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

But I'm only going to get this one chance

Something's wrong, I can feel it (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 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?

They said I rap like a robot, so call me Rapbot 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 Lewinsky feeling on his nut-sack

I'm an MC still as honest

But as rude and indecent as all hell syllables, killaholic (Kill 'em all with)

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The exact same time I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm practicing

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It's actually disastrously bad

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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, did nothing but shoot for the moon since

MC's get taken to school with this music

'Cause I use it as a vehicle to bust a rhyme

Now I lead a new school full of students

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 be in a position

To meet Run DMC 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 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 of planking, 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 witnessing a massacre

Like you watching a church gathering 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 everyday looking boy

Hey, looking boy, what you say looking boy?

I got a "hell yeah" from Dre looking boy

I'mma work for everything I have

Never ask nobody for shit, get outta my face looking boy

Basically boy you're never gonna be capable

To keep up with the same pace looking boy 'Cause 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 So you 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 to try and 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

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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 Marshall Mathers LP

One where I tried to say I 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've

Morphed into an immortal coming through the portal

You're stuck in a time warp from 2004 though

And I don't know what the fuck that you rhyme for

You're pointless as Rapunzel with fucking cornrows

You're like normal, fuck being normal

And I just bought a new Raygun from the future

To just come and shoot ya like when Fabolous made Ray J mad

'Cause Fab said he looked like a fag at Maywhether's pad

Singin' to a man while they played piano

Man, oh man, that was a 24/7 special on the cable channel

So Ray J went straight to the radio station the very next day

"Hey, Fab, I'mma kill you"

Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)

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So that anything you saying ricocheting off of me and it'll glue to you

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Never fading, and I know that the haters are forever waiting

For the day that they can say I fell off, they'd 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 hella 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

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Prove that if you're half as nice at songs you can sacrifice virgins too uh!

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But look at the accolades the skills brung me

Full of myself, but still hungry

I bully myself cause I make me do what I put my mind to

And I'm a million leagues above you, ill when I speak in tongues

But it's still tongue in 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

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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? 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 forgettin'

What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud

He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out

He's chokin', how, everybody's jokin' now

The clocks run out, times 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 city's ropes

It don't matter, he's dope, he knows that, but he's broke

He's so stacked that he knows, when he goes back to his mobile home, that's when its

Back to the lab again yo, this whole rhapsody

He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better The souls escaping, through this hole that its gaping

This world is mine for the taking

Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order

A normal life is borin', but super stardom's close to post mortem

It only grows harder, only grows hotter

He blows us 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 mo, he's cold product

They moved on to the next schmo who flows, he nose dove and sold nada

So the soap opera is told and unfolds, I suppose it's old partna, but the beat goes on

Da da dumb da dumb da da You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better No more games, I'm a change what you call rage

Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged

I was playin' in the beginnin', the mood all changed

I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage

But I kept rhymin' and stepwritin' the next cipher

Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper

All the pain inside amplified by the

Fact that I can't get by with my nine to

Five and I can't provide the right type of

Life for my family 'cause man, these God damn food stamps don't buy diapers

And its no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer

This is my life and these times are so hard

And it's getting even harder tryin' to feed and water my seed, plus

See dishonor caught up between bein' a father and a prima-donna

Baby mama drama screamin' on and too much

For me to want to say in one spot, another jam or not

Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail I've got

To formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot

Success is my only motherfuckin' option, failures not

Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go, I cannot grow old in Salem's lot

So here I go is my shot

Feet fail me not 'cause maybe the only opportunity that I got You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You can do anything you set your mind to, man [Chorus - 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 (crazy) [Eminem - Verse 1]

I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek

Oh well, guess beggers can't be choosey

Wanted to receive attention for my music

Wanted to be left alone in public excuse me

Been wanting my cake, And eat it too

And wanting it both ways

Fame made me a balloon cause my ego inflated

When I blew seep and 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

Hit the lottery (oh wee)

With what I gave up to get was bittersweet

It was like winning a huge meet

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 cookey as Kool Keith

But I'm actually weirder than you think

Cause I'm... [Chorus]

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

oh oh oh oh

Well, that's nothing

oh oh oh oh [Eminem - Verse 2]

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 could all be over

Tomorrow so I keep conjuring

Sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from

(Yeah, ponder it, do you want this? there's no wonder you're losing your mind the way you're wandering?)

I think you've been wandering off down yonder and stumbled onto Jeff VanVonderen

Cause I needed 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 is killing me and I can't conquer it

My OCD is conking me in the head

Keep knocking, nobody's home, I'm sleepwalking

I'm just relaying what the voice in my head saying

Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the... [Chorus]

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

oh oh oh oh

Well, that's nothing

oh oh oh oh [Eminem - Verse 3]

Call me crazy, but I had 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

Emcees, blood get spilled and I

Take it back to the days that, I get on a Dre track

Give every kid who got played at

Pumped the feeling

and shit to say back

To the kids who played 'em

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 and it relates that's great

It's payback, Russell Wilson falling way back

In the draft, turn nothing into something still, can make that

Straw in the gold chump I will spend

Rumpelstiltskin in a hay stack

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... [Bridge]

I'm friends with the monster

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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 I'm friends with the monster

That's under my bed

(Get along with)

Get along with the voices inside of my head

(You're tryna)

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 I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid (yeah)

To take a stand, it's been a ride

Everybody, 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 tryin' 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

But you won't take the sting out these words before I say 'em

'Cause ain't no way I'm a let you stop me from causin' mayhem

When I say I'm a do somethin' I do it

I don't give a damn what you think

I'm doin' this for me, so fuck the world, feed it beans

It's gassed up, if it thinks it's stoppin' me

I'mma be what I set out to be, without a doubt undoubtedly

And all those who look down on me, I'm tearin' down your balcony

No if, 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 shittin'

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 I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

To take a stand (to take a stand)

Everybody (everybody)

Come take my hand come (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

Holla if you feel like you've been down the same road Okay quit playin' 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 feelings

Instead of gettin' crowned you're gettin' 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 goin' back to that now

All I'm tryin' to say is get back, click-clack, blow 'cause I ain't playin' 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 tryin' to figure this crap out

Thought I had it mapped out but I guess I didn't, this fuckin' black cloud

Still follows me around but it's time to exercise these demons

These muh'fuckers are doin' jumpin' jacks now I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

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Holla if you feel like you've been down the same road And I just can't keep living this way

So starting today

I'm breaking out of this cage

I'm standing up, I'mma face my demons

I'm manning up, I'mma 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 realize what you did, 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 bee flingers, no more drama from now on

I promise to focus solely on handlin' 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 gazin' at stars, I feel amazing and I'm not I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

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He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better The souls escaping, through this hole that its gaping

This world is mine for the taking

Make me king, as we move toward a, new world order

A normal life is borin', but super stardom's close to post mortem

It only grows harder, only grows hotter

He blows us 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 mo, he's cold product

They moved on to the next schmo who flows, he nose dove and sold nada

So the soap opera is told and unfolds, I suppose it's old partna, but the beat goes on

Da da dumb da dumb da da You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better No more games, I'm a change what you call rage

Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged

I was playin' in the beginnin', the mood all changed

I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage

But I kept rhymin' and stepwritin' the next cipher

Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper

All the pain inside amplified by the

Fact that I can't get by with my nine to

Five and I can't provide the right type of

Life for my family 'cause man, these God damn food stamps don't buy diapers

And its no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer

This is my life and these times are so hard

And it's getting even harder tryin' to feed and water my seed, plus

See dishonor caught up between bein' a father and a prima-donna

Baby mama drama screamin' on and too much

For me to want to say in one spot, another jam or not

Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail I've got

To formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot

Success is my only motherfuckin' option, failures not

Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go, I cannot grow old in Salem's lot

So here I go is my shot

Feet fail me not 'cause maybe the only opportunity that I got You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You can do anything you set your mind to, man [Chorus - 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 (crazy) [Eminem - Verse 1]

I wanted the fame, but not the cover of Newsweek

Oh well, guess beggers can't be choosey

Wanted to receive attention for my music

Wanted to be left alone in public excuse me

Been wanting my cake, And eat it too

And wanting it both ways

Fame made me a balloon cause my ego inflated

When I blew seep and 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

Hit the lottery (oh wee)

With what I gave up to get was bittersweet

It was like winning a huge meet

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 cookey as Kool Keith

But I'm actually weirder than you think

Cause I'm... [Chorus]

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

oh oh oh oh

Well, that's nothing

oh oh oh oh [Eminem - Verse 2]

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 could all be over

Tomorrow so I keep conjuring

Sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from

(Yeah, ponder it, do you want this? there's no wonder you're losing your mind the way you're wandering?)

I think you've been wandering off down yonder and stumbled onto Jeff VanVonderen

Cause I needed 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 is killing me and I can't conquer it

My OCD is conking me in the head

Keep knocking, nobody's home, I'm sleepwalking

I'm just relaying what the voice in my head saying

Don't shoot the messenger, I'm just friends with the... [Chorus]

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

oh oh oh oh

Well, that's nothing

oh oh oh oh [Eminem - Verse 3]

Call me crazy, but I had 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

Emcees, blood get spilled and I

Take it back to the days that, I get on a Dre track

Give every kid who got played at

Pumped the feeling

and shit to say back

To the kids who played 'em

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 and it relates that's great

It's payback, Russell Wilson falling way back

In the draft, turn nothing into something still, can make that

Straw in the gold chump I will spend

Rumpelstiltskin in a hay stack

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... [Bridge]

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 I'm friends with the monster

That's under my bed

(Get along with)

Get along with the voices inside of my head

(You're tryna)

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 I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid (yeah)

To take a stand, it's been a ride

Everybody, 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 tryin' 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

But you won't take the sting out these words before I say 'em

'Cause ain't no way I'm a let you stop me from causin' mayhem

When I say I'm a do somethin' I do it

I don't give a damn what you think

I'm doin' this for me, so fuck the world, feed it beans

It's gassed up, if it thinks it's stoppin' me

I'mma be what I set out to be, without a doubt undoubtedly

And all those who look down on me, I'm tearin' down your balcony

No if, 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 shittin'

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 I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

To take a stand (to take a stand)

Everybody (everybody)

Come take my hand come (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

Holla if you feel like you've been down the same road Okay quit playin' 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 feelings

Instead of gettin' crowned you're gettin' 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 goin' back to that now

All I'm tryin' to say is get back, click-clack, blow 'cause I ain't playin' 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 tryin' to figure this crap out

Thought I had it mapped out but I guess I didn't, this fuckin' black cloud

Still follows me around but it's time to exercise these demons

These muh'fuckers are doin' jumpin' jacks now I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

To take a stand (to take a stand)

Everybody (everybody)

Come take my hand come (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

Holla if you feel like you've been down the same road And I just can't keep living this way

So starting today

I'm breaking out of this cage

I'm standing up, I'mma face my demons

I'm manning up, I'mma 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 realize what you did, 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 bee flingers, no more drama from now on

I promise to focus solely on handlin' 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 gazin' at stars, I feel amazing and I'm not I'm not afraid (I'm not afraid)

To take a stand (to take a stand)

Everybody (Everybody)

Come take my hand come (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

Holla if you feel like you've been down the same road 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 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 of love drunk from my hate

It's like I'm huffing paint and I love it the more that 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 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 You ever love somebody so much

You can barely breathe, when you're with them, you meet

And neither one of you, even know what hit 'em,

Got that warm fuzzy feeling, yeah them chills, used to get 'em

Now you're getting fucking sick, of looking at 'em

You swore you've never hit 'em, never do nothing to hurt 'em,

Now you're in each others face,

Spewing venom, and these words, when you spit 'em

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 'em

It's the rage that's the culprit, it controls you both

So they say it's best, to go your separate ways,

Guess that they don't know ya 'cause today, that was yesterday

Yesterday is over, it's a different day

Sound like broken records, playin' over, but you promised her

Next time you'll 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 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 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, but 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 now

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 dry wall

Next time, there will be no next time

I apologize even though I know it's 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

I'm a tie her to the bed and set this house on fire 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 [Bruno Mars]

This one's for you and me, living out our dreams

We're all right where we should be

With my arms out wide I open my eyes

And now all I wanna see

Is a sky full of lighters

A sky full of lighters [Eminem]

By the time you hear this I will have already spiralled up

I would never do nothing to let you cowards fuck my world up

If I was you, I would duck, or get struck like lightening,

Fighters keep fighting, put your lighters up, point 'em skyward uh

Had a dream I was king, I woke up, still king...

This rap game's nipple is mine for the milking,

Till nobody else even fucking feels me, till' it kills me

I swear to god I'll be the fucking illest in this music

There is or there ever will be, disagree?

Feel free, but from now on I'm refusing to ever give up

The only thing I ever gave up is using. No more excuses.

Excuse me if my head is too big for this building

And pardon me if I'm a cocky prick but you cocks are slick

Poppin' shit on how you flipped ya life around, crock-of-shit

Who you dicks try to kid, flipped dick, you did the opposite

You stayed the same, cause cock backwards is still cock you pricks

I love it when I tell 'em shove it

Cause it wasn't that long ago when Marshall sat, luster lacked, flustered

Cuz he couldn't cut mustard, muster up nothing

Brain fuzzy, cause he's buzzin', woke up from that buzz

Now you wonder why he does it, how he does it

Wasn't cause he had buzzards circle around his head

Waiting for him to drop dead, was it?

Or was it, cause them bitches wrote him off

Little hussy ass fusses, 'cause fuck it, guess it doesn't matter now, does it

What difference it make?

What it take to get it through your thick skulls

As if this ain't some bullshit

People don't usually come back this way

From a place that was dark as I was in

Just to get to this place

Now let these words be like a switch blade to a haters rib cage

And let it be known from this day forward

I wanna just say thanks cause your hate is what gave me the strength

So let 'em bic's raise 'cause I came with 5'9â€² but I feel like I'm 6'8â€³ [Bruno Mars]

This one's for you and me, living out our dreams

We're all right where we should be

With my arms out wide I open my eyes

And now all I wanna see

Is a sky full of lighters

A sky full of lighters [Royce Da 5'9"]

By the time you hear this I'll probably already be outtie

I advance like going from toting iron to going and buying 4 or 5 of the homies the iron man Audi

My daddy told me slow down, boy, you goin' to blow it

And I ain't gotta stop the beat a minute

To tell Shady I love him the same way that he did Dr Dre on the Chronic

Tell him how real he is or how high I am

Or how I would kill for him for him to know it

I cried plenty tears, my daddy got a bad back

So it's only right that I right till he can march right into that post office and tell 'em to hang it up

Now his career's Lebron's jersey in 20 years

I'll stop when I'm at the very top

You shitted on me on your way up

It's 'bout to be a scary drop

Cause what goes up must come down

You going down on something you don't wanna see like a hairy box

Every hour, happy hour now

Life is wacky now

Used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy

Now I'm just the cats meoww, ow

Classic now, always down for the catch weight like Pacquiao

Ya'll are doomed

I remember when T-Pain ain't wanna work with me

My car starts itself, parks itself and autotunes

Cause now I'm in the Aston

I went from having my city locked up

To getting treated like Kwame Kilpatrick

And now I'm fantastic

Compared to a weed high

And y'all niggas just gossipin' like bitches on a radio and TV

See me, we fly

Y'all buggin' out like Wendy Williams staring at a bee-hive

And how real is that

I remember signing my first deal and now I'm the second best I can deal with that

Now Bruno can show his ass, without the MTV awards gag [Bruno Mars]

You and I

Know what it's like

To be kicked down

Forced to fight

But tonight, we're alright

So hold up your lights

Let it shi-i-i-i-ine

Because... This one's for you and me, living out our dreams

We're all right where we should be

With my arms out wide I open my eyes

And now all I wanna see

Is a sky full of lighters

A sky full of lighters Obie Trice

Real name no gimmicks Two trailer park girls go 'round the outside,

'Round the outside, 'round the outside

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, guess who's back?

Guess who's back, guess who's back?

Guess who's back? 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, then this is what I'll give ya

A little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor

Some vodka that will jump start my heart quicker

Then 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 to stop debating

'Cause I'm back, I'm on the rag and ovulating

I know you got a job, Ms. Cheney

But your husband's heart problem is complicating

So the F-C-C won't let me be or let me be me so let me see

They tried to shut me down on M-T-V

But it feels so empty without me

So come on and 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!" 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

I said, 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 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, pollutin' 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, nana-na na na nana-na na na kshh

Fix your bent antenna, tune it in and then I'm gonna enter in endin' 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 ten cents, my two cents is free

A nuisance, who sent, you sent for me? 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

I said, 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 A-tiskit a-taskit,

I 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 thirty six year old bald headed fag, blow me

You don't know me, you're too old, let it go its 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 this 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 (hey!)

And use it to get myself wealthy

Hey, there's a concept that works

Twenty million other white rappers emerged

But no matter how many fish in the sea

It will be so empty without me 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

I said, 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 Kids! 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

Are you calling me, are you trying to get through

Are you reaching out for me, and I'm reaching out for you 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 that mic back up

I don't know how or why or when

And I ended up in this position I'm in

I starting to feel distant again

So I decided just to pick this pen

Up and tried 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

I know some shits so hard to swallow

And 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, copy, one tough act to follow

Here today, gone tomorrow

But you have to walk a thousand miles In my shoes, just to see

What it'd be like, to be me

I'll be you, let's trade shoes

Just to see what I'd be like to

Feel your pain, you feel mine

Go inside each other's mind

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 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 a door to 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 manservant

Follow me around, and wiping my ass

Laugh at every single joke I crack

And half of 'em ain't even funny like

Haha 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 have to trade our shoes

And you don't have to walk no thousand miles In my shoes, just to see

What it'd be like, to be me

I'll be you, let's trade shoes

Just to see what I'd be like to

Feel your pain, you feel mine

Go inside each other's mind

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 so

Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful oh

They can all get fucked. Just stay true to you Nobody asked for life to deal us

With these bullshit hands we're dealt

We gotta take these cards ourselves

Flip them, don't expect no help, now I could have either just

Sat on my ass and pissed and moaned

But 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 but I know to unpack his bags

Never sat on the porch and hoped and prayed

For a dad to show up who never did

I just wanted to fit in, every single place, every school I went

I dreamed of being that cool kid

Even if it meant acting stupid, Aunt Edna always told me

Keep making that face till it gets stuck like that

Meanwhile I'm just standing there

Holding my tongue up trying to talk like this

Till I stuck my tongue on the frozen stop sign pole at eight years old

I learned my lesson and cause I wasn't tryin to 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

Is probably a hundred and ten percent different

I guess we would have to walk a mile

In each other's shoes, at least

What size you where? I wear tens

Let's see if you can fit your feet In my shoes, just to see

What it'd be like, to be me

I'll be you, let's trade shoes

Just to see what I'd be like to

Feel your pain, you feel mine

Go inside each other's mind

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 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

Are you calling me, are you trying to get through

Are you reaching out for me, and I'm reaching out for you Yea, to my babies. Stay strong. Daddy will be home soon

And to the rest of the world, God gave you the shoes

That fit you, so put em on and wear 'em

And 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 Yeah

I know sometimes things may not

Always make sense to you right now

But hey,

What daddy always tell you?

Straighten up little soldier

Stiffen up that upper lip

What you crying about?

You got me Hailie I know you miss your mom and I know you miss your dad

Well I'm gone but I'm trying to give you the life that I never had

I can see you're sad, even when you smile, even when you laugh

I can see it in your eyes, deep inside you want to cry

Cause you're scared, I ain't there?

Daddy's with you in your prayers

No more crying, wipe them tears

Daddy's here, no more nightmares

We gon' pull together through it, we gon' do it

Laney uncles crazy, ain't he?

Yeah but he loves you girl and you better know it

We're all we got in this world

When it spins, when it swirls

When it whirls, when it twirls

Two little beautiful girls

Lookin' puzzled, in a daze

I know it's confusing you

Daddy's always on the move, mama's always on the news

I try to keep you sheltered from it but somehow it seems

The harder that I try to do that, the more it backfires on me

All the things growing up his daddy that he had to see

Daddy don't want you to see but you see just as much as he did

We did not plan it to be this way, your mother and me

But things have gotten so bad between us

I don't see us ever being together ever again

Like we used to be when we were teenagers

But then of course everything always happens for a reason

I guess it was never meant to be

But it's just something we have no control over and that's what destiny is

But no more worries, rest your head and go to sleep

Maybe one day we'll wake up and this will all just be a dream Now hush little baby, don't you cry

Everything's gonna be alright

Stiffen that upper lip up little lady, I told ya

Daddy's here to hold ya through the night

I know mommy's not here right now and we don't know why

We fear how we feel inside

It may seem a little crazy, pretty baby

But I promise momma's gon' be alright It's funny

I remember back one year when daddy had no money

Mommy wrapped the Christmas presents up

And stuck 'em under the tree and said some of 'em were from me

Cause daddy couldn't buy 'em

I'll never forget that Christmas I sat up the whole night crying

Cause daddy felt like a bum, see daddy had a job

But his job was to keep the food on the table for you and mom

And at the time every house that we lived in

Either kept getting broken into and robbed

Or shot up on the block and your mom was saving money for you in a jar

Tryna start a piggy bank for you so you could go to college

Almost had a thousand dollars till someone broke in and stole it

And I know it hurt so bad it broke your momma's heart

And it seemed like everything was just startin' to fall apart

Mom and dad was arguin' a lot so momma moved back

On the Chalmers in the flat one bedroom apartment

And dad moved back to the other side of 8 Mile on Novara

And that's when daddy went to California with his CD and met Dr. Dre

And flew you and momma out to see me

But daddy had to work, you and momma had to leave me

Then you started seeing daddy on the T.V. and momma didn't like it

And you and Laney were to young to understand it

Papa was a rollin' stone, momma developed a habit

And it all happened too fast for either one of us to grab it

I'm just sorry you were there and had to witness it first hand

Cause all I ever wanted to do was just make you proud

Now I'm sitting in this empty house, just reminiscing

Lookin' at your baby pictures, it just trips me out

To see how much you both have grown, it's almost like you're sisters now

Wow, guess you pretty much are and daddy's still here

Laney I'm talkin' to you too, daddy's still here

I like the sound of that, yeah

It's got a ring to it don't it?

Shh, momma's only gone for the moment Now hush little baby, don't you cry

Everything's gonna be alright

Stiffen that upper lip up little lady, I told ya

Daddy's here to hold ya through the night

I know mommy's not here right now and we don't know why

We fear how we feel inside

It may seem a little crazy, pretty baby

But I promise momma's gon' be alright And if you ask me too Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird

I'mma give you the world

I'mma buy a diamond ring for you

I'mma sing for you

I'll do anything for you to see you smile

And if that mockingbird don't sing and that ring don't shine

I'mma break that birdies neck

I'll go back to the jeweler who sold it to ya

And make him eat every carat don't fuck with dad (ha ha) Yo, it's my life, my own words I guess Have you ever loved someone so much

You'd give an arm for

Not the expression, no

Literally give an arm for

When they know they're your heart

And you know you are their armor

And you will destroy anyone who would try to harm her

But what happens when karma

Turns right around and bites you

And everything you stand for turns on you to spite you

What happens when you become the main source of her pain

"Daddy look what I made"

"Dad's gotta go catch a plane"

"Daddy where's mommy?

I can't find mommy, where is she?"

"I don't know, go play, Hailie baby, your daddy's busy

Daddy's writing a song, this song ain't gon write itself"

I give you one underdog, and you gotta swing by yourself

Then turn right around in that song and tell her you love her

And put hands on her mother who's the spittin' image of her

That's Slim Shady, yeah baby Slim Shady's crazy

Shady made me

But tonight, Shady's rock-a-bye baby And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back I keep havin' this dream,

I'm pushin' Hailie on a swing, she keeps screamin', she don't want me to sing

"You're makin' mommy cry, why, why is mommy cryin'"

"Baby, daddy ain't leavin' no more, Daddy you're lyin'

You always say that, you always say this is the last time

But you ain't leavin' no more daddy, you're mine"

She's pilin' boxes in front of the door tryin' to block it

"Daddy please, daddy, don't leave, daddy, no, stop it"

Goes in her pocket, pulls out a tiny necklace locket

It's got a picture, "This will keep you safe daddy, take it with ya"

I look up, it's just me standin' in the mirror

These fuckin' walls must be talkin', 'cause man I can hear 'em

They're sayin', "you got one more chance to do right

And it's tonight, now go out and show em that you love 'em before it's too late"

And just as I go to walk out of my bedroom door

It turns to a stage, they're gone and the spotlight is on and I'm singin' And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back Sixty thousand people all jumpin' out their seat

The curtain closes, they're throwin' roses at my feet

I take a bow, and thank you all for comin out

They're screamin' so loud, I take one last look at the crowd

I glance down, I don't believe what I'm seein'

"Daddy, its me, help mommy, her wrists are bleedin'"

But baby we're in Sweden

How did you get to Sweden?

