

EMINEM

THE MARSHALL **2** MATHERS LP



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT



19946

bad guy

Verse 1 It's like I'm in this dirt diggin' up old hurt/trying everything to get my mind off you, it won't work/all it takes is one song on the radio yer/right back on it, remindin' me all over again how you fuckin' just brushed me off and left me so burnt/spent a lot of time tryin' to soul search/maybe I needed to grow up a little first, well looks like I hit a growth spurt/but I'm comin' for closure/don't suppose an explanation I'm owed for/the way that you turned your back on me just when I may have needed you most, oh, you thought it was over/you could just close the chapter and go about your life like it was nothin'/you ruined mine, but you seem to be doin' fine, well I've never recovered/but tonight 'betcha that whatcha yer/bout to go through's tougher than anything I ever have suffered/can't think of a, better way to define poetic justice/can I hold grudges? Mind sayin', "let it go fuck this"/hearts sayin' "I will once I bury this bitch alive hide the shovel and then drive off in the sunset"/and... **Chorus** I flee the scene, like it was my last ride/you see right through, oh, you had me pegged the first time/you can see the truth, but it's easier to justify/what's bad is good and I hate to be the bad guy/I just hate to be the bad guy/follow me I run, I run, follow me, follow me, I just hate to be the bad guy/**Verse 2** And to think I used to think you was the shit, bitch/to think it was you at one time I worshiped? Shit/think you can hurt people and just keep gettin' away with it?/Not this time you, better go and get the sewing kit, bitch/finish this stitch, so you can reap what you sew, knit wit/thought some time would pass and I'd forget it? Forgit it/you left our family in shambles, and you expect me to just get over him? Pretend he never existed?/May be gone, but he's not forgotten and don't think cause he's been out the picture/so long that I've stopped the plottin' and still ain't comin' to git' cha/you're wrong and that shit was rotten and the way you played him's same shit you did ta/me, cold, have you any idea the shit that I've gone through? Feelings I harbor, all this pent-up resentment I hold on to, not once you call to ask me how I'm doing/letters you don't respond to 'em, fuck it, I'm comin' to see you and gee, who better to talk to than you? The cause of my problems/my life is garbage and I'm bout to take it out on you/poof, then I'm gone, voosh/and...**Chorus**/**Verse 3** I've been driving around your side of this town like nine fuckin' hours and forty-five minutes now/finally I found your new address, park in your drive feel like I've been waiting on this moment all of my life and it's now/arrived and my mouth is fulla' saliva, my knife is out/and I'm duckin' on the side of your house, see it's/sad it came to this point, such a disappointment I had to make this appointment to come and see ya/but, I ain't here for your empathy I/don't need your apology or your friendship or sympathy it's revenge that I seek/so I sneak vengefully and treat your bedroom window like I reach my full potential-I peeked/continue to peep, still bent low then keep/tappin' the glass lightly then start to crescendo, sneak/all the way 'round to the back porch, man/door handles unlocked, shouldn't be that easy to do this, you don't plan for intruders beforehand?/Surprised to see me? Cat got your tongue? Gag, chloroform rag/dag, almost hack-up a lung, like you picked an axe up and swung, stick to the core plan/dragged to the back of a trunk, by one of your fans/irony's spectacular, huh? Now who's a faggot, you punk?/and here's your Bronco hat, you can have that shit back 'cause they suck/it's just me, you and the music now, Slim, I hope you hear it/we're in a car right now, wait, here comes my favorite lyric/"I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die"/and hey, here's the sequel to my Mathers LP just to try to get people to buy/well how's this for publicity stunt? This should be fun/last album now, 'cause after this you'll be officially done/ Eminem killed by M and M--Mathew Mitchell, bitch, I even have your initials, I initially was/gonna bury you next to my brother, but fuck it/since you're in love with your city so much I figured what the fuck, the best place you could be buried alive is right here/two more exits, time is quite near, hope we don't get stopped, no license I fear/that sirens I hear?/Guess ninety on the freeway wasn't the brightest idea, as cops appear in my driver's side mirror/oh, God police/aaaghh, hope Fox Trot gets an aerial shot of your burial plot, at least/new plan Stan, Slim "chauvinist pig, drove in this big/Lincoln Town Car!" Well, gotta go, almost at the bridge/ha, ha big bro it's for you, Slim this is for him/and Frank Ocean, oh hope you can swim/good now say you hate homos again/I also represent/anyone on the receivein' end of those jokes you offend/I'm the nightmare you fell asleep and then woke up still in/I'm your karma closin' in with each stroke of a pen/perfect time to have some remorse to show for your sin/nope, it's hopeless, I'm the denial that you're hopelessly in/when they say all of this is approachin' it's end/but you refuse to believe that it's over, here we go, all over again/back's to the wall, I'm stackin' up all them odds, toilets clogged, yeah cause I'm talkin' a lotta of shit but I'm backin' it all up/but in my head, there's a voice in the back and it hollers after the track is demolished/"I am your lack of a conscience"/I'm the ringin' in your ears, I'm the polyps on the back of your tonsils/eatin' your vocal chords after your concerts/I'm your time that's almost up, that you haven't acknowledged/grab for some water but I'm that pill that's to jagged to swallow/I'm the bullies you hate, that you became, with every faggot you slaughtered/comin' back on ya, every woman you insult, batter but the double standard you have when it comes to your daughters/I represent everything you take for granted, 'cause Marshall/Mathers the rappers persona's half a façade and Mathew and Stan, just symbolic/of you not knowin' what you have 'til it's gone, cause/after all the glitz and the glam, no more fans that are callin'/your name, cameras are off, sad but it happens to all of them/I'm the hindsight, to say I told you so, foreshadows of all the things that are to folla'/I'm the future that's here, to show you what happens tomorra'/if you don't stop, after they call ya, biggest laughin' stock of rap, who can't call it/quits, when it's time to walk away, I'm every guilt tripe the baggage you have, but/as you gather up all your/possessions if there's anything you have left to say, less it makes an impact then don't bother/so 'fore you rest your case, better make sure you're packin' a wallop/so, one last time, I'm back, 'fore it fades into black and it's all/over, behold, the final chapter in a saga/tryin' ta recapture that lightnin' trapped in a bottle/twice, the magic that started/it all, tragic portrait of an artist tortured, trapped in his own drawings/tap into thoughts blacker and darker/ than anything imaginable, here goes a wild stab in the dark/uh, as we (I) pick up where the last Mathers left off...

