

## Curtains Up (Skit)

[curtains up]  
[applauding]  
[footsteps]  
[mic squeek]  
[taps mic]

[Eminem:]  
K-ahm! Hhhh...

## Top ▲ White America

America, hahaha, we love you, how many people are proud to be citizens of this  
beautiful  
Country of our's, the stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to  
protect,  
The women and men who have broke their neck's for the freedom of speech the  
United States  
Government has sworn to uphold, or  
(Yo', I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) so we're told...

I never would've dreamed in a million years I'd see,  
So many motherf\*ckin' people who feel like me, who share the same views  
And the same exact beliefs, it's like a f\*ckin' army marchin' in back of me, so many  
lives I  
Touch, so much anger aimed, in no particular direction, just sprays and sprays, and  
straight  
Through your radio waves it plays and plays, 'till it stays stuck in your head for days  
and  
Days, who would of thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some  
peroxide,  
Reachin for a t-shirt to wear, that I would catapult to the forefront of rap like this, how  
Could I predict my words would have an impact like this, I must've struck a chord,  
with somebody  
Up in the office, cause congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' but problems,  
and now  
They're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it, I shoveled shit all my  
life,  
And now I'm dumping it on...

[Chorus]

White America, I could be one of your kids, white America, little Eric looks just like  
this,  
White America, Erica loves my shit, I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get, white  
America, I  
Could be one of your kids, white America, little Eric looks just like this, white  
America, Erica  
Loves my shit, I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get...

Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby just like yourself, if they were brown, Shady  
lose, Shady  
Sits on the shelf, but Shady's cute, Shady knew, Shady's dimple's would help, make  
ladies swoon  
Baby, {ooh baby}, look at my sales, let's do the math, if I was black, I would've sold  
half, I  
Ain't have to graduate from Lincoln high school to know that, but I could rap, so f\*ck  
school,  
I'm too cool to go back, gimme the mic, show me where the f\*ckin' studio's at, when I  
was  
Underground, no one gave a f\*ck I was white, no labels wanted to sign me, almost  
gave up, I was  
Like, f\*ck it, until I met Dre, the only one to look past, gave me a chance, and I lit a  
fire up  
Under his ass, helped him get back to the top, every fan black that I got, was  
probably his in  
Exchange for every white fan that he's got, like damn, we just swapped, sittin' back  
lookin' at  
Shit, wow, I'm like my skin is it starting to work to my benefit now, it's...

[Chorus]

See the problem is, I speak to suburban kids, who otherwise would of never knew  
these words  
Exist, whose mom's probably would of never gave two squirts of piss, 'till I created so  
much  
Motherf\*ckin' turbulence, straight out the tube, right into your living room I came, and  
kids  
Flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre, that's all it took, and they were  
instantly hooked  
Right in, and they connected with me too because I looked like them, that's why they  
put my  
Lyric's up under this microscope, searchin' with a fine tooth comb, it's like this rope,  
waitin'  
To choke, tightening around my throat, watching me while I write this, like I don't like  
this,

Nope, all I hear is, lyrics, lyrics, constant controversy, sponsors working 'round the  
clock, to  
Try to stop my concerts early, surely hip-hop was never a problem in Harlem, only in  
Boston,  
After it bothered the fathers of daughters starting to blossom, so now I'm catchin' the  
flack  
From these activists when they raggin', actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a  
bitch, or  
Say faggot, shit, just look at me like I'm your closest pal, the posterchild, the  
motherf\*ckin'  
Spokesman now for...

[Chorus]

So to the parents of America, I am the aimed at little Erica, to attack her  
Character, the ringleader of this circus of worthless pawns, sent to lead the march  
right up to  
The steps of congress, and piss on the lawns of the White House, to burn the casket  
and replace  
It with a parental advisory sticker, to spit liquor in the faces of in this democracy of  
Hypocrisy, f\*ck you Ms. Cheney, f\*ck you Tipper Gore, f\*ck you with the freest of  
speech this  
Divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have, f\*ck you, [vocal melody],  
He, hahaha, I'm just playin' America, you know I love you...

Top▲  
Business

Marshall, sounds like an SOS...

Holy wack, unlyrical lyrics Andre, you're f\*ckin' right...

To the rapmobile, let's go...

{Marshall, Marshall}, bitches and gentlemen, it's showtime, hurry hurry, step right up,  
Introducing the star of our show, his name is, {Marshall}, you wouldn't want to be  
anywhere else  
In the world right now, so without further ado, I bring to you, {Marshall}...

You 'bout to witness hip-hop in it's most purest, more rawest form, flow almost  
flawless, most  
Hardest, most honest known artist, chip off the old block, but ol' Doc is, {back}, looks  
like

Batman brought his own Robin, oh God, Saddam's got his own Laden, with his own  
private plane, his  
Own pilot, set to blow college dorm rooms doors off the hinges, oranges, peach,  
pears, plums,  
Syringes, {vnn vnn}, yeah here I come, I'm inches, away from you, dear fear none,  
hip-hop is in  
A state of 911, so...

[Chorus]

Let's get down to business, I don't got no time to play around, what is this, must be a  
circus  
In town, let's shut the shit down on these clowns, can I get a witness, {hell yeah},  
let's get  
Down to business, I don't got no time to play around, what is this, must be a circus in  
town,  
Let's shut the shit down on these clowns, can I get a witness, {hell yeah}...

Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform miracles, gee willikers Dre, holy bat syllables,  
look at  
All the bullshit that goes on in Gotham when I'm gone, time to get rid of these rap  
criminals,  
So skip to your lou while I do what I do best, you ain't even impressed no more,  
you're used to  
It, flows too wet, nobody close to it, nobody says it, but still everybody knows the  
shit, the  
Most hated on out of all those who say they get hated on in eighty songs and  
exaggerate it all  
So much, they make it all up, there's no such thing, like a female with good looks,  
who cooks  
And cleans, it just means so much more to so much more people when you're  
rappin' and you know  
What for, the show must go on, so I'd like to welcome y'all to Marshall and Andre's  
carnival,  
C'mon now...

[Chorus]

It's just like old times, the dynamic duo, two old friends, why panic, you already know  
who's  
Fully capable, the two capped heroes, dial straight down the center eight-zero-zero,  
you can  
Even call collect, the most feared duet, since me and Elton played career Russian  
Roulette, and

Never even see me blink or get to bustin' a sweat, people steppin' over people just to  
rush to  
The set, just to get to see an MC who breathes so freely, ease over these beat's and  
be so  
Breezy, Jesus how can shit be so easy, how can one Chandra be so Levy, turn on  
these beats,  
MC's don't see me, believe me BET and MTV are gonna grieve, when we leave, dog  
fo' sheezy,  
Can't leave rap alone, the game needs me, 'till we grow beards, get weird, and  
disappear into  
The mountains, nothin' but clowns down here, but we ain't f\*ckin around round here,  
yo' Dre,  
What up, can I get a hell, hell yeah, now...