"I followed you daddy

You told me that you weren't leavin'

You lied to me dad, and now you made mommy sad

And I bought you this coin, it says number one dad

That's all I wanted, I just want to give you this coin"

"I get the point, fine, me and mommy are goin'"

"But baby wait, it's too late dad, you made your choice

Now go out there and show em that you love em more than us

That's what they want

They want you, Marshall

They keep screamin' your name

It's no wonder you can't go to sleep

Just take another pill, yeah I bet you you will!

You rap about it, yeah word, kid keep it real"

I hear a applause, all this time I couldn't see

How could it be, that the curtain is closin' on me

I turn around, find a gun on the ground

Cock it, put it to my brain, scream Die Shady! And pop it

The sky darkens, my life flashes

The plane that I was supposed to be on, crashes, and burns to ashes

That's when I wake up

Alarm clock's ringing, there's birds singin'

It's spring and Hailie's outside swingin'

I walk right up to Kim and kiss her tell her I miss her

Hailie just smiles and winks at her little sister almost as if to say And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back And when I'm gone just carry on don't mourn,

Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice, just know that,

I'm lookin' down on you smilin'

And I didn't feel a thing so baby, don't feel no pain, just smile back I'm about to lose my mind

You've been gone for so long, I'm runnin' outta time

I need a doctor, call me a doctor

I need a doctor, doctor to bring me back to life I told the world one day I would pay it back

Say it on tape, and lay it, record it so that one day I could play it back

But I don't even know if I believe it when I'm sayin' that

Doubts startin' to creep in, everyday it's just so grey and black

Hope, I just need a ray of that, cause no one sees my vision

When I play it for 'em, they just say it's wack, they don't know what dope is

And I don't know if I was awake or asleep when I wrote this

All I know is you came to me when I was at my lowest

You picked me up, breathed new life in me, I owe my life to you

But for the life of me, I don't see why you don't see like I do

But it just dawned on me you lost a son, demons fighting you, it's dark

Let me turn on the lights and brighten me and enlighten you

I don't think you realise what you mean to me, not the slightest clue

Cause me and you were like a crew, I was like your sidekick

You gon either wanna fight me when I get off this fuckin' mic

Or you gon' hug me, but I'm outta options, there's nothin' else I can do cause I'm about to lose my mind

You've been gone for so long, I'm runnin' outta time

I need a doctor, call me a doctor

I need a doctor, doctor to bring me back to life It hurts when I see you struggle, you come to me with ideas

You say they're just pieces, so I'm puzzled, cause the shit I hear is crazy

But you're either gettin' lazy or you don't believe in you no more

Seems like your own opinions, not one you can form

Can't make a decision you keep questionin' yourself

Second guessin' and it's almost like your beggin' for my help

Like I'm your leader, you're supposed to fuckin' be my mentor

I can endure no more I demand you remember who you are

It was YOU, who believed in me when everyone was tellin'

You don't sign me, everyone at the fuckin' label, let's tell the truth

You risked your career for me, I know it as well as you

Nobody wanted to fuck with the white boy, Dre, I'm cryin' in this booth

You saved my life, now maybe it's my turn to save yours

But I can never repay you, what you did for me is way more

But I ain't givin' up faith and you ain't givin' up on me

Get up Dre I'm dyin', I need you, come back for fuck's sake I'm about to lose my mind

You've been gone for so long, I'm runnin' outta time

I need a doctor, call me a doctor

I need a doctor, doctor to bring me back to life

bring me back to life, bring me back to life,

I need (a doctor, doctor to bring me back to life) It literally feels like a lifetime ago

But I still remember the shit like it was just yesterday, though

You walked in, yellow jump suit, whole room, cracked jokes

Once you got inside the booth, told you, mic smoke

Went through friends, some of them I put on, but they just left

They said they was ridin' to the death, but where the fuck are they now?

Now that I need them, I don't see none of them

All I see is Slim, fuck all you fair-weather friends, all I need is him

Fuckin' backstabbers, when the chips were down you just laughed at us

Now you bout to feel the fuckin' wrath of Aftermath, faggots

You gon' see us in our lab jackets and ask us where the fuck we been?

You can kiss my indecisive ass crack, maggots

And the crackers' ass, little crack a jack beat

Makin' wack math, backwards producers, I'm back bastards

One more CD and then I'm packin' up my bags and as I'm leavin'

I'll guarantee they scream, "Dre, don't leave us like that man!" cause I'm about to lose my mind

You've been gone for so long, I'm runnin' outta time

I need a doctor, call me a doctor

I need a doctor, doctor to bring me back to life 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 going to 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

Started whoopin' her ass worse than before, they first get divorced

Throwing her over furniture

It's the return of the "Oh wait, no way, your 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, chicka chicka chicka Slim Shady I'm sick of him

Look at him, walking around grabbing his you know what

Flippin' the you know who "yeah, but he's so cute though"

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

But no worse than what's going on in your parent's bedrooms

Sometimes I want to 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 women's clitoris is.

Of course they gonna know what intercourse is, by the time they hit 4th 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.

But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes

Then there's no reason that a man and another man can't elope

But if you feel like I feel I got the antidote.

Women wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus and it goes 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

'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 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 can just lie to get me here?

So you can sit me here next to Britney Spears.

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 M-T-V

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

I should download her audio on mp3

And show the whole world how you gave Eminem V.D.

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

So I've been sent here to destroy you

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 '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

'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 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 sugar coat it at all

I just get on the mic and spit it, and whether you like to admit it (rip)

I just shit it better than 90 percent of you rappers out there

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 jackin' off with Jergens

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

And every single person is a Slim Shady lurkin' he could be workin' at Burger King

Spitten on your onion rings

Or in the parking lot circling,

Screaming I don't give a fuck with his windows down and system up

So will the real Shady, please stand up

And put one of those fingers on each hand up

And to be proud to be outta your mind and outta control

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

'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 '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

'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 Haha, I guess there's a Slim Shady in all of us,

Fuck it,

Let's all stand up 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Slim, I wrote you but still ain't callin'

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

There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin'

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'm a call her?

I'm a 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 fat

Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,

Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan

This is Stan 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad 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,

For four hours and you just said, "No."

That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' 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 bein' 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 of 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 growin' 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 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Mister "I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My Fans"

This will 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 of the Night"

About that guy who could a saved that other guy from drowning

But didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a a show he found him?

That's kinda how this is, you could a rescued me from drowning

Now it's too late, I'm on a thousand 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, shut up bitch! I'm tryin' to talk!

Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin' 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 am I supposed to send this shit out? 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I 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

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 must of 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 clownin' dog, come on, 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 will 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 doin' 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, his name was, it was you

Damn! Where's my snare?

I have no snare on my headphones

There you 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 as the mind of the motherfuckin' kid that's behind All this commotion emotions run deep as oceans explodin'

Tempers flarin' 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' and takin' names in the evenin' 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 momma?

I'ma make you look so ridiculous now I'm sorry momma

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 momma

I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleanin' out my closet Ha, I got some skeletons in my closet

And I don't know if no one knows it

So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it

I'ma 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 panties up in a bunch

'Cause, he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye?

No I don't on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side

Even if I hated Kim, I'd 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 the bullets outta that gun

'Cause, I'da killed him; shit I woulda shot Kim and him, both

It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to 'The Eminem Show' I'm sorry momma

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 momma

I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleanin' out my closet Now, I would never diss my own momma just to get recognition

Take a second to listen for who you think this record is dissin'

But put yourself in my position, just try to envision

Witnessin' your momma poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen Bitchin' that someone's always goin' throuh her purse and shit's missin'

Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchausen's Syndrome

My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't

Till 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? You're gettin' older now and it's cold when your lonely

And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's gonna know that you're phony And Hailie's gettin' 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 fuckin' 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 I'm sorry momma

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 momma

I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleanin' out my closet Love, love

Love, love,

Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no more

Young Money yeah uh Ah, throw dirt on me and grow a wildflower

But it's "fuck the world", get a child out her

Yeah, my life a bitch, but you know nothing about her

Been to hell and back, I can show you vouchers

I'm rolling sweets, I'm smoking sour

Married to the game but she broke her vows

That's why my bars are full of broken bottles

And my night stands are full of open Bibles uh

I think about more than I forget

But I don't go around fire expecting not to sweat

And these niggas know I lay them down, make them beg

Bitches try to kick me while I'm down, I'll break your leg

Money outweighing problems on a triple beam

I'm sticking to the script, you niggas skipping scenes, uh

Be good or be good at it

Fucking right I've got my gun, semi-Cartermatic

Yeah, put a dick in their mouth, so I guess it's fuck what they say

I'm high as a bitch up, up and away, man, I come down in a couple of days

OK, you want me up in a cage, then I'll come out in beast mode

I got this world stuck in the safe, combination is the G-code

It's Weezy motherfucker, blood gang and I'm in bleed mode

All about my dough but I don't even check the peephole

So you can keep knocking but won't knock me down

No love lost,

No love found It's a little too late to say that you're sorry now (Yeah)

You kicked me when I was down, but what you say, just (Don't hurt me)

That's right (It don't hurt me) I don need you (No more)

Don't wanna see you (No more)

Ha bitch you get (No love) You showed me nothing but hate

You ran me into the ground, but what comes around goes around (Yeah)

(And you don't hurt me)

That's right (You don't hurt me) and I don't need you (No more)

Don't want to see you, (No more)

Ha bitch you get no love

No love

No love

No love, ha

Bitch you get no love

No love

No love, and I don't need you (No more)

Get 'em I'm alive again

More alive than I have been in my whole entire life I can

See these people's ears perk up as I begin to spaz with the pen,

I'm a little bit sicker than most,

Shit's gonna get thick again, they say the

Competition is stiff, but I get a hard dick from this shit, now stick it in

I ain't never giving in again

Caution to the wind, complete freedom,

Look at these rappers, how I treat them so why the fuck would I join 'em when I beat 'em yeah

They call me a freak 'cause I like to spit on these pussies 'fore I eat them

Man get these whack cocksuckers off stage, where the fuck is Kanye when you need him?

Snatch the mic from him, bitch I'mma let you finish in a minute,

Yeah that rap was tight, but I'm 'bout to spit the greatest verse of all time

So you might want to go back to the lab tonight and um

Scribble out them rhymes you were gonna spit and start over from scratch and write new ones

But I'm afraid that it ain't gonna make no difference

When I rip this stage and tear it in half tonight

It's an adrenaline rush to feel the bass thump in the place

All the way to the parking lot, fellow

Set fire to the mic and ignite the crowd

You can see the sparks from hot metal

Cold-hearted from the day I Bogarted the game I so started

To rock fellow, when I'm not even in my harshest

You can still get roasted 'cause Marsh is not mellow

'Til I'm toppling from the top I'm not going to stop, I'm standing on my Monopoly board

That means I'm on top of my game and it don't stop, 'til my hip don't hop anymore

When you're so good that you can't say it 'cause it ain't even cool for you to sound cocky anymore

People just get sick 'cause you spit, these fools can't drool or dribble a drop anymore

And you can never break my stride,

You never slow the momentum at any moment I'm about to blow

You'll never take my pride, killing the flow, slow venom and the opponent is getting no

Mercy, mark my words, ain't letting up, relentless I smell blood,

I don't give a fuck, keep giving them hell

Where was you when I fell and needed help up? You get no love It's a little too late to say that you're sorry now (Oh)

You kicked me when I was down, but what you say, just (Don't hurt me)

Yeah that's right (It don't hurt me) And I don need you (No more)

Don't wanna see you (No more)

Ha bitch you get (No love) You showed me nothing but hate (Yeah)

You ran me into the ground, but what comes around goes around

(And you don't hurt me) That's right (You don't hurt me) and I don't need you (No more)

Don't want to see you, (No more)

Ha bitch you get no love

No love

No love

No love, ha

Bitch you get no love

No love

No love, and I don't need you (No more)

Ha, bitch you get no (Love) 'Cause sometimes you just feel tired, you feel weak

And when you feel weak you feel like you want to 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 want to just fall flat on your face and collapse 'Til I collapse I'm spilling these raps long as you feel 'em

'Til the day that I drop you'll never say that I'm not killing 'em

'Cause when I am not then I'm a stop pinning them

And I am not hip-hop and I'm just not Eminem

Subliminal thoughts when I'm stop sending them

Women are caught in webs spin and hock venom

Adrenaline shots of penicillin could not get the illin' to stop

Amoxicillin is just not real enough

The criminal cop killing hip-hop filling a

Minimal swap to cop millions of Pac listeners

You're 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 that 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 fuck 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. Music is like magic there's a certain feeling you get

When you're real and you spit and people are feeling your shit

This is your moment and every single minute you spittin'

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 its end

'Cause I'm at the end of my wits with half the 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 Outkast, 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 fuckin' problem with me

You hate it but you know respect you've got to give me

The press's wet dream like Bobby and Whitney, Nate hit me 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. Soon as a verse starts I eat at an MC's heart

What is he thinking? Enough to not go against me, smart

And its absurd how people hang on every word

I'll probably never get the props I feel I ever deserve

But I'll 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'm launching at 'em

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'm not the baddest 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. 'Til the roof comes off, till the lights go out

'Til my legs give out, can't shut my mouth.

'Til the smoke clears out and my high perhaps

I'm a rip this shit till my bone collapse. Until the roof (Until the roof)

The roof comes off (The roof comes off)

Until my legs (Until my legs)

Give out from underneath me (Underneath me, I) I will not fall

I will stand tall

Feels like no one can beat me Now everybody from the 313 put your motha fuckin' hands up and follow me

Now everybody from the 313 put your motha fuckin' hands up

Look look Now while he stands tough

Notice that this man did not have his hands up

The Free World's got you gassed up

Now who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf 1, 2, 3 and to the 4

1 pac 2 pac 3 pac 4

4 pac 3 pac 2 pac 1

You're pac he's pac You're pac none This guy ain't no motha fuckin MC

I know everything he's got to say against me

I am white I am a fuckin' bum

I do live in a trailer with my mom

My boy future is an Uncle Tom

I do got a dumb friend named Cheddar Bob

Who shoots himself in his leg with his own gun

I did get jumped by all six of you chumps

And Wink did fuck my girl

I'm still standing here screamin' fuck the Free World Don't ever try to judge me dude

You don't know what the fuck I've been through

But I know something about you

You went to Cranbrook

Thats a private school

What's the matter dog?

You embarrassed?

This guy's a gangster?

His real names' Clarence

And Clarence lives at home with both parents

And Clarence's parents have a real good marriage This guy dont wanna battle hes shook

'Cause there ain't no such thing as halfway crooks

He's scared to death

He's scared to look at his fuckin year book

Fuck Cranbrooke Fuck a beat I'll go a capella

Fuck a Papa Doc

Fuck a clock

Fuck a trailer

Fuck everybody

Fuck ya'll if you doubt me

I'm a piece of fuckin' white trash I say it proudly

And fuck this battle I don't wanna win, I'm outtie

Here, tell these people somethin' they don't know about me Mm

You high baby?

Yeah

Yeah?

Ha ha ha

Talk to me

You want me to tell you somethin'

Uh huh

I know what you wanna hear '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 wanna 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 wanna save you girl

Come be in Shady's world Oh boy you drive me crazy Bitch you make me hurl They call me Superman

Leap tall hoes in a single bound

I'm single now

Got no ring on this finger now I'll 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'll tell the motherfucking slut to her face

Play new games, say new 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, hit 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, wouldn't buy you life

What you tryin' to be, my new wife?

What you Mariah? Fly through twice

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

'Til then just sit your drunk ass on that fuckin' runway hoe '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 Don't get me wrong

I love these hoes

It's no secret

Everybody knows

Yeah we fucked

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 wanna 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?

Never loved you enough to trust you

We just met and I just fucked you

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 fuckin' runway hoe

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 wanna grow together

Lets 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 wanna save you girl

Come be in Shady's world Oh boy you drive me crazy

Bitch you make me hurl

First thing you said

I'm not phased,

I hang around big stars all day,

I don't see what the big deal is anyway,

You're just plain ol' Marshall to me

Ooh yeah girl run that game

Hailie Jade I love that name,

Love that tattoo, what's that say?

Rot in pieces' aw 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 bar stool

There goes another lawsuit

Leave hand prints all across you

Good lordy-wody 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 back hands

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

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

'Til then just sit your drunk ass on that fuckin' runway hoe 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 wanna 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 wanna save you girl

Come be in Shady's world

Oh boy you drive me crazy

Bitch you make me hurl '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 '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 We touch I feel a rush

We clutch

It isn't much but its enough to make me wonder what's in store for us

It's lust its 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 ya Nobody knows me I'm cold, walk down this road all alone

It's no ones 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 mofuckin' hos

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 tryin' to start over

I gotta hole in my heart for some kind of emotional rollercoaster

Something I wont go until you toy with my emotion so it's over

It's like an explosion every time I hold ya, I wasn't jokin' when I told ya

You take my breathe away

Your a supernova, and I'm a 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 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 is

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 wont be makin' a mistake ('Cause I'm a) 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 So after a year and six months, 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 guards 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 pleadin' I'm tryin' to stop you from leavin'

You won't even listen so fuck it, I'm tryin' to stop you from breathin'

I put both hands on your throat

I sit on top of you squeezin' til I snap ya 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 just go and just give

Before I put that gun to my temple, I told you this And I would've done 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 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 Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (what?)

Excuse me, (my name is) (who? My name is)

Slim Shady

Can I get the attention of the class (huh my name is, what my name is)

For one second My name is (My name is Slim Shady) Hi kids! Do you like violence? (Yeah yeah yeah!)

Wanna see me stick Nine inch Nails, through each one of my eyelids? (Uh-huh!)

Wanna copy me and do exactly like I did? (Yeah yeah!)

Try 'cid and get fucked up worse that my life is? (Huh?)

My brain's dead weight, I'm tryin' to get my head straight

But I can't figure out which Spice Girl I want to impregnate (Oh)

And Dr. Dre said, "Slim Shady you a base-head!" Uh-uh!

"So why's your face red? Man you wasted!"

Well since age twelve, I've felt like I'm someone else

'Cause I hung my original self from the top bunk with a belt

Got pissed off and ripped Pamela Lee's tits off

And smacked her so hard I knocked her clothes backwards like Kris Kross

I smoke a fat pound of grass and fall on my ass, faster than a fat bitch

Who sat down too fast

C'mere slut! (Shady, wait a minute, that's my girl dog!)

I don't give a fuck, God sent me to piss the world off! Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady My English teacher wanted to flunk me in Junior High

Thanks a lot next semester I'll be thirty five

I smacked him in his face with an eraser,

Chased him with a stapler

Stapled his nuts to a stack of papers (Ow!)

Walked in the strip club, had my jacket zipped up

Flashed the bartender, then stuck my dick in the tip cup

Extraterrestrial, running over pedestrians in a space ship

While they screamin' at me "Let's just be friends!"

Ninety-nine percent of my life I was lied to

I just found out my mom does more dope than I do (Damn!)

I told her I'd grow up to be a famous rapper

Make a record about doin' drugs and name it after her (Oh thank you!)

You know you blew up when the women rush your stands

Try to touch your hands like some screamin' Usher fans (Ahh!)

This guy at White Castle asked for my autograph (Dude, can I get your autograph?)

So I signed it, "Dear Dave, thanks for the support, asshole!" Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady Stop the tape! This kid needs to be locked away! (Get him!)

Dr. Dre, don't just stand there, operate!

I'm not ready to leave, it's too scary to die (Fuck that!)

I'll have to be carried inside the cemetery and buried alive

(Huh yup!) Am I comin' or goin'?

I can barely decide

I just drank a fifth of vodka,

Dare me to drive? (Go ahead) all my life I was very deprived

I ain't had a woman in years, and my palms are too hairy to hide

(Whoops!) Clothes ripped like the Incredible Hulk

I spit when I talk, I'll fuck anything that walks (C'mere)

When I was little I used to get so hungry I would throw fits

How you gonna breast feed me Mom? You ain't got not tits!

I lay awake and strap myself in the bed

Put a bulletproof vest on and shoot myself in the head (Bang!)

I'm steamin' mad (Argh!) And by the way when you see my dad? (Yeah?)

Tell him that I slit his throat, in this dream I had Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (who?)

My name is (huh?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady The way you shake it, I can't believe it

I ain't never seen an ass like that

The way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing, doing, doing

I don't believe it, it's almost to good to be true

I ain't never seen a ass like that

The way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing doing doing The way she moves, she's like a belly-dancer

She's shaking that ass to the new Nelly jams

I think someone's at the door but I don't think I'mma answer

Police saying 'freeze!': doing, doing, doing

What do you mean, 'freeze'? Please, I'm a human being!

I have needs! I'm NOT done, not 'til I'm finished peeing

I am not resisting arrest, I am agreeing

Mr. Officer! I'm already on my knees

I can't get on the ground any further, it's impossible for me

And do not treat me like a murderer, I just like to pee

Pee, pee, yes, I make R&B;, I sing song

It go Ring-a-Chong, a-Ching-Chong-Chong-Chong-Ching

Psych! I joke, I joke! I keed, I keed!

If I offend, I'm sorry! Please, please, forgive!

For I am Triumph the Puppet Dog, I am a mere puppet

I can get away anything I say and you will love it! The way you shake it, I can't believe it

I ain't never seen an - ass like that

The way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing doing doing

Jessica Simpson looks oh so tempting

Nick, I ain't never seen a ass like that

Everytime I see that show on MTV, my pee-pee goes

Doing doing doing Mary-Kate and Ashley used to be so wholesome

Now they getting older, they're starting to grow bum-bums

I go to the movies and sit down with my popcorn

Police saying 'freeze!': doing, doing, doing

What do you mean, 'freeze'? Geez, I just got my seat!

I have ticket, look, I put it away, my zipper's zipped!

Please do not remove me from this movie theatre, please

I did not even get to see Mary Kate's shower scene

I didn't mean to be obscene or make a great big scene

And don't treat me like I'm Pee Wee Herman, this movie's PG

Mr. Officer, I demand to see my attorney

I will simple plead innocent, cop a plea, and be free

Free, yes free, right back on the streets

What you mean my lawyer's with Michael, he's too busy?

I am Triumph, Britney Spears has shoulders like a man

And I can say that and you'll laugh

Cause there's a puppet on my hand The way you shake it, I can't believe it

I ain't never seen an - ass like that

The way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing, doing, doing

Hilary Duff is not quite old enough, so

I ain't never seen her butt like that

Maybe next year, I'll say ass and she'll make my pee-pee go

Doing, doing, doing The way she moves, she dances like a go-go

In that video, she sings, "Get out, you bozo

I need a new boyfriend!" Hi, my name is JoJo

Police saying 'freeze!': doing, doing, doing

What do you mean, 'freeze'? My computers will be seized

And my keys, to my ranch, I just bake cookies

Mr. Officer, lookie, take a whiff of this

Here, I make Jesus juice, take a sip of this

Nobody is safe from me! No, not even me

I don't even know if I can say the word 'pee-pee'

Pee, on the radio but I think I did

Janet, is that a breast? I think I just saw a tit!

Psych! I joke, I joke, I keed, I keed

I don't think my joke is working, I must flee quick!

Get to the chopper, everybody get out

I am not Triumph, I am Ah-nuld, get dowwwn! The way you shake it, I can't believe it

I ain't never seen an - ass like that

The way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing, doing, doing

So Gwen Stefani, will you pee-pee on me please

I ain't never seen a - ass like that

Cause the way you move it, you make my pee-pee go

Doing, doing, doing The fuck is wrong with you?

Ha! Ah ah ah ahhh (Oh god damn)(Ooh)

I'm gonna fackin cum (Oh shit)(oh yeah)

Fack fack faack, (Fuck I am) (Ooh)

I am, I'm going to cum

I'm cumming (oh yeah) I never seen no shit like this,

This bitch can twist like a damn contortionist

Condom on my dick of course it is,

This bitch don't know what abortion is

So I can't cum in her, fucks like a porn star, looks like Jenna,

Fack I'm gonna,

Cum I think my rubbers comin' off,

But oh its so fuckin' wet and soft,

Fuck, I'm gonna start lettin' off

I'm squirting and she's not gettin' off,

And she's on top, I'm gonna fackin', oh god,

Oh don't do that, don't, stop

Stop, don't, I don't mean don't stop!

Ow wait a minute, ow ow fuck I, I'm gonna fuckin' cam! Ah ah ah ahhh (Oh god damn)(Ooh)

I'm gonna fackin cum (Oh shit)(oh yeah)

Fack fack faack, (Fuck I am) (Ooh)

I am, I'm going to cum

I'm cumming (oh yeah) Oh wow, boo that pow, ooh ow I need a cigarette now!