RHYME OR REASON

Michelangelo with a paint gun in a tantrum 'bout to explode all over the canvas/back with the Yoda of rap "in a spasm/your music usually has 'em/but waned for the game, your enthusiasms it hasn't/follow you must, Rick Rubin my little Padawan"/a Jedi in trainin', colossal brain 'n, thoughts are entertainin'/but docile and impossible to explain and, I'm also vain and/probably find a way to complain about a Picasso paintin'/puke Skywalker but sound like Chewbacca when I talk/full of such blind rage, I need a seein' eye dog/can't even find the page I was writin' this rhyme on/oh, it's on the ram-page, couldn't see what I wrote, I write small/it says "ever since I drove a '79 Lincoln with white walls, had a fire in my heart/and a dire desire to aspire to diehard"/so as long as I'm on the clock punchin' this timecard/hip-hop ain't dyin' on my watch/**Chorus** Now sometimes, when I'm sleepin', she comes to me in my dreams/is she taken? Is

she mine? Don't got time, don't care, don't have two shifts to give/let me take you by the hand to, promise land, and threaten everyone/cause there's no rhyme, or no reason for nothing...**Verse 2** Now (what's your name?) Marshall (who's your daddy?) I don't know him, but I wonder (is he rich like me?) ha! (does he take any, time to show to show you, what you need to live?)/No, if he had/he wouldn't have ended up in these rhymes on my pad/I wouldn't be so mad, my attitude wouldn't be so bad/yeah, dad/I'm, the epitome and the prime/example of what happens when the power of the rhyme/falls into the wrong hands and, makes you wanna get up and start dancin'/even if it is Charles Manson/who just happens to be rappin' blue lights flashin', laughin' all the way to the bank, lampin' in my K-Mart mansion/I'm in the style department/with a pile in my cart, rippin' the aisle apart, but/with great power comes absolutely no responsibility for content/completely despondent and condescending, the king of nonsense and controversy is on a beat killing spree your honor, I must/plead guilty, cause I sparked the/revolution/rebel without a cause who caused the evolution of rap, to take it to the next level boost it/but several rebuked it and whoever produced it/"hip-hop is the devil's music"/does that mean it belongs to me, cause I just happen to be a white honkey devil with two horns, that don't honk but every time I speak you hear a beep/but, lyrically I never hear a peep, not even a whisper/rappers better stay clear of me, bitch, cause it's the **Chorus** It's the time, the time, of the season, of the season, when hate runs high/and this time, I won't give it to you easy, when I take, when I take back what's mine/with pleased hands, and torture everyone/that is my plan, my job here isn't done/cause there's no rhyme, or no reason for nothing...**Verse 3** So (what's your name?) Shady, (who's your daddy?) I don't give a fuck, but I wonder (is he rich like me?) doubt it, ha (does he take any, time to show you, what you need to live?)/So yeah, dad let's walk/let's have us a father and son talk/but I bet we wouldn't probably get one block/without me knockin' your block off, this is all your fault/maybe that's why I'm so bananas, I a-pealed to all those walks/of life, who ever had strife/maybe that's what dad and son talks are like, cause I/related to the struggles/of young America when there fuckin' parents were unaware of there troubles/now they're ripping out there fuckin' hair again, it's hysterical/I chuckle, as everybody bloodies there bare knuckles/yeah, uh-oh better beware knuckle/heads the sign on my hustle/says "don't knock", the doors broken it won't lock/it might just fly open, get cold-cocked/you critic's come to pay me a visit?/misery loves company, please stay a minute/kryptonite to a hypocrite, zip your lip/!f you dish it but can't take it, to busy gettin'/stoned in your glass house/to kick rocks, then you wonder why I lash out/Mr. Mathers, as advertised on the flyers so spread the word cause I'm promotin' my passion 'till I'm passed out/completely brain dead, Rain Man/doin' the Bankhead in a restraint chair/so bitch/shoot me a look, it better be a blank stare/or get shanked in the pancreas I'm angrier/than all 8 other reindeer/put together with Chief Keef cause I hate every fuckin' thang, yeah/ even this rhyme bitch and quit tryin' to look for a fuckin' reason for it that ain't there/and I still am a 'Criminal!'/ten year-old degenerate grabbin' on my genitals/ the last Mathers LP done went diamond, this time I'm predictin' that this one 'll go emerald/when will the madness end, how can it when/there's no method to the pad and pen/the only message that I have to send/is, dad I'm back at it again/yeah...