[Chorus]

So there you have it folks, {Marshall}, has come to save the day, back with his friend  
Andre,  
And to remind you that bullshit does not pay, because, {Marshall}, and Andre are  
here to stay  
And never go away until our dying day until we're old and grey, {Marshall}, so until  
next time  
Friends, same blonde hair, same rap channel, good night everyone, thank you for  
coming, your  
Host for the evening, {Marshall}, oh, ha...

Top ▲  
Cleanin' Out My Closet

Where's my snare, I have no snare in my headphones, there ya' go, yeah, yo', yo'...

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against, I have, I've been protested and  
demonstrated  
Against, picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times, sick is the mind of the  
Motherf\*ckin' kid that's behind, all this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's  
explodin',  
Tempers flaring from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin', not takin' nothin' from  
no one,  
Give 'em hell long as I'm breathin', keep kickin' ass in the mornin', an' takin' names in  
the  
Evening, leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth, see they can  
trigger me but  
They'll never figure me out, look at me now, I bet ya' probably sick of me now, ain't

you mama,  
I'm a make you look so ridiculous now...

[Chorus]

I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you, I never meant to make you cry, but  
tonight I'm  
Cleanin' out my closet, {one more time}, I said I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt  
you, I  
Never meant to make you cry, but tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet...

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it, so before they  
thrown me  
Inside my coffin and close it, I'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73, before I ever  
had a  
Multi-platinum sellin' Cd, I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months, my  
faggot father  
Must have had his pantie's up in a bunch, cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed  
me goodbye,  
No I don't on second thought, I just f\*ckin' wished he would die, I look at Hailie and I  
Couldn't picture leavin' her side, even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try, to  
make it  
Work with her at least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only  
human, but I'm  
Man enough to face them today, what I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb, but the  
smartest  
Shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun, cause id'a killed 'em, shit I would  
have shot  
Kim and him both, it's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show...

[Chorus]

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition, take a second to listen  
who you  
Think this record is dissin', but put yourself in my position, just try to envision  
witnessin'  
Your Mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen, bitchin' that someone's always  
goin'  
Through her purse and shits missin', going through public housing systems, victim of  
Munchausen's syndrome, my whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I  
wasn't 'til I grew

Up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to ya' stomach, doesn't it, wasn't it the reason  
you made  
That Cd for me, ma, so you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma, but  
guess what, your  
Gettin' older now and it's cold when your lonely, and Nathan's growing up so quick,  
he's gonna  
Know that your phoney, and Hailie's getting so big now, you should see her, she's  
beautiful, but  
You'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral, see what hurts me the most  
is you won't  
Admit you was wrong, bitch, do your song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom,  
but how dare  
You try to take what you didn't help me to get, you selfish bitch, I hope you f\*ckin'  
burn in  
Hell for this shit, remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me,  
well guess  
What, I am dead, dead to you as can be...

[Chorus]

Top ▲  
Square Dance

[Intro:]

People! It feels so good to be back.  
Ladies and gentleman, introducing the new and improved you know who

[Verse 1:]

Never been the type to bend or budge  
The wrong button to push,  
No friend of Bush  
I'm the centerpiece, your the Maltese.  
I am a pittbull off his leash,  
All this peace talk can cease.  
All these people I had to leave in limbo,  
I'm back now,  
I've come to release this info  
I'll be brief and let me just keep shit simple.  
Can-a-bitch don't want no beef with Slim?  
Noooo!  
Not even on my radar,  
So won't you please jump off my dick  
Lay off and stay off,

And follow me as I put these crayons to chaos from seance to seance,  
Aw-a-aw-ch-a-aw

[Chorus x2:]  
Y'all C'mon now,  
Let's all get on down,  
Let's do-si-do now,  
We gon' have a good ol' time.  
Don't be scared, cus there ain't nuttin' to worry 'bout,  
Let your hair down,  
And square dance with me!

[Verse 2:]  
Let your hair down to the track,  
Yeah kick on back.  
Boo!  
The boogies monster of rap,  
Yeah the man's back  
With a plan to ambush this Bush administration,  
Mush the Senate's face in and push this generation,  
Of kids to stand and fight for the right to say something you might not like,  
This white hot light,  
That I'm under,  
No wonder,  
I look so sunburnt,  
Oh no,  
I won't leave no stone unturned,  
Oh no I won't leave,  
Won't go nowhere,  
Do-si-do,  
Oh, yo, ho, hello there  
Oh yeah don't think I won't go there,  
Go to the Beirut and do a show there  
Yah you laugh till your muthaf\*ckin' ass gets drafted,  
While you're at band camp thinkin' the crap can't happen,  
Till you f\*ck around,  
Get an anthrax napkin,  
Inside a package wrapped in saran Wrap wrapping,  
Open the plastic and then you stand back gasping,  
F\*ckin' assassins hijackin' Amtracks crashin',  
All this terror America demands action,  
Next thing you know you've got Uncle Sam's ass askin'  
To join the army or what you'll do for there Navy.  
You just a baby,



Gettin' recruited at eighteen,  
You're on a plane now,  
Eatin' their food and their baked beans.

I'm 28,  
They gon' take you 'fore they take me  
Crazy insane or insane crazy?  
When I say Hussein you say Shady,  
My views ain't changed still Inhumane,  
Wait,  
Arraigned two days late,  
The date's today,  
Hang me!

[Chorus x2:]

[Verse 3:]

Nothin' moves me more than a groove the soothes me,  
Nothin' soothes me more than a groove  
That boosts me,  
Nothin' boosts me more,  
Or suits me beautifully,  
There's nothin' you can do to me,  
Stab me,  
Shoot me,  
Phycotic,  
Hypnotic, product I got the antibiotic.  
Ain't nobody hotter and so on and yada yada  
God I talk alot of hem-de-lay-la-la-la,  
Oochie walla um da dah da dah da but you gotta gotta,  
Keep movin',  
There's more music to make,  
Keep makin' new shit,  
Produce hits to break  
The monotony,  
What's gotten into me?  
Drug's, rock and Hennessey,  
Thug like I'm 'Pac on my enemies,  
On your knees,  
Got you under seige,  
Somebody you would give a lung to be  
Hun-ga-ry,  
Like a f\*ckin' younger me,  
F\*ck the fee,  
I can get you jumped for free,

Yah buddy,  
Laugh it's funny,  
I have the money to have you killed by somebody who has nothing,  
I'm past bluffing,  
Pass the K-Y,  
Let's get ready for some intense,  
Serious ass f\*cking!