Oh I'm so fucking hot, and you're so fucking hot,

Oh my god, I wanna fackin' fack

No not fuck, I said fack ,

F-A-C-K, F-A-C-K, fack, fack fack fackin' freak me!

Oh yeah girl see baby they call me Mr freaky,

Let's call your sister 3-way, have some threesome, me so horny

And you're such a fuckin' babe I wanna go down on you, fuck you shave!

Ohh god damn, here I go again, I'm gonna cum I am! Ah ah ah ahhh (Oh god damn)(Ooh)

I'm gonna fackin cum (Oh shit)(oh yeah)

Fack fack faack, (Fuck I am) (Ooh)

I am, I'm going to cum

I'm cumming (oh yeah) OK I'm done, I already came twice,

You ain't gonna make me cam,

I'm all outta gas, not so fast! uh your finger just went in my ass!

Ow that hurts! take it out now

Oh wait a minute oww put it back in, in in in

This don't mean I'm gay, I don't like men

I like boobs, boobs, boobs, now see that gerbil, grab that tube,

Shove it up my butt,

Let that little rascal nibble on my asshole, uhh,

Yeah, right there, right there,

Ah I'm coming ah yeah,

Fack, I just came again, okay pull it out now,

Oh fuck yeah, wait he's not out he's still crawling around up there,

Ow fuck I think it's stuck

Oh but it feels so fackin' good! Ah ah ah ahhh (Oh god damn)(Ooh)

I'm gonna fackin cum (Oh shit)(oh yeah)

Fack fack faack, (Fuck I am) (Ooh)

I am, I'm going to cum

I'm cumming (oh yeah) Shove a gerbil in your ass through a tube

Shove a gerbil in your ass through a tube

Shove a gerbil in your ass through a tube

Shove a gerbil in your ass through a tube

Ew ew ew ew Look, if you had one shot, one opportunity

To seize everything you ever wanted

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 forgettin'

What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud

He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out

He's chokin', how, everybody's jokin' now

The clocks run out, times 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 city's ropes

It don't matter,

He's dope, he knows that, but he's broke

He's so stacked 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 You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better The souls escaping, through this hole that it's 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 super stardom's close to post-mortem

It only grows harder, only grows hotter

He blows us 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 mo, he's cold product

They moved on to the next schmo who flows

He nose dove and sold nada

So the soap opera is told and unfolds

I suppose it's old partna, but the beat goes on

Da da dumb da dumb da da You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better No more games, I'm a change what you call rage

Tear this motherfuckin' roof off like two dogs caged

I was playin' in the beginnin', the mood all changed

I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage

But I kept rhymin' and stepwritin' the next cipher

Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper

All the pain inside amplified by the fact

That I can't get by with my nine to five

And I can't provide the right type of life for my family

'Cause man, these God damn 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

Tryin' to feed and water my seed, plus

See dishonor caught up between bein' a father and a prima donna

Baby mama drama screamin' on and Too much for me to want to Stay in one spot,

another day of monotony Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail

I've got to formulate a plot fore I end up in jail or shot

Success is my only motherfuckin' option, failures not

Mom, I love you, but this trail has got to go

I cannot grow old in Salem's lot

So here I go is my shot.

Feet fail me not 'cause maybe the only opportunity that I got You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime

You better lose yourself in the music, the moment

You own it, you better never let it go

You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow

This opportunity comes once in a lifetime you better You can do anything you set your mind to, man Whatever

Dre just let it run

Ey yo turn the beat up a little bit

Ey yo this song is for anyone

Fuck it just shut up and listen Ey yo

I sit back, with this pack, of zigzags

And this bag, of this weed

It gives me, the shit needed to be, the most meanest MC on this

On this earth 'cause 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 its self to relieve

All this tension dispensing me, sentence is getting it

The stress has been eating me, recently

Off of this chest and I rest to get 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 to not come and speak to me

I don't know you and no I don't owe you a motherfuckin' thing

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

I'm not Mr.Friendly, I can be a prick, if you tempt me my tank is on empty

No patience is in me and if you offend me I'm lifting you ten feet

In the air, I don't care who was there and who saw me just jaw 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

I don't mean to be mean but it's all I can be, it's just me And I am, whatever you say I am

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

In the papers, 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 papers, 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

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

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 gettin' bullied and shoots up his school

And they blame it on Marilyn

And the heroin, where were the parents at?

And look at 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

Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way

But I'm glad 'cause they feed me the fuel

That I need for the fire to burn and it's burnin' and I have returned And I am, whatever you say I am

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

In the papers, 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 papers, 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 drop from my label and stop with the fables

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

And pigeon holdin' to some poppy sensations

They cop me rotation at rock 'n' roll stations

And I just do not got the patience

To deal with these cocky Caucasians

Who think I'm some wigga 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

What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in, the why, the who, what

When and where and the how, 'til I'm grabbing my hair and I'm tearing it out

You've been 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, 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 'Cause I am, whatever you say I am

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

In the papers, 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 papers, the news, everyday I am

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

There she goes shaking that ass on the floor

Bumpin' and grindin' that pole

The way she's grindin' that pole, I think I'm losing control Get buzzed, get drunk, get crunked, get fucked up

Hit the strip club don't forget once get your dick rubbed

Get fucked, get sucked, get wasted, shit faceted

Pasted, blasted, puke drink up, get a new drink

Hit the bathroom sink, throw up

Wipe your shoe clean, got a routine

Knowin' still got a few chunks on your shoestring

Knowin' I was dehydrated till the beat vibrated

I was revibed as soon as this bitch is gyrated

And hips and licked them lips and that was it

I had to get Nate Dogg and his sing some shit Two to the one from the one to the three

I like good pussy and I like good trees

Smoke so much weed you wouldn't believe

And I get more ass than a toilet seat

Three to the one from the one to the three

I met a bad bitch last night in the D

Let me tell you how I made her leave with me

Conversation and Hennessey

I've been to the muthafuckin' mountain top

Heard muthafuckers talk, seen and dropped

If I ain't got a weapon I'm a pick up a rock

And when I bust yo ass I'm a continue to rock

Getcha ass of the wall with your two left feet

It's real easy just follow the beat

Don't let that fine girl pass you by

Look real close cause strobe lights lie We 'bout to have a party (turn the music up)

Let's get it started (Go head shake your butt)

I'm lookin' for a girl with a body and a sexy strut

Wanna get it poppin' baby step right up

Some girls they act retarded

Some girls are bout it bout it

I'm lookin' for a girl that will do whatever the fuck

I say everyday she be givin' it up Shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

Oh girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me I'm a menace, a dentist, an oral hygienist

Open your mouth for about four or five minutes

Take a little bit of this fluoride with it

Swish but don't spit it, swallow and I'll finish

Yeah me and Nate d-o double g

Looking for a couple bitches with some double d's

Pop a little champagne and a couple E's

Slip it in her bubbuly, we finna finna have a party We 'bout to have a party (turn the music up)

Let's get it started (Go head shake your butt)

I'm lookin' for a girl I can fuck in my hummer truck

Apple Bottom jeans and a big ol' slut

Some girls they act retarded

Some girls are bout it 'bout it

I want a bitch that sit at the crib with no panties on

Knows that she can say no but she won't say no

Now look at this lady all in front of me, sexy as can be

Tonight I want a slut, will you be mine?

I heard you was freaky from a friend of mine Now I hope you don't get mad at me

But I told Nate you was a freak

He said he wants a slut, hope you don't mind

I told him that you like it from behind Now, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

C'mon girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

Oh girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

C'mon girl, shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

We bout' to have a party (turn the music up)

Let's get it started (go ahead shake that butt)

I'm lookin' for a girl with a body and a sexy strut

Wanna get it poppin' baby step right up

Some girls they act retarded

Some girls are bout it bout it

I'm lookin' for a girl that will do whatever the fuck

I say everyday she be givin' it up There she goes, shaking that ass on the floor

Bumpin' and grindin' that pole

The way she's grindin' that pole

I think I'm losing control God, come one,

I ain't leavin' without you bitch

You're coming home with me

And my boy,

And his boy,

And his boy,

And his girl Ha ha, Nate Dogg My mom loves Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her

Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom My mom, my mom,

I know you're probably tired of hearing 'bout my mom

Oho whoa-ho,

But this is just a story of when I was just a shorty

And how I became hooked on val-i-um.

Valium was in everything, food that I ate

The water that I drank

Fucking peas in my plate

She sprinkled just enough of it to season my steak

So everyday I have at least three stomach aches

Now tell me what kind of mother would want to see her

Son grow up to be an under-a-fucking-chiever

My teacher didn't think I was going to be nothing either

What the fuck you stickin' gum up under the fuckin' seat for?

Misses Mathers your son has been huffin' ether

Either that or the mother fucker's been puffin' reefer

But all this huffin' and puffin' wasn't what it was either

It was neither,

I was buzzin' but it wasn't what she thought

Pee in a tea-cup? Bitch you ain't my keeper

I'm sleepin'

What the fuck you keep on fuckin' with me for?

Slut you need to leave me the fuck alone

I ain't playin' go find you a white crayon

And color a fuckin' zebra My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her

Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom Wait a minute, this ain't dinner, this is paint thinner

You ate it yesterday I ain't hear no complaints did I?

Now here's a plate full of painkillers

Now just wait til I crush the Valium and put it in your potatoes

Ya little mother fucker,

I'll make ya sit there

And make that retarded fuckin' face without even tastin' it

You better lick the fuckin' plate, you ain't wastin' it

Put ya face in it before I throw you in the basement again

And I ain't givin' in you're gonna

Just sit there in one fuckin' place spinnin' in

Until next Thanksgiving'

And if you still ain't finished it I'll use the same shit again

Then when I make spinach dip it'll be placed in the shit

You little shit you want to sit there and play innocent

A rack fell and hit me at K-Mart and they witnessed it

Child support, your father he ain't sent the shit

And so what if he did? it's none of your dang business kid. My mom, there's no one else quite like my mom

I know I should let bygones be bygones

But she's the reason why I am high on what I'm high on

My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her

Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom My mom loved Valium now all I am is a party-animal

I am what I am but I'm strong to be finished with me Valium spinach

But my buzz only lasts about two minutes

But I don't want to swallow it without chewing it

I can't even write a rhyme without doin' it

My Valium, my Valium

Man I never thought that I could ever be a drug addict

Nah fuck that, I can't have it happen to me

But that's actually what has ended up happenin'

A tragedy from fucking passin it up got to me

And it's probably were I got acquainted with the taste ain't it

Pharmaceuticals are the bomb mom beautiful

She killed the fucking dog with the medicine she done fed it

Feed it a fucking Aspirin and say that it has a headache

Here, want a snack?

You hungry you fucking brat?

Look at that, it's a Xanax.

Take it and take a nap, eat it,

But I don't need it.

Then fuck it then break it up

Take a little piece and beat it before you wake Nathan up

Alright ma, you win I don't feel like arguin'

I'll do it, pop it gobble it and start wobblin'

Stumble hobble tumble slip drip

Then I fall in bed with a bottle of meds

And a Heath Ledger bobblehead My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her

Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs

That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom [Rabbit]

Now everybody from the 313

Put your mother fucking hands up and follow me

Everybody from the 313

Put your mother fucking hands uplook, look Now while he stands tough

Notice that this man did not have his hands up

This free world's got you gassed up

Now who's afraid of the big bad wolf

1, 2, 3 and to the 4

1Pac, 2Pac, 3Pac, 4

4Pac, 3Pac, 2Pacs, 1

You're Pac, he's Pac, Yo Pac; none

This guy aint no mother-fuckin MC,

I know everything he's bout to say against me,

I am white, I am a fucking bum

I do live in a trailer with my mom

My boy Future is an Uncle Tom.

I do got a dumb friend named Cheddar Bob

Who shoots himself in his leg with his own gun,

I did get jumped, by all six of you chumps

And Wink did fuck my girl

I'm still standin here screamin "FUCK THE FREE WORLD!"

Don't never try to judge me dude

You don't know what the fuck I've been through

But I know something about you

You went to Cranbrook, that's a private school

What's the matter dawg, you embarrassed?

This guy's a gangster; his real name's Clarence

And Clarence lives at home with both parents

And Clarence's parents have a real good marriage

This guy don't wanna battle, he's shook

'Cause ain't no such things as half-way crooks'

He's scared to death, he's scared to look

at his fucking yearbook, fuck Cranbrook Fuck a beat, I go a cappella

Fuck a Papa Doc, fuck a clock, fuck a trailer, fuck everybody

Fuck y'all if you doubt me

I'm a piece of fucking white trash, I say it proudly

And fuck this battle, I don't wanna win, I'm outtie,

Here, tell these people something they don't know about me. These ideas are nightmares to 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, what bothers him all comes out

When he talks about his fuckin' dad walkin' out

Cause he 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 stepfather hit him so he socked him back

And broke his nose, this house is a broken home

There's no control, he just let's his emotions go (Come on) Sing with me, (Sing), sing for the years

(Sing it) Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears (Come on)

Sing it with me, just for today,

Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away Entertainment is changing, intertwining' 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

But 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 their 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 canon

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 their kids been listenin' to me religiously

So I'm signing CD's while police fingerprint me

They're for the judges daughter, but his grudge is against me

If I'm such a fuckin' menace, this shit doesn't make sense b

It's all political, if my music is literal then 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 (Come on) Sing with me, (Sing), sing for the years

(Sing it) Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears (Come on)

Sing it with me, just for today,

Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away 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, 'cus they think the shit's cool

Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves

We entertainers, of course the shit's affecting ourselves

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 nothin'

To bein' able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted

That's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing

Except for a dream and a fuckin' rap magazine

Who post pinup 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 they lives

'Til they sit and they cry at night, wishing they die

'Til they throw on a rap record, and they sit and they vibe

We're nothing to you, but we're the fuckin' shit in their eyes

That's why we seize the moment, and 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 (Come on) Sing with me, (Sing), sing for the years

(Sing it) Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears (Come on)

Sing it with me, just for today,

Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away (Come on) Sing with me, (Sing), sing for the years

(Sing it) Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears (Come on)

Sing it with me, just for today,

Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away {lotto}

I'll spit a racial slur honky sew me

this shit is a Horror flick but a black guy doesn't die in this movie.

fucking with lotto dawg you gotta be kiddin'

that makes me believe you really don't have an interest in livin'.

you think these bitches gonna feel the shit you say

i got a better chance joining the kkk

on some real shit though i like you

thats why i didn't wanna have to be the one you commit suicide to

fuck lotto call me your leader

i feel bad that i gotta murder that dude from leave it to beaver

i used to like that show now you got me in fight back mode

but oh well if you gotta go then you gotta go

i hate to do this i would love for this shit to

last so i'll

take pictures of my rear end so you wont forget my ass

and all's well that ends okay

so i'll end this shit with a fuck you and have a nice day {B Rabbit}

Ward, I Think you were a little hard on the beaver

so was Eddie Hasko, Wally, and Ms. Cleaver

This Guy keeps screaming he's paranoid

quick someone get his ass another steroid

blah badi boo blah bah badi bloo blah

I ain't hear a word you said

Hipidi hoo bla

Is that a tank top or a new bra

look snoop dogg just got a fuckin' boob job

didn't you listen to the last round meat head

pay attention, you're sayin the same shit that he said

matter fact dogg heres a pencil

go home write some shit make it suspensful

and don't come back until something dope hits you

fuck it you can take the mic home with you

looking like a cyclone hit you

tank top screaming lotto i dont fit you

you see how far these white jokes get you

Boy's like how vanilla ice gonna diss you

my motto fuck lotto

i'll get the seven digits from your mother for a dollar tomorrow(ohhhhhhhhh) Meet Eddie, twenty-three years old

Fed up with life and the way things are going,

He decides to rob a liquor store

(I can't take this no more, I can't take it no more homes)

But on his way in, he has a sudden change of heart

And suddenly, his conscience comes into play

(Shit is mine, I gotta do this, gotta do this) Alright, stop! (Huh?)

Now before you walk in the door of this liquor store

And try to get money out the drawer

You better think of the consequence (But who are you?)

I'm your motherfuckin' conscience That's nonsense!

Go in and gaffle the money and run to one of your aunt's cribs

And borrow a damn dress, and one of her blonde wigs

Tell her you need a place to stay

You'll be safe for days if you shave your legs with Renee's razor blade Yeah but if it all goes through like it's supposed to

The whole neighborhood knows you and they'll expose you

Think about it before you walk in the door first

Look at the store clerk, she's older than George Burns Fuck that! Do that shit! Shoot that bitch!

Can you afford to blow this shit? Are you that rich?

Why you give a fuck if she dies? Are you that bitch?

Do you really think she gives a fuck if you have kids? Man, don't do it, it's not worth it to risk it! (You're right!)

Not over this shit (Stop!)

Drop the biscuit (I will!)

Don't even listen to Slim yo, he's bad for you

(You know what Dre? I don't like your attitude) (It's alright c'mon, just come in here for a minute)

(Mm, I don't know!)

(Look baby)

(Damn!)

(Yo, it's gonna be alright, right?)

(Well OK) Meet Stan, twenty-one years old. (Give me a kiss!)

After meeting a young girl at a rave party,

Things start getting hot and heavy in an upstairs bedroom.

Once again, his conscience comes into play (Shit!)

Now listen to me, while you're kissin' her cheek

And smearin' her lipstick, I slipped this in her drink

Now all you gotta do is nibble on this little bitch's earlobe

(Yo! This girl's only fifteen years old

You shouldn't take advantage of her, that's not fair)

Yo, look at her bush, does it got hair? (Uh huh!)

Fuck this bitch right here on the spot bare

'Til she passes out and she forgot how she got there

(Man, ain't you ever seen that one movie "Kid")

No, but I seen the porno with SunDoobiest!

(Shit, you wanna get hauled off to jail?)

Man fuck that, hit that shit raw dog and bail

Meet Grady, a twenty-nine year old construction worker.

After coming home from a hard day's work,

He walks in the door of his trailer park home

To find his wife in bed with another man.

(What the fuck!)

(Grady!) Alright calm down, relax, start breathin'

Fuck that shit, you just caught this bitch cheatin'

While you at work she's with some dude tryin' to get off?

Fuck slittin' her throat, cut this bitches head off!

Wait! What if there's an explanation for this shit?

(What? She tripped? Fell? Landed on his dick?)

Alright Shady, maybe he's right Grady

But think about the baby before you get all crazy

Okay! Thought about it, still wanna stab her?

Grab her by the throat, get your daughter and kidnap her?

That's what I did, be smart, don't be a retard

You gonna take advice from somebody who slapped Dee Barnes?

What you say? (What's wrong?

Didn't think I'd remember?)

I'm a kill you motherfucker!

Uh-ah! Temper temper! Mr. Dre? Mr. N.W.A.?

Mr. AK comin' straight outta Compton y'all better make way?

How in the fuck you gonna tell this man not to be violent?

'Cause he don't need to go the same route that I went

Been there, done that, aw fuck it

What am I sayin'?

Shoot 'em both Grady, where's your gun at? OK

Guess who's back

Back again

Shady's back

Tell a friend Now everyone report to the dance floor

To the dance floor, to the dance floor

Now everyone report to the dance floor

Alright stop

Pajama time

Come here little kiddies, on my lap

Guess who's back with a brand new rap

And I don't mean rap

As in a new case of child molestation accusation

Aah aah aah aah aah

No worries, pappa's got a brand new bag of toys

What else could I possibly do to make noise

I done touched on everything, but little boys

And that's not a stab at Micheal

That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho

I go a little bit crazy sometimes

I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes

Good god, dip, do a little slide

Bend down, touch your toes and just glide

Up the center of the dance floor

Like T-P for my bung hole and it's cool if you let one go

Nobody's gonna know who'd hear it

Give a little "poot poot", it's OK (Fart Sound)

Oops my C-D just skipped

And everyone just heard you let one rip Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops I mean girl girl girl girl

Now you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah It's Friday and it's my day

Chance to party all the way to Sunday

Maybe till Monday, I dunno what day

Everyday's just a holiday

Crusin' on the freeway

Feelin' kinda breezy

Get the top down, let my hair blow

I dunno where I'm goin'

All I know is when I get there

Someones gonna touch my body

Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk

But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out from work

Could you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair

Spit on me, maybe gouge my eyes out, yeah

Now what's your name girl

What's your sign

Man, you must be up out your mind

Dre aah aah

Beer goggles, blind

I'm just trying to unwind

Now I'm Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops I mean girl girl girl girl

Now you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah It's Tuesday and I'm locked up

I'm in jail and I don't know what happened

They say I was running butt naked

Down the street screaming

Aah aah aah aah aah

Your honor I'm sorry, I don't remember

All I know is this much

I'm not guilty

They said save it boy

We got you on tape

Telling an old lady to "touch my body"

Now this is the part where the rap breaks down

It gets real intense, no one makes a sound

Everything looks like it's 8 Mile now

The beat comes back and everybody lose themselves

Now step back to reality

Look it's B.Rabbit

You signed me up to battle?

I'm a grown man

Chuba chuba chuba chuba chuba chuba

I don't have any lines to go right here so

Duba duba teletubie fella's what? fella's yeah?

Grab you left (nut), make right one jealous what?

Black girls

White girls

Skinny girls

Fat girls

Tall girls

Small girls

I'm calling all girls

Everyone report to the dance floor

It's your chance for a little romance or

Butt squeezing it's the season

Just go aah aah aah aah

It's so appeasin' Now I'm gonna make you dance

It's your chance

Yeah boy shake that ass,

Oops I mean girl girl girl girl

Now you know you're my world

Alright now lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Just lose it

Aah aah aah aah aah

Go crazy

Aah aah aah aah aah

Oh baby

Aah aah

Oh baby baby aah aah Um num num touch my body

Um num num touch my body

Ooh boy just touch my body

I mean girl just touch my body Where's my snare?

I have no snare in my headphones

there you 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 as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind

All this commotion emotions run deep as ocean's exploding

Tempers flaring from parents just blow 'em off and keep going

Not taking nothing from no one give 'em hell long as I'm breathing

Keep kicking ass in the morning and taking 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 momma?

I'mma make you look so ridiculous now I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet (one more time)

I said I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet Ha! 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'mma expose it, I'll take you back to '73

Before I ever had a multi-platinum selling CD

I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months

My faggot father must have had his panties up in a bunch

'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye

No I don't. On second thought I just fucking wished he would die

I look at Hailie, and I couldn't picture leaving 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 the bullets outta that gun

'Cause I'da killed him, shit I would've shot Kim and him both

It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to "The Eminem Show" I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet (one more time)

I said I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet Now I would never diss my own momma just to get recognition

Take a second to listen for who you think this record is dissing

But put yourself in my position, just try to envision

Witnessing your momma popping prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitching that someone's always going through her purse and shit's missing

Going through public housing systems, victim of Munchhausen'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? You're getting older now and it's cold when you're lonely

And Nathan's growing up so quick he's gonna know that you're phony

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 telling 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 fucking 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! I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet (one more time)

I said I'm sorry momma!

I never meant to hurt you!

I never meant to make you cry, but tonight

I'm cleaning out my closet Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Is like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now)

Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Are like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now) (Dreamin', of fallin, dreamin', of fallin') Let's pretend like its '98

Like I'm eating lunch off of Styrofoam trays

Trying to be the next rapper coming out the A

Hoping for a record deal, to re-know my pain

Now let's pretend like I'm on the stage

And when my beat drops everybody goes insane (ok)

And everybody know my name (B.o.B)

And everywhere I go people wanna hear me sang

Oh yea and I just dropped my new album

On the first week I did five hundred thousand

Gold in the spring and diamond in the fall

And then a world tour just to top it all off

And let's pretend like they call me the greatest

Selling out arenas with big ass stages

And everybody loved me and no one ever hated

Let's try to use imagination Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Is like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now)

Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Are like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now) Okay, let's pretend like this never happened

Like I never had dreams of being a rapper

Like I didn't write raps in all of my classes

Like I never used to runaway into the blackness

Now let's pretend like it was all-good

Like I didn't live starring in a notebook

Like I did the things I probably knew I should

But I didn't have neighbors that's why they call it hood

Now let's pretend like I ain't got a name

Before they ever called me B.o.B or a.k.a Bobby Ray

I'm talking back before the mixtapes

Before the videos and the deals and the fame

Before they ever once compared me to Andre

Before I ever got Myspace

Before they ever noticed my face

So let's just pretend and make wishes out of airplanes Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Is like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now)

Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Are like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now) (And it seems like yesterday it was just a dream

But those days are gone, they're just memories

And it seems yesterday it was just a dream

But those days are gone) Let's pretend Marshall Mathers never picked up a pen

Let's pretend things would've been no different

Pretend he procrastinated, had no motivation

Pretend he just made excuses that

Was so paper thin they could blow away wit the wind

Marshall you never gone make it,

Makes no sense to play the game it ain't no way that'll you win

Pretend he just stand out side all day and play with his friends

Pretend he even had a friend to say was his friend

And it wasn't time to move in school no changing again

He wasn't socially awkward and just strange as a kid

He had a father and his mother wasn't crazy as shit

And he never dreamed he can ripped stadiums he just lazy as shit

Fuck a talent show in the gymnasium bitch

You won't amount to shit quit day dreaming kid

You need to get ya cranium check you thinking like an alien

It just ain't realistic

Now pretend they ain't just make him angry with this shit

And there was no one he could even aim when he's pissed with

And his alarm went off to wake him but he didn't make it to the rap Olympics

He slept through his plane and he missed it

He's gonna have a hard time explaining to Haley and Laney these food stamps and W-I-C shit

'Cause he never risked shit, he hoped and he wished it

But it didn't fall in his lap so he ain't even hear it he pretends that Airplanes

In the night sky

Is like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now)

Can we pretend that airplanes

In the night sky

Are like shooting stars

I could really use a wish right now (wish right now, wish right now) Guess who? You miss me?

