab it, Rabbit Run!

nod

Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap  
box, slap box?

They said I rap like a robot, so call me rap-bot

*[Verse 1:]*

But for me to rap like a computer must be in my  
genes

I got a laptop in my back pocket  
My pen'll go off when I half-cock it

Got a fat knot from that rap profit  
Made a living and a killing off it  
Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office  
With Monica Lewinski feeling on his nutsack  
I'm an MC still as honest

But as rude and as indecent as all hell  
Syllables, skill-a-holic (Kill 'em all with)  
This flippity, dippity-hippity hip-hop  
You don't really wanna get into a pissing match  
With this rappity-rap

Packing a mack in the back of the Ac  
backpack rap, crap, yap-yap, yackety-yack  
and at the exact same time  
I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm  
practicing that  
I'll still be able to break a motherfuckin' table  
Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in  
half  
Only realized it was ironic  
I was signed to Aftermath after the fact  
How could I not blow? All I do is drop "F" bombs  
Feel my wrath of attack  
Rappers are having a rough time period  
Here's a Maxi-Pad  
It's actually disastrously bad  
For the wack while I'm masterfully constructing this  
masterpiece yeah

*[Chorus:]*

'Cause I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back  
nod  
Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap  
box, slap box?  
Let me show you maintaining this shit ain't that hard,  
that hard

*[Verse 2:]*

Everybody want the key and the secret to rap  
Immortality like I have got  
Well, to be truthful the blueprint's  
Simply rage and youthful exuberance  
Everybody loves to root for a nuisance  
Hit the earth like an asteroid  
and did nothing but shoot for the moon since  
(PPEEYOOM)  
MC's get taken to school with this music  
'Cause I use it as a vehicle to 'bus the rhyme'  
Now I lead a New School full of students  
Me? Me, I'm a product of Rakim  
Lakim Shabazz, 2Pac, N-W-A., Cube, hey, Doc, Ren  
Yella, Eazy, thank you, they got Slim  
Inspired enough to one day grow up  
Blow up and being in a position  
To meet Run-D.M.C. and induct them

Into the motherfuckin' Rock n'  
Roll Hall of Fame even though I walk in the church  
And burst in a ball of flames  
Only Hall of Fame I'll be inducted in is the alcohol of  
fame  
On the wall of shame  
You fags think it's all a game  
'Til I walk a flock of flames  
Off a plank and  
Tell me what in the fuck are you thinking?  
Little gay looking boy  
So gay I can barely say it with a 'straight' face looking  
boy  
You're witnessing a mass-occur like you're watching  
a church gathering  
And take place looking boy  
Oy vey, that boy's gay  
That's all they say looking boy  
You get a thumbs up, pat on the back  
And a "way to go" from your label every day looking  
boy  
Hey, looking boy, what d'you say looking boy?  
I get a "hell yeah" from Dre looking boy  
I'mma work for everything I have  
Never asked nobody for shit  
Git out my face looking boy  
Basically boy you're never gonna be capable  
of keeping up with the same pace looking boy, 'cause

*[Chorus:]*

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back  
nod  
The way I'm racing around the track, call me Nascar,  
Nascar  
Dale Earnhardt of the trailer park, the White Trash  
God  
Kneel before General Zod this planet's Krypton, no  
Asgard, Asgard

*[Verse 3:]*

So you'll be Thor and I'll be Odin  
You rodent, I'm omnipotent  
Let off then I'm reloading  
Immediately with these bombs I'm totin'

And I should not be woken  
I'm the walking dead  
But I'm just a talking head, a zombie floating  
But I got your mom deep throating  
I'm out my Ramen Noodle  
We have nothing in common, poodle  
I'm a Doberman, pinch yourself  
In the arm and pay homage, pupil  
It's me  
My honesty's brutal  
But it's honestly futile if I don't utilize  
What I do though for good  
At least once in a while so I wanna make sure  
Somewhere in this chicken scratch I scribble and  
doodle  
Enough rhymes to  
Maybe try to help get some people through tough  
times  
But I gotta keep a few punchlines  
Just in case 'cause even you unsigned  
Rappers are hungry looking at me like it's lunchtime  
I know there was a time where once I  
Was king of the underground  
But I still rap like I'm on my Pharoahe Monch grind  
So I crunch rhymes  
But sometimes when you combine  
Appeal with the skin color of mine  
You get too big and here they come trying to  
Censor you like that one line I said  
On "I'm Back" from the Mathers LP  
One when I tried to say I'll take seven kids from  
Columbine  
Put 'em all in a line  
Add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine  
See if I get away with it now  
That I ain't as big as I was, but I'm  
Morphin' into an immortal coming through the portal  
You're stuck in a time warp from two thousand four  
though  
And I don't know what the fuck that you rhyme for  
You're pointless as Rapunzel  
With fucking cornrows  
You write normal, fuck being normal  
And I just bought a new ray gun from the future  
Just to come and shoot ya

Like when Fabulous made Ray J mad  
'Cause Fab said he looked like a fag  
At Mayweather's pad singin' to a man  
While he play piano  
Man, oh man, that was the 24/7 special  
On the cable channel  
So Ray J went straight to radio station the very next  
day  
"Hey, Fab, I'mma kill you"  
Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)  
Uh, summa lumma dooma lumma you assuming I'm a  
human  
What I gotta do to get it through to you I'm  
superhuman  
Innovative and I'm made of rubber, so that anything  
you say is  
Ricochet in off a me and it'll glue to you  
And I'm devastating more than ever demonstrating  
How to give a motherfuckin' audience a feeling like  
it's levitating  
Never fading, and I know that haters are forever  
waiting  
For the day that they can say I fell off, they'll be  
celebrating  
'Cause I know the way to get 'em motivated  
I make elevating music  
You make elevator music  
"Oh, he's too mainstream."  
Well, that's what they do  
When they get jealous, they confuse it  
"It's not hip hop, it's pop."  
'Cause I found a hell a way to fuse it  
With rock, shock rap with Doc  
Throw on "Lose Yourself" and make 'em lose it  
I don't know how to make songs like that  
I don't know what words to use  
Let me know when it occurs to you  
While I'm ripping any one of these verses that versus  
you  
It's curtains, I'm inadvertently hurtin' you  
How many verses I gotta murder to  
Prove that if you were half as nice,  
your songs you could sacrifice virgins to  
Unghh, school flunky, pill junky  
But look at the accolades these skills brung me

Full of myself, but still hungry  
I bully myself 'cause I make me do what I put my  
mind to  
When I'm a million leagues above you  
Ill when I speak in tongues  
But it's still tongue-and-cheek, fuck you  
I'm drunk so Satan take the fucking wheel  
I'm asleep in the front seat  
Bumping Heavy D and the Boys  
"Still chunky, but funky"  
But in my head there's something  
I can feel tugging and struggling  
Angels fight with devils and  
Here's what they want from me  
They're asking me to eliminate some of the women  
hate  
But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred I

