

Lyrics

Fall
Eminem

You know, everybody's been tellin' me what they think about me for the last few months It's too loud
Maybe it's time I tell 'em what I think about them Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from
the parking lot It's too loud Freeze my crown all up in it Slow fire Don't fall on my face Don't fall on
my faith, oh Don't fall on my fate Don't fall on my faith, oh Don't fall on my fate Don't fall on my Gotta
concentrate, against the clock I race Got no time to waste, I'm already late I got a marathoner's
pace Went from addict to a workaholic Word to Dr. Dre, In that first marijuana tape guess I got a
chronic case (yeah) And I ain't just blowin' smoke 'less it's in your momma's face I know this time
Paul and Dre They won't tell me what not to say (nope) And though me and my party days Have all
pretty much parted ways You'd swear to God I forgot I'm the guy that made "Not Afraid" One last
time for Charlamagne If my response is late, it's just how long it takes To hit my fuckin' radar, I'm so
far away These rappers are like Hunger Games One minute, they're mockin' Jay Next minute, they
get their style from Migos or they copy Drake Maybe I just don't know when to turn around and walk
away But all the hate, I call it "Walk on Water" gate I've had as much as I can tolerate I'm sick and
tired of waitin', I done lost my patience I can take all of you motherfuckers on at once You wanted
Shady? You got him! Don't fall on my face (yeah) Don't fall on my faith, oh Don't fall on my fate (line
'em up!) Don't fall on my faith, oh (rr!) Don't fall on my fate (look) Somebody tell Budden before I
snap he better fasten it Or have his body bag get zipped The closest thing he's had to hits is
smackin' bitches And don't make me have to give it back to Akademiks Say this shit is trash again,
I'll have you twisted Like you had it when u thought you had me slippin' at the telly Even when I'm
gettin' brain you'll never catch me with a thot Lackin' with it, "he ain't spittin' like this on his last shit"
Ho, you better go back and listen You know me better, thinkin' I'll slow or let up Call it trap 'cause it's
a total setup Hopin' that you rappers fall in that Dre said, "Hold your head up! " Kathy Griffin stackin'
ammunition slap the clip and cock it back on competition This is how I shot ahead (pew) Gabby
Giffords, my attack is vicious Jack the Ripper, back in business Tyler create nothin' I see why you
called yourself a f****t, bitch It's not just 'cause you lack attention It's because you worship D12's
balls you're sack-riligious If you're gonna critique me, you better at least be as good or better Get
Earl the Hooded Sweater Whatever his name is to help you put together some words more than just
two letters The fans waited for this moment like that feature when I stole the show sorry if I took
forever (haha) Don't fall on my face (yeah) Don't fall on my faith, oh (I won't) Don't fall on my fate
(line 'em up!) Don't fall on my faith, oh (ha) Don't fall on my fate (it's too easy) Just remember-I was
here before you And I'll be here after you make your run-in for you Detractors, I might have to fuck
Pitchfork with a corkscrew Just what the doctor ordered Revenge is the best medicine Increase the
dose, from least to most Then tell the Grammys to go and fuck themselves they suck the blood from
all the biggest artists like some leeches So they nominate 'em, get 'em there get a name to MC the
show Every parasite needs a host Then give Album of the Year to somebody that no one's ever
even heard of All I know is I wrote every single word of everything I ever murdered Time to separate
the sheep from goats And I got no faith in your writers, I don't believe in ghosts When rap needed it
most, I was that wing in the prayer A beacon of hope, the B-I-R-D in the air Somewhere, some kid is
bumping this while he lip-syncs in the mirror That's who I'm doin' it for, the rest I don't really even
care But you would think I'm carryin' a Oxford dictionary in my pocket How I'm buryin' these artists
On a scale of 'turnt' you're 'minus' Mine says 'very', yours says 'hardly' And what's scary is you

probably Can compare me to your car 'cause I'm just barely gettin' started And far as Lord Jamar, you better leave me the hell alone Or I'll show you an Elvis clone Walk up in this house you own, thrust my pelvic bone You should telephone and go fetch me the remote Put my feet up and just make myself at home I belong here, clown, don't tell me 'bout the culture I inspired the Hopsins, the Logics, the Coles, the Seans, the K-Dots, the 5'9"s, and oh Brought the world 50 Cent, you did squat, piss and moan But I'm not gonna fall... bitch! It's too loud Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot It's too loud Threes not a crowd all up in it Slow fire