Jessica Simpson sing the chorus, Jessica Simpson When you walked through the door

It was clear to me (clear to me)

You're the one they adore, who they came to see (who they came to see)

You're a, rock star (baby)

Everybody wants you (everybody wants you)

Player, who can really blame you (who can really blame you)

We're the ones who (chicka) made you Back by popular demand

Now pop a little Zantac or ant'-acid 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

Damn, I think Kim Kardashians a man

She stomped him just cause he asked to put his hands

On her massive Gluteus maximus again

Squeeze it, then Squish it, then pass it to her friend

Can he come back as nasty as he can

Yes he can, can, don't ask me this again

He does not mean to lesbian offend

But Lindsay please come back to seeing men

Samantha's a two, you're practically a ten

I know you want me girl, in fact I see your grin (Now come in girl) When you walked through the door

It was clear to me (clear to me)

You're the one they adore, who they came to see (who they came to see)

You're a, rock star (baby)

Everybody wants you (everybody wants you)

Player, who can really blame you (who can really blame you)

We're the ones who (chicka) made you The enforcer, looking for 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 telling me tenderness?

Well I can be as gentle and as smooth as a gentleman

Give me my Ventolin inhaler and two Excedrin

And I'll invite Sarah Palin out to dinner then

Nail her, 'Baby say hello to my little friend'

Brit forget K-Fed let's cut off the middle man

Forget him or your gonna 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

A 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 When you walked through the door

It was clear to me (clear to me)

You're the one they adore, who they came to see (who they came to see)

You're a, rock star (baby)

Everybody wants you (everybody wants you)

Player, who can really blame you (who can really blame you)

We're the ones who made you And that's why, my love, you'll never live without,

I know you want me girl cause I can see you checking 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

Damn girl I'm beginning to sprout an 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 up your gal but

Jessica Alba put a breast in my mouth

Wowzers, I just made a mess of my trousers

And they wonder why I keep dressing like Elvis

Lord help us he's back in his pink Alf shirt

Looking like someone shrinked his outfit

I think he's about to flip

Jessica rest assure, Superman's here to rescue ya

Can you blame me? You're my Amy, I'm your Blake

Matter fact bake me a birthday cake

With a saw blade in it to make my jail break

Baby, I think you just met your soul mate (Now break it down girl) When you walked through the door

It was clear to me (clear to me)

You're the one they adore, who they came to see (who they came to see)

You're a, rock star (baby)

Everybody wants you (everybody wants you)

Player, who can really blame you (who can really blame you)

We're the ones who made you 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 Oh Amy, Rehab never looked so good,

I can't wait, I'm going back! Ha ha woo! Dr. Dre, 2020, yeah Ladies and gentlemen

The moment you've all been waiting fo

In this corner, weighing a hundred and seventy five pounds

With a record of seventeen rapes, four hundred assaults, and four murders

The undisputed, most diabolic villain in the world

Slim Shady! 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 them got clothes

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

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us

Ladies love us, 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 with Andre, the giant, mister elephant tusk

Picture us, you'll just be another one bit the dust

Just one of my mothers sons who got thrown under the bus

Kiss my butt. Lick the wonder 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 and haters get mushed

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 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 them got clothes

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

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us

Ladies love us, 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 They see that low rider go by they're, like Oh my!

You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why

I dip through in that six trey like sick 'em Dre

I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they 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 dammed, 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 them got clothes

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

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us

Ladies love us, 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! 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 marijuana 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 its supposed to be blown

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 Choo 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 them got clothes

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

I noticed there's so many of them

And there's really not that many of us

Ladies love us, my posse's kicking up dust

It's on till the break of dawn

And we're starting this party from dusk Now everybody from the 313

Put your motherfucking hands up and follow me

Everybody from the 313

Put your mothefucking hands up

Look Look Now while he stands tough

Notice that this man did not have his hands up

This free worlds got you gassed up

Now who's afraid of the big bad wolf 1, 2, 3 and to the 4

1 pac , 2 pac, 3 pac, 4

4 pac, 3 pac, 2 pac, 1

You're pac, he's pac, no pac

, none This guy aint no mother-fuckin MC,

I know everything he's got to say against me,

I am white, I am a fuckin bum, I do live in a trailer with my mom,

My boy Future is an Uncle Tom.

I do got a dumb friend named Cheddar Bomb who shoots

himself in his leg with his own gun,

I did get jumped by all 6 of you chumps

And Wink did fuck my girl,

I'm still standin here screamin "FUCK THE FREE WORLD!"

Don't ever try to judge me dude

You don't know what the fuck i've been through But i know something about you

You went to Cranbrook, that's a private school

What's the matter dawg? You embarrassed?

This guy's a gangster, his real name's Clarence And Clarence lives at home with both parents

And Clarence's parents have a real good marriage

This guy don't wanna battle, He's shook

'Cause there no such thing as half-way crooks

He's scared to death

He's scared to look in his fuckin yearbook, fuck Cranbrook Fuck a beat, i go acapella

Fuck a papa doc, fuck a clock, fuck a trailer, fuck everybody

Fuck y'all if you doubt me

I'm a piece of fucking white trash, i say it proudly

And fuck this battle, I don't wanna win, I'm outty,

Here, tell this people something they dont know about me. Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life

Yeah

Too late

I cant keep chasing 'em

I'm taking my life back

Caught in a change

Twenty five to life I don't think she understands the sacrifices that I've 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 cried 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

I'm a take control of this relationship

Command it, and I'm a be the boss of you now goddammit

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 its time to fucking step

And I wont 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

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

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

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

Its unfortunate but its Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life 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

I can not 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 there 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 you made me eat

I'm moving on forget you oh,

Now I'm special? Oh, 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

Its ridiculous

And still I stick with this

I'm sick of this but in my sickness and addiction

Your as addictive as they get

Evil as they come vindictive as they make 'em

My friends keep asking why I cant just walk away

I'm addicted

To the pain, the stress, the drama

I'm drown in so I guess I'm a mess

Cursed and blessed

But this time I'm a

Ain't changing my mind

I'm climbing out this abyss

You screaming as I walk out that I'll be missed

But when you spoke to 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 its just Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life

Too late for the other side

Caught in a chase

Twenty five to life Too late

Caught in a change

Twenty five to life 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 Sometimes I feel like all I ever do is

Find different ways to word the same, old song

Ever since I came along

From the day the song called ''Hi! My Name Is'' dropped

Started thinking my name was fault

'Cause anytime 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, dawg

Gangsta? Naw, courageous balls

Had to change my style, they said I'm way too soft

And I sound like AZ and Nas, out came the claws

And the fangs been out since then

But up until the instant that I've been 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

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 of war wages on

And 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

And keep pluggin', it's your only outlet

And your only outfit so you know they 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, is there anyone else that can relate to my story?

Bet you feel the same way I felt when I was in the same place you are I was afraid to

Make a single sound

Afraid I will never find a way out, out, out

Afraid I never before

I didn't wanna go another round

An angry man's power will shut you up

Trip wires fill this house with tip-toe love

Run out of excuses with every word

So here I am and I will not run

Guts over fear, (The time is here)

Guts over fear, (I shall not tear)

For all the times I let you push me around

And let you keep me down

(Now I got) Guts over fear, guts over fear 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 I know what it was 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 the trailer park?

And the window that was closing and there's nowhere else I can go with flows in

And I'm frozen cause there's no more emotion for me to pull from

Just a bunch of playful songs that I made 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 making another mothafuckin' "We Made You" uh

Now 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 it to make you strong

And 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 having to balance my damn self

But on eggshells I was made to walk

But thank you, ma, 'cause that gave me the

Strength to cause Shady-mania, so many empty that stadium

At least I made it out of 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 that one day just getting accepted

I represent him or her, anyone similar, you are the reason that I made this song

Everything you're scared to say don't be afraid to say no more

From this day on forward, just let them a-holes talk

Take it with a grain of salt and eat their fucking faces off

The legend of the angry blonde lives on through you when I'm gone

And to think I was gone I was afraid to

Make a single sound

Afraid I will never find a way out, out, out

Afraid I never before

I didn't wanna go another round

An angry man's power will shut you up

Trip wires fill this house with tip-toe love

Run out of excuses with every word

So here I am and I will not run

Guts over fear, (The time is here)

Guts over fear, (I shall not tear)

For all the times I let you push me around

And let you keep me down

(Now I got) Guts over fear, guts over fear A shimmy shimmy go go motherfuckin' pop

It's the K-K-Kid Rock with the K-K-Kid Rock shit

I'm on top bitch and rock for tricks

Hella whips and nips and flip trips for whips I get all the money, pussy falls like rain

Been gettin' laid and paid, that's why I never complain

If I ain't in it for the money, I'm in it for the P

It's 1998 yo and you still can't fuck with me You don't be fuckin' with the blue eye

Fuckin' with my 2-5 up your fuckin' ass like my shoe size

I got a new vibe, kinda like voodoo

You do what we say and we'll do what we wanna do We're fuckin' up your city and we're fuckin' up your program

Fuckin' all your bitches, we can fuckin' give a goddamn

Twisted Brown gets down with no assistance

We won't quit until we're banned from existence Persistence pays if that holds true

Then I'm gonna buy this fuckin' planet before the time I'm through

I was praised and raised on the thoughts of no fakin'

So I'm gonna get what I got coming and the rest I'm takin' I'm shakin' like Jerry Lee Lewis and shit

You act like a motherfucker's brand new at this shit

But I've been true to this shit givin' my heart and soul

Been shinin' like a diamond but gettin' passed as coal So fuck off

Shit With my pants half hangin' off my ass and shit

Bowl filled with hash, pockets stuffed with cash

I be the mushroom trippin' sippin' shots of Jack

'Cause the kids don't listen gettin' lots of flack I be the do wa diddy up and down you block

And the 10 Karat Kid with my triggers cockin'

The K, the I the D R O C K, motherfucker

And you still don't know me So blow me bitch, I don't rock for cancer

I rock for the cash and the topless dancers

Don't have no answers so pass the joint

I'm just paid in full and made in Detroit I ride like Senna in the Indy 5

And get live with that which gets me high

Strive for perfection, this much is true

We do what we say, you say what we do Kid Rock, I couldn't be no Bozo

And I get to much P to ever be no homo

Rock from Soho to Arizona

I'm an easy rider dreamin' of Wynonna I roam the country like a Greyhound bus

Put faith in lust, it ain't God I trust

I'm not Peter Pan, I don't fuck with fairies

But I bust more rhymes than virgin cherries And Harry Carey couldn't call my game

Fucked so many hoes I'm in the hall of fame

And I show no shame from coast to coast

I don't mean to brag, but I like to boast Fuck off Yeah, right in your motherfuckin' ass bitch

With that Detroit city shit ain't shit switched we're on the same script

Nothing new since '76, Kid Rock

Yo Slim Shady, come break these motherfuckers off Yo tell the world to hold their breath, they're breathing the wrong air

This planet belongs to me and this hippy with long hair

Two white boys who spike punch and light joints

Hang around drugs, loud music and like noise Slim Shady and Brown Trucker, another bunch of mother fuckers

Who hate the world as much as each other

And I ain't leaving this party tonight

Till I see some naked bitches dancin' around, drunk, touchin' each other Rum and Pepsi got your perception of me sketchy

'Cause when I stage dive people are scared to catch me

'Cause all I do is curse and fuck

So when I do 'shrooms you all better give me two rooms 'Cause I'm fuckin' the first one up

So when you see me on your block you better lock your cars

'Cause you know I'm losin' it when I'm rappin' to rock guitars

This is for children who break rules, people that straight fool

And ever single teenager that hates school Fuck off 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Slim, I wrote you but still ain't callin'

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

There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin'

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'm a call her?

I'm a 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 fat

Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,

Just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan

This is Stan 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad 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,

For four hours and you just said, "No."

That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' 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 bein' 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 of 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 growin' 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 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Mister "I'm Too Good To Call Or Write My Fans"

This will 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 of the Night"

About that guy who could a saved that other guy from drowning

But didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a a show he found him?

That's kinda how this is, you could a rescued me from drowning

Now it's too late, I'm on a thousand 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, shut up bitch! I'm tryin' to talk!

Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin' 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 am I supposed to send this shit out? 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

Put your picture on my wall

It reminds me, that it's not so bad

It's not so bad Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I 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

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 must of 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 clownin' dog, come on, 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 will 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 doin' 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, his name was, it was you

Damn! 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 and I guess we are who we are

Headlights shining in the dark night, I drive on

Maybe we took this too far 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 for you to be calling, my 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 fifteen 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 others 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 that 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 I guess we are who we are

Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on

Maybe we took this too far 'Cause to this day we remain estranged and I hate it though

'Cause you ain't even get to witness your grand baby's growth

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 states deteriorating slow

And I'm way too old to cry, that shit's 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 bare, 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 could bet your ass's

If I had to come down the chimney dressed as Santa, kidnap them

And although one has 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 seat belt, 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 mama I guess we are who we are

Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on

Maybe we took this too far I want a new life

One without a cause

So I'm coming home tonight

Well no matter what the cost

And if the plane goes down

Or if the crew can't wake me up

Just know that I was alright

And I was not afraid to die Oh even if there's songs to sing

My children will carry me

Just know that I'm alright

I was not afraid to die

Because I put my faith in my new girl

So I never say goodbye cruel world

Just know that I'm alright

I am not afraid to die I guess we are who we are

Headlights shining in the dark night I drive on

Maybe we took this too far, I want a new life Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (what?)

Excuse me, (my name is) (who? My name is)

Slim Shady

Can I get the attention of the class (huh my name is, what my name is)

For one second My name is (My name is Slim Shady) Hi kids! Do you like violence? (Yeah yeah yeah!)

Wanna see me stick Nine inch Nails, through each one of my eyelids? (Uh-huh!)

Wanna copy me and do exactly like I did? (Yeah yeah!)

Try 'cid and get fucked up worse that my life is? (Huh?)

My brain's dead weight, I'm tryin' to get my head straight

But I can't figure out which Spice Girl I want to impregnate (Oh)

And Dr. Dre said, "Slim Shady you a base-head!" Uh-uh!

"So why's your face red? Man you wasted!"

Well since age twelve, I've felt like I'm someone else

'Cause I hung my original self from the top bunk with a belt

Got pissed off and ripped Pamela Lee's tits off

And smacked her so hard I knocked her clothes backwards like Kris Kross

I smoke a fat pound of grass and fall on my ass, faster than a fat bitch

Who sat down too fast

C'mere slut! (Shady, wait a minute, that's my girl dog!)

I don't give a fuck, God sent me to piss the world off! Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady My English teacher wanted to flunk me in Junior High

Thanks a lot next semester I'll be thirty five

I smacked him in his face with an eraser,

Chased him with a stapler

Stapled his nuts to a stack of papers (Ow!)

Walked in the strip club, had my jacket zipped up

Flashed the bartender, then stuck my dick in the tip cup

Extraterrestrial, running over pedestrians in a space ship

While they screamin' at me "Let's just be friends!"

Ninety-nine percent of my life I was lied to

I just found out my mom does more dope than I do (Damn!)

I told her I'd grow up to be a famous rapper

Make a record about doin' drugs and name it after her (Oh thank you!)

You know you blew up when the women rush your stands

Try to touch your hands like some screamin' Usher fans (Ahh!)

This guy at White Castle asked for my autograph (Dude, can I get your autograph?)

So I signed it, "Dear Dave, thanks for the support, asshole!" Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady Stop the tape! This kid needs to be locked away! (Get him!)

Dr. Dre, don't just stand there, operate!

I'm not ready to leave, it's too scary to die (Fuck that!)

I'll have to be carried inside the cemetery and buried alive

(Huh yup!) Am I comin' or goin'?

I can barely decide

I just drank a fifth of vodka,

Dare me to drive? (Go ahead) all my life I was very deprived

I ain't had a woman in years, and my palms are too hairy to hide

(Whoops!) Clothes ripped like the Incredible Hulk

I spit when I talk, I'll fuck anything that walks (C'mere)

When I was little I used to get so hungry I would throw fits

How you gonna breast feed me Mom? You ain't got not tits!

I lay awake and strap myself in the bed

Put a bulletproof vest on and shoot myself in the head (Bang!)

I'm steamin' mad (Argh!) And by the way when you see my dad? (Yeah?)

Tell him that I slit his throat, in this dream I had Hi! My name is (what?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (what?)

My name is

Slim Shady Hi! My name is (who?)

My name is (huh?)

My name is

Slim Shady

Hi! My name is (huh?)

My name is (who?)

My name is

Slim Shady Tell me where to go, tell me what to do

I'll be right there for you

Tell me what to say, no matter if it's true

I'll say it all for you I used to be the type of kid that would always think the sky is falling

Why am I so differently wired? Am I a martian?

What kind of twisted experiment am I involved in

Because I don't belong in this world

That's why I'm scoffing at authority, defying often

Flying off at the handle with my mom, no dad

So I'm non complying at home, at school I'm just shy and awkward

And no I don't need no goddamn psychologist

Trynna diagnose why I have all these underlying problems

Thinking he can try and solve them

I'm outside chalking up drawings on the sidewalk

And in the front drive talking to myself

Either that or inside hiding often to going somewhere quiet

Trying not to be noticed because I'm crying and sobbing

I had a bad day at school so I ain't talking

Some cocksucker shoved me into a fucking locker

And he said that I eyeballed him And if you fall, I'll get you there

I'll be your savior from

All the wars that are fought

Inside your world

Please have faith in my words 'Cause this is my legacy, legacy, here

This is my legacy, legacy, here

There's no guarantee, it's not up to me, you can only see

This is my legacy, legacy

Legacy, legacy I used to be the type of kid that would always think the sky is falling

Why am I so differently wired in my nogging?

'Cause sporadic as my thoughts come, it's mind boggling

'Cause I obsess on everything and my mind is small shit

Bothers me but now my father, he said sayonara and then split

But I don't give a shit I'm fine as long as

There's batteries in my Walkman nothing is the matter with me

Shit look at the bright side at least I ain't walking

I bike ride through the neighborhood of my apartment

Complex on a ten speed which I've acquired parts that I

Found in the garbage, a frame and put tires on it

Headphones on, straight ahead and kids tryin to start shit

But if this is all there is for me life offers

Why bother even try and put up a fight, it's nonsense

But I think a light bulb just lit up in my conscience

What about those rhymes I've been jottin'

They are kinda giving me confidence

Instead of tryina escape through my comics,

Why don't I just blast a little something like Onyx

To put me in the mood to wanna fight and write songs that

Say what I wanna say to the kid that said that I eyeballed him

Grab hold of my balls like that's right fight's on bitch

Who would've knew from the moment I turned the mic on

I could be iconic, and my conquest is

Is word to Phife Dawg from a Tribe Called Quest This is my legacy, legacy, here

This is my legacy, legacy, here

There's no guarantee, it's not up to me, you can only see

This is my legacy, legacy

Legacy, legacy I used to be the type of kid that would always think the sky is falling

Now I think the fact that I'm differently wired's awesome

'Cause if I wasn't I wouldn't be able to work

Words like this and connect lines like crosswords

And use my enemy's words as strength

To try and draw from, and get inspired off em

'Cause all my life I was told and taught I am not shit

By you wack fucking giant sacks of lying dog shit

Now you shut up bitch, I am talking

Thought I was full of horseshit and now

You fucking worship the ground in which I am walking

Me against the world so what? I'm Brian Dawkins

Versus the whole 0 and 16 Lions offense

So bring on the Giants Falcons and Miami Dolphins

It's the body bag game bitch I'm supplying coffins

'Cause you dicks, butt kiss, a bunch of Brian Baldingers

You gon die a ball licker I've been diabolical

With this dialogue since 99 Rawkus

You don't respect the legacy I leave behind y'all can

Suck a dick, the day you beat me pigs'll fly out my ass

And a flying saucer full of Italian sausage

The most high exalting and I ain't halting

Till I die of exhaustion inhale my exhaust fumes

The best part about me is I am not you

I am me, I'm a fire marshall and this is my Legacy, legacy, here

This is my legacy, legacy, here

There's no guarantee, it's not up to me, you can only see

This is my legacy, legacy

Legacy, legacy First verse, uh, I'm on 'til I'm on a island

My life's ridin' on the Autobahn on autopilot

Before I touch dirt, I'll kill you all with kindness

I kill ya, my natural persona's much worse You've been warned if you've been born or if you can form

Slap up a cop and then snatch him out of his uniform

Leave him with his socks, hard bottoms and bloomers on

And hang him by his balls from the horn of a unicorn Y'all niggers intellect mad slow, y'all fags know

Claimin' you bangin', you flamin'

Bet you could light your own cigarette with ya asshole

Me and Shady deaded the past

So that basically resurrected my cash flow I might rap tight as the snatch of a fat dyke

Though I ain't wrapped tight

My blood type's the '80s

My '90s was like the Navy, you was like the Bradys

You still fly kites daily Catch me in my Mercedes

Bumpin' 'Ice, Ice, Baby', screamin' Shady 'til I die

Like a half a pair of dice, life's crazy

So I live it to the fullest 'til I'm Swayze And you only live it once

So I'm thinkin' 'bout this nice, nice lady

Wait, no, stop me now 'fore I get on a roll

(Damn) Let me tell you

What this pretty little dame's name is

'Cause she's kinda famous

And I hope that I don't sound too heinous when I say this Nicki Minaj but I wanna stick

(My penis in your anus)

You morons think that I'm a genius

Really I belong inside a dang insane asylum cleanin'

Try them trailer parks

Crazy, I am back and I am razor-sharp, baby And that's back with a capital B with an exclamation mark

Maybe you should listen when I flip the linguistics

'Cause I'm on a rip this mystical slick shit

You don't wanna become another victim

Or statistic of this shit 'Cause after I spit the bullets

I'ma treat these shell casin's like a soccer ball

I'ma kick the ballistics

So get this dick, I'ma live this I'm livin' life in the fast lane

Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down

Only got a gallon in the gas tank

But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now I don't really know where I'm headed

Just enjoyin' the ride

Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die I'm livin' life in the fast lane

(Pedal to the metal)

I'm livin' life in the fast lane

(Pedal to the metal) Yeah, my whole goal as a poet's to be relaxed in orbit

At war with a bottle, this Captain Morgan attacks my organs

(C'mon)

My slow flow is euphoric, it's like I rap endorphins

(Woo) I made a pact with the Devil that says, "I'll let you take me

You let me take this shovel, dig up the corpses Jack Kevorkian"

(C'mon)

Go 'back and forth in more beef that you can pack a fork in

I'm livin' the life of the infinite enemy down My tenement, too many now

To send my serenity powers

Spin 'em around, enterin' in the vicinity Now was called Eminem but he threw away the candy

And ate the rapper, chewed him up and spitted him out

Girl, giddy-up, now get, get down

He's lookin' around this club

And it looks like people are havin' a shit fit now Here, little t-t-trailer trash, take a look who's back in t-t-town

Did I s-st-stutter, motherfucker? Fuck the mall

He shuts a whole motherfuckin' Walmart

D-d-down every time he comes a-r-r-round And he came to the club tonight

With 5'9 [unverified] to hold this bitch down

Like a motherfuckin' chick underwater

He's tryna d-dr-drown Shawty, when you dance

You got me captivated

Just by the way that you keep lickin' 'em dicks

Like her lips I'm agitated, aggravated To the point you don't suck my dick

Then you're gonna get decapitated

Other words, you don't fuckin' give me head

Then I'm have to take it And then after takin' that

I'ma catch a case, it's gon' be fascinatin'

It's gon' say 'The whole rap game passed away'

On top of the affidavit Graduated from master debater

Slash massive masturbator

To Michael Jackson activator

(Woo) Meanin' I'm on fire off the top

Might wanna back up the data

Runnin' over hip-hop in a verbal tractor-trailer

Homie, this sick, you can normally ask a hater Don't it make sense

These shell casin's is just like a bag of paper

Drop in the lap of a tax evader

(Homie, they spent) Now make that ass drop like a sack of potatoes

What, girl, I'm the crack-a-lator

Brung ya lay to this party, be my penis ejaculator later Tell ya boyfriend

That you just struck pay dirt

You rollin' wit' a player

You won't be exaggeratin' when you sayin' I'm livin' life in the fast lane

Movin' at the speed of life and I can't slow down

Only got a gallon in the gas tank

But I'm almost at the finish line, so I can't stop now I don't really know where I'm headed

Just enjoyin' the ride

Just gon' roll 'til I drop and ride 'til I die I'm livin' life in the fast lane

(Pedal to the metal)

I'm livin' life in the fast lane

(Pedal to the metal) I take a couple uppers

I down a couple downers

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills I've been to mushroom mountain

Once or twice but who's countin'

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills Cool, calm, just like my mom

With a couple of Valium inside her palm

It's Mr. Mischief with a trick up his sleeve

Crawl up on you like Christopher Reeves I can't describe the vibe I get

When I drive by six people

And five I hit, ah, shit

I started a moshpit, squashed a bitch And stomped the foster kids

These shrooms make me hallucinate

Then I sweat till I start losing weight

Till I see dumb shit start happenin' Dumber than Vanilla Ice tryin' to rap again

So bounce, bounce, c'mon, bounce, I said, c'mon, bounce

Everybody in the house with a half an ounce

Not weed, I meant coke, dumbass, sit down We don't bullshit, better ask around

D12 throws the bomb to gas your town

Bizarre, your mom is passing out

Get her ass on the couch before she passes out Fuck that, someone help Denaun

He's upstairs naked with a weapon drawn

Hey Von, you see me steppin' on these leprechauns?