### "Rhyme Or Reason"

*[Verse 1:]*

(What's your name?) Marshall  
(Who's your daddy?) I don't have one  
My mother reproduced like the Komodo Dragon  
And had me on the back of a motorcycle  
Then crashed in the side of locomotive with rap, I'm  
loco  
It's like handing a psycho a loaded handgun  
Michelangelo with a paint gun in a tantrum  
About to explode all over the canvas  
Back with the Yoda of rap in a spasm  
(Your music usually has them)  
(But waned for the game your enthusiasm it hasn't)  
(Follow you must, Rick Rubin my little Padawan)  
A Jedi in training, colossal brain and, thoughts of  
entertaining  
But docile and impossible to explain and, I'm also  
vain and  
Probably find a way to complain about a Picasso  
painting  
Puke Skywalker, but sound like Chewbacca when I  
talk  
Full of such blind rage I need a seeing eye dog  
Can't even find the page, I was writing this rhyme on,  
(oh..)

had  
Then you may be a little patient and more  
sympathetic to the situation  
And understand the discrimination  
But fuck it  
Life's handing you lemons  
Make lemonade then  
But if I can't batter the women  
How the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake  
then?  
Don't mistake him for Satan  
It's a fatal mistake if you think I need to be overseas  
And take a vacation to trip a broad  
And make her fall on her face and  
Don't be a retard, be a king?  
Think not  
Why be a king when you can be a God?

Its on a rampage, couldn't see what I wrote I write  
small  
(It says) Ever since I drove a 79 Lincoln with white  
walls  
Had a fire in my heart, and a dire desire to aspire, to  
DIE HARD  
So as long as I'm on the clock punching this time card  
Hip hop ain't dying on my watch

*[Hook:]*

But sometimes, when I'm sleeping, she comes to me  
in my dreams  
Is she taken? Is she mine? Don't got, I don't care,  
don't have two shits to give  
Let me take you by the hand, to promise land, and  
threaten everyone  
'Cause there's no rhyme or no reason for nothing

*[Bridge:]*

Nah, (What's your name?) Marshall  
(Who's your daddy?) I don't know him, but I wonder  
(Is he rich like me?) Ha ha  
(Has he taken, any time, to show you what you need  
to live?)  
NO

*[Verse 2:]*

If he had, he wouldn't have ended up in these rhymes  
on my pad  
I wouldn't be so mad, my attitude wouldn't be so bad,  
yeah, dad  
I'm the epitome and the prime example of what  
happens  
When the power of the rhyme falls into the wrong  
hands, and  
Makes you want to get up and start dancing  
Even if it is Charles Manson who just happens, to be  
rapping  
Blue lights flashing, laughing all the way to the bank  
Lamping in my K-Mart mansion, I'm in the style  
department  
With a pile in my cart, ripping the aisle apart  
With great power comes absolutely no responsibility,  
for content  
Completely, despondent, and condescending  
The king of nonsense and controversy is on a  
Beat killing spree, your honor, I must plead  
Guilty, 'cause I sparked a revolution  
Rebel without a cause, who caused the evolution of  
rap  
To take it to the next level, boost it  
But several rebuked it, and whoever produced it  
(Hip hop is the devil's music) Is that me? It belongs to  
me?  
'Cause I just happen to be, a white honky devil with  
two horns  
That don't honk but every time I speak you, hear a  
beep?  
But lyrically I never hear a peep, not even a whisper  
Rappers better stay clear of me, bitch  
'Cause it's the...

*[Hook]*

It's the time of the season, when hate runs high  
And this time I won't give it to you easy  
When I take back what's mine, with pleased hands  
And torture everyone, that is my plan, my job here  
isn't done  
'Cause there's no rhyme or no reason for nothing

*[Bridge:]*

(Whats your name?) Shady

(Who's your daddy?) I don't give a fuck, but I  
wonder

(Is he rich like me?) Doubt it, ha  
(Has he taken, any time, to show you what you need  
to live?)

*[Verse 3:]*

So yeah dad let's walk  
Let's have us a father and son talk  
But I bet we wouldn't probably get one block  
Without me knocking your block off  
This is all your fault  
Maybe that's why I'm so bananas  
I appeal to all those walks of life  
Whoever had strife  
Maybe that's what dad and son talks are like  
'Cause I related to the struggles of Young America  
When their fucking parents were unaware of their  
troubles  
Now they're ripping out their fucking hair again  
It's hysterical, I chuckle  
'Cause everybody bloodies their bare knuckles  
Yeah, uh oh, better beware knuckle heads  
The sign on my hustle says "Don't knock"  
The doors broken, it won't lock  
It might just fly open, get cold-cocked  
You critics come pay to me a visit  
Misery loves company, please stay a minute  
Kryptonite to a hypocrite  
Zip your lip if you dish it but can't take it  
Too busy getting stoned in your glass house  
To kick rocks, then you wonder why I lash out  
Mister Mathers as advertised on the flyers  
So spread the word 'cause I'm promoting my passion  
'til I'm passed out  
Completely brain dead Rainman  
Doing the Bankhead in a restraint chair  
So bitch, shoot me a look it better be a blank stare  
Or get shanked in the pancreas, I'm angrier than  
All 8 of the reindeer put together with Chief Keef  
'Cause I hate every fucking thing, yeah  
Even this rhyme bitch, and quit tryna look  
For a fucking reason for it that ain't there  
I still am a CRIMINAL

Ten year old degenerate grabbing on my GENITALS  
The last Mathers LP done went diamond  
This time I'm predicting this one will go EMERALD  
When will the madness end, how can it when

### **"Right For Me"**

I feel phenomenal as usual  
Pharmaceuticals, glue stick to crucify me at Bonnaroo  
But I don't know if I'm in Tennessee, Chicago, or  
Houston  
In the corner trying to seek solitude  
Shallow but such a hollow dude  
I won't even swallow solid food  
Alcoholic too, plus I'm on lean like the Tower of Pisa  
Top it off I'm on mushrooms so fuck all of you  
Roses to violet mollies are blue  
Lost in a ball of confusion  
Its all an illusion  
It's probably the shrooms I'm on  
Cause I think I started hallucinating  
Cause I just thought I just heard Jay Electronica and  
Odd Future's new shit  
And all I can do is follow the music  
And end up with Paula Abdul at Lollapalooza  
Fillin' water balloons with nail polish remover  
Just a problem in wallowing fumes  
I feel uptight I gotta get looser  
After I finish polishing off this bottle of booze I got a  
solution  
Concentrated like orange juice so I'm not as diluted  
Cause all this delusion got me seein' shit  
Excusez-moi but that coochie that passed  
You see her ass? Wouldn't make her my main  
squeeze  
But juicier ass, it belongs in a juicer  
It's mouth waterin' too so I walked up to it like I'm  
Marshall  
Wanna try to meet my standards? I'll introduce ya  
Oh I'm a misogynist too but I'm not a masseuse  
But my attitude is rubbin' off on the youth  
A chronic abuser, not only user of marijuana  
I mean verbal assault that I use to smoke all of you  
losers  
Got a bazooka, a shotgun, a ruger, a Glock, and a