[Chorus x2]

[Outro:]

Dr. Dre., wants to square with me,  
Nasty Nas, wants to square dance with me,  
X to the Z, wants to square dance with me,  
Busta Rhymes, wants to square dance with me,  
Cana-bitch won't square dance with me,  
Fan-a-bitch, won't square dance with me,  
Canada-bis, don't want no parts of me,  
Dirty Dozen wants to square dance with you-YEE-HAW!

Top ▲  
The Kiss (Skit)

[Eminem] I'm gonna kill this bitch. I'm gonna kill her. I'm going to f\*ckin' jail, cause I'm gonna kill this bitch.

[Gary] Yo' man, I don't know.

[Eminem] What?

[Gary] I got a really, really bad feelin' about this.

[Eminem] Man, will you shut the f\*ck up Gary. You've always got a bad feeling man.

That's her car right there. Just park.

[Gary] Allright, just let me park. I'm parking!

[Eminem] F\*ckin', turn the car off dog.

[Gary] Alright.

[Eminem] Alright, we wait.

[Gary] We wait for what?

[Eminem] We wait until she comes out. Man, I'm gonna f\*ckin' kill her.

[Gary] Man, you ain't gonna kill nobody.

[Eminem] Man, just shut the f\*ck up dog.

[Gary] What the f\*ck did you bring that for?

[Eminem] Just shut up, f\*ckin' clip is empty.

[Gary] Don't point that shit at me!

[Eminem] It's not even loaded bitch, look!

[Gary] Dude! God I f\*ckin' hate when you do that shit.

[Eminem] Ha ha, ya but it's funny as f\*ck.  
[Gary] You're gonna f\*ck around and kill me one of these days, I swear.  
[Eminem] It get's you every time. Is that her?  
[Gary] Where?  
[Eminem] Right there motherf\*cker.  
[Gary] Yeah, f\*ck.  
[Eminem] Alright, get up, get up.  
[Gary] Here we go again.  
[Eminem] Get down!  
[Gary] What the f\*ck do you want me to do get under the car?  
[Eminem] Yo', who's she walkin' with?  
[Gary] How the f\*ck am I supposed to know? You told me to duck down.  
[Eminem] It's the f\*cking bouncer. Did she just kiss him?  
[Gary] I don't think so.  
[Eminem] Dog, she just f\*ckin' kissed him.  
[Gary] No, she didn't!  
[Eminem] She's kissing him dog!  
[Gary] No she's not... oh shit.  
[Eminem] C'mon, motherf\*cker!  
[Gary] MAARRSSHH!

Top ▲  
Soldier

I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier, I'm a soldier...

Yo', never was a thug, just infatuated with guns,  
Never was a gangsta, 'til I graduated to one,  
And got the rep of a villain, for weapon concealin',  
Took the image of a thug, kept shit appealin',  
Willin' to stick out my neck, for respect if it meant life or death,  
Never live to regret what I said,  
When you're me, people just want to see,  
If it's true, if it's you, what you say in your rap's, what you do,  
So they feel, as part of your obligation to fulfill,  
When they see you on the streets, face to face, are you for real,  
In confrontation ain't no conversation, if you feel you're in violation,  
Any hesitation'll get you killed, if you feel it, kill it,  
If you conceal it, reveal it, being reasonable will leave you full of bullets,  
Pull it, squeeze it, till it's empty, tempt me, push me, pussies,  
I need a good reason to give this trigger a good squeeze...

[Chorus:]

I'm a soldier, these shoulder's hold up so much, they won't budge,  
I'll never fall or fold up,  
I'm a soldier,  
Even if my collar bone's crush or crumble,  
I will never slip or stumble,  
I'm a soldier,  
These shoulder's hold up so much, they won't budge,  
I'll never fall or fold up,  
I'm a soldier,  
Even if my collar bone's crush or crumble,  
I will never stumble...

I love pissin' you off, it get's me off,  
Like my lawyer's, when the f\*ckin' judge let's me off,  
All you motherf\*ckers gotta do is set me off,  
I'll violate and all the motherf\*ckin' bet's be off,  
I'm a lit fuse, anything I do bitch, it's news,  
Pistol whippin' motherf\*ckin' bouncers, six-two,  
Who needs bullets, soon as I pull it, you sweat bullets,  
An excellent method to get rid of the next bully,  
It's actually better cause instead you murderin',  
You can hurt em' and come back again and kick dirt at 'em,  
It's like pourin' salt in the wounds, assault and get sued,  
You can smell the lawsuits soon as I waltz in the room,  
Everybody halts and stops, calls the cops,  
All you see is bitches comin' out their halter tops,  
Runnin' and duckin' out the Hard Rocks parking lot,  
You'll all get shot whether it's your fault or not, cause...

[Chorus]

I spit it slow so these kids know that I'm talkin' to 'em,  
Give it back to these damn critics and sock it to em,  
I'm like a thug, with a little bit of Pac influence,  
I spew it, and look how I got you bitches rockin' to it,  
You motherf\*ckers could never do it like I could do it,  
Don't even try it, you'll look stupid, do not pursue it,  
Don't ever in your life, try to knock the truest,  
I spit the illest shit, ever been dropped to two inch,  
So ticky-tock listen as the sound ticks on the clock,  
Listen to the sound of Kim as she licks on a cock,  
Listen to the sound of me spillin' my heart through this pen,  
Motherf\*ckers know that I'll never be Marshall again,  
Full of controversy until I retire my jersey,

'til the fire inside dies and expires at thirty, and  
Lord have mercy on any more of these rappers that verse me,  
And put a curse on authorities in the face of adversity, I'm a...

[Chorus]

Yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,  
Right, left,  
Yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,  
Right, left,  
Yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,  
Right, left,  
Yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,  
Right, left...