It gotta be acid, 'cos the X is gone Yeah, I took 'em all down with some parmesian

And I think my arm is gone, it's probably numb

Young, dumb and fulla cum

And I think he 'bout to swallow his tongue You scary ass it was false alarm

You think I'm 'bout to die when I just got on?

So stop acting stupid, you so high

That you might wake up with a guy On some new shit, I think I did too much

This substance equals cuffs

Red pills, blue pills and green

Big pills, mescaline

(That's ill) I take a couple uppers

I down a couple downers

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills I've been to mushroom mountain

Once or twice but who's countin'

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills Dirty Dozen, eighty of us

Shady brothers, ladies love us

That's why our baby mothers

Love us but they hate each other They probably wanna take each other out

And date each other

Some, something, something, something

Something, something, something, something, I dunno Pop pills, pills I pop

Pop two pills, on stilts I walk

Snort two lines that were filled with chalk

Thought I was incredible and killed the hulk I wanna, roll away like a Rollerblade

Until my eyes roll back in my skull for days

And when I'm old and gray

Look for coke to smoke No, oki dok

I pack up my nose with coke

Am I supposed to choke?

Had an accident when the Trojan broke Ah, poor baby

Born by whore lady

Now I gotta straight born infant

(You're crazy) I pop four E's at one time

And I don't need water when I'm swallowing mine

You got any shrooms?

Does Bizarre smoke crack? We can't get jobs

'Cos our arms show tracks

Why the hell you niggas think I rap?

I do it just to get your company hijacked If you like smack then I might too

(Swift, chill)

I just wanna get high like you

And I don't give a damn if they're white or blue

Speed, shrooms, down the Valium

Even smoke weed outta vacuums

I just got some and I'm going back soon I take a couple uppers

I down a couple downers

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills I've been to mushroom mountain

Once or twice but who's countin'

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills I'm at a rave, looking like a slave

High off chronic

Gin and tonic demonic

Body smelt like vomit Pussy poppin', acid droppin', dope headed guy

Heroine mescaline, pencil legs wanna try?

Blue pills, golden seals, got Bizarre actin' ill

Drugs kill, bitch I'm for real

(Yeah, right) Shut your mouth, you dirty slut

You know you want it in your butt

I'll put it in your cunt

Let Bizarre nut I take a couple uppers

I down a couple downers

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills I've been to mushroom mountain

Once or twice but who's countin'

But nothing compares

To these blue and yellow purple pills Dirty Dozen, eighty of us

Shady brothers, ladies love us

That's why our baby mothers

Love us but they hate each other They probably wanna take each other out

And date each other

Some, something, something, something

Something, something, something, something, I dunno Fuck it 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 I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light Yesterday was the tornado warning, today is like the morning after

Your world is torn in half, you wake and let's wait to start the morning process

Rebuilding and you're still a work in progress

Today is a whole new chapter, it's like an enormous ass

The thunderstorm has passed ya

Your weather didn't poke his eyes 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 brightside, then you floor the gas pedal

And hit the corner fast, the more asserted

Never looking back, may hit the curb

But everyday 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 returned from the ashes

And that hurt that you have, you just converted to gasoline

And while you're burning the past, standing at inferno and chant I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light So familiarize 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 because you've been killed inside

But yet you're still alive which means you must survive

Although today you may weep because you're weak and

Everything seems so bleak and hopeless

The light that you're seeking, it begins to seep in

That's the only thing keepin' you from leapin' off the motherfreaking deep in

And I'm pulling for you to push through this feeling

And with a little time that should do the healin'

And by tomorrow you may even feel so good that you're willing

To forgive them even after all that 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 and retardant you withstood it

And as you climb up to the roof you're just chillin' and you look down

Cause you're so over them you could put the heel of your foot through the ceilin' As time passes, things change everyday

But wounds, wounds heal

But scars still remaining the same

But tomorrow today's goin' down in flames

Throw the match at the passed up place 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

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, you scream I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light Feel the burn, watch the smoke as I turn

Rising, a phoenix from the flames

With wings I will fly I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light I'm standing in the flames

It's a beautiful kind of pain

Setting fire to yesterday

Find the light, find the light, find the light Y'all know me, still the same O.G. but I been low-key

Hated on by most these niggas with no cheese, no deals and no G's

No wheels and no keys, no boats, no snowmobiles, and no skis

Mad at me cause I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries

Got a crib with a studio and it's all full of tracks to add to the wall

Full of plaques, hanging up in the office in back of my house like trophies

Did y'all think I'mma let my dough freeze, ho please

You better bow down on both knees, who you think taught you to smoke trees

Who you think brought you the oldies

Eazy-E's, Ice Cubes, and D.O.C's

The Snoop D-O-double-G's

And the group that said motherfuck the police

Gave you a tape full of dope beats

To bump when you stroll through in your hood

And when your album sales wasn't doing too good

Who's the Doctor they told you to go see

Y'all better listen up closely, all you niggas that said that I turned pop

Or The Firm flopped, y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been getting no sleep

So fuck y'all, all of y'all, if y'all don't like me, blow me

Y'all are gonna keep fucking around with me and turn me back to the old me Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre So what do you say to somebody you hate

Or anyone tryna bring trouble your way

Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way

Then just study a tape of N.W.A

One day I was walking by

With a Walkman on

When I caught a guy

Give me an awkward eye

And I strangled him up in the parking lot

With his Karl Kani

I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not

I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge

When I'm drunk as fuck

Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage

Hopping out with two broken legs

Trying to walk it off

Fuck you too bitch, call the cops

I'mma kill you and them loud-ass motherfucking barking dogs

And when the cops came through

Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house

With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches

And still weren't found out

From here on out it's the Chronic II

Starting today and tomorrow's anew

And I'm still loco enough to choke you to death with a Charleston Chew

Slim Shady, hotter then a set of twin babies

In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up

When the temp goes up to the mid-80s

Calling men ladies, sorry, Doc, but I been crazy

There's no way that you can save me, it's okay, go with him Hailie Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre If it was up to me, you motherfuckers would stop coming up to me

With your hands out looking up to me, like you want something free

When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumping me

But now that I got this little company

Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease

But you won't get a crumb from me

Cause I'm from the streets of Compton

I told 'em all, all them little gangstas

Who you think helped mold 'em all

Now you wanna run around talking bout guns like I ain't got none

What you think I sold 'em all, cause I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day saying Dre fell off

What cause I been in the lab with a pen and a pad

Tryin' to get this damn label off

I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath

It ain't gonna be nothin' after that

So give me one more platinum plaque and fuck rap, you can have it back

So where's all the Mad Rappers at

It's like a jungle in this habitat

But all you savage cats

Know that I was strapped with gats

While you were cuddling a Cabbage Patch Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre Step by step, heart to heart, left right left

We all fall down,

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 I'm suppose 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 suppose to show it, my crew ain't suppose to know it

Even if it means going toe to toe with the Benzino, it don't matter

I never drag 'em in battles that I can handle less I absolutely have to

I'm suppose to set an example, I need to be the leader

My crew looks for me to guide 'em

If some shit ever just pop off I'm suppose to be beside 'em

That Ja shit, I tried to squashed it, it was too late to stop it

There's a certain line, you just don't cross it, 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 so much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted

I'm so caught it I almost feel like 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 want to destroy something I helped build

It wasn't my intentions, my intentions were good

I went through my whole career with out ever mentioning

And that's just outta respect, for not running my mouth

And talking about something that I knew nothing about

Plus Dre told me stay out, just wasn't my beef, So I did

I just fell back, watched and gritted my teeth while he's all over TV

Now I'm talking 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 knowing this shit could pop off at any minute cause 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 It used to be a time when you could just say a rhyme

And wouldn't have to worry about one of your people dying

But now it's elevated cause once you put someone's kids in it

Shit gets escalated, it ain't just words no more, is it

It's a different ball game, call names and you ain't just rapping

We actually tried to stop the 50 and Ja beef from happening

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' start yappin' in magazines how he stabbed him

Fuck 'em 50, smash him, mash him, and let him have it

Meanwhile my intentions pulled me in other directions

Some receptionist said 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 of 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 got a grudge against me for nothing but fuck it

That motherfucker can get it too, fuck 'em 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

Maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus to show we love 'em back

And to let 'em know how important it is to have Runyon Avenue soldiers up in our corners

Their loyalty to us is worth more then any award is

But I ain't trying to have none of my people hurt or murdered

It ain't worth it, I can't think of a perfecter way to word it

Then to just say that I love y'all too much to see the verdict

I'll walk away from it all before I'll let it go any further

But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coping

I'm just willing to be the bigger man

If y'all can quit popping off at the jaws with the knocking

'Cause frankly I'm sick of talking

I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin rest on my conscience 'cause 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 Lickilty Split freestyle: Check this out, Check this out, yo

This guy's a choke artist

You catch the bad one

Your better off shooting yourself with Papa Doc's handgun

Climbin up this mountain your weak

I leave you lost without a paddle floatin shits creek

You ain't Detroit, I'm the D, u the new kid on the block

bout to get smacked back to the boon docks

Fuckin Nazi this squad ain't your type

take sum real advice and form a group with Vanilla Ice

And what i tell ya you better use it

This guys a hillbilly this ain't Willie Nelson music

Trailer trash i choke u to your last breath

and have you lookin foolish like Chedder Bob when he shot himself

Silly rabbit i know why they call you dat like you follow future

Like he got carrots up his ass-crack

And when you acted up thats when u got jacked up

Acting stupid like Tina Turner when she got smacked up

I crack your shoulder-blades

You'll get dropped so hard that Elvis will start turnin in his grave

I don't know why they let you out in the dark

You need to take your white ass back across 8 mile to the trailer park

(crowd cheers)--- WOOOO Eminem (rabbit) freestlyes: This guy raps like his parents jerked him

He sounds like Eric Sermon, the generic version

This whole crowd looks suspicious its all dudes in here

Except for these bitches

So i'm a german eh?

Thats ok you look like a fucking worm with braids

These leaders of the free world rookies

lookie how can six dicks be pussies?

talkin about shit's creek

bitch you can be up piss creek with paddles this deep

your still gonna sink

Your a disgrace

yeah they call me rabbit this is the turtle race

He can't get with me spitting this shit wickitly lickity shot a spick-a-spickety splyt lickety

So i'm gonna turn with a great smile

And walk my white ass back across 8 Mile My heart is telling me to be different

its about time for me to move on

swallow everything, that i learned

i'm at a point of no return

no return no return no return no return

no return no return no return

I'm at a point of no return. Man, it feels like these walls are closin' in

This roof is cavin' in

Uh, it's time to raise it, then

Your tasin' them with like pages in

My book of rhymes got 'em cookin'

Boy, this crooked mind of mine got 'em all shook

And scared to look in my eyes

I stole that fuckin' clock, I took the time and I

Came up from behind and pretty much snuck up

And butt fucked this game up

Better be careful when you bring my name up

Fuck this fame, that ain't what

I came to claim but the game ain't

Gonna be the same on the day that I leave it

But I swear one way or another

I'ma make these fuckin' haters believe that

I swear to God, won't spare the rod

I'm a man of my word so your fuckin' heads better nod

Or I'ma fuck around in this bitch and roast everybody

Sleep on me, that pillow is where your head'll lie

Permanently, bitch, it's beddy bye

This world is my Easter egg, yeah, prepare to die

My head is swollen, my confidence is up

This stage is my pedestal, I'm unstoppable, incredible

Hope you're trapped in my medicine ball

I could run circles around you so fast

Your fuckin' head'll spin, dog

I split your cabbage and your lettuce and olives, I'll fuckin' My heart is telling me to be different

its about time for me to move on

swallow everything, that i learned

i'm at a point of no return

no return no return no return no return

no return no return no return

i'm at a point of no return. One thing bout music when it hits you feel no pain

and i swear i got this shit that makes these bitches go insane

so they tell me that they love me i know better than that it's just game

it's just what comes from fame

and i'm ready for that i'm just saying

i really can't complain, everything is kosher

two thumbs up, ebert and roeper

i really can't see the end getting any closer

but i'll probably still be the man when everything is over

so i'm riding through the city with my high beams on

can you see me can you see me get your visine on

y'all just do not fit the picture

turn your wide screen on

if you thinking i'm gonna quit before i die dream on

man they treat me like a legend

am i really this cold

i'm really too young to be feeling this old

it's about time you admit it who you kidding man

nobody's ever done it like i did it my heart is telling me to be different

its about time for me to move on

swallow everything, that i learned

i'm at a point of no return

no return no return no return no return

no return no return no return

i'm at a point of no return. I'm hot motherfucker, get a plate bitch

don't say shit, get your face lift

rozay bitch let the champagne drip

niggas swag jack, but this l.a. shit

get it back, give it back ain't 'bout shit

snap back them ain't even rare where the tag a what

wack ass all up in my ear bitch bag back

i bag bad bitches motherfucker kat stacks

yellow nigga, no cabs

got the phantom out, no mats

get your camera out uh, one flash

hot beams steady shot clap your ass

aw, t. raw i'm so uh

loc's on, chucks low, black beanie dog

patron top wash straight from the liquor store

i'm turned up i can't feel my face so My heart is telling me to be different

its about time for me to move on

swallow everything, that i learned

i'm at a point of no return

no return no return no return

no return no return no return no return

i'm at a point of no return. Yea, (oh, oh), yea yea, oh I feel like dancing

I feel like dancing I smell something in the air that's making me (high)

I said I smell something in the air that's making me high Ok here we go, do-re-mi-fa-so, I'm so la-di-da so

Lyrical rise flow, give back the tobasco

You motherfuckers mustsanot know the tic tac songs

Time to show you the mo kick ass flow in the cosmos

Picasso with a pick axe a sick asshole

She tac toe frozen six pack with exacto

Knives, strangling wives with pig lasso

Few bags of the the grass, zig zags, I'm with the doc so

You know how that go, skull and the crossbones

This is poison, the boys and girls who do not know

You do not want to try this at home my novato (novice)

This is niether the time or the place to get macho

So crack a six pack, sit back with some nachos

Maybe some popcorn, and watch the show and just rock slow

It's not what you expected, tho what you thought though

Bout time to you wake the fuck up smell the pot smoke It must be the ganja

It's the marijuana

That's creeping upon me while I'm so high

Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me

Whatever's gotten into me I don't mind It must be the ganja

It's the marijuana

That's creeping upon me while I'm so high

Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me

Whatever's got into me I don't mind Your dreams of getting the pill, you are literally getting the chills

Spitting at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a pill

You're submitting to skill, sitting still, I'm admitting, I'm beginning to feel

Like I don't think anyone's real,

Faced with a dilemma, I can be Dali Llama and become a bin gramma a step beyond a Jeffrey Dahmer

Please don't upset me mama, you lookin sexy mama,

Don't know if this the lala or the rum and pepsi mama

Don't want to end up inside my refrigerator freezer,

Be used as extra topping the next time I make a pizza

How many people you know can name every serial killer who ever existed in a row,

Put em in chronological order beginning with Jack the Ripper,

Name the time and place from the body the bag the zipper,

Location of the woods where the body was dragged and then dumped,

The trunk that they were stuffed in, the model the make the plate

And which motel which lake they found her in,

And how they attacked the victim,

Say which murder weapon was used to do what and which one,

Which night it was done, what kid would write there was none,

So sloppy like this it's fun, the fuckin ecstasy goes It must be the ganja

It's the marijuana

That's creeping upon me while I'm so high

Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me

Whatever's gotten into me I don't mind When I'm behind a mic dynamite is what it's kinda like

Get stuck with that same stick that you're trying to light

Behind the boards is Dre, legends are made this way

Isn't it safe to say, this is the way it should be?

Maybe you need some lyric syrup sign for your symptoms

Heres a dosage of the antidote now you give him some,

He can give her some, she can give him some

Get behind a lynn drum, make up a beat and kill the sucka syndrome

You're spitting drama when it comes to lyrics and penance I'm

Starting from scratch and then ending up at the end ending up

Capable of bringing a bullets a stillunbelievable bullets a

Titanium brain that's full of, surprises

When the smoke rises right before your very own eyes

You stare into your stereos eyes

Good evening, this ain't even a weed thing,

I ain't even smoke anything, I ain't even drink anything It must be the ganja

It's the marijuana

That's creeping upon me while I'm so high

Maybe it's the hindi that has gotten in me

Whatever's gotten into me I don't mind 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-hag

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 ready to pick it

But quick get impaled when I tell 'em stick it

So sick I'm looking pale, well that's my pigment

'Bout to go ham, ya bish, shout out to Kendrick

Let's bring it back to that vintage Slim, bitch!

The art of the 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 Take your shoes off, let your hair down and (Go berzerk) all night long

Grow your beard out, just weird out and (Go berzerk) all night long 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 berzerk) shake your body Guess it's just the way that I'm dressed, ain't it?

Khakis pressed, Nike shoes crispy and fresh laced

So I guess it ain't

That aftershave or cologne that made them just faint

Plus I just 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, gang bang bang

Yessiree Bob I was thinking the same thing

So come get on this Kid's rock, baw-wit-da-baw dang-dang

P-p-p pow-pow chicka-chicka wow-wow

Catch a cab, I wanna go down b-b-bow, bow

Slow it down, throw in the towel, t-t-towel tow

Dumb it down, I don't know how (Huh-huh) how-how

At least I know that I don't know

Question is are you bozos smart enough to feel stupid

Hope so, now ho Take 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 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 berzerk) get your vials They say that love is powerful as cough syrup and 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

Bars hard, drugs hard thought 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 tryin' to find a way to get you alone, car note!

Oh, Marshall Mathers shouldn't everybody know

Get the bar soap lathered, kangols and Carhartt, these Cargos

Girl you're fixin' to get your heart broke, don't be absurd man

You bird brained baby I ain't called anybody baby since Birdman

Unless you're a swallow

Word, w-word man you heard, but don't be discouraged girl

This is your jam, unless you got toe jam Take your shoes off, let your hair down and (Go berzerk) all night long

Grow your beard out, just weird out and (Go berzerk) all night long 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 berzerk) get your vials 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 berzerk) get your vials Hey Em, you know you my favorite white boy right?

I owe you for this one I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on

You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on

It feels like my flows been hot for so long

If you thinking I'm fucking fall off your so wrong Innocent in my head, like a baby born dead

Destination heaven, sit and politic with passengers from nine eleven

The lords blessings leave me lyrically inclined

Shit I ain't even gotta try to shine

God's the seamstress that tailor fitted my pain

I got scriptures in my brain I could spit at your dame

Straight out the good book, look, niggas is shook

50 fears no man, warrior swing swords like Conan

Picture me pen in hand write lines knowing the source'll quote it

When I die, they'll read this and say a genius wrote it

I grew up without my pops should that make me bitter?

I caught cases I copped out does that make me a quitter?

In this white man's world I'm similar to a squirrel

Lookin for a slut with a nice butt to get a nut

If I get shot today my phone will stop ringing again

These industry niggaz ain't friends, they know how to pretend Patiently waiting to make it through all the hating

Debating whether or not you could even weather the storm.

Just lay on the table they operating to save you

Its like an angel came to you sent from the heavens above They think they're crazy but they ain't crazy lets face it, shit basically

They just playing sick, they ain't shit They ain't saying shit, spray 'em Fifty

A to the K, get in the way I'll bring Dre and them wit me

And turn this day into fucking mayhem you staying with me?

Don't let me lose you, I'm not trying to confuse you

When I let loose with this Uzi and just shoot through your Isuzu

You get the message am I getting through to you?

You know whats coming you motherfuckers don't even know do you?

Take some Big and some Pac and you mix them up in a pot

Sprinkle a little Big L on top, and what the fuck do you got?

You got the realest and illest killers tied up in a knot

The Juggernauts of this rap shit like it or not

Its like a fight to the top just to see who died for the spot

You put your life in this, nothing like surviving the shot

Y'all know what time it is as soon as Fifty signs on this dot

Shit what you know about death threats, 'cause I get a lot

Shady Records was eighty seconds away from the towers

Some cowards fucked with the wrong building they meant to hit ours

Better evacuate all children - nuclear shower

There's nothing spookier, you're now about to witness the power of fuckin Fifty I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on

You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on

It feels like my flows been hot for so long

If you thinking I'm fucking fall off your so wrong I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on

You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on

It feels like my flows been hot for so long

If you thinking I'm fucking fall off your so wrong The guns spark when the shots go off

Its fifty, they say its Fifty

See a nigga laid out with his fucking top blown off

Its fifty, man that wasn't Fifty, they don't holla my name You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house

And if you got a glass jaw, you should watch your mouth

Cause I'll break your face, have your ass running

Mumbling to the Jake, you going against me dog you making a mistake

Ill split you have you looking like the Michael Jackson's jackets with all them zippers

I'm the boss on this boat, you can call me skipper

The way I turn the money over you should call me flipper

Your bitch, a regular bitch, you calling her wifey

I fucked her, I feed her fast food, you keeping her icy

I'm down to sell records but not my soul

Snoop said this in 94' "We don't love them hoes"

I got pennies for my thoughts, now I'm rich

See the twenty's spinning looking mean on the six

Niggas wearing flags, 'cause the colors match they clothes

They get caught in the wrong hood and get filled up with holes (motherfucker). I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on

You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on

It feels like my flows been hot for so long

If you thinking I'm fucking fall off your so wrong I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on

You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on

It feels like my flows been hot for so long

If you thinking I'm fucking fall off your so wrong Its fifty Shady! Yeah

Who run it? You know, you actin' like you don't know

We run it, you do know but you actin' like you don't know

Who run it? You know, you actin' like you don't know

We run it, you do know but you actin' like you don't know You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know Now homie I say I run (it run) it 'cause I'm in control

Hypnotic, Hennessey, a couple shots of Patron

I have you feelin' aight, I get you high as a kite

Party poppin' shorty said she's comin' with me tonight

I ain't shoulder leanin', I ain't snappin' and poppin'

Either I'm bobbin' my head or I'm just standin' there watchin'

I'm a hustler, I hustle, you can tell that I'm paid

And I protect what I got, I'm in the house with my blade

Nigga you front you gon' get it, ok now maybe I said it

'cause I want you triddip, yeah I be on that shiddit

You should see when I'm stuntin' I flash the stones that be wantin'

Push the whip see me rollin', you can tell that I'm holdin'

I'm just doin' my thang, you know The Units the game

I got my grimy Shady with me

You front you'll have to get me off your ass

I pay the lawsuit and laugh, it's not a big deal

It's nuttin' but some cash You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know When me and Fif' got together to do this music then move it

We became enveloped we just developed a fellowship through it

It's no pretend shit, it's friendship, me nemisis is su nemisis

The same for him, it's just media, see to them it's just images

But this shit is no gimmicks, this is blood in and blood out

When it's beef you just gotta know when to butt in and butt out

If there's a problem we solve it, if we don't resolve it

It usually just evolves into one big brawl and we all get involved in it

We should all get a merit, this much beef we inherit

And wear it like a badge with honour, pass it around and share it

And let it go to whoevers holdin' the most current beef on their shoulders

And their soldiers got their backs till it's over

But tonight, we ain't comin' here to beef with nobody

We came to party, Banks, Cashis and Mr. Ferrari

So it's Shady After-mizz-ath back in that ass, you izz-ass

Come hizzon what kinda fizz-uckin' position is that You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know Pistol play, ricochet, see where the victim lay

Slumped over bleedin', JFK

HK to your chest plate

Cave out and ride till the death, do you rep that way?