There's no method the pad and pen  
The only message that I have to send  
Is "Dad, I'm back at it again."  
Bitch (who's your daddy?)

nuke

And a Rottweiler too, I'm not in the mood so  
When I say I'm bringing the TEC out  
I'm not coming to repair your fuckin' electronic  
computers  
God, I'm gonna puke  
I'm so gone off the hookah  
I think I swallowed a loafah  
I'm tore up, demolished, a fuckin' stone like Oliver  
Like I looked Medusa in the eyeball to seduce her  
The thoughts I produce are loony tunes  
The box of usable latex gloves and the socks and the  
shoes  
To replace next up Veronica's boobs  
And a paychecks that were stuffed in a glove box  
In a blue Honda with used condoms were clues  
The girl was just not the one suitable for him

*[Hook:]*

Right For Me will change me rearrange my head to  
be  
Just right for you and me don't laugh, please listen  
Don't laugh, please listen

Thought I could endure the pressure  
Collapse and crumble perhaps  
Relapsing under that  
Well that's a bunch of crap  
In the clutch, I'm the Captain Crunch of rap  
And I'm sick of acting humble that's enough of that  
Fuck that shit, cut the sack  
Like its a natural reaction  
That's why I'm actually trapped in this shoving match  
Cause push keeps coming to that  
I can keep getting my ass kicked, keep it coming back  
Like a sarcastic crumpled sack of shit so mad  
Disgruntled had some struggles yeah  
But that passionate hunger's back  
The fantastic juggling act

And the way I flip my tongue on the track  
It's like verbal acrobatics  
But in fact  
Last time I tried to pull off a dramatic stunt as drastic  
I fuckin' crashed my hovercraft  
After I strapped the duffel bag to my back  
And stuck the massive punchin' bag in it  
An elastic bungee strap, proper plaster, a thumb tack  
And a piece of plastic bubble wrap  
Went spastic and fuckin' snapped  
Jumped and splashed in a puddle of battery acid  
Stumbled back, recovered, back flipped  
And landed on a gymnastic tumble mat  
And for my last trick, lunge on back lash  
On a NASA shuttle flap, fuckin' snapped the rudder  
in half  
Chuckled and laughed, buttaled my last rebuttal  
And just asked him to come crash  
And I go grab my go-go-gadget inflatable gigantic  
humongous mattress  
And ceramic construction hat  
Rubbed my magic mushroom tat  
Fell off then splat, get up from that  
Face taped to a waste paper basket  
Throw up then gas, lungs collapse  
And that's more likely than finding someone that's

*[Hook]*

Couple of shots of Jäger  
Public intoxication, dis-fuckin'-combobulation  
Flooded with thoughts of anger  
While I was away I know probably some of you got  
to thinkin'  
"You're top ten ain't cha?" stop cause you fuckers are  
talkin' crazy  
And stop interrupting you're not even up in the  
conversation  
Whether you're punchin' a clock or famous

### **"Sing For The Moment"**

*[Verse 1]*

These ideas are nightmares to white parents  
Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who

Underground, pop, or nameless, whatever your job is  
I came to fuck with your occupation  
You're thinkin' just cause you came in with scrubs  
And you brought the scalpel and sponge  
The oxygen tank and the suction and shot the brain  
surgeon  
Stuck in the operating room  
Once you done, swapped your name with him  
Smuggled in Ronald Reagan  
If you duck him up Donald Fagen  
While juggling waffles baking  
Fuckin' McDonalds egg and cheese sausage bagel  
finagle  
They flung it across the table  
Then bump it and knock it shake it  
Jumped and got in the way then disrupted my  
concentration  
I said fuck it and lost my patience  
Since they all woke up from sedation  
Ain't none of you Doctor Dre  
So then what does it got you thinkin'  
That you can fuck with this operation  
Aftermath, still running hip-hop amazing  
I'm still pluggin' along  
No need for an assumption  
Here's confirmation  
I'm up for the long duration  
I'm just looking for something to walk away with  
Some pocket change and a little integrity  
Though I'll probably be jumpin' across the stage  
Till I'm fuckin' Madonna's age and  
Stuck in an awkward place in my life  
But I shit you not like I'm fucked up with  
constipation  
That day will come before I stumble upon some  
ladies

*[Hook]*

likes earrings  
Like whatever they say has no bearing, it's so scary in  
a house that allows no swearing  
To see him walking around with his headphones  
blaring

Alone in his own zone, cold and he don't care  
He's a problem child  
What bothers him all comes out, when he talks about  
His fuckin' dad walkin' out  
'Cause he just hates him so bad that he blocks him out  
If he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out  
His thoughts are whacked, he's mad so he's talkin'  
back  
Talkin' black, brainwashed from rock and rap  
He sags his pants, do-rags and a stocking cap  
His step-father hit him, so he socked him back, and  
broke his nose  
His house is a broken home, there's no control, he just  
let's his emotions go...

*[Chorus]*

(C'mon), sing with me, (sing), sing for the years  
(Sing it), sing for the laughter, sing for the tears,  
(c'mon)  
Sing it with me, just for today, maybe tomorrow the  
good Lord'll take you away...

*[Verse 2]*

Entertainment is changin', intertwinin' with gangsters  
In the land of the killers, a sinner's mind is a sanctum  
Holy or unholy, only have one homie  
Only this gun, lonely 'cause don't anyone know me  
Yet everybody just feels like they can relate, I guess  
words are a motherfucker they can be great  
Or they can degrade, or even worse they can teach  
hate  
It's like these kids hang on every single statement we  
make  
Like they worship us, plus all the stores ship us  
platinum  
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen  
From standin' on corners and porches just rappin'  
To havin' a fortune, no more kissin' ass  
But then these critics crucify you, journalists try to  
burn you  
Fans turn on you, attorneys all want a turn at you  
To get they hands on every dime you have, they want  
you to lose your mind every time you mad  
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose  
cannon

Any dispute won't hesitate to produce handguns  
That's why these prosecutors wanna convict me,  
strictly just to get me off of these streets quickly  
But all they kids be listenin' to me religiously, so I'm  
signin' CDs while police fingerprint me  
They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is  
against me  
If I'm such a fuckin' menace, this shit doesn't make  
sense Pete  
It's all political, if my music is literal, and I'm a  
criminal how the fuck can I raise a little girl  
I couldn't, I wouldn't be fit to, you're full of shit too,  
Guerrera, that was a fist that hit you...