Top ▲

Say Goodbye Hollywood

[Chorus]

Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
(Hollywood), sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
(Why do I feel this way), sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood  
Sayin' goodbye, sayin' goodbye to Hollywood

[Verse 1]

I thought I had it all figured out, I did  
I thought I was tough enough to stick it out with Kim  
But I wasn't tough enough to juggle two things at once  
I found myself layin' on my knees in cuffs  
Which should've been a reason enough, for me to get my stuff and just leave  
How come I couldn't see this shit myself, it's just me  
Nobody couldn't see the shit I felt  
Knowin' damn well she wasn't gonna be there when I fell, to catch me  
The minute shit was heated she just bailed  
I'm standin' here swingin' on like thirty people by myself  
I couldn't even see the millimetre when it fell  
Turned around saw Gary stashin' the heater in his belt  
Saw the bouncers rush him and beat him to the ground  
I just sold two million records, I don't need to go to jail

I'm not about to lose my freedom over no female  
I need to slow down  
Try to get my feet on solid ground, so for now I'm...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Bury my face in comic books, cause I don't want to look  
At nothin', this world's too much  
I've swallowed all I could  
If I could swallow a bottle of tylenol I would, and end it for good  
Just say goodbye to Hollywood  
I probably should, these problems are piling all at once  
Cause everything that bothers me, I got it bottled up  
I think I'm bottomin' out  
But I'm not about to give up, I gotta get up  
Thank God, I got a little girl  
And I'm a responsible father  
So not a lot of good, I'd be to my daughter layin' in the bottom of the mud  
Must be in my blood cause I don't know how I do it  
All I know is I don't want to follow in the footsteps of my dad  
Cause I hate him so bad  
The worst fear that I had was growin' up to be like his f\*ckin' ass, man  
If you could understand why I am the way that I am  
What do I say to my fans, when I tell 'em I'm...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I don't wanna quit, but shit, I feel like this is it  
For me to have this much appeal like this is sick  
This is not a game, this fame, in real life this is sick  
Publicity stunt my ass, conceal my f\*ckin' dick  
F\*ck the guns, I'm done, I'll never look at gats  
If I scrap, I'll scrap like I ain't never whooped some ass  
I love my fans  
But no one ever puts a grasp on the fact I've sacrificed everything I have  
I never dreamt I'd get to the level that I'm at, this is whack  
This is more than I ever could of asked  
Everywhere I go, a hat, a sweater hood, or mask  
What about math, how come I wasn't ever good at that  
It's like the boy in the bubble, who never could adapt, I'm trapped  
If I could go back, I never woulda rapped  
I sold my soul to the devil, I'll never get it back

I just wanna leave this game with level head intact  
Imagine goin' from bein' a no one to seein',  
Everything blow up and all you did was just grow  
Up emceeing  
It's f\*ckin' crazy  
Cause all I wanted was to give Hailie the life I never had  
But instead I forced us to live alienated, so I'm sayin'...

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Goodbye, goodbye Hollywood, (Goodbye),  
Please don't cry for me, when I'm gone for good, (this shit is not for me),  
So goodbye, goodbye Hollywood,  
(I'm not a f\*ckin' star), please don't cry  
For me, when I'm gone for good, (I'm goin' back home)...

Top ▲  
Drips

Obie, yo', I'm sick, damn, you straight dog...

[Chorus]

That's why I ain't got no time, for these games and stupid tricks, or these bitches on  
my dick,  
That's how dudes be getting sick, that's how dicks be getting drips, falling victims to  
this  
Shit, from these bitches on our dicks, f\*cking chickens with no ribs, that's why I ain't  
got no  
Time...

[Obie Trice]

Yo', I woke up f\*cked up off the liquor I drunk, I had a bag of the skunk won in last  
nights  
Tunk, pussy residue was on my penis, Denise from the cleaners, f\*cked me good,  
you should of  
Seen this, big booty bitch, switch unbearable, french roll stylin', body like a stallion,  
sizin'  
Up the figure while my shit getting bigger, debatin' on a f\*ck or do I want to be her  
nigga,  
Caressin' this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tit's, sippin' on that fine shit I ain't  
used

To buyin', I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory, like takin' hoe's money, but that's  
Another story, for surely, the pussy on toast after we toast, her clothes fell like bishop  
in  
Juice, the womb beater, clean pussy eater, insertin' my jock in that spot hotter than  
the  
Hottest block, don't stop, the response I got when I was knockin' it, clock steady  
tickin',  
Kinky finger lickin', and can on, semen's at my tip when she moans, I gotta slow  
down before I  
Cum soon, and work that nigga, like a slave owner, when I dropped off my outfit, she  
knew I  
Wanted to bone her, she foamin' at the lips, the one between them hips, pubic hairs  
lookin' like  
Some sour cream dip, without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though, pussy tighter  
than  
Conditions of us black folks, we in the final stretch, the last part of sex, I bust a fat  
ass  
Nut, then I woke up next, like what the f\*ck is goin' on here, this bitch evaporated,  
pussy and  
All, just picked up and vacated, now I'm frusturated cause my dick was unprotected,  
and Doctor  
Wesley tellin' me I really got that shit...

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

Now I don't wanna hit no woman, but this chick's got it comin', someone better get  
this bitch,  
Before she get's kicked in the stomach, and she's pregnant, but she's egg'in' me on,  
beggin' me  
To throw her off the steps of this porch, my only weapon is force and I don't wanna  
resort to  
Any violence of any sort, but what's she shovin' me for, doesn't she love me no  
more, wasn't she  
Huggin' me four minutes ago at the door, man, I'm this close to goin' toe-to-toe with  
this  
Whore, what would you do if she was tellin' you she wants a divorce, she's havin'  
another baby  
In a month, and it's yours, and you find out it isn't cause this bitch has been visitin'  
someone  
Else, and suckin' his dick and kissin' you on the lips when you get back, to Michigan,  
now the  
Plot is thickenin' worse, cause you feel like you've been stickin' your f\*ckin' dick in a  
Hearse, so you paranoid at every little cold that you get, ever since they told you this



shit,  
You've been holdin' your dick, so you go to the clinic, sweatin' every minute you in it,  
then  
The doctor comes out lookin' like Dennis the Menace, and it's obvious to everyone in  
the lobby  
It's AIDS, he ain't even gotta call you in his office to say it, so you jet back home,  
cause you  
Gon' get that hoe, when you see her, you gon' bend her f\*ckin' neck back, yo', cause  
you love  
Her, you never would expect that blow, Obie told you the scoop, how could she  
stoop that low,  
Jesus, I don't believe this, bitch works at the cleaners, bringin' me home diseases,  
swingin'  
From Obie's penis, she's so deceivin', shit this hoe's a genius, she g'd us...

[Chorus]

I'm busy, yeah, f\*ck these bitches, f\*ck 'em all, get money, Shady records, Obie  
Trice, Eminem,  
Motherf\*cker, new millenium shit, yeah, turn this shit off, turn this shit the f\*ck off...