Stan
Eminem

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I.. Got out of bed at all The morning rain clouds up my window.. And I can't see at all And even if I could it'll all be gray, But your picture on my wall It reminds me, that it's not so bad, it's not so bad.. Dear slim, I wrote but you 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'ma call her? I'ma name her bonnie I read about your uncle ronnie too I'm sorry I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't want him I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your Biggest fan I even got the underground shit that you did with skam I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man I like the shit you did with rawkus too, that shit was 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, But 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, 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, But 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'll be the last package I ever send your ass It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve it? I know you got my last two letters; I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway Hey slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive? You know the song by phil collins, "in the air of the night" About that guy who coulda saved that other Guy from drowning But didn't, then phil saw it all, then at a show he found him? That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued Me from drowning Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call I hope you know I ripped all of your pictures off the wall I love you slim, we coulda been together, think about it You ruined it now, I hope you can't Sleep and you dream about it And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you scream about it I hope your conscience eats at you and you Can't breathe without me See slim; [*screaming*] shut up bitch! I'm 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'm 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, But 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 musta missed you Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you But what's this shit you said about you like to cut Your wrists too? I say that shit just clownin dogg, C'mon - how fucked up is you? You got some issues stan, I think you need Some counseling To help your ass from bouncing off the walls when You get down some And what's this shit about us meant to be together? That type of shit'll make me not want us To meet each other I really think you and your girlfriend need each other Or maybe you just need to treat her better I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches you in time before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be 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!

white america
Eminem

(Prelude) America! We love you! How many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful country of ours? The stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect The women and men who have broke their necks for the freedom of speech the United States government has sworn to uphold. (Yo I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) or so we're told... Verse 1 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, till 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, cuz Congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' but problems and now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it, I shoveled shit all my life and now I'm dumping it on... Chorus X2 White America! I could be one of your kids White America! Little Eric looks just like this White America! Erica loves my shit I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get Verse 2 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 my sales Lets do the math, If I was black I would've sold half, I aint have to graduate from Lincoln High School to know that but I could rap, so fuck school, I'm too cool to go back, gimme the mic, show me where the fuckin' studio's 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 he's got Like damn, we just swapped. Sittin' back lookin' at shit, wow, I'm like my skin is it starting to work to my benefit now! Chorus X2 Verse 3 See the problem is I speak to suburban kids who otherwise would of never knew these words exist whose moms probably woulda never gave two squirts of piss, till I created so much motherfuckin' turbulence straight out the tube, right into your living 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 with me too because I looked like them that's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope, searchin' with a fine tooth comb, its like this rope waitin' to choke, tightening around my throat, watching me while I write this, like I don't like this (nope!) All I hear is: lyrics, lyrics, constant controversy, sponsors working round the clock, to try to stop my concerts early surely hip hop was never a problem in Harlem only in Boston, after it bothered the fathers of daughters starting to blossom so now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists when they raggin',

actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch, or say faggot shit, just look at me like I'm your closest pal, the posterchild, the mother fuckin' spokesman now for... Chorus X2 Verse 4 So to the parents of America I am the derringer aimed at little Erica, to attack her character The ringleader of this circus of worthless pawns Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of Congress And piss on the lawns of the White House, to burn the flag and replace it with a Parental Advisory sticker To spit liquor in the face in this democracy of hypocrisy Fuck you Ms. Cheney! Fuck you Tipper Gore! Fuck you with the freest of speech this divided states of embarassment will allow me to have, Fuck you! I'm just playin' America, you know I love you...

Easy
Lionel Richie

Know it sounds funny But, I just can't stand the pain Girl, I'm leaving you tomorrow Seems to me girl You know I've done all I can You see I begged, stole and I borrowed! (yeah) Ooh, that's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning That's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning Why in the world would anybody put chains on me? I've paid my dues to make it Everybody wants me to be What they want me to be I'm not happy when I try to fake it! no! Ooh, that's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning, yeah That's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning I wanna be high, so high I wanna be free to know the things I do are right I wanna be free Just me! Whoa, oh! Babe! That's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning, yeah That's why I'm easy I'm easy like Sunday morning, whoa 'Cause I'm easy Easy like Sunday morning, yeah 'Cause I'm easy Easy like Sunday morning