*[CHORUS]*

*[Verse 3]*

They say music can alter moods and talk to you  
Well can it load a gun up for you , and cock it too  
Well if it can, then the next time you assault a dude  
Just tell the judge it was my fault and I'll get sued  
See what these kids do is hear about us totin' pistols  
And they want to get one 'cause they think the shit's  
cool  
Not knowin' we really just protectin' ourselves, we  
entertainers  
Of course the shit's affectin' our sales, you ignoramus  
But music is reflection of self, we just explain it, and  
then we get our checks in the mail  
It's fucked up ain't it  
How we can come from practically nothing to being  
able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted  
That's why we sing for these kids, who don't have a  
thing  
Except for a dream, and a fuckin' rap magazine  
Who post pin-up pictures on their walls all day long  
Idolize they favorite rappers and know all they songs  
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in their  
lives  
Till they sit and they cry at night wishin' they'd die  
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit, and they  
vibe  
We're nothin' to you but we're the fuckin' shit in they  
eyes  
That's why we seize the moment try to freeze it and



own it, squeeze it and hold it  
'Cause we consider these minutes golden  
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone  
Just let our spirits live on, through our lyrics that you

### **"Space Bound"**

*[Verse 1:]*

We touch I feel a rush  
We clutch it isn't much  
But it's enough to make me wonder what's in store for  
us

It's lust, it's torturous  
You must be a sorceress 'cause you just  
Did the impossible  
Gained my trust don't play games it'll be dangerous  
If you fuck me over  
'Cause if I get burnt I'ma show you what it's like to  
hurt

'Cause I've been treated like dirt before you  
And love is "evol"  
Spell it backwards I'll show you

Nobody knows me I'm cold  
Walk down this road all alone  
It's no one's fault but my own  
It's the path I've chosen to go  
Frozen as snow I show no emotion whatsoever so  
Don't ask me why I have no love for these  
motherfucking ho's  
Bloodsucking succubuses, what the fuck is up with  
this?  
I've tried in this department but I ain't had no luck  
with this  
It sucks but it's exactly what I thought it would be  
Like trying to start over  
I got a hole in my heart, but some kind of emotional  
roller coaster  
Something I won't go on 'til you toy with my  
emotions, so it's over  
It's like an explosion every time I hold you, I wasn't  
joking when I told you  
You take my breath away  
You're a supernova... and I'm a

hear in our songs and we can...

*[CHORUS X2]*

*[Chorus:]*

I'm a space bound rocket ship and your heart's the  
moon  
And I'm aiming right at you  
Right at you  
Two hundred fifty thousand miles on a clear night in  
June  
And I'm aiming right at you  
Right at you  
Right at you

*[Verse 2:]*

I'll do whatever it takes  
When I'm with you I get the shakes  
My body aches when I ain't  
With you I have zero strength  
There's no limit on how far I would go  
No boundaries, no lengths  
Why do we say that until we get that person that we  
think's  
Gonna be that one and then once we get 'em it's never  
the same?  
You want them when they don't want you  
Soon as they do feelings change  
It's not a contest and I ain't on no conquest for no  
mate  
I wasn't looking when I stumbled onto you must've  
been fate  
But so much is at stake what the fuck does it take  
Let's cut to the chase  
'Fore a door shuts in your face  
Promise me if I cave in and break and leave myself  
open  
That I won't be making a mistake  
Cause I'm a...

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3:]*

So after a year and six months, it's no longer me that

you want  
But I love you so much it hurts  
Never mistreated you once  
I poured my heart out to you  
Let down my guard swear to God  
I'll blow my brains in your lap  
Lay here and die in your arms  
Drop to my knees and I'm pleading  
I'm trying to stop you from leaving  
You won't even listen so fuck it  
I'm trying to stop you from breathing  
I put both hands on your throat  
I sit on top of you squeezing  
'Til I snap your neck like a Popsicle stick  
Ain't no possible reason I could think of to let you  
walk up out this house  
And let you live  
Tears stream down both of my cheeks  
Then I let you go and just give  
And before I put that gun to my temple  
I told you this

### "Stan"

(feat. Dido)

*[Chorus x2 - Dido:]*

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I got out of  
bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't  
see at all  
And even if I could it'll all be gray, but your picture  
on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

*[1st Chorus: volume gradually grows over raindrop  
background]*

*[2nd Chorus: full volume with beat right after  
"thunder" noise]*

*[Eminem as 'Stan':]*

Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't calling  
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the  
bottom  
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got  
'em

*[Gunshot]*

And I would have did anything for you  
To show you how much I adored you  
But it's over now  
It's too late to save our love  
Just promise me you'll think of me every time you  
look up in the sky and see a star 'cause I'm a...

*[Chorus:]*

I'm a space bound rocket ship and your heart's the  
moon  
And I'm aiming right at you  
Right at you  
Two hundred fifty thousand miles on a clear night in  
June  
And I'm so lost without you  
Without you  
Without you

There probably was a problem at the post office or  
something  
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot  
'em  
but anyways; fuck it, what's been up? Man how's  
your daughter?  
My girlfriend's pregnant, too, I'm bout to be a father  
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?  
I'ma name her Bonnie  
I read about your Uncle Ronnie, too, I'm sorry  
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't  
want him  
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your  
biggest fan  
I even got the underground shit that you did with  
Skam  
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures  
man  
I like the shit you did with Rawkus, too, that shit was  
phat  
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,  
just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan  
This is Stan

*[Chorus - Dido:]*

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I got out of  
bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't  
see at all  
And even if I could it'll all be gray, but your picture  
on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

*[Eminem as 'Stan':]*

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you  
have a chance  
I ain't mad - I just think it's FUCKED UP you don't  
answer fans  
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert  
you didn't have to, but you coulda signed an  
autograph for Matthew  
That's my little brother man, he's only six years old  
We waited in the blistering cold for you,  
four hours and you just said, "No."  
That's pretty shitty man - you're like his fucking idol  
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more  
than I do  
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like being lied to  
Remember when we met in Denver - you said if I'd  
write you  
you would write back - see I'm just like you in a way  
I never knew my father neither;  
he used to always cheat on my mom and beat her  
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs  
so when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em  
on  
'Cause I don't really got shit else so that shit helps  
when I'm depressed  
I even got a tattoo with your name across the chest  
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it  
bleeds  
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for  
me  
See everything you say is real, and I respect you  
'cause you tell it  
My girlfriend's jealous 'cause I talk about you 24/7  
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one  
does

She don't know what it was like for people like us  
growing up  
You gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll  
ever lose  
Sincerely yours, Stan  
-- P.S.  
We should be together, too

*[Chorus - Dido:]*

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I got out of  
bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't  
see at all  
And even if I could it'll all be gray, but your picture  
on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

*[Eminem as 'Stan':]*

Dear Mister I'm-Too-Good-To-Call-Or-Write-My-  
Fans,  
this'll be the last package I ever send your ass  
It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve  
it?  
I know you got my last two letters;  
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect  
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you  
hear it  
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway  
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to  
drive?  
You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air  
Tonight"  
about that guy who coulda saved that other guy from  
drowning  
but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he  
found him?  
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from  
drowning  
Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm  
drowsy  
and all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call  
I hope you know I ripped all of your pictures off the  
wall  
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about  
it

You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you  
dream about it  
And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you  
SCREAM about it  
I hope your conscience EATS AT YOU and you can't  
BREATHE without me  
See Slim; [*\*screaming\**] Shut up bitch! I'm trying to  
talk!  
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screaming in the trunk,  
But I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't  
like you  
'Cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then  
she'll die, too  
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now  
Oh shit, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this shit  
out?  
*[car tires squeal] [CRASH]*  
*.. [brief silence] .. [LOUD splash]*

*[Chorus - Dido:]*  
My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I got out of  
bed at all  
The morning rain clouds up my window and I can't  
see at all  
And even if I could it'll all be gray, but your picture  
on my wall  
It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad

*[Eminem:]*  
Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I've just  
been busy  
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far  
along is she?  
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your  
daughter that

**"Survival"**  
(feat. Liz Rodrigues)

Yeah.