Top ▲  
Without Me

[Intro: Obie Trice]  
"Obie Trice/Real Name No Gimmicks"

[Refrain 1]  
2 trailer park girls go round the outside  
Round the outside, round the outside  
[Repeat Refrain 1]

[Refrain 2]  
Guess whos back, back again  
Shadys back, tell a friend  
Guess who's back, 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 Dr. when I'm not cooperating  
When I'm rocking the table while he's operating  
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 husbands 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 and dip, bum on your lips f\*ck 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  
F\*ck YOU DEBBIE!

[Chorus x2]

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, pollute the air waves a rebel  
So let me just 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 x2]

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 3]

A tisk-it a task-it, I'll go tit for tat with anybody who's talking this and 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 x2]

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

(Hum dei dei la la Hum dei dei la la... la la la) [x2] "Kids"

Top▲

Paul Rosenberg (Skit)

Em, it's Paul.

Listen, Joel just called me and he said you're in the f\*cking back behind his studio,  
Shooting your gun off in the air like it's a shooting range.  
I told you not to f\*cking bring your gun around, like an idiot, outside of your home.  
You're gonna get yourself in trouble.  
Don't bring your gun outside of your home you can't carry it on you.  
Leave your f\*ckin gun at home.

Top▲

Sing For The Moment

[Verse 1:]

These ideas are nightmares for white parents  
Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who 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 and what bothers him all comes out  
When he talks about his f\*cking dad walking 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 wacked, he's mad so he's talking back  
Talking 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 will take you away...

[Verse 2:]

Entertainment is changing, intertwining with gangsta's  
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 mothaf\*cka 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 f\*ck did this metamorphosis happen  
From standing on corners and porches just rapping  
To having a fortune, no more kissing 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 want to convict me

Strictly just to get me off of these streets quickly  
But all they kids be listening to me religiously  
So I'm signing Cd's while police fingerprint me  
They're for the judge's daughter but his grudge is against me  
If I'm such a f\*cking menace, this shit doesn't make sense B  
It's all political, if my music is literal and  
I'm a criminal how the f\*ck can I raise a little girl  
I couldn't, I wouldn't be fit to  
You're full of shit too, Guerrero, 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 toting pistols  
And they want to get one cause they think the shit's cool  
Not knowing we really just protecting ourselves,  
We entertainers of course the shit's affecting 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 f\*cked up ain't it? How we can come from practically nothing  
To being able to have any f\*cking thing that we wanted  
That's why we sing for these kids, who don't have a thing  
Except for a dream, and a f\*cking 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 wishing they'd die  
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit, and they vibe  
We're nothing to you but we're the f\*cking 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 hear in our songs and we can

[Chorus x2]

Top ▲  
Superman

[Girls voice is Dina Rea]

[Intro]

Ooooooh

You high baby

Yeah

Ya'

Talk to me

You want me to tell you something

Uh-huh

I know what you want to hear...

[Chorus A]

Cause, I know you want me baby, I think I want you too

"I think I love you baby", I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl, come be in Shady's world

I want to grow together, let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby, you know I want you too

They call me superman, I'm here to rescue you

I want to save you girl, come be in Shady's world

"Ooooo boy you drive me crazy", bitch you make me hurl...

[Verse 1]

They call me superman, leap tall hoes in a single bound

I'm single now, got no ring on this finger now

I'd never let another chick bring me down, in a relationship

Save it bitch, babysit, you make me sick

Superman ain't savin' shit, girl you can jump on Shady's dick

Straight from the hip, cut to the chase, I tell a muthaf\*ckin' slut, to her face

Play no games, say no names, ever since I broke up with what's her face

I'm a different man, kiss my ass, kiss my lips, bitch why ask

Kiss my dick, get my cash, I'd rather have you whip my ass

Don't put out, I'll put you out, won't get out, I'll push you out

Puss blew out, poppin' shit, wouldn't piss on fire to put you out

Am I too nice, buy you ice, bitch if you died, I wouldn't buy you life

What you tryin' to be my new wife, what you Mariah, fly through twice...

[Prechorus]

But I do know one thing though, bitches, they come they go

Saturday through Sunday, Monday, Monday through Sunday yo'

Maybe I'll love you one day, maybe we'll someday grow

Till then just sit your drunk ass on that f\*ckin' runway ho'...

[Chorus B]

Cause I can't be your Superman  
Can't be your Superman  
Can't be your Superman  
Can't be your Superman  
I can't be your Superman  
Can't be your Superman  
Can't be your Superman  
Your Superman, your Superman...

[Verse 2]

Don't get me wrong, I love these ho's  
It's no secret, everybody knows  
Yeah we f\*cked, bitch so what, that's about as far as your buddy goes  
We'll be friends, I'll call you again, I'll chase you around every bar you attend  
Never know what kind of car I'll be in, we'll see how much you'll be partying then  
You don't want that, neither do I, I don't want to flip when I see you with guys  
Too much pride, between you and I  
Not a jealous man, but females lie  
But I guess that's just what sluts do, how could it ever be just us two  
I'd never love you enough to trust you, we just met and I just f\*cked you...

[Prechorus]

[Chorus A / Chorus B]

[Verse 3]

First thing you say, "I'm not fazed, I hang around big stars all day  
I don't see what the big deal is anyways  
You're just plain old Marshall to me"  
Ooh ya' girl run that game  
"Hailie Jade, I love that name, love that tatoo, what's that say"  
"Rot in pieces, uh, that's great"  
First off you don't know Marshall, at all so don't grow partial  
That's ammo for my arsenal, I'll slap you off that barstool  
There goes another lawsuit, leave handprints all across you  
Good Lordy whoadie, you must be gone off that water bottle  
You want what you can't have, ooh girl that's too damn bad  
Don't touch what you can't grab, end up with two backhands  
Put anthrax on a tampax, and slap you till you can't stand  
Girl you just blew your chance, don't mean to ruin your plans...

[Prechorus]

[Chorus A / Chorus B]

[Chorus B x2]

Top▲  
Hailie's Song

[Intro: Spoken]  
Yo, I can't sing it  
I feel like singin  
I wanna f\*ckin'sing  
Cause I'm happy  
Yeah, I'm happy  
Ha Ha  
I got my baby back  
Yo, check it out

[Verse 1: Sung]  
Some days I sit, starin'out the window  
Watchin'this world pass me by  
Sometimes I think there's nothin'to live for  
I almost break down and cry

Somtimes I think I'm crazy  
I'm crazy, oh so crazy  
Why am I here, am I just wasting my time?