SO MUCH BETTER

You fucking groupie, pick up the goddamn phone. **Verse 1** Bitch where the fuck were you Tuesday, with who you say I wasn't at the studio bitch, what'cha do screw Dre?/ you went there looking for me? Boo that excuse is to lame/keep playing me, you gon' end up with a huge goose egg/you fake lyin' slut you never told me you knew Drake/and Lupe? you wanna loose two legs?/you tryin' to flip this on me? If I spent more time with you, you say/ok, yeah and I'm too-coo, ay?/well screw you and I'll be the third person who screwed you today/oh, fourth- Dre, Drake, Lupe oohm touché/well you're too two-faced for me thought you was my number one true blue ace/but you ain't/and I can't see you when you make that wittle boo-boo face/cause I'm hangin' up this phone, boo you make my fuckin' blue tooth ache/you feelin' blue, too late/go smurf yourself you make me wanna smurf and puke blue Kool Aid/here's what you say to someone you hate **Chorus** My life would be so much better, if you'd just drop dead/I was layin' in bed last night thinkin' and this thought just popped in my head/and I thought, wouldn't shit just be a lot easier if you dropped dead? I would feel so much better/ **Verse 2** Think I just relapsed, this bitch pushed me over the brink/hop on the freeway, tryin' to get some time alone and just think/till the cops pulled me over but they let me go 'cause I told 'em I'm only drivin' drunk 'cause that bitch drove me to drink/I'm back on my fuck hoe's, with a whole new hatred for blondes/but bias? I hate all bitches the same, baby come on/excuse the pun but bitch is such a 'broad' statement and I'm/channelin' my anger through every single station that's on/cause a woman broke my he-art I say he-art/cause she ripped it in the garbage/who you think you a-are bitch?/guess it's time for me to get the dust off and pick myself up off the carpet/but I'll never say the L word again/I lo-lo-lo-lo lesbian/aaahhh I hope you hear this song and go into a cardiac arrest/my life'd be so much better if you just **Chorus** /**Bridge** 'Cause you told me you'd love me forever bitch that was a lie/now I never wanted someone to die so bad in my fuckin' life/but fuck it there's other fishes in the sea **Verse 3** And I'm a have a whale of a time being a single sailor/for the night, bitch on a scale a/one to ten shit I must be the holy grail of catches hoe I got an Oscar attached to my fuckin' name (dayla)/I might hit the club find a chick that's tailor/ made for me say fuck it kick some shots back git hammered and nail her/these bitches tryin' get attached but there failin' to latch onto the tail of my bumper they're scratchin' at the back of my trailer/like I'm itchin' to get hitched, yeah I'm rich as a bitch/but bitches ain't shit I'd rather leave a bitch in a ditch/bitch you complain when you listen to this/but you still throw yourself at me that's what I call pitchin' a bitch/that's why I'm swingin' at these chicks on-site/long as I got a bat and two balls it's 'foul' but my dicks on 'strike/so all that love shit is null and void, bitch I'm a droid/I avoid Cupid stupid wasn't for blow jobs you'd be unemployed/oye, yoy-yoy/man oh, man your boy-boy's/gettin' sick of these girls-girls-girls, oink oink oink/you fuckin' pigs all you're good for is doink doink doink/I got 99 problems and a bitch ain't one/she's all you've got 'em, I need a machine gun/I'll take 'em all out, I hope you hear this song and go into a cardiac arrest/have a heart attack and just/drop dead and I'm a throw a fuckin' party after this/cause, yes... **Chorus** I'm still playin' bitch, you know I love you