Forever I'm a be a Shady 7-4 Gangster

Plus I survived everything you got in that chamber

I thrived off of danger, jumpin' in all beef

You keep talkin' shit, now the squad called me Enough holdin' back the steam, Em let off a magazine

Dappadon Cappa-queens, mixed in with Cashis creams

Started off with half a dream, developed into what you see

Tellin' ain't my cup of tea, can't tell I'm a fuckin'' G

I'm a hold a 'matic, when I'm at it, start static and you splattered

Shit shattered, I'm a walkin' bitch magnet

Spit it how I live it, live it all the way to the limit

And I'm always on my pivot for my digits, you dig it You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know You know, you actin' like you don't know

I tear the club up fo' sho

This flow is gon' bring more dough

You do know but actin' like you don't know You know what this is

Shady, G-Unit, Aftermath,

Lloyd Banks, Cashis, Marshall Mathers, Ferrari F-50,

It's a movement, you can't stop it

Talk of Tony Yayo, go [Chorus] can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars

i could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now

can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars

i could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now

and it seems like yesterday it was just a dream

but those days are gone they're just memories

and it seems like yesterday it was just a dream

but those days are gone [EMINEM] Alright,

lets pretend, marshall mathers never picked up a pen

lets pretend, things woulda been no different

pretend he procrastinated and had no motivation

pretend he just made excuses that were so paper thin

they could blow away with the wind

marshall youre never gonna make it

makes no sense to play the game

there aint no way that you'll win

pretend he'd just stay outside all day

and play with his friends

pretend he even had a friend to say was his friend

and it wasnt time to move and schools werent changing again

he wasnt socially akward and just strange as a kid

he had a father and his mother wasnt crazy as shit

and he never dreamed he could rip stadiums

and just lazy as shit

fuck a talent show in the gymnasium, bitch

you wont amount to shit, quit day dreaming, kid

you need to get your cranium checked

you're thinking like an alien, it just aint realistic

now pretend things just make him angry with this shit

and there was no one he could even aim when he's pissed

and his alarm went off to wake him but he didnt make it to the rap olympics

left to his plane and he missed it

he's gonna have a hard time explaining to hailey and lainey

these food stamps and this weak shit

cause he never risked shit, he hoped and he wished it

but it didnt fall on his lap so he aint even here

he pretends that .. [Chorus] can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars

i could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now

can we pretend that airplanes in the night sky are like shooting stars

i could really use a wish right now, wish right now, wish right now Aw look at daddy's baby girl

That's daddy baby

Little sleepy head

Yesterday I changed your diaper

Wiped you and powdered you.

How did you get so big?

Can't believe it now you're two

Baby you're so precious

Daddy's so proud of you

Sit down bitch

If you move again I'll beat the shit out of you (Okay)

Don't make me wake this baby

She don't need to see what I'm about to do

Quit crying bitch, why do you always make me shout at you?

How could you?

Just leave me and love him out the blue

Oh, what's a matter Kim?

Am I too loud for you?

Too bad bitch, your gonna finally hear me out this time

At first, I'm like all right

You want to throw me out? that's fine!

But not for him to take my place, are you out you're mind?

This couch, this T-V, this whole house is mine!

How could you let him sleep in our bed?

Look at Kim

Look at your husband now! (No!)

I said look at him!

He ain't so hot now is he?

Little punk!

(Why are you doing this?)

Shut the fuck up!

(You're drunk! you're never going to get away at this!)

You think I give a fuck!

Come on we're going for a ride bitch

(No!)

Sit up front

(Well I can't just leave 'ey alone, what if she wakes up?)

We'll be right back

Well I will you'll be in the trunk So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't want to go on

Living in this world without you So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't want to go on

Living in this world without you You really fucked me Kim

You really did a number on me

Never knew me cheating on you would come back to haunt me

But we was kids then Kim, I was only eighteen

That was years ago

I thought we wiped the slate clean

That's fucked up!

(I love you!)

Oh God my brain is racing

(I love you!)

What are you doing?

Change the station I hate this song!

Does this look like a big joke?

(No!)

There's a four year old boy lyin' dead with a slit throat

In your living room, ha-ha

What you think I'm kiddin' you?

You loved him didn't you?

(No!)

Bullshit you bitch don't fucking lie to me

What the fuck's this guy's problem on the side of me?

Fuck you asshole, yeah bite me

Kim, Kim!

Why don't you like me?

You think I'm ugly don't you

(It's not that!)

No you think I'm ugly

(Baby)

Get the fuck away from me, don't touch me

I hate you! I hate you!

I swear to god I hate you

Oh my God I love you

How the fuck could you do this to me?

(Sorry!)

How the fuck could you do this to me? So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't want to go on

Living in this world without you So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't want to go on

Living in this world without you Come on get out

(I can't I'm scared)

I said get out bitch!

(Let go of my hair, please don't do this baby)

(Please I love you, look we can just take Hallie and leave)

Fuck you, you did this to us

You did it, it's your fault

Oh my God I'm crackin' up

Get a grip Marshall

Hey remember the time we went to Brian's party?

And you were like so drunk that you threw up all over Archie

That was funny wasn't it?

(Yes!)

That was funny wasn't it?

(Yes!)

See it all makes sense, doesn't it?

You and your husband have a fight

One of you tries to grab a knife

And during the struggle he accidentally gets his Adams apple sliced

(No!)

And while this is goin' on

His son just woke up and he just walks in

She panics and he gets his throat cut

(Oh my God!)

So now they both dead and you slash your own throat

So now it's double homicide and suicide with no note

I should have known better when you started to act weird

We could've, hey! where you going? get back here!

You can't run from me Kim

It's just us, nobody else!

You're only making this harder on yourself

Ha! ha! got you!

(Ah!)

Ha! go ahead yell!

Here I'll scream with you!

Ah somebody help!

Don't you get it bitch, no one can hear you?

Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin' to you

You were supposed to love me

Now bleed! bitch bleed!

Bleed! bitch bleed! bleed! So long, bitch you did me so wrong

I don't want to go on

Living in this world without you On the first page of our story

The future seemed so bright

Then this thing turned out so evil

I don't know why I'm still surprised

Even angels have their wicked schemes

And you take that to new extremes

But you'll always be my hero

Even though you've lost your mind Just gonna stand there and watch me burn

But that's all right because I like the way it hurts

Just gonna stand there and hear me cry

But that's all right because I love the way you lie

I love the way you lie

Oh, I love the way you lie Now there's gravel in our voices

Glass is shattered from the fight

In this tug of war you'll always win

Even when I'm right

'Cause you feed me fables from your hand

With violent words and empty threats

And it's sick that all these battles

Are what keeps me satisfied Just gonna stand there and watch me burn

But that's all right because I like the way it hurts

Just gonna stand there and hear me cry

But that's all right because I love the way you lie

I love the way you lie

Oh, I love the way you lie So maybe I'm a masochist

I try to run but I don't wanna ever leave

'Til the walls are going up

In smoke with all our memories This morning, you wake, a sun ray hits your face

Smeared makeup as we lay in the wake of destruction

Hush baby, speak softly, tell me you're awfully sorry

That you pushed me into the coffee table last night so I can push you off me

Try and touch me so I can scream at you not to touch me

Run out the room and I'll follow you like a lost puppy

Baby, without you, I'm nothing, I'm so lost, hug me

Then tell me how ugly I am, but that you'll always love me

Then after that, shove me, in the aftermath of the

Destructive path that we're on, two psychopaths but we

Know that no matter how many knives we put in each other's backs

That we'll have each other's backs, 'cause we're that lucky

Together, we move mountains, let's not make mountains out of molehills

You hit me twice, yeah, but who's counting?

I may have hit you three times, I'm starting to lose count

But together, we'll live forever, we found the youth fountain

Our love is crazy, we're nuts, but I refused counseling

This house is too huge, if you move out I'll burn all two thousand

Square feet of it to the ground, ain't shit you can do about it

'Cause with you I'm in my fucking mind, without you, I'm out it Just gonna stand there and watch me burn

But that's all right because I like the way it hurts

Just gonna stand there and hear me cry

But that's all right because I love the way you lie

I love the way you lie

Oh, I love the way you lie

Love the way you lie I never would've dreamed in a million years I'd see

So many motherfuckin' people who feel like me

Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs

It's like a fuckin' 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

'Til it stays stuck in your head for days and days

Who woulda 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' nothin' 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 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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, 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 dimples would help

Make ladies swoon baby (ooh baby)

Look at myself!

Let's do the math

If I was black I woulda sold half

I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that

But I can rap so fuck school

I'm too cool to go back

Gimme the mic

Show me where the fuckin' studios at

When I was underground

No one gave a fuck I was white

No labels wanted to sign me

Almost gave up, I was like "Fuck it"

Until I met Dre

The only one who looked 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 hes got

Like damn we just swapped

Sittin' back look at this shit wow

I'm like "My skin, is it startin' to work to my benefit now?" 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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, look how many hugs I get See the problem is I speak to suburban kids

Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist

Whose mom's probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss

'Til I created so much muthafuckin' turbulence

Straight out the tube right into ya livin' rooms 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 wit' me too because I looked like them

That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope

Searchin' wit' a fine toothed comb

It's like this rope waitin' to choke

Tightenin' around my throat

Watchin' me while I write this like

"I dont like this, no!"

All I hear is

Lyrics lyrics constant controversy

Sponsors workin' round the clock

To try to stop my concerts early

Surely hip hop is never a problem

In Harlem only in Boston

After it bothered ya fathers

Of daughters startin' to blossom

Now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists

When they raggin'

Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch and say fagot

Shit,

Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal

A poster child

The muthafuckin' spokesman now for 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 T-R-L, 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 T-R-L, look how many hugs I get So to the parents of America

I am the derringer aimed at little Erica

To attack her character

The ring leader of the 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 this democracy of hypocrisy

Fuck you Ms. Cheney

Fuck you tipper Gore

Fuck you with the free-ness of speech this

Divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have

Fuck you! Ha ha ha! I'm just playin' America, you know I love you A lot of people ask me

Am I afraid of death

Hell yeah I'm afraid of death

I don't want to die yet

A lot of people think that I worship the devil

That I do all types of retarded shit

Look, I can't change the way I think

And I can't change the way I am

But if I offended you? Good

'Cause I still don't give a fuck Zoning off one joint

Stop in a limo, hop in the window

Shopping the demo with gun point

A lyricist without a clue

What year is this?

Fuck a needle here's a sword body pierce with this

Live in the muck, never giving a fuck

Give me the keys I'm drunk, and I never driven a truck

But I smoke dope in a cab

I'll stab you with the sharpest knife I can grab

Come back the next week and re-open your scab

A killer instinct runs in the blood

Emptying full clips and bury your guns in the mud

I've calmed down now

I was heavy once into drugs

I could walk around straight for two months with a buzz

My brains gone, my souls warm, my spirit is torn

The rest of my body is still being operated on

I'm ducked the fuck down while I'm writing this rhyme

'Cause I'm probably gonna get struck by lightning this time To all the weed that I've smoked

Yo! this blunt's for you

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To all the friends I used to have

Yo! I miss my past

But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass

To all the drugs that I've done

Yo, I'm still goin' do

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To every time I reminisce

Yo! I miss my past

But I still don't give a fuck y'all can kiss my ass! I walked into a gunfight with a knife to kill you

And cut you so fast when your blood spilled it was still blue

I'll hang you till you dangle and chain you with both ankles

And pull you apart from both angles

I want to crush your skull till your brains leaks out of your veins

And bust open like broken water mains

So tell Saddam not to bother with making another bomb

'Cause I'm crushing the whole world in my palm

I got your girl in my arm

And I'm armed with a firearm

So big my entire arm is a giant fire bomb

Buy your mom a shirt with a Slim Shady iron on

And the pants to match (Here mommer try 'em on)

I get a master chick with a mouth full of adjectives

A brain full of adverbs and a box full of laxatives (Shittin' on rappers)

'Causing hospital accidents

God help me before I commit some irresponsible acts again To all the weed that I've smoked

Yo! this blunt's for you

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To all the friends I used to have

Yo! I miss my past

But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass

To all the drugs that I've done

Yo, I'm still goin' do

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To every time I reminisce

Yo! I miss my past

But I still don't give a fuck y'all can kiss my ass! I wanted a album so rugged nobody could touch it

Spend a million a track and went over my budget (Oh shit!)

Now how in the fuck am I supposed to get out of debt

I can't rap anymore I just murdered the alphabet

Drug sickness got me doing some bug switches

I'm withdrawn from crack so bad my blood itches

I don't rap to get the woman fuck bitches

Give me a fat slut that cooks and does dishes

Never ran with a click, I'm a posse

Kamikaze strapping a mother fucking bomb across me

From the second I was born my momma lost me

And I'm a cross between Manson, Esham and Ozzy

I don't know why the fuck I'm here in the first place

My worst day on this earth was my first birthday

Retarded? What did that nurse say? Brain damage?

Fuck I was born during a earthquake To all the weed that I've smoked

Yo! this blunt's for you

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To all the friends I used to have

Yo! I miss my past

But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass

To all the drugs that I've done

Yo, I'm still goin' do

To all the people I've offended

Yeah fuck you to

To every time I reminisce

I miss my past

But I still don't give a fuck y'all can kiss my ass! Sometimes I just feel like, quittin' I still might

Why do I put up this fight, why do I still write

Sometimes it's hard enough just dealin' with real life

Sometimes I wanna jump on stage and just kill mics

And show these people what my level of skill's like

But I'm still white, sometimes I just hate life

Somethin ain't right, hit the brake lights

Case of the stage fright, drawin a blank like

Da-duh-duh-da-da, it ain't my fault

Great big eyeballs, my insides crawl

And I clam up {\*wham\*} I just slam shut

I just can't do it, my whole manhood's

Just been stripped, I have just been vicked

So I must then get, off the bus then split

Man fuck this shit; yo, I'm goin' the fuck home

World on my shoulders as I run back to this 8 Mile Road I'm a man, I'mma make a new plan

Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land

Time to really just take matters into my own hands

Once I'm over these tracks man I'mma never look back

(8 Mile Road) And I'm gone, I know right where I'm goin Sorry momma I'm grown, I must travel alone

Ain't gon' follow the footsteps I'm makin' my own

Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road I'm walkin' these train tracks, tryin' to regain back

The spirit I had 'fore I go back to the same crap

To the same plant, and the same pants

Tryin' to chase rap, gotta move ASAP

And get a new plan, momma's got a new man

Poor little baby sister, she don't understand

Sits in front of the TV, buries her nose in the pad

And just colors until the crayon gets dull in her hand

While she colors her big brother and mother and dad

Ain't no tellin' what really goes on in her little head

Wish I could be the daddy that neither one of us had

But I keep runnin' from somethin' I never wanted so bad!

Sometimes I get upset, cause I ain't blew up yet

It's like I grew up, but I ain't grow me two nuts yet

Don't gotta rep my step, don't got enough pep

The pressure's too much man, I'm just tryin' to do what's best

And I try, sit alone and I cry

Yo I won't tell no lie, not a moment goes by

That I don't pray to the sky, please I'm beggin' you God

Please don't let me be pigeonholed in no regular job

Yo I hope you can hear me homey wherever you are

Yo I'm tellin' you dawg I'm bailin' this trailer tomorrow

Tell my mother I love her, kiss baby sister goodbye

Say whenever you need me baby, I'm never too far

But yo I gotta get out there, the only way I know

And I'mma be back for you, the second that I blow

On everything I own, I'll make it on my own

Off to work I go, back to this 8 Mile Road I'm a man, I'mma make a new plan

Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land

Time to really just take matters into my own hands

Once I'm over these tracks man I'mma never look back

(8 Mile Road) And I'm gone, I know right where I'm goin Sorry momma I'm grown, I must travel alone

Ain't gon' follow the footsteps I'm makin' my own

Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road You gotta live it to feel it, you didn't you wouldn't get it

Or see what the big deal is, why it was and it still is

To be walkin this borderline of Detroit city limits

It's different, it's a certain significance, a certificate

Of authenticity, you'd never even see

But it's everything to me, it's my credibility

You never seen heard smelled or met a real MC

Who's incredible upon the same pedestal as me

But yet I'm still unsigned, havin' a rough time

Sit on the porch with all my friends and kick dumb rhymes

Go to work and serve MCs in the lunchline

But when it comes crunch time, where do my punchlines go

Who must I show, to bust my flow

Where must I go, who must I know

Or am I just another crab in the bucket

Cause I ain't havin' no luck with this little Rabbit foot so fuck it

Maybe I need a new outlet, I'm startin to doubt shit

I'm feelin' a little skeptical who I hang out with

I look like a bum, yo my clothes ain't about shit

At the Salvation Army tryin to salvage an outfit

And it's cold, tryin' to travel this road

Plus I feel like I'm on stuck in this battlin mode

My defenses are so up, but one thing I don't want

Is pity from no one, the city is no fun

There is no sun, and it's so dark

Sometimes I feel like I'm just bein' pulled apart

From each one of my limbs, by each one of my friends

It's enough to just make me wanna jump out of my skin

Sometimes I feel like a robot, sometimes I just know not

What I'm doin I just blow, my head is a stove top

I just explode, the kettle gets so hot

Sometimes my mouth just overloads the ass that I don't got

But I've learned, it's time for me to U-turn

Yo it only takes one time for me to get burned

Ain't no fallin' no next time I meet a new girl

I can no longer play stupid or be immature

I got every ingredient, all I need is the courage

Like I already got the beat, all I need is the words

Got the urge, suddenly it's a surge

Suddenly a new burst of energy has occurred

Time to show these free world leaders the 3 and a third

I am no longer scared now, I'm free as a bird

Then I turn and cross over the median curb

Hit the 'burbs and all you see is a blur from 8 Mile Road I'm a man, I'mma make a new plan

Time for me to just stand up, and travel new land

Time to really just take matters into my own hands

Once I'm over these tracks man I'mma never look back

(8 Mile Road) And I'm gone, I know right where I'm goin Sorry momma I'm grown, I must travel alone

Ain't gon' follow the footsteps I'm makin' my own

Only way that I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road [Intro- talking]

{Eminem]

Shady, Aftermath

(BTOV) {nate dogg]

aye bitch, hey! There she goes shaking that ass on the floor

Bumpin and grindin that pole

The way she's grindin that pole

I think I'm losing control

hey hey Bobby, Bobby, Bobby Creek [Bobby Creek]

I'm on the patron

In the end I'm gone

My eyes ain't clear

I'm gone

So she hear me wrong

I'm kinda in the zone

Cause the DJ playin' my song

Just another opportunity for sayin' I'm known

I'm from Atlanta

So southern ain't just part of my grammar

I can up and cock the hammer

For any nigga wid Hammer

But I came here to get on goose and tropicana

Get loose put some more of my juice

In your caboose

Sippin everything from white grain

To deuce juice

With nothin' to gain

But my grace and loose tooths

Eminem came Obie stat and proof too

Bobby creek is in the place

The name is snoop too

But they might been around

My drinks is 10 around

I can make her spin around

If she keep her dinner down

Simmer down

We can hit the telly when the fun stops

And I'll let you in ya work

Come sip on my gum drops

yeah

[Nate Dogg]

Three to the one from the one to the three

I met a bad bitch last night in the D

Let me tell you how I made her leave with me

Conversation and Hennessey

I've been to the muthafuckin mountain top

Heard muthafuckers talk, seen 'em drop

If I ain't got a weapon I'ma pick up a rock

And when I bust yo ass I'm gonna continue to rock

Getcha ass of the wall with your two left feet

It's real easy just follow the beat

Don't let that fine girl pass you by

Look real close cause strobe lights lie

We bout to have a party (turn the music up)

Let's get it started (Go head shake your butt)

I'm lookin for a girl with a body and a sexy strut

Wanna get it poppin baby step right up

Some girls they act retarded

Some girls are bout it bout it

I'm lookin for a girl

That will do whatever the fuck

I say everyday she be givin it up [Nate Dogg- Chorus]

Shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me

Ohh girl, shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me [Eminem]

O' Trice! [Obie Trice]

One slug

Couldn't snuff young 'cause

Goodness gracious

Haters stay on his nuts

One just like a hood rat chick who was curious

Serious

Full breast, ready to touch

Who's that in the cool blue back

With a blue new rag

Givin' head while he poppin' the clutch

Its true that I had a few

Obie rollin' with brews

aint that annual annually knockin' the boots

It's on manual

The way I knock em outta they shoes

Talk a little shit

Then they anus'll ooze

Talk a little spit on my ding-a-lang

Who

It's shady

You know the name of the crew

You know the aim is to bang you

In the mansion

With a magnum

With a night came to the matinee

mad as ??

Obie

Came to party

You better ask somebody [Nate Dogg- Chorus]

Shake that ass for me, shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me

Ohh girl, shake that ass for me,

Shake that ass for me

Come on girl, shake that ass for me,

Shaddy I was born with a dick in my brain, yeah fucked in the head

My stepfather said that I sucked in the bed

'Til one night he snuck in and said

We're going out back, I want my dick sucked in the shed

Can't we just play with Teddy Ruxpin instead?

After I fuck you in the butt, get some head

Bust a nut, get some rest

The next day my mother said "I don't know what the fuck's up with this kid!

The bastard won't even eat nothing he's fed

He just hung himself in the bedroom he's dead"

"Debbie don't let that fucker get you upset

Go in there, stick a fuckin' cigarette to his neck

I bet you he's fakin' it, I bet you

I bet he probably just want's to see how upset you would get

I'll go handle this of course, unless you object"

"Ahh go fuck his brains out, if any's left in his head" If you could count the skeletons in my closet

Under my bed and up under my faucet

Then you would know I've completely lost it

Is he nuts? No! He's insane! If you could count the skeletons in my closet

Under my bed and up under my faucet

Then you would know I've completely lost it

Is he nuts? No! He's insane! "Did you get him?" Naaw, fucker tried to bite my face off

I just got fuckin' chased off with a chainsaw

Then he took the chainsaw, bit the fuckin' blades off

Ate the blades, stuck a baseball in a slingshot

Then he aimed at his own face, let the thing pop

Took his eye out, picked it up and played ping pong

Then he played ping pong with his own ding dong

That motherfucker's got nuts like King Kong

Then he set the lawn mower out on the dang lawn

And he laid all up underneath it with the thing on

Then he took his pants, he took every fuckin' thing off

Everything, except his tank top and his training bra

Ain't he raw? Yeah mainiac, that's Shady dog

Man that motherfucker's gangsta, ain't he dog

Shady dog, what be going through that fuckin' brain of yours

Say no more, what the fuck you waitin' for, sing along If you could count the skeletons in my closet

Under my bed and up under my faucet

Then you would know I've completely lost it

Is he nuts? No! He's insane! Don't you know what felch means? Yeah, well then tell me

Would you rather get felched or do the felching

Fuck him in the ass, suck the cum out while you're belching

Burp, belch, then go back for a second helping

Can you dig what I'm sayin' man, can you smell me?

I want you to feel me like my step father felt me

Fuck a little puppy, kick the puppy while he's yelping

"Shady what the fuck you saying?" I don't know help me!

What the fuck's happening, I think I'm fucking melting

"Marshall I just love you boy, I care about your well being"

No Dad, I said no, I don't need no help peeing

I'm a big boy, I can do it by myself see

I only get naked when the baby sitter tells me

She showed me a movie like "Nightmare on Elm Street"

But it was X, and they called it "Pubic Hair on Chelsea"

"Well this is called ass rape, and we're shooting the jail scene" If you could count the skeletons in my closet

Under my bed and up under my faucet

Then you would know I've completely lost it

Is he nuts? No! He's insane! Got a shit-eatin' grin

Bitch, show me them itty-bitty titties again

We're in Sin City

Since when did we begin to get 'dicted to dope

Diggity, bitch, you need to run and go get your frigity-friends

I'm looking at your bum-stickity-bum, hun

The mickity mack's bickity back, don't act wickity-wack

And you can get the fickity-finger, the middle

You little dizzy bitch, eatin' spaghetti again

Got a 6 o'clock craving, stop, get Ciroc

It's 'bout to be an unbelievable night

I called it surreal, Sir Mix-a-Lot tape in

Hit the spot, spot my next victim

I'm picky like I missed a spot shavin'

Came to sip vodka, shit

Yeah, that little chick is hot but if she got rabies

I wouldn't give the bitch a shot, I'd poke her in the rear

But I bet if I licked her, she'd try to chase me (Ha-ha)

What are you, pit, rott, mixed?