But then I see my baby  
Suddenly I'm not crazy  
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes

[Chorus]  
Somtimes it feels like the world's on my shoulders  
Everyone's leanin'on me  
Cause sometimes it feels like the world's almost over  
But then she comes back to me

[Verse 2: Sung]  
My baby girl [Hailie laughs] keeps gettin'older  
I watch her grow up with pride  
People make jokes, cause they don't understand me  
They just don't see my real side

I act like shit don't phase me,



Inside it drives me crazy  
My insecurities could eat me alive

But then I see my baby  
Suddenly I'm not crazy  
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rapped]

Man, if I could sing, I'd keep singing this song to my daughter  
If I could hit the notes, I'd blow something as long as my father  
To show her how I feel about her, how proud I am that I got her  
God, I'm a daddy, I'm so glad that her mum didn't want her

Now you probly get this picture from my public persona  
That I'm a pistol-packing drug-addict who bags on his momma,  
But I wanna just take this time out to be perfectly honest  
Cause there's a lot of shit I keep bottled that hurts deep inside o' my soul,  
And just know that I grow colder the older I grow  
This boulder on my shoulder gets heavy and harder to hold  
And this load is like the weight of the world  
And I think my neck is breaking should I just give up,  
Or try to live up to these expectations?  
Now look, I love my daughter more than life in itself,  
But I got a wife that's determined to make my life livin'hell  
But I handle it well, given the circumstances I'm dealt  
So many chances, man, it's too bad, coulda had someone else  
But the years that I've wasted are nothing to the tears that I've tasted  
So here's what I'm facin:  
3 felonies, 6 years of probation  
I've went to jail for this woman, I've been to bat for this woman  
I've taken bats to peoples backs, bent over backwards for this woman  
Man, I shoulda seen it comin, why'd I stick my penis up in?  
Woulda ripped the pre-nup up if I'd seen what she was f\*ckin  
But f\*ck it, it's over, there's no more reason to cry no more  
I got my baby, baby the only lady that I adore, Hailie  
So sayonara, try tomorra, nice to know ya  
My baby's travelled back to the arms of her rightful owner  
And suddenly it seems that my shoulder blades have just shifted  
It's like the greatest gift you can get  
The weight has been lifted

Now it don't feel like the world's on my shoulders

Everyone's leanin'on me  
Cause my baby know's that her daddy's a soldier  
Nothin' can take her from me

[Outro: Spoken]  
Woo!  
I told you I can't sing.  
Oh well, I tried  
Hailie, 'member when I said  
If you ever need anything, daddy will be right there?  
Well guess what?  
Daddy's here.  
And I ain't goin'nowhere baby  
I love you! (kiss)

Top ▲  
Steve Berman (Skit)

[Eminem:] This muthaf\*cka man...  
[Berman:] It's ridiculous! I can't believe it! Hold on... Em...  
[Eminem:] What up?  
[Berman:] Have a seat... Dre, I'll call you back  
[Eminem:] What now?  
[Berman:] I don't even know where to start  
[Eminem:] Okay...  
[Berman:] I got the album from upstairs...  
[Eminem:] And...  
[Berman:] And this is BY FAR, THE MOST,..  
[Gunshot]  
[Berman, gasping] Incredible thing... I've ever... heard...

Top ▲  
When The Music Stops

[Bizzare:]  
[Echo]  
Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference  
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids  
Sike!

[Eminem:]

If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow  
Would you feel sorrow or show love  
Or would it matter  
Can never be the lead-off batter of things  
Shit for me to feed off  
I'm see-saw battlin  
But there's way too much at stake for me to be fake  
There's too much on my plate  
And I came way too far in this game to turn and walk away  
And not say what I got to say  
What the f\*ck you take me for? a joke? you smokin crack?  
Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back  
I get up 'for I get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out  
I'm tryin-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark  
Ya'll steady tryin to drown the shark  
Ain't gonna do nothin but piss me off  
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off  
See me leap out, pull the piece out, f\*ck shootin I'm just trying to knock his teeth out  
F\*ck with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle  
Talk is cheap, motherf\*cker if you're really feeling froggish, leap  
Yo slim, you gonna let him get away with that?  
He tried to play you, you can't let him skate with that  
Man I hate this crap, this ain't rap,  
This is crazy the way we act  
When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music stops

[Swift:]

There ain't no getting rid of McVeigh  
If so you woulda tried  
The only way I'm leavin this bitch is suicide  
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with hennesy,  
Got drunk then I finished he  
I'm every nigga's favorite arch-enemy.  
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef  
I spark willingly with a dillinger in the dark dilligently  
I'm not what you think  
I appear to be f\*cked up  
Mentally endangered  
I can't stay away from a razor  
I just want my face in a paper  
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighbors for acres  
I murder you  
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of sam, bitch, I'm surgical  
I'll allergic to dyin, you think not? you got balls? We can see how large

## When the music stops

[Kon Artist:]

I was happy having a deal at first,  
Thought money would make me happy but  
It only made my pain worst,  
It hurts when u see your friends turn their back on u dawg  
When u ain't got nothing left but your word and your balls  
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends  
Beggin' with they hands out  
Checking for your record when it's selling  
When it ain't, that's the end, no laughs  
No friends no girl  
Just the gin u drink till u car spin u then  
[Screech]  
Damn!  
[Crash]  
U slam into the wall and u fall  
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm  
About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol  
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops

[Kuniva:]

Let's see how many of your men loyal,  
When I pull up looking for you,  
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil  
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust your head would just explode  
With red stuff I'm hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon  
Braggin about how u shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you  
Niggars, if I was u niggas, I'll run while given the chance  
Understand I can enhance the spirit of man  
Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of dying alone that really  
Irks me, u ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk  
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark  
Hug the floor while we plan to the war with your life, f\*ck the tour and the mic  
I'll rather f\*ck a whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like  
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga your a gonna at night

## When The Music Stops

[Proof:]

Instigators, turn pits in cages  
Let loose and bit the neighbours  
Wrist to razors

Ya'll don't want war, you want talk  
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof  
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof  
Caved in like reindeer hoofs  
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose  
The more ya'll breach, the more I moves  
This hell street, this is hardcore blues  
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)  
Or make the news betcha all ya'll move  
When the uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop

[Bizzare:]

Music's changed my life in so many ways  
Brains confused and f\*cked since the 5th grade  
LL told me to rock the bells  
NWA said f\*ck the police  
Now I'm in jail  
93 was strictly R&B  
F\*cked up hair cut  
Listen to Jodeci  
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike  
Ass cheeks painted white  
F\*cking Presilla at night  
Flying down sunset smoking crack  
Transvestite in the front  
Eddi Murphy in the back  
MOP had me grindy and griddy  
Marilyn Manson, I dyed my hair blue  
And grew some titties  
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls  
Now I'm in the hospital  
Broken nose and a fractured elbow  
Voices in my head, I'm going in shock,  
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

[Bang]

Top ▲

Say What You Say

[Dr. Dre]

Huh, so I'm out the game huh?

