

Hi it's ved creating a python program to convert PDF text to speech.

Look, I was gonna go easy on you and not to hurt your feelings
But I'm only going to get this one chance (six minutes, six minutes)
Something's wrong, I can feel it (six minutes, six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)
Just a feeling I've got, like something's about to happen, but I don't know what
If that means what I think it means, we're in trouble, big trouble
And if he is as bananas as you say, I'm not taking any chances
You are 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 livin' and a killin' off it
Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office
With Monica Lewinsky feelin' on his nutsack
I'm an MC still as honest
But as rude and indecent as all hell syllables, killaholic (kill 'em all with)
This flippity dippity-hippity hip-hop
You don't really wanna get into a pissing match with this rappidy brat
Packin' a MAC in the back of the Ac', backpack rap crap, yap-yap, yackity-yack
And at the exact same time, I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm practicin' that
I'll still be able to break a motherfuckin' table
Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in half
Only realized it was ironic I was signed to Aftermath after the fact

How could I not blow? All I do is drop F-bombs, feel my wrath of attack
Rappers are having a rough time period, here's a Maxipad
It's actually disastrously bad
For the wack, while I'm masterfully constructing this masterpièce
'Cause I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod
Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap box, slap box?
Let me show you maintaining this shit ain't that hard, that hard
Everybody want the key and the secret to rap immortality like I have got
Well, to be truthful the blueprint's simply rage and youthful exuberance
Everybody loves to root for a nuisance
Hit the Earth like an asteroid, did nothin' but shoot for the moon since (pew)
Mc's get taken to school with this music
'Cause I use it as a vehicle to bus the rhyme
Now I lead a new school full of students
Me? 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-D.M.C and induct them into the motherfuckin' Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame
Even though I walk in the church and burst in a ball of flames
Only hall of fame I'll be inducted in is the alcohol of fame on the wall of (shame)
You fags think it's all a game 'til I walk a flock of flames
Off a plank and tell me what in the fuck are you thinkin'?
Little gay lookin' boy
So gay I can barely say it with a straight face lookin' boy
You witnessin' a mass-occur
Like you're watchin' a church gathering take place lookin' boy
"Oy vey, that boy's gay", that's all they say, lookin' boy

You get a thumbs up, pat on the back
And a "Way-to-go" from your label every day, lookin' boy
Hey, lookin' boy, what you say, lookin' boy?
I get a "Hell yeah" from Dre, lookin' boy
I'ma work for everything I have
Never asked nobody for shit, get outta my face, lookin' boy
Basically boy, you're never gonna be capable
Of keepin' up with the same pace, lookin' 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 racin' 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 reloadin' immediately with these bombs I'm totin'
And I should not be woken
I'm the walkin' dead, but I'm just a talkin' head, a zombie floatin'
But I got your mom deep-throatin'
I'm out my ramen noodle, we have nothin' 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 to help get some people through tough times
But I gotta keep a few punchlines just in case 'cause even you unsigned
Rappers are hungry lookin' at me like it's lunchtime
I know there was a time where once I
Was king of the underground, but I still rap like I'm on my Pharoahe Monch grind
So I crunch rhymes, but sometimes when you combine
Appeal with the skin color of mine
You get too big, and here they come tryin' to
Censor you like that one line I said on "I'm Back" from the Mathers LP One
When I tried to say, "I'll take seven kids from Columbine
Put 'em all in a line, add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine"
See if I get away with it now that I ain't as big as I was, but I'm
Morphin' into an immortal comin' 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 fuckin' cornrows
You write normal? Fuck being normal
And I just bought a new ray-gun from the future
Just to come and shoot ya like when Fabolous made Ray J mad
'Cause Fab said he looked like a fag at Mayweather's pad
Singin' to a man while he 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'ma kill you"
Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)
Uh, sama lama dura lama, you assumin' I'm a human
What I gotta do to get it through to you, I'm superhuman?
Innovative and I'm made of rubber
So that anything you say is ricochetin' off of me and it'll glue to you
I'm devastating, more than ever demonstrating
How to give a motherfuckin' audience a feelin' like it's levitating
Never fading, and I know that the haters are forever waiting
For the day that they can say I fell off, they'll be celebrating
'Cause I know the way to get 'em motivated
I make elevating music, you make elevator music
Oh, he's too mainstream
Well, that's what they do when they get jealous, they confuse it
It's not hip-hop, it's pop, 'cause I found a hell a way to fuse it
With rock, shock rap with Doc
Throw on Lose Yourself and make 'em lose it
I don't know how to make songs like that
I don't know what words to use
Let me know when it occurs to you
While I'm rippin' any one of these verses diverse as you
It's curtains, I'm inadvertently hurtin' you
How many verses I gotta murder to
Prove that if you were half as nice, your songs you can sacrifice virgins too? Uh
School flunkie, pill junkie
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
Angels fight with devils and here's what they want from me
They're askin' me to eliminate some of the women-hate
But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred I have
Then you may be a little patient and more sympathetic to the situation

And understand the discrimination
But fuck it, life's handing you lemons, make lemonade then
But if I can't batter the women, how the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?
Don't mistake him for (Satan)
It's a fatal mistake if you think I need to be overseas
And take a vacation to trip a broad
And make her fall on her face and
Don't be a retard, be a king? Think not
Why be a king when you can be a God?