*[Hook: Liz Rodrigues]*  
This is survival of the fittest  
This is do or die  
This is the winner takes it all

and here's an autograph for your brother,  
I wrote it on the Starter cap  
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed  
you  
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you  
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut  
your wrists, too?  
I say that shit just clowning dogg,  
c'mon - how fucked up is you?  
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some  
counseling  
to help your ass from bouncing off the walls when  
you get down some  
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?  
That type of shit'll make me not want us to meet each  
other  
I really think you and your girlfriend need each other  
or maybe you just need to treat her better  
I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches  
you in time  
before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doing  
just fine  
if you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan  
why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do  
want you as a fan  
I just don't want you to do some crazy shit  
I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago  
that made me sick  
Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge  
and had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was  
pregnant with his kid  
and in the car they found a tape, but they didn't say  
who it was to  
Come to think about it, his name was... it was you  
Damn!

So take it all

*[Verse 1:]*  
Wasn't ready to be no millionaire, I was ill-prepared  
I was prepared to be ill though, the skill was there  
From the beginning, it wasn't 'bout the ends  
It was 'bout busting raps and standing for something,  
fucking acronym

Cut the fucking act like you're happy, I'm fucking  
back again  
With another anthem, why stop when it doesn't have  
to end?  
It ain't over 'til I say it's over – enough when I say  
enough  
Throw me to them wolves and close the gate up  
I'm afraid of what'll happen to them wolves  
When the thought of being thrown into an alligator  
pit, I salivate at it  
Wait is up, hands up like it's 12 noon, nah, homie  
Hold them bitches straighter up, wave 'em 'til you  
dislocate a rotator cuff  
Came up rough, came to ruffle feathers, nah, egos  
I ain't deflate enough, last chance to make this whole  
stadium erupt cause

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 2:]*

I can see the finish line with each line that I finish  
I'm so close to my goals I can almost pole vault over  
the goal post  
And if I don't got enough in the tank, maybe I can just  
siphon enough  
To fill up this last can, man will I survive in this  
climate or what?  
They said I was washed up, and got a blood bath  
I'm not a rapper, I'm an adapter, I can adjust  
Plus I can just walk up to a mic and just bust  
So floor's open if you'd like to discuss  
Top 5 in this motherfucker and if I don't make the cut  
What, like I give a fuck, I will light this bitch up like  
I'm driving a truck  
To the side of a pump, 0 to 60 hop in and gun it  
Like G-Unit without the hyphen, I'm hyping 'em up  
And if there should ever come a time where my life's  
in a rut  
And I look like I might just give up, eh might've  
mistook  
Me for bowing out I ain't taking a bow, I'm stabbing  
myself  
With a fucking knife in the gut, while I'm wiping my  
butt!  
Cause I just shitted on the mic, and I like getting cut

I get excited at the sight of my blood, you're in a fight  
with a nut  
Cause I'm a fight 'til I die or win  
Biting the dust it'll just make me angrier, wait  
Let me remind you of what got me this far, picture  
me quitting  
Now draw a circle around it and put a line through it,  
slut  
It's survival of what?

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3:]*

So get your ideas, stack your ammo  
But don't come unless you come to battle, I'm mad  
now jump in the saddle  
This is it, it's what you eat, sleep, piss and shit  
Live, breathe, your whole existence just consists of  
this  
Refuse to quit, fuse is lit, can't diffuse the wick  
I don't do this music shit, I lose my shit  
Ain't got shit to lose, it's the moment of truth  
It's all I know how to do, as soon as I get thrown in  
the booth, I spit  
But my respect is overdue, I'm showing you the flow  
no one do  
Cause I don't own no diploma for school, I quit!  
So there's nothing for me to fall back on, I know no  
other trade  
So you better trade your fucking mics in for some  
tool-box-es  
Cause you'll never take my pride from me  
It'll have to be pried from me, so pull out your pliers  
and your screwdrivers!  
But I want you to doubt me, I don't want you to  
believe  
Cause this is something that I must use to succeed  
And if you don't like me then fuck you!  
Self esteem must be fucking shooting through-the-  
roof cause trust me  
My skin is too thick and bullet proof to touch me  
I can see why the fuck I disgust you  
I must be allergic to failure cause every time I come  
close to it  
I just sneeze, but I just go achoo then achieve!

*[Hook]*

**"Beautiful Pain"**

(feat. Sia)

*[Intro:]*

I can feel the heat rising, everything is on fire  
Today is a painful reminder of why  
We can only get brighter  
The further you put it behind ya  
But right now I'm on the inside  
(Lookin' out, cause)

*[Hook - Sia:]*

I'm standin' in the flames  
It's a beautiful kind of pain  
Settin' fire to yesterday  
Find the light, find the light, find the light

*[Verse 1:]*

Yesterday was the tornado warning  
Today's like the morning after  
Your world is torn in half  
You wake in it's wake to start the mourning process  
And rebuilding, you're still a work in progress  
Today's a whole new chapter  
It's like an enormous asth-ma  
Thunderstorm has passed ya  
You weathered it and poked it's eye out  
With the thorn bush that you  
Used to smell the roses  
Stopped to inhale, can't even tell your nose is, stuffed  
So focused on the bright side  
Then you floor the gas pedal  
And hit the corner fast the more asserted  
Never looking back  
May hit the curb  
But every day is a new learning curve as you  
Steer through life, sometimes you might not wanna  
swerve  
But you have to  
To avert a disaster  
Lucky no permanent damage  
Cause they hurt you so bad  
It's like they murdered your ass

And threw dirt on your casket but you've returned  
from the ashes  
And that hurt that you have, you just converted to  
gasoline  
And while you're burning the past, standing in the  
inferno and chant

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 2:]*

You're so familiarized with what having to swallow  
this pill is like  
It happens all the time, they take your heart and steal  
your life  
And it's as though you feel you've died  
Cause you've been killed inside  
But yet you're still alive  
Which means you will survive  
Although today you may weep cause you're  
weakened  
And everything seems so bleak and hopeless  
The light that you're seekin'  
It begins to seep in  
That's the only thing keepin'  
You from leapin' off the mothafreakin' deep end  
And I'm pullin' for you to push through this feeling  
And with a little time that should do the healing  
And by tomorrow  
You may even feel so good that you're willing to  
forgive 'em even after  
All the shit you been put through this feeling of  
resilience is building  
And the flames are burning quick as fire would  
through this building  
You're sealed in but you're fireproof, flame retardant,  
you withstood it  
And as you climb up to the roof, you're just chillin'  
you look down  
Cause you're so over 'em  
You could put the heel of your foot through the  
ceiling