[Eminem]  
Yo Dre, we ridin?

[Dr. Dre]  
Whatever

[Eminem]  
Well I'm witchu homie

[Dr. Dre]  
Ok, Let's handle this small shit

[Eminem]  
I was born to brew up storms 'n stir up shit  
Kick up dust, cuss til I slur up spit  
Grew up too quick, won't through too much, through too much shit  
Corrupt and I'm pour it on like syrup, bitch  
Thick in gritz, sick and twisted Mr. Buttersworth  
Dre tole me to milk this shit for what it's worth  
Till the cow just tilts and tips 'n stumbles to earth  
And if I fumble the verse, keep going  
First take, I make mistakes, just keep it  
No punches, pull no punches, that's weak shit  
Fake shit if I ever take shit, I eat shit  
Wasn't for him? I wouldn't be shit

[Dr. Dre]  
Creep with me, as we take a little trip down Memory Lane  
Been here longer than anyone in the game  
And I ain't got to lie about my age

[Eminem]  
But what about Jermaine?

[Dr. Dre]  
F\*ck Jermaine, he don't belong speakin mine or Timbaland's name  
And don't think I don't read your little interviews and see what your sayin  
I'm a giant, and I ain't gotta move till I'm provoked  
When I see you, I'm a step on you and not even know it  
Ya midget, Mini-Me, with a buncha little Mini-You's  
Runnin around your backyard swimming pools  
Over 80 million records sold  
And I ain't had to do it with 10 or 11 year olds

[Chorus:]

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

[Eminem]

Second verse, it gets worst  
It gets no better than this  
Amateurs drink veteran piss  
From a Dixie cup, if you ever mix me up  
Or confuse me with a Canibus or Dre with a Dupri  
Will rub it in, every club your in, we'll have you  
Blackballed and make sure you never rap a f\*cken again  
Dre ain't havin it as long as I'm here, play Devil's Advocate

[Dr. Dre]

If there was some magic shit I could wave  
Over the industry that could save it when I'm gone  
And bury to make sure the tradition carries on  
I would

[Eminem]

If I could only use this power for good  
I wouldn't, not even if I could

[Dr. Dre]

From the hood and I'm a hornet  
And I'm a only sting when I'm cornered

[Eminem]

And I'm a only sucker punch or swing without warnin  
And swing to knock somebody's f\*ckin head off  
Cause I know, when they get up, I won't get a chance to let off  
Another punch, I'm punk-rock, no one's punk  
Don't give a f\*ck, white Pac, so much spunk  
When I was little I knew I would blow up  
And sell a mil or grow up to be a tiller  
Go nuts and be a killer

[Dr. Dre]

And I'm somethin of a phenom  
One puff of the chron  
I'm unstoppable, I'm alive, I'm on top again  
There's no obstacle that I can't conquer  
So come along with us (Come On)

[Chorus:]

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

[Dr. Dre]

Now anybody who knows Dre  
Knows I'm about fast cars and alize, partyin all day  
But I handle my business cause it's work before play  
Don't look for trouble but I serve you gourmet  
However you want it, you could have it your way  
You f\*ck my night up, I'm a f\*ck up your day  
Bullet with your name, sendin it your way  
That goes for anyone who walks thru that doorway  
Cause this is my space, you invade it  
Live to regret it and you die tryin to violate it  
F\*ck around and you'll get anahilated  
Eyes dilated

[Eminem]

Ha, like my old lady  
Cause what you say is what you say  
Sometimes what you mean is 2 different things  
Depending on your mood, if it swings, think too many things  
Little hit of Dre's weed, I can do anything  
Catch a contact, then I'm gone and I'm back  
I speed write and my loose leaves my lanch pad

[Dr. Dre]

And I can pull any string



Don't have to prove anything  
Catch a contract on your head  
You headed West, talk shit about Dre?  
You better get a vest, then invest in something  
To protect your head and neck

[Eminem]

And it's back and forth all day like Red and Meth  
I joke when I say I'm the best in the booth  
But a lot of truth is said in jest  
And if I ever do live to be a legend  
I'm a die a sudden death, 5 mics in The Source  
Ain't holdin' my f\*ckin breath  
But I suffocate for the respect  
Fore I breath the collect the f\*ckin check

[Chorus:]

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Cause what you say is what you say  
Say what you say how you say it whenever you sayin it  
Just remember how you said it when you was sprayin it  
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

[Dr. Dre]

Watch your f\*ckin' mouth

[Timbaland]

Yo this Timbaland, tell him I said suck [tchka] my dick

Top ▲

Till I Collapse

[Intro:]

Sometimes you feel tired,  
Feel weak and, when you feel, you feel like you wanna just give up.  
But you gotta search within you, you gotta find that inner strength  
And just pull that shit out of you and get that motivation to not give up  
And not be a quitter, no matter how bad you wanna just fall flat on your face and  
collapse.

[B/W Intro:]

Yo left, yo left, yo left right left  
Yo left, yo left, yo left right left  
Yo left, yo left, yo left right left  
Yo left, yo left, yo left right left

[Verse 1: Eminem]

Till I collapse I'm spilling these raps long as you feel em  
Till the day that I drop you'll never say that I'm not killing them  
Cause when I am not then I am stop pinning them  
And I am not hip-hop and I'm just not Eminem.  
Subliminal thoughts when I stop sending them women are caught in webs spin and  
hawk venom  
Adrenaline shots of penicillin could not get the illing to stop. Amoxicilin is just not  
real  
Enough.  
The criminal cop killing hip-hop filling minimal swap to cop millions of Pac listeners.  
Your coming with me, feel it or not you're gonna fear it like I showed you the spirit of  
god  
Lives in us.  
You hear it a lot, lyrics the shock is it a miracle or am I just a product of pop fizzing  
up.  
For shizzle my whizzle this is the plot listen up you bizzles forgot slizzle does not  
give a  
F\*ck.

[Chorus: NateDogg]

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burns out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.  
Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burn out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.