SURVIVAL

This is survival of the fittest this is do or die this is the winner takes it all so take it All A-All A-All A-All **Verse 1** Wasn't ready to be no millionaire, I was ill prepared/I was prepared to be ill though, the skill was there/from the beginning it wasn't bout the ends/it was 'bout bustin' raps and standin' for somethin' fuckin' acronym/cut the fuckin' act like your happy I'm fuckin' 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 hands up like it's close now, nah homie hold them bitches straighter up/wave 'em 'til ya 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/cuz **Chorus**

Verse 2 I can see the finish line with each line that I finish I'm so close/to my goals I can almost pole vault over the goal post/and if I don't got enough in the tank maybe I can just syphon 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 five in this mo' fucker and if I don't make the cut, what? like I give a fuck/but I light this bitch up like I'm drivin' a truck/through the side of a pump/zero to sixty hop in and gun it like G-Unit without the hyphen, I'm hypin' '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, might of mistook/me for bowin' out I ain't takin' a bow, I'm stabbin' myself with a fuckin' knife in the gut, while I'm wipin' my butt/cause I just shitted on the mic and I like gettin' cut/I get excited at the site of my blood, you're in a fight with a nut/cause I'ma fight 'til I die or win, bitin' the dust/I'll just make me angrier, wait, let me remind you of what/got me this far picture me quitin' now draw a circle around it and put a line through it slut/it's survival of what? *Chorus / Verse 3* So get your ideas, stack your ammo/but don't come unless you come to battle now mount up 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 defuse the wick/I/I don't do this music shit I'll 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 a booth I spit/but my respect is overdue, I'm showin' you the flow no one do, cause I don't own no diploma for school I quit/so there's nothin' for me to fall back on I know no other trade so you better trade your fuckin' mics in for some tool boxes/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 drivers/but I want you to doubt me, I don't want you to buh-lieve/cause this is somethin' I must use to succeed/and if you don't like me then fuck you, self esteem/must be fuckin' shootin' through the roof cause trust me/my skin is to thick and bullet proof to touch me/I can see why the fuck I disgust you, I must be/ allergic to failure cause every time I come close to it just sneeze/but I just go achoo, then A-chieve Chorus