*[Bridge:]*

As time passes  
Things change every day  
But wounds, wounds heal, but scars still remain the  
same  
But tomorrow today's going down in flames  
Throw the match, set the past ablaze

*[Verse 3:]*

So feel the fire beneath your feet as you barely even  
perspire  
From the heat  
Exhale deep and breathe a sigh of relief  
And as you say goodbye to the grief

### **"The Monster"**

(feat. Rihanna)

*[Hook - Rihanna:]*

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed  
Get along with the voices inside of my head  
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

*[Verse 1 - Eminem:]*

I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek  
Oh, well, guess beggars can't be choosy  
Wanted to receive attention for my music  
Wanted to be left alone in public. Excuse me  
For wanting my cake and eat it too, and wanting it  
both ways  
Fame made me a balloon 'cause my ego inflated  
When I blew; see, but it was confusing  
'Cause all I wanted to do is be the Bruce Lee of loose  
leaf  
Abused ink, used it as a tool when I blew steam  
(wooh!)  
Hit the lottery, oh wee  
But with what I gave up to get it was bittersweet  
It was like winning a used mink  
Ironic 'cause I think I'm getting so huge I need a  
shrink  
I'm beginning to lose sleep: one sheep, two sheep  
Going cuckoo and cooky as Kool Keith  
But I'm actually weirder than you think

It's like watching the walls melt in your prison cell  
But you've extinguished this living hell  
Still a little piece of you dies as you scream

*[Hook]*

*[Bridge - Sia:]*

I feel the burn, watch the smoke as I turn  
Rising, a phoenix from the flames  
I have learned, from fighting fights, that weren't mine  
Not with fists, but with wings that I will fly

*[Hook]*

'Cause I'm

*[Hook - Rihanna:]*

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed  
Get along with the voices inside of my head  
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothing  
Well, that's nothing

*[Verse 2 - Eminem:]*

Now, I ain't much of a poet but I know somebody  
once told me  
To seize the moment and don't squander it  
'Cause you never know when it all could be over  
tomorrow  
So I keep conjuring, sometimes I wonder where these  
thoughts spawn from  
(Yeah, pondering'll do you wonders.  
No wonder you're losing your mind the way it  
wanders.)  
Yoda-loda-le-hee-hoo  
I think it went wandering off down yonder  
And stumbled on 'ta Jeff VanVonderen  
'Cause I need an interventionist  
To intervene between me and this monster  
And save me from myself and all this conflict  
'Cause the very thing that I love's killing me and I  
can't conquer it

My OCD's conking me in the head  
Keep knocking, nobody's home, I'm sleepwalking  
I'm just relaying what the voice in my head's saying  
Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the

*[Hook - Rihanna:]*

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed  
Get along with the voices inside of my head  
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy

Well, that's nothing  
Well, that's nothing

*[Verse 3 - Eminem:]*

Call me crazy but I have this vision  
One day that I'd walk amongst you a regular civilian  
But until then drums get killed and I'm coming  
straight at  
MC's, blood get spilled and I'll  
Take you back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track  
Give every kid who got played that  
Pumped up feeling and shit to say back

### **"The Real Slim Shady"**

*[Eminem]*

May I have your attention please?  
May I have your attention please?  
Will the real Slim Shady please stand up?  
I repeat, will the real Slim Shady please stand up?  
We're gonna have a problem here..

Y'all act like you never seen a white person before  
Jaws all on the floor like Pam and Tommy just burst  
in the door

And started whooping her ass worse than before  
They first were divorced, throwing her over furniture  
(Ah!)

It's the return of the... "Ah, wait, no way, you're  
kidding,

He didn't just say what I think he did, did he?"

And Dr. Dre said... nothing, you idiots!

Dr. Dre's dead, he's locked in my basement! (Ha-ha!)  
Feminist women love Eminem

To the kids who played him  
I ain't here to save the fucking children  
But if one kid out of a hundred million  
Who are going through a struggle feels it and then  
relates that's great

It's payback, Russell Wilson falling way back  
In the draft, turn nothing into something, still can  
make that  
Straw into gold chump, I will spin Rumpelstiltskin in  
a haystack

Maybe I need a straightjacket, face facts  
I am nuts for real, but I'm okay with that  
It's nothing, I'm still friends with the

*[Hook - Rihanna:]*

I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed  
Get along with the voices inside of my head  
You're trying to save me, stop holding your breath  
And you think I'm crazy, yeah, you think I'm crazy  
*[2x]*

Well, that's nothing  
Well, that's nothing

*[\*vocal turntable: chigga chigga chigga\*]*

"Slim Shady, I'm sick of him  
Look at him, walking around grabbing his you-know-  
what  
Flipping the you-know-who." "Yeah, but he's so cute  
though!"

Yeah, I probably got a couple of screws up in my  
head loose

But no worse, than what's going on in your parents'  
bedrooms  
Sometimes, I wanna get on TV and just let loose, but  
can't

But it's cool for Tom Green to hump a dead moose  
"My bum is on your lips, my bum is on your lips"  
And if I'm lucky, you might just give it a little kiss  
And that's the message that we deliver to little kids  
And expect them not to know what a woman's clitoris  
is

Of course they gonna know what intercourse is  
By the time they hit fourth grade



They got the Discovery Channel, don't they?  
"We ain't nothing but mammals.." Well, some of us  
cannibals

Who cut other people open like cantaloupes *[SLURP]*

But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes  
Then there's no reason that a man and another man  
can't elope

*[\*EWWW!\**] But if you feel like I feel, I got the  
antidote

Women wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus and it  
goes

*[Chorus – Eminem (repeat 2x):]*

'Cause I'm Slim Shady, yes I'm the real Shady  
All you other Slim Shadys are just imitating  
So won't the real Slim Shady please stand up,  
Please stand up, please stand up?

*[Eminem]*

Will Smith don't gotta cuss in his raps to sell records;

Well I do, so fuck him and fuck you too!

You think I give a damn about a Grammy?

Half of you critics can't even stomach me, let alone  
stand me

"But Slim, what if you win, wouldn't it be weird?"

Why? So you guys could just lie to get me here?

So you can, sit me here next to Britney Spears?

Yo Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs

So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst

And hear 'em argue over who she gave head to first

Little bitch, put me on blast on MTV

"Yeah, he's cute, but I think he's married to Kim, hee-  
hee!"

I should download her audio on MP3

And show the whole world how you gave Eminem

VD *[AHHH!]*

I'm sick of you little girl and boy groups, all you do is  
annoy me

So I have been sent here to destroy you *[bzzzt]*

And there's a million of us just like me

Who cuss like me; who just don't give a fuck like me

Who dress like me; walk, talk and act like me

It just might be the next best thing but not quite me!