[Verse 2: Eminem]

Music is like magic there's a certain feeling you get when your real  
And you spit and people are feeling your shit.  
This is your moment and every single minute you spend trying to hold onto it  
Cause you may never get it again.  
So while you're in it try to get as much shit as you can  
And when your run is over just admit when it's at it's end.

Cause I'm at the end of my wits with half this shit that gets in.  
I got a list here's the order of my list that it's in.  
It goes, Reggie, Jay-Z, Tupac and Biggie, Andre from Outcast, Jada, Kurupt,  
Nas and then me. But in this industry I'm the cause of a lot of envy,  
So when I'm not put on this list the shit does not offend me.  
That's why you see me walk around like nothing's bothering me.  
Even though half you people got a f\*cken problem with me.  
You hate it but you know respect you're got to give me  
The press's wet dream like Bobby and Whitney. Nate hit me.

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burns out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.  
Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burn out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.

[Verse 3: Eminem]

Soon as a verse starts I eat it at MC's heart  
What is he thinking? I'm a not to go against me, smart.  
And it's absurd how people hang on every word.  
I probably never get the props I feel I ever deserve  
But I never be served my spot is forever reserved  
If I ever leave earth that would be the death of me first.  
Cause in my heart of hearts I know nothing could ever be worse.  
That's why I'm clever when I put together every verse  
My thoughts are sporadic, I act like I'm an addict  
I rap like I'm addicted to smack like I'm Kim Mathers.  
But I don't want to go forth and back in constant battles  
The fact is I would rather sit back and bomb some rappers.  
So this is like a full blown attack I launching at them  
The track is on some battling raps who want some static  
Cause I don't really think that the fact that I'm Slim matters  
A plaque of platinum status is whack if I not the baddest.

[Chorus: NateDogg]

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out  
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burns out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.  
Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out

Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.  
Till the smoke clears out and my high burn out  
I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse.

[Outro: Eminem & Nate Dogg]  
Until the roof  
The roof comes off  
Until my legs  
Give out from underneath me  
I will not fall,  
I will stand tall,  
Feels like no one could beat me.

Top ▲  
My Dad's Gone Crazy

[Intro:]  
[Tuning TV]  
[Eminem Snortin Crack]

[TV Presenter:]  
Hello boys and girls  
Today we're gonna talk about father and daughter relationships  
Do you have a daddy?  
I'll bet you do  
[Door opens]  
Who's your daddy?

[Hailie:]  
Daddy, what're you doing?

[Beat starts]

[Eminem:]  
Haha

[Eminem & Hailie:]  
Ok then! everybody, listen up!

[Eminem:]  
I'm goin to hell, who's comin' with me?

[Hailie:]

Somebody, please help him!

[giggle]

I think my dad gone crazy!

[Verse #1:]

There's no mountain I can't climb

There's no tower too high,

No plane that I can't learn how to fly

What do I gotta do to get through to you, to show you

There ain't nothing I can't take this chainsaw to

[Hailey Makes Chainsaw Sound]

F\*ckin' brain's brawn, and brass balls

I cut 'em off, I got 'em pickled and bronzed in a glass jar

Inside of a hall, with my framed autographed,

Sunglasses with elton john's name, on my drag wall

I'm out the closet, I been lying my ass off

All this time, me and dre been f\*cking with hats off

[Dr Dre:]

Suck it marshall

[Eminem:]

So tell Laura and her husband to back off

Before I push this motherf\*cking button and blast off

And launch one of these russians, and blast off

[Hailie Makes Explosion Sound]

Blow every f\*cking thing, except afghanistan on the map, off

When will it stop? When will I knock the crap off?

[Knocking]

Hailie, tell 'em baby

[Hailie:]

My dad's lost it

[Chorus:]

[Eminem:]

There's really nothin' else to say I, I can't explain it

[Hailie:]

I think my dad gone crazy!

[Eminem:]

A little help from Hailie Jade won't you tell em' baby

[Hailie:]

I think my dad gone crazy!

[Eminem:]

There's nothin' you could do or say that could ever change me

[Hailie:]

I think my dad gone crazy!

[Eminem:]

There's no one on earth that can save me, not even halie

[Hailie:]

I think my dad gone crazy!

[Verse 2:]

It's like my mother always told me

[Eminem Impersinates His Mom]

Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana Rana,

And codeine and goddamit, you little motherf\*cker

If you ain't got nothin' nice to say then don't say nothin'

Uh...

F\*ck that shit, bitch, eat a motherf\*ckin' dick

Chew on a prick, and lick a million motherf\*ckin' cocks per second

I'd rather put out a motherf\*cking gospel record

I'd rather be a pussy-whipped bitch, eat pussy

And have pussy-lips glued to my face with a clit-ring in my nose

Then quit bringin my flows, quit giving me my ammo

Can't you see why I'm so mean? if y'all leave me alone, this wouldn't be my

M.o.

I wouldn't have to go eenie meenie minie mo

Catch a homo by his toe, man I don't know no more

Am I the only f\*ckin one who's normal any more?

[Hailie:]

Dad

[Chorus]

[Verse #3:]

My songs can make you cry, take you by surprise

And at the same time, make you dry your eyes with the same rhyme

See what you're seeing is a genius at work

Which to me isn't work, so it's easy to misinterpret it at first,

Cause when I speak, it's tongue in cheek

I'd yank my f\*ckin teeth before id ever bite my tongue

I'd slice my gums, get struck by f\*ckin' lightning twice at once  
And die and come back as vanilla ice's son  
And walk around the rest of my life spit on  
And kicked and hit with shit, every time I sung  
Like R Kelly as soon as "bump n' grind" comes on  
More pain inside of my brain, than the eyes of a little girl inside of a  
Plane  
Aimed at the World Trade, standin' on Ronnie's grave,  
Screaming at the sky, till clouds gather as Clyde Mathers and Bonnie Jade  
And that's pretty much the gist of it, Parents are pissed, but the kids love  
It  
Nine millimeter, heater stashed, in two-seaters with meat cleavers  
I don't blame you, I wouldn't let hailie listen to me neither

[Chorus]

[Outro:]  
[Eminem:]  
Crazy

[Hailie:]  
Ha ha  
You're funny daddy!

Top ▲  
Curtains Close (Skit)

[Ken Kaniff]  
Is this thing on?  
Where'd everybody go?  
Guess who's back?  
Back again...  
Ken is back, tell some... men  
Rub my back, Rub my back, Rub my back, Rub my back...  
Eh... Wait... Hello?  
Eh... Goodnight