Or you just got fixed, well, shit, then, let's lip-lock

If not then, chicks, piss off, you snobby little pig snot nose

You think you're hot shit cause you're in heat

Well, bitch, if you're solar, then I'm your polar opposite, dog

Cause I'm colder than popsicle sticks, poppin' shit

Talkin' it, walkin' it, spit boxin'

My sick thoughts are 'bout to lick shots, like this shit's hoppin'

And drip-droppin' in chocolatey whip-toppin'

So whether you're hip-hop, Slipknot, B.I.G., Pac

Kid Rock, Kris Kross, Rick Ross, you'll dig this

If not then kick rocks in flip flops

And I produced the track

So you don't have to ask who it is when this shit knocks (Turn up!)

So bring clairvoyance to this bangin and I'mma keep on saying

All the shit I should be hung for, and probably killed for saying

And I probably will, but not until the day I pop a pill again

Like chopping 'til I'm dropping, still if that don't

Do the job of killing Shady, then the karma will

They saying I must bring it as Mohammad

Until the Parkinson's done eat away my brain

And made me Robin Williams crazy

Or I end up with dementia, but you rocking with a sadist

Hate to say this, but if the thought is entertaining

I ain't stopping till be sprayed it

Oh my god, for real man, not again I'm shaking

But before I tie a rope around this nob

If they don't like it, got a knob that they can slob on until

Wait I just forgot what I was thinking

What's it called again? I'm blanking

The thing above the balls between my legs and I think

I can feel it dangling, it's throbbing and it's veiny

Wait I think I got it, okay bitch I got you, Robin Williams hanging

Go hang in the lobby unless you came to slob me

Come on kemosabe

It's past time, like your favorite hobby

Cause if the way that I spit shit remains on my dick

then she grab me by the nuts and tried to take my sausage as a hostage

Ain't it obvious? Pretty much a no brainer, or should I say Cobainer?

That she's plain addicted to my dick like Lorena Bobbit

Got a wean her off it, weiner off it like she took my fucking penis

chopped it, and stuck it up between her armpits

And she begun to swing a crumpet knife and paint the carpet

at least that's what her train of thought is

Cause I came, saw, conquered, hit it

quit it, and made up a plane of bonkers

And I always end up giving these bitches some complex

And I don't mean apartment

So spread your feet apart

And let me see you do some yoga stretches, splits

Now grab this Cuisinart

And make me breakfast, bitch, that's a prerequisite

And that's just to get in this bedroom, bitch

Walked up to that Ke$ha chick (what up?)

Said my name is Booger, wanna catch a flick?

I'll even let you pick, make her fetch a stick

Bet you if you get this old dog these new tricks

To get familiar with I'll learn extra quick

Kick a pregnant bitch, oops, I guess the shit

Took an unexpected twist like the neck of the freaking exorcist

Bitch, I said that this mask ain't for hockey

Hate Versace, Versace, I got MÃ¼nchhausen by proxy

I'm making you sick, don't pretend you can't hear me

You deaf, girl, I said you was foxy

I'll tell a bitch like Bizarre

Bitch, shut the fuck up and get in my car

And suck my fucking dick while I take a shit

And I think with my dick so come blow my mind

And it tastes like humble pie

So swallow my pride, you're lucky just to follow my ride

If I let you run alongside the Humvee

Unless you're Nicki, grab you by the wrist, let's ski

So what's it gon' be? Put that shit away Iggy

You gon' blow that rape whistle on me

(Squee!) I love it

'Fore I get lost with the gettin' off

Like this is our exit, now lets hit the highway and try not to get lost

'Till we get to Las Vegas (Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas Whatever happens here, stays here

So let's go all the way dear

Til we get to Las Vegas Whatever happens in my room, it stays in my room like movie night like cable

Treat every women in my stable like flavors

Looking like she kryptonite and I get weak after like 7 days

In 7 nights in the days and it's our Vegas

We rolling circles and packs, we the lifesavers

She got a boyfriend, I got a toy then

I'll bring her with me when I show up to her crib waving

And I ain't tryna be the nice neighbor

I'm so Jay Electronic, I'm cut like I'm all out of razors

And all I got is a gun left with a bayonet on it

Next ho froze and it look like I walked in to a jewelry store

With a about a million dollars with your mama

And sat down did an ALS challenge, huh

I stole that adlib from French, Bad & Evil back at it again

About to get my back tatted again

About to get a pic of a backstabber with an axe in his hand

Sitting on a bike in the sand

If you ain't been through nothing

Then that shouldn't mean nothing to you like likes on the Gram

If she current I keep her pussy purring like the pipes on a lamp

Weed got her so chinky eyed

Look like she been getting high on a flight to Japan

I keep my jewelry on while I'm fucking

Sound like I'm shaking up dice in a can

Listen, though this ain't Christmas I make you my ex miss

If this is my passion

I learn to give those who don't appreciate my presence

The gift of my absence

I don't know who you been listening to

Got me fucked up like Pookie in the chicken coop

Bitch, I don't give a two shits

Bitch, get the fuck out of my face

To make a long story short, I don't really gotta stand there

And listen to you while you throw a silly tantrum

Even though I have an affinity for witty banter

Starting to feel like foulplay like Billy Laimbeer

Hold up, she misunderstood me

I said saint, por favor

Thought I said to wait, had four doors

I knock a nigga face off

Give him the bottom of the nine like a baseball scoreboard (whatever)

I leave the club with my tab still open

Won't even get a cab for you and your friend

The only fear I have is of loathing

And I won't even kick in 'till we get to Las Vegas (Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas

'Till we get to Las Vegas

(Party, do it 'till tomorrow)

Vegas Whatever happens here, stays here

So let's go all the way dear

Til we get to Las Vegas Yo, I can't sing good

I feel like singin'

I wanna fuckin' sing

'Cause I'm happy Yeah, I'm happy

Ha Ha

I got my baby back

Yo, check it out 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

Sometimes I think I'm crazy

I'm crazy, oh so crazy

Why am I here, am I just wastin' my time?

But then I see my baby

Suddenly I'm not crazy

It all makes sense when I look into her eyes (Oh no) Sometimes 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 My baby girl keeps gettin' older

I watch her grow up with pride

People make jokes, 'cuz 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 (oh no) Sometimes 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 Man, if I could sing, I'd keep singin' this song to my daughter

If I could hit the notes, I'd blow somethin' as long as my father

To show her how I feel about her, how proud I am that I got 'er

God, I'm a daddy, I'm so glad that her mom didn't abort

Now you probably get this picture from my public persona

That I'm a pistol-packin' drug-addict who bags on his mama

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' ma soul

And just know that I grow cold of the older I grow

This boulder on my shoulder gets heavy and harda to hold

And this load is like the weight of the world

And I think my neck is breakin'

Should I just give up

Or try to live up to these expectations?

Now look

I love my daughter more than life n' 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 is nothin' 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 people's backs, bent over backwards for this woman

Man, I should of seen it comin', what'd I stick my penis up in?

Would of ripped the pre-nup up if I'd seen what she was fuckin'

But fuck it, it's over, there's no more reason to cry no more

I got my baby, maybe the only lady that I adore, Hailie

So sayonara, try tomorra, nice to know ya

Our baby's traveled back to the arms of her rightful owner

And suddenly it seems like my shoulder blades have just shifted

It's like the greatest gift you can get

The weight has been lifted

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

Everyone's leanin' on me

'Cause my baby knows that her daddy's her soldier

Nothin' can take her from me Woo!

I told you I can't sing

Oh well, I tried

Hailie, remember 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 I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell Guess I got a way with words I could get away with murder

Ever heard of Aspergers? It's a rare condition

It's what you're suffering from when you simply don't care if its an

Eighty degree day and there's no fricken air conditioning

And you can't see, the b\*\*\*\*'s hair is frizzin'

'Cause you got the windows up blaring the system in your Chevrolet Prism The devil ain't on the level same as him

Just someone who rebels in straight masochism

And imagine him giving him an adjective an a\*\* whooping

So bad they should put his a\*\* in prison

I word bully I verbally abuse verbs like he did something to me personally

Used forgetfully so I cut class and ditch it now I fully rap Cadillac from a K Car, my a\*\* from a hole in the ground, still can't tell em apart

Came straight out the trailer park screaming I'm proud

To shop at K-mart and it became art

And I'm still fed up and as pissed off as they are

To this day I still get in fights with the same broad

At the same Walmart arguing over the same cart

In the middle of the aisle whilin I don't give a f\*\*\* I don't play!

You think you saw this basket first?

Yeah backwards like motherf\*\*\*ing Bob and Silent Jay

Illest s\*\*\* you could think I would say

Mind's like a pile of clay

When's the last time you saw a villain with a cape?

With a gaping hole in it

Whip out, whip down Tied him around my neck went down the fire escape of the Empire State

Straight fell straight down to the ground splattered all over the entire state

And straight to hell got an impaled by the gates

So Satan stuck his face in an ashtray

But I sacheted around flames with a match and I gave him the gas face

And this ain't got nothing to do with a scalar

Being gay little faggot but by the way

Plus it's getting darker by the day

I'm a combination of Skylar Grey, Tyler the Creator, and Violent Jay It's a f\*\*\*ing miracle to be this lyrical

Paint my face with clown make up and a smiley face, I'm insane

Every rhyme I say, a\*\*aults you like an ultra violet ray

I'm sellin' hatred buffet style all the s\*\*\* you can eat

$11.99 so come on and pile a plate

I'm throwin' down the gauntlet to see what hell I can raise

With the rhyme I'm spittin' while I'm s\*\*\*tin' on the competition

In the meantime it's always mean time I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell I've been a career a\*\*hole

I don't see why these people always got my back

I done said so much f\*\*\*ed up s\*\*\*, I was born a mistake

But I was put here not by accident

I had a purpose and that purpose was to beat a beat purplish

Slaughter tracks, I done put my two dimes and a nickel in this s\*\*\*

And I'm coming to get that quarter back

Like Ndamukong the drama can build

Your mama can ask me for my autograph

That cougars a MILF, she's the oldest trick in the book

But I sure would fall for that

You done brought a bat to a rocket launcher fight

When I get on the mic I'm a snap

Make you wish the ambulance that took me to the hospital

When I overdosed would have caught a flat If it makes you sick to your stomach pass it

Indigestion my suggestions's Kaopectate

If it feels like I'm running away with the game

Its 'cause I am don't speculate spectate

All I got is dick for days and insults for decades

But I get by my wicked ways, lady you can suck a dick till your neck aches

Cry till you get puffy eyes red face

But I'm leaving on this jet plane

You ain't fly, you're an airhead

I'm sick of pounding a square peg in a round hole, sorry another catchphrase

But your baggage ain't gonna fit in my storage over headspace

'Cause you just ain't big enough to fit your damaged goods

Other words don't try to put the heart in a headcase 'Cause baby stable mentally I ain't I need my meds, I peed my bed

I'm going blind, I don't see my legs, I keep on falling down

No wonder you can't stand me, I need my cane

Someone help me I think my face is melting

If you felt these migrains, see these maggots eat my brain

This G-I-A-empty hole in my empty head

If you read my mind you can see my pain

And you could see why I'd be this way

Ever since I was knee high playin' with G.I. Joes

Or shut the P-I-E hoes that peep my game 'Cause I'm about, like a f\*\*\*in' echo

Psycho on a cycle

If I hear Iko

I'm out of control like no

Other mike-o, stab you to the nightpost

Nothing but a hole inside your skull where you eye close

'Cause I'm gonna sock it to you, dyko, you don't like it

Get on your Harley Davidson menstrual cycle and ride it, like a motorbike

I'm gonna blow the mike the whole night so strike up the f\*\*\*in' maestro, I'm like nitro

And heigh-ho, hand me my shovel I'm libel to dig my hole deeper

It's off to H-E double hockey sticks I go I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell I'm getting by with my wicked ways

I'm loading up and I'm taking names

I want to dig my way to hell

I want to dig my way to hell Oh please be empty, please be empty, please be empty

Thank you, God

S\*\*\*.

It's a girl

I'm gonna rock this blouse and put a c\*\*\* in mouth and get my balls blew out

And gay into the A.M

And lay with eighteen guys naked and let myself show, let myself show

But f\*\*\* it, suck from the tucket

Life's too short to not stroke your bone

So everybody, everybody

Circle jerk, touch my body Who is that? Where are you going? Mm come back

Why does everyone always leave me?

Hello? F\*\*\* you then

Blow it out your a\*\* As I fall deeper into a manic state

I'm a prime candidate for the gene to receive the drug addict traits

Blood pressure climbs at a dramatic rate

I seem to gravitate to the bottle of Nighquil then I salivate

Start off with the Nighquil like I think I'll just have a taste

Couple sips of that then I gradually graduate

Too a harder prescription drug called Valium like ya that's great

I go to take just one and I end up like having eight

Now I need something in my stomach cause I haven't ate

Maybe I'll grab a plate of nachos and I'll have a steak

And you'd think with all I have at stake

Look at my daughters face

Mommy somethings is wrong with dad I think

He's acting weird again he's really beginning to scare me

Won't shave his beard again and he pretends he doesn't hear me

And all he does is eat Dorritos and Cheetos

And he just fell asleep in his car eating Three Musketeers in the rear seat Sometimes I feel so alone,

I just don't know, feels like I been down this road before,

So lonely and cold, It's like something takes over me,

Soon as I go home and close the door,

Kinda feels like deja vu, I wanna get away from this place I do,

But I can't and I won't say I tried but I know that's a lie cause I don't

And why I just don't know Maybe just a nice cold brew what's a beer

That's the devil in my ear I been sober a f\*\*\*in' year

And that f\*\*\*er still talks to me he is all I can f\*\*\*in' hear

Marshall come on we'll watch the game it's the Cowboys and Buccaneers

And maybe if I just drink half I'll be halfed buzzed for half of the time

Who's that mastermind behind that little line

With that kind of rational man I got half a mind

Too have another half of gla\*\* of wine sound asinine

Ya I know

But I never had no problem with alcohol

Ouch look out for the wall aim for the couch I'm about to fall

I missed the couch and down I go looking like a bouncing ball

S\*\*\* must have knocked me out cause I ain't feel the ground at all

Wow what the f\*\*\* happened last night where am I

Man f\*\*\* am I hungover and god damn I got a head ache

S\*\*\* half a Vicodin why can't I?

"All systems ready for take off please stand by" Sometimes I feel so alone,

I just don't know, feels like I been down this road before,

So lonely and cold, It's like something takes over me,

Soon as I go home and close the door,

Kinda feels like deja vu, I wanna get away from this place I do,

But I can't and I won't say I tried but I know that's a lie cause I don't

And why I just don't know So I take a Vicodin splash it hits my stomach and ahh

A couple weeks go by it ain't even like I'm getting high

Now I need it just not to feel sick ya I'm getting by

Wouldn't even be taking this s\*\*\* if Deshaun didn't die

Oh ya there's an excuse you lose proof so you use

There's new rules it's cool if it's helpin' you to get through

It's twelve noon ain't no harm in self inducing a snooze

What else is new f\*\*\* it what would Elvis do in your shoes

Now here I am three months later full blown relapse

Just get high until the kids get home from two homes relax

And since I'm convinced that I'm insomniac

I need these pills to be able to sleep so I take three naps

Just to be able to function throughout the day let's see

That's an Ambian each nap how many Valium, three

And that will average out to about one good hours sleep

Ok so now you see the reason how come he

Has taken four years just too put out an album B

See me and you we almost had the same outcome Heath

Cause that Christmas you know the Nomonia thing

It was bologna was it the Methadone ya think

Or the Hydrocodone you hide inside your pornos

Your vcr tape cases with you Ambian CR great places to hide ain't it

So you can lie to Hailie I'm going beddy bye Whitney baby good night Elaina

Go in the room and shut the bedroom door and wake up in ambulance

They said they found me on the bathroom floor Sometimes I feel so alone,

I just don't know, feels like I been down this road before,

So lonely and cold, It's like something takes over me,

Soon as I go home and close the door,

Kinda feels like deja vu, I wanna get away from this place I do,

But I can't and I won't say I tried but I know that's a lie cause I don't

And why I just don't know Yeah,

Ha ha, you feel that baby?

Yeah, I feel it too.

Damn.

You know, I'm so glad we could spend this time together

See, I'm not as crazy as you thought I was am I?

Ha ha I'm the American dream! I'm the definition of white trash balling,

I'm right back on 'em, with the

I can't call it

Same shit, different toilet, oh you got a nice ass darlin'!

Can't wait to get you into my Benz, take you for a spin

What you mean we ain't fuckin', you take me for a friend?

Let me tell you the whole story of Shady's origin

You'll be sorry if you slam my Mercedes door again!

Now, it all started with my father

I must have got my pimping genes from him, the way he left my mama

I'm a rolling stone just like him, word to Johnny Drama

Keep my entourage with me, baby I'll make a promise

There ain't nobody as bomb as me

I'm as calm as the breeze, I'm the bees knees, his legs and his arms I'm a

S-superstar, girl, I'm ready for you mama!

Why you think the only thing I got on is my pajamas? I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again I'm equivalent to a shot of Cuevo, first I kiss your navel

Work my way down, baby you can lay down on the table

But you may wanna find something more stable

I told you I ain't fooling from the gate, this ain't the first day of April!

But thank you for staying April, I'm a make you learn

To appreciate me, differentiate me

From these phoney, little fishy and sissy fake G's

Skip over the huggy-bear and all the kissy face, please

Initiate phase three! Missy now service me

Take another shot of Jagger, shake it so nervously

Take your time baby, ooh you're the bomb baby!

Ooh you're doing that even better than your mom lady!

I told you I'm Shady, you didn't listen now, did you?

Relax woman, you know that I'm only kidding with you

Got a twisted sense of humor, it's warped, but I didn't hit you

I think you're finally starting to get the picture, I'm I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again Dynamite, dynamite, dynamite, so!

Dynamite, dynamite, dynamite, so!

I can hold you in the morning

But in the evening I gotta go,

Cause I'm on to the next girl,

And the next girl I kinda like, oh, oh, oh! I got you caught up in the rapture

Make you recapture the feelings you had for your last boyfriend before he slapped ya

You never wanted someone so bad ya sweating

But if I'm what you wanted, why'd you panic when I grabbed ya?

Girl don't be so frantic I'm just a hopeless romantic

Don't try to fight the feeling of something that's organic

You can't ignore it, so don't just stand before it

Just drop them panties to the floor, let's get to camcordin'

Damn shorty, I told you this was bound to happen

Soon as you wrote your number on a napkin I was bound to work a number on your back and

Throw your spine out of alignment

My love has got you so blinded you couldn't pick Amy Winehouse out of a lineup

So stop with the snoring, pick your pint up

Let's get the pineapple schnapps going, no one'll knock cause I'm a hang a sign up

Saying "Don't Disturb", shorty I'm so superb

I say the right things, don't I spit the dopest words? I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again Dynamite, dynamite, dynamite, so!

Dynamite, dynamite, dynamite, so!

I can hold you in the morning

But in the evening I gotta go,

Cause I'm on to the next girl,

And the next girl I kinda like, oh, oh, oh! I'm so bad

I'm so good that I'm so bad

I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had

Cause you ain't never met nobody like me

And you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again I told y'all mothafuckas I was comin' back

What now nigga what now what

You's the projects nigga [Chorus]

One shot two shot three shot four shots

All I hear is gunshots this is where the fun stops

Bodies drop hit the floor music's off

Parties stop, everybody hit the door someone's lickin' shots off You bitches is gone I'm dropped in the club

And I'm tryna run and get my motherfuckin' gun

(Nigga what about your wife)

Nigga fuck my wife I'm tryna run and save my motherfuckin' life

Oh shit the shoot is comin'

Bitches, hoes niggas is runnin'

People shot all over the floor

And I'm tryna make it to the St. Andrew's door

That's the sound of the glock

Even D-J House fucked around and go shot

I done messed around and forgot my tec

I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex

(Kuniva you aight)

These niggas is trippin'

(Where's Bizarre at?)

I'm tryna slip through the exit and get to where my car is at

Bitches screamin' everywhere and niggas is wildin'

Two minutes ago we was all jokin' and smilin'

This chick is clingin' onto me sobbin' and sighin'

Sayin' she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she cryin'

But its real and cats is gettin' killed

So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield

And she got hit now she yellin'

(Don't leave me!)

I told her I'd be right back and the dumb bitch believed me

I squeezed through the back door and made my escape

I ran and got my 38 I hope its not to late [Chorus] (Nigga I been tryna call you all day motherfucker where you at?)

I'm on seven mile what the fuck was that

Damn somebody hit me from the back

(With they car?)

With a gat nigga and my tire is flat

And I just hit a pole, them niggas some hoes

(Is you hit?)

I don't know but I can tell you what they drove

It was a black Mitsubishi

(Shit that's the clique we beefin' wit I swear)

Man and I was on my way there

Believe me I'm leavin' a carcus today

I'm a park my car and walk the rest of the way

I'm in the mood to strut, my A-K ain't even tuck

I'm a meet you at the club we goin' fuck these hoes up [Chorus] I never seen no shit like this is my life before

People will still camp out from the night before

Sleepin' outside the door waitin' in line

Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform

The fire marshals no, the venue's too small

People are wall to wall three thousand and some odd vans

And some come walk from out the parkin' lot

Get into an argument over a parkin' spot

He's about to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off

Missed who he's aimin' for six feet away's the door

In St. Andrew's hall not a stray slidin' all over the place

Sprays one bitch in the face another one of 'em came through the wall

Before anyone could even hear the first shot go off

I'm posted up by the bar havin' a Mozeltoff

Bullet wizzed right by my ear damn near shot it off

Thank god I'm alive I gotta find Denaun

And where the fuck is Von he usually tucks one on him

Wait a minute I think I just saw Bizarre

Nah I guess not, what the fuck oh my god it was

I never saw him run so fast in my life

Look at him haulin' ass I think he left his wife

There she is on the ground bein' trampled

I go to grab her up by the damn hand and I can't pull her

God damn there just went another damn bullet I'm hit

My vest is barely able to handle it, its to thin

If I get hit again I can't do it, I scoop deep

Follow Bizarre's path and ran through it

And made it to the front door and collapsed on the steps

Looked up and I seen Swift shootin' it out

But I can't see who he's shootin' it out with

But Denaun's right behind him squeezin' his four fifth [Chorus] It's Friday night came to this bitch right

Big ass to my left and Desert Eagle to my right

I ain't come in this bitch to party I came in this bitch to fight

Although I can't stay here to fight 'cause I'm poppin' niggas tonight

That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge

Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryna check when I get in

Swift told me to meet him here so its clear that this fucker

Shoot out the back of his truck goes up in this motherfucker

So one shot for the money two's to stop the show

Third's for the bartender there's plenty of shots to go

(I just wanna know who's drivin' a black Mitsubishi)

He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee wit a three piece [Chorus] I don't know dude

I think everyone's all jealous and shit 'cause I'm like the lead singer of a band dude

And I think everyone's got a fuckin' problem with me dude

And they need to take it up with me after the show

Because These chicks don't even know the name of my band

But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands

'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man

All because I'm the lead singer of my band So I get off stage right and drop the mic

Walk up to the hot chicks and I'm all like

"Sup ladies, my name's Slim Shady.

I'm the lead singer in D12 baby"

They're all like "Oh my God it's him"

"Becky oh my fuckin' God it's Eminem"

"I swear to fuckin' God dude you fuckin' rock"

"Please Marshall please let me suck your cock"

And by now the rest of the fellas get jealous

Especially when I drop the beat and do my acapellas

All the chicks start yellin', all the hot babes

Throw their bras and their shirt and their panties on stage

So like every single night they pick a fight with me

But when we fight it's kinda like sibling rivalry

Cuz they're back on stage the next night with me

Dude I just think you're tryna steal the light from me

Yesterday Kuniva tried to pull a knife on me

'Cause I told him Jessica Alba's my wife to be

This rock star shit, it's the life for me

And all the other guys just despise me because These chicks don't even know the name of my band

But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands

'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man

All because I'm the lead singer of my band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

Roxanne

My band

My band You just wanna see a nigga backwards don't you

Hey dad how come we don't rap on Protools

Smash these vocals and do a performance

But we in the van and he in a tour bus

You don't want my autograph, yous a liar

And no I'm Swift (oh I thought you was Kuniva)

What the hell is wrong with that dressing room

'Cause my shit is lookin' smaller than a decimal

See I know how to rap, see it's simple but

All I did was read a Russell Simmons book

So I'm more intect, tryna get on the map

Doin' jumpin jacks whilin' get whipped on my back Look at Em little punk ass thinkin' he the shit

Yeah I know man find himself takin on a flick

Hey I thought we had an interview with DJ Clue

No I had an interview not you two

You gonna be late for soundcheck

Man I ain't goin' to soundcheck

But our mics are screwed up and his always sound best

You know what man I'ma say somethin

Hey yo Em

You got somethin' to say?!