*[Chorus]*

*[Eminem]*

I'm like a head trip to listen to, cause I'm only giving  
you

Things you joke about with your friends inside your  
living room

The only difference is I got the balls to say it

In front of y'all and I don't gotta be false or  
sugarcoated at all

I just get on the mic and spit it

And whether you like to admit it *[\*ERR\*]* I just shit  
it

Better than ninety percent of you rappers out can

Then you wonder how can kids eat up these albums  
like Valiums

It's funny; 'cause at the rate I'm going when I'm thirty

I'll be the only person in the nursing home flirting

Pinching nurses asses when I'm jacking off with

Jergens

And I'm jerking but this whole bag of Viagra isn't  
working

And every single person is a Slim Shady lurking

He could be working at Burger King, spitting on your  
onion rings

*[\*HACH\*]* Or in the parking lot, circling

Screaming "I don't give a fuck!"

With his windows down and his system up

So, will the real Shady please stand up?

And put one of those fingers on each hand up?

And be proud to be outta your mind and outta control

And one more time, loud as you can, how does it go?

*[Chorus 4X]*

*[Eminem]*

Ha ha

Guess there's a Slim Shady in all of us

Fuck it, let's all stand up

## "The Way I Am"

Whatever...

Dre, just let it run

Aiyyo turn the beat up a little bit

Aiyyo... this song is for anyone... fuck it

Just shut up and listen, aiyyo...

I sit back with this pack of Zig Zags and this bag

Of this weed it gives me the shit needed to be

The most meanest MC on this - on this Earth

And since birth I've been cursed with this curse to  
just curse

And just blurt this berserk and bizarre shit that works

And it sells and it helps in itself to relieve

All this tension dispensing these sentences

Getting this stress that's been eating me recently off  
of this chest

And I rest again peacefully (peacefully)...

But at least have the decency in you

To leave me alone, when you freaks see me out

In the streets when I'm eating or feeding my daughter

Do not come and speak to me (speak to me)...

I don't know you and no,

I don't owe you a motherfucking thing

I'm not Mr. N'Sync, I'm not what your friends think

I'm not Mr. Friendly, I can be a prick

If you tick me my tank is on empty (is on empty)...

No patience is in me and if you offend me

I'm lifting you 10 feet (lifting you 10 feet)... in the air

I don't care who was there and who saw me destroy  
you

Go call you a lawyer, file you a lawsuit

I'll smile in the courtroom and buy you a wardrobe

I'm tired of all you (of all you)...

I don't mean to be mean, but that's all I can be is just  
me

[Chorus:]

And I am, whatever you say I am

If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?

In the paper, the news everyday I am

Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am

If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?

In the paper, the news everyday I am

I don't know, it's just the way I am

Sometimes I just feel like my father,

I hate to be bothered

With all of this nonsense it's constant

And, "Oh, it's his lyrical content -  
- the song 'Guilty Conscience' has gotten such rotten  
responses"

And all of this controversy circles me

And it seems like the media immediately

Points a finger at me (finger at me)...

So I point one back at 'em, but not the index or pinkie

Or the ring or the thumb, it's the one you put up

When you don't give a fuck, when you won't just put  
up

With the bullshit they pull, 'cause they full of shit too

When a dude's getting bullied and shoots up his  
school

And they blame it on Marilyn (on Marilyn)... and the  
heroin

Where were the parents at? And look where it's at

Middle America, now it's a tragedy

Now it's so sad to see, an upper class city

Having this happening (this happening)...

Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way (rap this  
way)...

But I'm glad 'cause they feed me the fuel that I need  
for the fire

To burn and it's burning and I have returned

[Chorus:]

And I am, whatever you say I am

If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?

In the paper, the news everyday I am

Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am

If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?

In the paper, the news everyday I am

I don't know it's just the way I am

I'm so sick and tired of being admired

That I wish that I would just die or get fired

And dropped from my label, let's stop with the fables

I'm not gonna be able to top on "My Name is... "

And pigeon-holed into some pop-py sensation

That got me rotation at rock'n'roll stations  
And I just do not got the patience (got the patience)...  
To deal with these cocky Caucasians who think  
I'm some wigger who just tries to be black 'cause I  
talk  
With an accent, and grab on my balls, so they always  
keep asking  
The same fucking questions (fucking questions)...  
What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in  
The why, the who what when, the where, and the how  
'Til I'm grabbing my hair and I'm tearing it out  
'Cause they driving me crazy (driving me crazy)... I  
can't take it  
I'm racing, I'm pacing, I stand and I sit  
And I'm thankful for every fan that I get

### **"Twisted"**

(feat. Eminem & Yelawolf)

*[Verse 1 - Skylar Grey:]*

You sit there stone-faced, as if I'm not here  
Can't you see that I've been crying?  
I didn't know you'd be insane  
Dreams can be so deceiving  
You're an itch I can't reach  
A wound that won't heal  
The smell of skin that's burning  
I didn't know you'd be insane  
But it's true, and just say all I am to you is a

*[Pre-Hook - Eminem:]*

Pain in my neck, thorn in my side  
Stain on my blade, blood on my knife  
Been dreaming of her, all of my life  
But she won't come true, she's just my nightmare I  
woke up to

*[Hook - Skylar Grey:]*

She's twisted, he's a rebel, she's sick, he's hard to  
handle  
The worst of all is he just don't care  
She's twisted like a rope, that is wrapped around her  
throat  
But the worst part of all is she really don't give a...  
(shit)

But I can't take a shit, in the bathroom  
Without someone standing by it  
No, I won't sign your autograph  
You can call me an asshole I'm glad

*[Chorus:]*

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
Radio won't even play my jam  
'Cause I am, whatever you say I am  
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?  
In the paper, the news everyday I am  
I don't know, it's just the way I am

(She don't give a shit)

*[Verse 2 - Skylar Grey & Eminem:]*

Sometimes I wish that you'd just die  
Cause I'm too afraid of leaving  
I didn't know you'd be insane  
Dreams can be so deceiving  
(How did it come to this?)  
Why do I fantasize to kill you when you're sleeping?)  
I didn't know you feel the same  
When I say you're no good  
All you are to me

*[Pre-Hook:]*

Is a pain in my neck, thorn in my side  
Stain on my blade, blood on my knife  
Been dreaming of her, all of my life  
But she won't come true, she's just my nightmare I  
woke up to

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3 - Yelawolf:]*

Love ain't no fairytale, love is a buried nail  
Inside of this heart of stone, so you wanna get  
married?  
Well Romeo, Romeo, smokin' blow with Antonio  
In the back alley takin' shots of whiskey and only  
gold

Juliet's at the nudie bar, doin' God only knows  
Neither one of 'em came to see the dog and the pony  
show  
But a bitch is a bitch, and a horse is a horse, ain't it?  
Sorry I can't afford to get your daddy's old Porsche  
painted  
Sorry Juliet that you embedded the sayin'  
If a dollar makes you holler well then I'm gettin' the  
short change of it  
Feel like I've been asleepin' alone and lovin' this  
angel  
Entangled between a dream and a coma  
Walkin' the edge of this cliff, like a sheep to it's  
owner  
Then woke up to this fuckin' bitch with an evil  
persona  
Now if you say that you hate somebody and you livin'  
with them  
Then they pack up and leave and then you bitch about

### **"We Made You"**

*[Talking]*

Guess who? Did you miss me?  
Jessica Simpson, sing the chorus!

*[Chorus]*

When you walked through the door, it was clear to  
me (Clear to me!)  
You're the one who they adore, who they came to see  
(Who they came to see!)  
You're a rockstar (Baby!)  
Everybody wants you (Everybody wants you)  
Player!  
Who could really blame you? (Who could really  
blame you?)  
We're the ones who made you!

*[Verse 1]*

Back by popular demand  
Now pop a little Zantax or antacid if you can  
You're ready to tackle any task that is at hand  
How does it feel: Is it fantastic, is it grand?  
Well look at all the massive masses in the stands  
Shady man, no, don't massacre the fans

how you miss 'em  
You gotta see the pattern of the blood all over the  
steerin' wheel  
Love is a cannibal ridin' a carnival carousel  
'Round and 'round we roll, where it stops, baby  
nobody knows  
Some people go crazy and they lose control  
Some people jump off, some people won't let go  
Some people say love, some people say why  
Some people don't love, they just want a free ride  
The rain won't stop, it'll never dry  
If she's in the house of pain then love is standin'  
outside

*[Hook]*

Maybe I'm the twisted one that screwed this up  
So I guess this means Goodbye, for now

Damn, I think Kim Kardashian's a man  
She stomped him, just 'cause he asked to put his  
hands  
On her massive, gluteus maximus again  
Squeeze it and squash it and pass it to a friend  
Can he come back as nasty as he can?  
Yes he can, Cam, don't ask me this again  
He does not mean to lesbian offend  
But Lindsay, please come back to seein' men  
Samantha's a two, you're practically a ten  
I know you want me girl, in fact I see ya grin  
Now come in girl!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2]*

The enforcer, look at the more women to torture  
Walk up to the cutest girl and Charlie-horse her  
Sorry Portia, but what's Ellen DeGeneres  
Have that I don't? Are you tellin' me tenderness?  
Well I could be as gentle and as smooth as a  
gentleman  
Give me my Ventolin inhaler and two Xenadrine  
And I'll invite Sarah Palin out to dinner then  
Nail her, maybe say, "Hello to my little friend"

Brit, forget K-Fed, let's cut out the middleman  
Forget him or you'll end up in the hospital again  
And this time it won't be for the Ritalin binge  
Forget them other men, girl pay them little attention  
And little did I mention that Jennifer's in love with  
me John Mayer, so sit on the bench  
Man, I swear them other guys you give 'em an inch  
They take a mile, they got style, but it isn't Slim

*[Chorus]*

And that's why, my love, you never live without  
I know you want me girl  
'Cause I can see you checkin' me out  
And baby, you know, you know you want me too  
Don't try to deny it, baby, I'm the only one for you

*[Verse 3]*

Damn girl, I'm beginning to sprout then Alfalfa  
Why should I wash my filthy mouth out?  
You think that's bad, you should hear the rest of my  
album  
Never has there been such finesse and nostalgia  
Man Cash, I don't mean to mess with ya gal but  
Jessica Alba, put a breast in my mouth, bruh  
Wowzers! I just made a mess in my trousers  
And they wonder why I keep dressing like Elvis  
Lord help us, he's back and in his pink Alf shirt  
Lookin' like someone shrunk his outfit  
I think he's bout to flip, Jessica

**"Without Me"**

*[Intro (Obie Trice)]*

"Obie Trice/Real Name No Gimmicks"

*[2x]*

two trailer park girls go 'round the outside, 'round the  
outside, 'round the outside

Guess who's back, back again  
Shady's back, tell a friend  
Guess who's back,  
guess who's back,  
guess who's back,

Rest assured, Superman's here to rescue ya  
Can you blame me? You're my Amy, I'm your Blake  
Matter fact, make me a birthday cake  
With a sawblade in it to make my jailbreak  
Baby, I think you just met your soulmate  
Now break it down, girl!

*[Chorus]*

*[Bridge]*

So baby, baby  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, get down (Baby!)  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, down, down (Baby!)  
Get down, get down

*[Talking]*

Oh Amy!  
Rehab never looked so good!  
I can't wait!  
I'm going back!  
Haha! Whoo!  
Dr. Dre  
2020  
Yeah!

guess who's back  
guess who's back  
Guess who's back...

*[Verse 1]*

I've created a monster, 'cause nobody wants to  
see Marshall no more they want Shady I'm chopped  
liver  
well if you want Shady, this is what I'll give ya  
a little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor  
some vodka that'll jumpstart my heart quicker than a  
shock when I get shocked at the hospital by the  
doctor when I'm not cooperating  
when I'm rocking the table while he's operating (hey!)

you waited this long now stop debating 'cause I'm  
back,  
I'm on the rag and ovulating  
I know that you got a job Ms. Cheney but your  
husband's heart problem's complicating  
So the FCC won't let me be or let me be me so let me  
see  
they tried to shut me down on MTV but it feels so  
empty without me  
So come on dip, bum on your lips fuck that,  
cum on your lips and some on your tits and get ready  
'cause this shit's about to get heavy  
I just settled all my lawsuits Fuck  
YOU DEBBIE!

*[Chorus 2x:]*

Now this looks like a job for me so everybody just  
follow me  
'Cause we need a little controversy,  
'Cause it feels so empty without me

*[Verse 2]*

Little hellions kids feeling rebellious  
embarrassed, their parents still listen to Elvis  
they start feeling like prisoners, helpless,  
'til someone comes along on a mission and yells  
"bitch"  
A visionary, vision is scary, could start a revolution,  
polluting the air waves a rebel  
so just let me revel and bask, in the fact that I got  
everyone kissing my ass  
and it's a disaster such a catastrophe for you to see so  
damn much of my ass you ask for me?  
Well I'm back *[batman sound]*  
fix your bent antennae tune it in and then I'm gonna  
enter in and up under your skin like a splinter  
The center of attention back for the winter  
I'm interesting, the best thing since wrestling  
Infesting in your kids ears and nesting

Testing "Attention Please" feel the tension soon as  
someone mentions me  
here's my 10 cents my 2 cents is free  
A nuisance, who sent, you sent for me?

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Verse 3]*

A tisk-it a task-it, I'll go tit for tat with anybody who's  
talking this shit, that shit.  
Chris Kirkpatrick you can get your ass kicked  
worse than them little Limp Bizkit bastards, and  
Moby  
you can get stomped by Obie, you 36 year old bald  
headed fag blow me  
You don't know me, you're too old let go it's over,  
nobody listens to techno  
Now let's go, just give me the signal I'll be there with  
a whole list full of new insults  
I've been dope, suspenseful with a pencil ever since  
Prince turned himself into a symbol  
But sometimes the shit just seems, everybody only  
wants to discuss me  
So this must mean I'm disgusting, but it's just me I'm  
just obscene  
Though I'm not the first king of controversy  
I am the worst thing since Elvis Presley, to do Black  
Music so selfishly  
and use it to get myself wealthy (Hey)  
there's a concept that works  
20 million other white rappers emerge  
but no matter how many fish in the sea it'd be so  
empty without me

*[Chorus 2x]*

(Hum dei dei la la Hum dei dei la la... la la la) *[2x]*  
"Kids"