Man no

I thought you bout to tell him off, what's up

Man I'ma tell him when I feel like it, man shut up

And you ain't even back me up when we s'posed to be crew

When I was bout to talk right after you

I swear, I swear man These chicks don't even know the name of my band

But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands

'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man

All because I'm the lead singer of my band They say the lead singers rock, but the group does not

Once we sold out arenas to the amusement park

I'm gonna let the world know that proof is hot

I should cut his mic off when the musics starts

Ready to snap on a dumbass fan

Every time I hear (Hey dude I love your band)

We ain't a band bitch we don't play instruments

So why he get 90 and we only get ten percent

And these guys they can find every area code Bitch carry your own

Can't make it to the stage, security in my way

(Who the fuck are you? Where's Obie and Dre?!) Goddammit I'm sick of this group

Time for me to go solo and make some loot

I told you I made the beats and wrote all the raps

Till Kon Artist slipped me some crack

Lose Yourself video I was in the back

Superman video I was in the back

Fuck the media, I got some suggestions

Fuck Marshall, ask us the questions

Like who's D12, how we get started

(What about Eminem?)

Bitch are you retarded?

Anyway I'm the popularest guy in the group

Big ass stomach, bitches think I'm cute (hey sexy)

50 told me to do situps to get buff

I did two and a half and then I couldn't get up

Fuck D12, I'm outta this band

I'm gonna start a group with the real Roxanne Girl why cant you see your the only one for me

And it just tears my ass apart to know that you don't know my name These chicks don't even know the name of my band(ha ha)

But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands(Fuck Marshall)

Cuz once I blow I know that I'll be the man

All because I'm the lead singer of my band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band

My band The hottest boy band in the world

D12!

I'm the lead singer of my band, I get all the girl's to take off their

Underpants

And the lead singer of my band, my salsa

Makes all the pretty girl's wan to dance

My salsa, look out for my next single, it's called My Salsa

My salsa, salsa, salsa, salsa, my salsa

Makes all the pretty girls wan to dance

And take off their underpants

My salsa makes all the pretty girls wan to dance

And take off their underpants, my salsa

(Where'd everybody go?) This is survival of the fittest

This is do or die

This is the winner takes it all so take it all 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, fuck an 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! This is survival of the fittest

This is do or die

This is the winner takes it all so take it all 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 mu'fucka' and if I don't make the cut

What, like I give a fuck, I'mma 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 you 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'mma 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? This is survival of the fittest

This is do or die

This is the winner takes it all so take it all

So take it all 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 de-fuse 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 trades

So you'd 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 screw-drive-rs

But I want you to doubt me, I don't want you to buh-lieve

'Cause this is something that I must use to suc-ceed

And if you don't like me then fuck you!

Self es-teem must be fucking shooting through-the-roof 'cause trust me

My skin is too thick and bul-let proof to touch me

I can see why the fuck I disgust you

I must be a-llergic to failure 'cause every ime I come close to it

I just sneeze, but I just go atchoo then achieve! This is survival of the fittest

This is do or die

This is the winner takes it all so take it all

So it take it all Only reason I dissed you in the first place

Was because you denied seeing me

Now I'm pissed off Sit back, homie, relax

In fact grab a six pack

Kick back while I kick facts

Yeah Dre, sick track Perfect way to get back

Wanna hear something wick-wack?

I got the same exact tat

That's on Nick's back I'm obsessed now

Oh gee, is that supposed to be me

In the video with the goatee?

Wow Mariah, didn't expect you to go balls out

Bitch, shut the fuck up before I put all them phone calls out You made to my house when you was wild-n-out before Nick

When you was on my dick and give you somethin to smile about

How many times you fly to my house? Still trying to count

Better shut your lying mouth if you don't want Nick finding out You probably think cuz it's been so long

If i had something on you I woulda did it by now

Oh on the contrary, Mary Poppins, I'm mixing our studio session

Down and sending it to mastering to make it loud Enough dirt on you to murder you

This is what the fuck I do

Mariah, it ever occur to you that I still have pictures?

However you prefer to do

And that goes for Nick too

Faggot, you think I'm scared of you? You gonna ruin my career, you better get one

Like I'mma sit and fight with you over some slut, bitch-cunt

That made me put up with her psycho-ass over 6 months

And only spread her legs to let me hit once Yeah, what you gonna say? I'm lucky?

Tell the public that I was so ugly

That you fucking had to be drunk to fuck me?

Second base? What the fuck you tell Nick, punk?

In the second week we were dry humping

That's gotta count for something Listen girly, surely you don't want me to talk about

How I nutted early, 'cause I ejaculated prematurely

And bust all over your belly and you almost started hurling

And said I was gross, go get a towel you're stomachs curling? Or maybe you do, but if I'm embarrassing me

I'm embarrassing you, and don't you dare say it isn't true

As long as the song's getting airplay, I'm dissing you

I'm a hair away from getting carried away and getting sued I was gonna stop at 16, that was 32

This is 34 bars, we ain't even a third of the way through

Damn Slim, Mariah played you. Mariah who?

Oh, did I say "whore", Nick? I meant a liar too Like I've been goin' off on you all this time for no reason

Girl you out ya alcholic mind

Check ya wine cellar, look at the amounts of all the wine

Like I fuckin' sit around and think about you all the time I just think this shit is funny when I pounce you on a rhyme

But fuck it now I'm bout to draw the line

And for you to cross it that's a mountain that I doubt you wanna climb

I can describe areas of your house you wouldn't find On an episode of Cribs, a blow below the ribs

If I hear another word so don't go opening your jibs

'Cause every time you do it's like an over load of fibs

I ain't saying this shit again, ho, you know what it is It's a warning shot before I blow up your whole spot

Call my bluff and I'll release every fucking thing I got

Including the voicemails right before you flipped your top

When me and Luis were trying to stick two CD's in the same slot Slim Shady, Slim Shady, I love you

I love you too

Let me whisper sweet nothings into your ear, boo

Now what you say?

It's nothing

Yeah, so what I'll do

Is refresh your memory when you said, "I want you" Now should I keep going, or should we call truce?

You think you cute, right?

You bet your sweet ass I do

I'm Mary Poppins, B

And I'm Superman, mmm

Mary P., Slim Shady

Comin' at you So if you'll still be my baby girl

Then I'll still be your superhero

Oh my, Em

Yeah, I'm right here

You like this

Nope, not anymore dear It cuts like a knife when I tell you get a life

But I'm movin' on with mine

Nick, is that your wife?

Well tell her to shut her mouth, then I'll leave her alone

If she don't stick to the script, then I'mma just keep goin'

Damn I see Mary Ann. Mary Ann's saying, "Cut the tape, cut the tape"

Knife! Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it

You can save your hand, I ain't gotta shake it

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em? No favors

Clique too big, bread? Gotta break it

Cause these others low key with the snaking faking

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em?

No favors, no favors

What I need? No favors

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em? No favors I'm about getting the job done, boy up every night

I'm about rolling a seven, when I toss up the dice

I'm about getting my logo off, flooded with ice

I'm about taking a risk, that might fuck up your life

Tell 'em point and shoot like camera crews

In front of cameras too (brrr)

Damn, Sean, what happened to the humble attitude?

I'm like "niggas took the flow but I'm still standing too"

Thought I had the Midas touch

And then I went platinum too

Mother fuck all your comparisons

I've been talking to God like that's my therapist

I'm African-American in America

I ain't inherit shit but a millionaire under 30

So He must be hearing shit

Don, don, don, life, I do this for the crib

The D to Flint who get sick with lead

Others get the hit with the laugh

From where they need a handout

But they tell you put hands up

Only deals I have is from the Sam's Club

Now it's blue blood in my veins

So you know where I came from

Born in a world going where they told me I can't go

In my lane, though, I'm in the same boat as Usain Bolt

Get ahead by any means so the head's what I aim for

When my grandma died, I realized I got an angel

Show me everything's a blessing depending on the angles

Look, I am the anomaly, never needed favors or apologies

That's my new lifetime policy

Wood grain steering wheel this bitch feel like a pirate ship

How many hot verses till you bitches start acknowledging

The pictures we been painting, my nigga

Connected to a higher power

How I know? 'Cause I don't write this shit, I think it, my nigga

Look, all I ever did was beat the odds

Cause when you try to get even it just don't even out

Never stopping like we hypnotized

Watch what we visualize on the rise, be the G.O.A.T.

While we alive when we die, we gon' be the gods Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it

You can save your hand, I ain't gotta shake it

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em? No favors

Clique too big, bread? gotta break it

'Cause these others low key with the snaking faking

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em?

No favors, no favors If she was flavor I won't savor

No taste buds, hoe later

Fuck you looking at, hater?

I saw them eyes like an ass raper

Try to copy my swag like a cheating classmate

I'll be the last face you see before you pass

When you get your fucking ass graded like a math paper

So ahead of my time late means I'm early, my age is reversing

I'm basically 30, amazingly sturdy, zany and wordy

Brainy and nerdy, blatantly dirty

Insanely perverted, rapey and scurvy

They blame me for murdering Jamie Lee Curtis

Said I put her face in the furnace, beat her with a space heater

A piece furniture, egg beater, thermos

It may be disturbing, what I'm saying's cringe worthy

But I'm urinating on Fergie, call Shady number 81

Surely I'm turning into the Aaron Hernandez of rap

State of emergency, the planets having panic attacks

Brady's returning, matter fact I may be deserving

Of a Pat on the back like a Patriots jersey

Inexplicable stomach growl from the pit of it

Like a fucking Terrier hittin' it

Despicable, dumb it down, ridiculous

Tongue is foul shoot off at the fucking mouth

Like a missile, a thunder cloud

100 pound pistol pull the trigger this gun will sound

And you'll get a round like Digital Underground

And fuck Ann Coulter with a Klan poster

With a lamp post, door handle shutter

A damn bolt cutter, a sandal, a can opener, a candle rubber

Piano, a flannel, sucker, some hand soap, butter

A banjo and manhole cover

Hand over the mouth and nose smother

Trample ran over the tramp with the Land Rover

The band, the Lambo, Hummer and Road Runner

Go ham donut or go Rambo, gotta make an example of her

That's for Sandra Bland ho and Philando

Hannibal on the lamb, no wonder I am so stubborn

I'm anti, can't no government handle a commando

Your man don't want it, Drumpf's a bitch

I'll make his whole brand go under (yeah)

And tell Dre I'm meeting him in L.A., white Bronco like Elway

Speeding, I'm bout to run over a chick, Del Rey CD in?

Females stay beatin 'em, bet you they'll lay bleeding

And yell, "Wait!", pleadingâ€”but screaming is pointless

Like feeding Michel'le helium

Leaving them pale faced medium sized welt

Straight treating 'em like a cell mate

See me I'm climbing hell's gate

Bitch, I'm like your problems: self-made

Meaning someone else's help ain't needed

Cause I'maâ€” Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it

You can save your hand, I ain't gotta shake it

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from em, no favors

Clique too big, bread? gotta break it

'Cause these others lowkey with the snaking faking

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em?

No favors, no favors

What I need? No favors

Everything lined up for the taking

And what I need from 'em? no favors (I know you feeling yourself right now

But I'm not sure she's the one

I would call them in) - "Hey, I'm outside"

What are you doing here? Here to stay

Even when I'm gone

When I close my eyes

Through the passage of time

Kings never die I can hear the drummer drumming

And the trumpets, someone's tryna summon someone, I know something's coming

But I'm running from it to be standing at the summit

And plummet, how come it wasn't what I thought it was, was it

Too good to be true?

Have nothing, get it all but too much of it then lose it again

Did I swallow hallucinogens, 'cause if not, where the hell did it go?

'Cause here I sit in Lucifer's den by the dutch oven just choosing to sin

Even if it means I'm selling my soul, just to be the undisputed again

Do whatever I gotta do just to win

'Cause I got this motherfucking cloud over my head

Crown around it, thorns on it

Cracks in it, bet you morons didn't

Think I'd be back, did ya?

How 'bout that I'm somehow now back to the underdog

But no matter how loud that I bark, this sport is something I never bow-wow'd at

I complain about the game, I shout and I pout, it's a love-hate

But I found out that I can move a mountain of doubt

Even when you bitches are counting me out, and I appear to be down for the count

Only time I ever been out and about is

Driving around town with my fucking whereabouts in a doubt

'Cause I been lost tryna think of what I did to get here but I'm not a quitter

Gotta get up, give it all I got or give up

Spit on, shit on, stepped on, but kept going I'm tryna be headstrong

But it feels like I slept on my neck wrong

'Cause you're moving onto the next, but is the respect gone?

'Cause someone told me that

(Kings never die)

Don't give me that sob story liar, don't preach to the choir

You ain't never even had to reach in the fire to dig deep

Nobody ever handed me shit in life, not even a flyer

Wouldn't even take shit into consideration

Obliterate anyone in the way

I think I see why a lot of rappers get on these features and try to

Show out on a track with me but it'd actually

Have to be a fucking blowout to get me to retire

Tell these new artists that kings never die

I know shit has changed in this age, fuck a Twitter page

Did it just say I've been upstaged?

Why am I online? It's driving me crazy

I'm riding shotgun tryna get a gauge

On what's hot, but I'm not gonna' conform

But as days pass in this shit

And opinions sway, I can hear them say

If I stay passionate maybe I can stay Jay miraculous

Comeback as if I went away

But detractors just say (so much) for the Renegade

Someone's gonna make me blow my composure

Here I go again, center stage and I feel like I'm in a cage

(Some want a champion to fall I still wonder why I laugh at 'em

'Cause why care when I'm awesome?)

Fuck what these cynics say

(Just goes to show that when my back's against the wall

And I'm under attack again, that I'll act as if I'm posted up)

With this pent-up rage, 'cause all these plaques in my office

On the floor stacked against the door

Are they just metaphors for the odds of me comin' back again?

'Cause all the accomplishments, accolades, awards

And trophies just don't mean jack anymore

If I'm here today and gone tomorrow

And I'm not gonna be Here to stay

Even when I'm gone

When I close my eyes

Through the passage of time

Kings never die I want it, I'm coming to get it

So you son of a bitches don't duck you're gonna get Riddick Bowe'd

Critics'll end up in critical

Think your shit is dope all you're gonna get is smoked then

And I ain't stopping 'till I'm on top again, all alone and on a throne

Like a token of respect, or a homage poem, or an ode I've been owed

Tossed in the air by my own arm, and launched so hard I broke my collarbone

(And when it's my time to go, I'm still not leaving)

Stop for no one, I don't know but I've been told an obstacle that

Blocks your road, knock it over, time to go for that pot of gold, 'cause (They say kings never die

Just ask Jam Master Jay, they

Just grow wings and they fly, so

Hands up, reach for the sky

Try to hold up and prolong these moments

'Cause in a blink of an eye

They'll be over) Tryna secure your legacy like Shakur and ensure

Nobody's ever gonna be what you were

So before you're leaving this Earth

You want people to feel the fury of a pure evil cerebral berserk

Deacon of words, syllable genius at work

Plus I'm thinking that they're mistaking my kindness for weakness

Kill 'em with meanness

I went from powdered milk and Farina

To flipping burgers on the grill for some peanuts

From Gilbert's to arenas, call me Gilbert Arenas, still appeal to the dreamers

I made it to the silver screen where Rocky's still what the theme is

Khalil on the beat 'cause making the beat ain't the same

Feeling to me as killing the beat is

So fulfilling to me is what filling a seat is

That sound, vomit, thirst and how common underground commons eat

Outsider stomach growl, throbbing hunger

Out-rhyming everyone, God just give me one shot

I swear that I won't let you down

I'ma be around forever, entertain even in the ground

You ain't never ever gonna hear me say I ain't Here to stay

Even when I'm gone

When I close my eyes

Through the passage of time

Kings never die I am not Jasmine, I'm Aladdin

So far ahead, these bums is laggin'

See me in that new thing, bums is gaggin'

I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon

Look at my show footage, how these girls be spazzin'

So fuck I look like gettin' back to a has-been?

Yeah, I said it, has-been

Hang it up, flat screen

(Haha) Plasma

Hey Nicki, hey Nicki, asthma

I got the pumps, it ain't got medicine

I got bars, sentencin'

I'm a bad bitch, I'm a cunt

And I'll kick that hoe, punt

Forced trauma, blunt

You play the back, bitch, I'm in the front

You need a job, this ain't cuttin' it

Nicki Minaj is who you ain't fuckin' with

You lil' brag a lot, I beat you with a pad-a-lock

I am a movie, camera block

You outta work, I know it's tough

But enough is enough Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon I ain't into S and M, but my whip's off the chain

A little drop of candy paint drips off the frame

Twisted-ass mind, got a pretzel for a brain

An eraser for a head, fuckin' pencil for a frame

You don't like it then peel off, bitch

Every last woman on Earth I'll kill off,

and I still wouldn't fuck you, slut

So wipe the smile on your grill off,

I swear to God I'll piss a Happy Meal off

Get the wheels turnin', spin, and wheel off

Snap the axel in half, bust the tie-rod

Quit hollerin' 'Why, God?'

He ain't got shit to do with it

Bygones'll never be bygones,

so won't be finished swallowin' my wad

I ain't finished blowin' it, nice bra

Hope it'll fit a tough titty, bitch

Life's hard, I swear to God, life is a dumb blonde white broad

With fake tits and a bad dye job

Who just spit in my fuckin' face and called me a fuckin' tightwad

So finally I broke down and bought her an iPod

And caught her stealin' my music,

so I tied her arms and legs to the bed

Set up the camera and pissed twice on her

Look, two pees and a tripod!

The moral to the story is, life's treatin' you like dry sod?

Kick it back in its face, my God

It's Shady and Nicki Minaj, you might find the sight quite odd

But don't ask why, bitch (Ask why not) The wo-world is my punchin' bag and

If I'm garbage, you're a bunch of maggots

Make that face, go on, scrunch it up at me

Show me the target so I can lunge and attack it

Like a, raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

You fell off, off, they musta bumped your wagon

You musta went off the back, I'm 'bout to go off the deep end

I told you to stay in your lane, you just choked in traffic (I-I-I-I-Is)

Is this the thanks that I get for puttin' you bitches on?

Is it my fault that all of you bitches gone?

Shoulda sent a thank-you note, you little ho

Now I'ma wrap your coffin with a bow

(Ni-ni-ni) "Nicki, she's just mad 'cause you took the spot"

Word, that bitch mad 'cause I took the spot?

Well, bitch, if you ain't shittin', then get off the pot

Got some niggas out in Brooklyn that'll off your top

I-I-I-I hear them mumblin', I hear the cacklin'

I got 'em scared, shook, panickin'

Overseas, church, Vatican

You at a stand, still, mannequin

You wanna sleep on me? Overnight?

I'm the motherfuckin' boss, overwrite

And when I pull up, vroom, motorbike

Now all my niggas gettin' buck, overbite

I see them dusty-ass Filas, Levi's

Raggedy-ass, holes in your knee-highs

I call the play, now do you see why?

These bitches callin' me Manning, Eli

(Manning, Eli!) Ma, ma-ma-ma-ma, Manning, Eli

These bitches callin' me (Manning, Eli) A-a-a-a-all you lil' fagots can suck it

No homo', but I'ma stick it to 'em like refrigerator magnets

And I'm crooked enough to make straitjackets bend

Yeah, look who's back again, bitch, keep actin' as if

You have the same passion that I have

Yeah, right, still hungry, my ass

You ass dicks had gastric bypass

Ain't hot enough to set fire to dry grass

And 'bout as violent as hair on eyelids (Eyelash!)

Go take a flyin' leap of faith off a fuckin' balcony

'Fore I shove a falcon wing up your fly ass

You know what time it is, so why ask?

When Shady and Nicki's worlds clash

It's (high class) meets (white trash) Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon Roman!

Roman!

Stop it, stop it!

You've gone mad, mad, I tell you, mad!

You and this boy Slim Shady!

What's goin' on?

They'll lock you away!

They'll put you in a jail cell!

I promise!

Take your mother's warning, Roman

Please!

Back to bed!

Run along!

Let's go!

Come on!

Wash your mouth out with soap, boys

(Boys, boys, boys, boys, boys, boys) When I just a little baby boy

My momma used to tell me these crazy things

She used to tell me my daddy was an evil man,

She used to tell me he hated me

But then I got a little bit older

And I realized, she was the crazy one

But there was nothin' I could do or say to try to change it

'Cause that's just the way she was They said I can't rap about bein' broke no more

They ain't say I can't rap about coke no more

Slut, you think I won't choke no whore

Til the vocal cords don't work in her throat no more?!

These motherfuckers are thinkin' I'm playin'

Thinkin' I'm sayin' the shit

Cause I'm thinkin' it just to be sayin' it

Put your hands down bitch, I ain't goin' shoot you

I'm a pull you to this bullet, and put it through you

Shut up slut, you're causin' too much chaos

Just bend over and take it like a slut, okay Ma?

"Oh, now he's raping his own mother, abusing a whore,

Snorting coke, and we gave him the Rolling Stone cover?"

You god damn right bitch, and now it's too late

I'm triple platinum and tragedies happen in two states

I invented violence, you vile venomous volatile bitches

Vain Vicadin, vrinnn Vrinnn, Vrinn!

Texas Chainsaw, left his brains all

Danglin' from his neck, while his head barely hangs on

Blood, guts, guns, cuts

Knives, lives, wives, nuns, sluts Bitch I'm a kill you! You don't want to fuck with me

Girls leave, you ain't nothin' but a slut to me

Bitch I'm a kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef

We ain't goin' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef You better kill me! I'm a be another rapper dead

For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn't a said

But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with me

Bitches too! You ain't nothin' but a girl to me

I said you don't, want to fuck with Shady (cause why?)

'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you (ah-ha ha)

I said you don't, want to fuck with Shady (why?)

'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you Bitch I'm a kill you! Like a murder weapon, I'm a conceal you

In a closet with mildew, sheets, pillows and film you

Buck with me, I been through hell, shut the hell up!

I'm tryin' to develop these pictures of the Devil to sell 'em

It ain't acid rap, I just rap on acid

Got a new blow-up doll and just had a strap-on added

Whoops! Is that a subliminal hint? No!

Just criminal intent to sodomize women again

Eminem offend? No! Eminem insult

And if you ever give in to him, you give him an impulse

To do it again, then, if he does it again

You'll probably end up jumpin' out of somethin' up on the tenth Bitch I'm a kill you, I ain't done this ain't the chorus

I ain't even drug you in the woods yet to paint the forest

A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or four times

In a tub but that's normal ain't it Norman?

Serial killer hidin' murder material

In a cereal box on top of your stereo

Here we go again, we're out of our medicine

Out of our minds, and we want in yours, let us in Bitch I'm a kill you! You don't want to fuck with me

Girls leave, you ain't nothin' but a slut to me

Bitch I'm a kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef

We ain't goin' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef Eh-heh, know why I say these things?

Cause lady's screams keep creepin' in Shady's dreams

And the way things seem, I shouldn't have to pay these shrinks

This eighty G's a week to say the same things threece!

Twice? Whatever, I hate these things

Fuck shots! I hope the weed will outweigh these drinks

Motherfuckers want me to come on their radio shows

Just to argue with 'em cause their ratings stink?

Fuck that! I'll choke radio announcer to bouncer

From fat bitch to off seventy-thousand pounds of her

From principal to the student body and counselor

From in-school to before school to out of school

I don't even believe in breathin' I'm leavin' air in your lungs

Just to hear you keep screamin' for me to seep it

Okay, I'm ready to go play

I go the machete from O.J.

I'm ready to make everyone's throat ache

You faggots keep eggin' me on

Til I have you at knife point, then you beg me to stop?

Shut up! Give me your hands and feet

I said shut up when I'm talkin' to you

You hear me? Answer me! Bitch I'm a kill you! You don't want to fuck with me

Girls leave, you ain't nothin' but a slut to me

Bitch I'm a kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef

We ain't goin' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef Ha ha ha, I'm just playin' ladies

You know, I love you