LEGACY Chorus 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 fallin'/why am I so differently wired, am I a martian/what kind of twisted experiment am I involved in/cause I don't belong in this world, that's why I'm scolin' at authority defiant often, flyin off at/the handle at my mom, no dad, so I am non-com/plant at home at school, I'm just shy and awkward/and I don't need no god damn psychologist/tryin' to diagnose why I have all these underlyin' problems/thinkin' he can try and solve 'em, I'm outside chalkin'/up drawings on the sidewalk and in the front drive talkin'/to myself either that or inside hidin' off in the corner somewhere quiet, tryin' not to be noticed cause I'm cryin' and sobbin'/I had a bad day at school so I ain't talkin'/some cocksucker shoved me into a fuckin' locker cause he said that I eyeballed him/*Chorus* And if you, fall I'll catch 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 ahhh, this is my legacy, legacy ahhh/there's no guarantee, it's not up to me, we can only see/ this is my legacy, legacy/ legacy, legacy *Verse 2* I used to be the type of kid that would always think the sky is fallin'/why am I so differently wired in my noggin/cause sporadic as my thoughts come it's mind boggin'/cause I obsess on everything in my mind small shit/bothers me but not my father he said sayonara, then spit/but I don't give a shit, I'm fine long as there's batteries in my Walkman/nothin's the matter with me shit look on the bright side (at) least I ain't walkin'/I bike ride through the neighborhood of my apartment/complex on a ten speed, which I've acquired parts that/I find in the garbage, a frame then put tires on it/headphones on I look straight ahead if kids try and start shit/but if this is all there is for me, life offers/why bother even tryin to put up a fight it's nonsense/but I think a light bulb just lit up in my conscience/what about them rhymes I've been jottin', there kinda giving me confidence/instead of tryin' to escape through my comics/why don't I just blast a little somethin' like Onyx/to put me in the mood to wanna fight and write songs that/say what I wanna say to that kid that said that I eyeballed him/grab hold of my balls like that's right, fight's on bitch/who woulda' knew from the moment I turned on the mic on that/I could be iconic, in my conquest/that's word to Phife Dog from A Tribe Called Quest/*Chorus / Verse 3* I used to be the type of kid that, would always think the sky is fallin'/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 fuckin' giant sacks of lyin' dog shit/now you shut up bitch, I am talkin'/thought I was full of horse shit and now you fuckin' worship the ground on which I am walkin'/ me against the world, so what I'm Brian Dawkins/verses the whole 0 and 16 Lions' offense/so bring on the Giants, Falcons and the Miami Dolphins/it's the body-bag game, bitch I'm supplying coffins, cause you dicks butt-kiss, bunch of Brian Balding/er's you're gonna die a ball-licker, I've been diabolic/al with this dialogue since '99 Rawkus/you don't respect the legacy I leave behind ya'll can/suck a dick, the day you beat me pigs'll fly out my ass in a flyin' saucer/full of Italian sausage/the most high exalting and I ain't haltin'/til die of exhaustion inhale my exhaust fumes/the best part about me is I am not/you, I'm me and I'm the Fire Marshall/and this is my...*Chorus* This is my legacy, legacy ahhh, this is my legacy, legacy ahhh/there's no guarantee, it's not up to me, we can only see/ this is my legacy, legacy/ legacy, legacy

ASSHOLE FT. SKYLAR GREY Verse 1 Came to the world at a time when in was in need of a villain/an asshole, that role think I succeeded fulfillin'/but don't think I ever stopped to think that I was speakin to children/everything was happenin' so fast it was like I blinked, sold 3 million/then it all went blank, all I remember is feelin' ridiculous cuz I was getting sick of this feelin'/like I'm always under attack, man I coulda' stacked my shit list to the ceiling/women dishin' but really/thinkin' if anyone ever talks to one of my little girls like this I would kill him/guess I'm a little bit of a hypocrite when I'm rippin' shit but since when did this many/people ever give a shit what I had to say it's just my opinion/if it contradicts how I'm livin' put a dick in your rear-end/that's why every time you mention a lyric/I thanked you for it, for drawin' more attention toward it/cuz it gave me an enormous platform, I'm flattered you thought I was that important/but you can't ignore the fact that I fought for the respect and battled for it/mad awards, had GLAAD annoyed atty-boy/they told me to slow down, I'd just zone-out/good luck tryin' to convince a blonde, it's like telling Gwen Stefani that she sold out/cuz I was tryin to leave No Doubt/in anyone's mind one day I'd go down in history think they know now/because everybody knows *Chorus* Everybody knows, that you're just an asshole/everywhere that you go, people want to go home, everyone knows/everybody knows, so don't pretend to be nice/there's no place you can hide, you are just an asshole/everyone knows, everyone knows Thanks for the support, asshole (x2) *Verse 2* Quit actin' salty, I was countin' on you to count me out/ask

Asher, Roth when he round about dissed me to shout me out/thought I was history, well god damn honky that compliment's like back-handin' a donkey, good way to get your ass socked in the mouth/nah, I'm off him, but what the fuck's all this trash talking about?/the fight was fixed, I'm back and you can't stop me you knocked me down/I went down for the count, I fell but the fans caught me and now/you're gonna have to beat the fuckin' pants off me to take my belt/word to Pacquiao, momma said there ain't nothin else to talk about/better go in that ring and knock 'em out, or you better not come out/its poetry in motion like Freddie Roach when he's quotin'/Shake-speare, so what if insults are revoltin'/even Helen Keller knows life stinks/you think it's a joke 'till your bullet riddled, but you should give little shit what I think/this whole world is a mess, gotta have a goddamn/vest on your chest and a Glock just to go watch Batman/who needs ta test a testicles? Not that man/half you don't got the guts, intestinal blockage, rest of you got lap bands/stuck to this motto 'fore they put bath salts in all those/water bottles in Colorado, so get lost, Waldo my soul's escaping through this asshole that is gaping/a black hole and I'm swallowin' this track whole, better pack toilet paper/but I'm takin' no crap hoe, here I go down the Bat Pole and I'm changing back into that ole maniac in fact there they go, tryin' to dip out the back door retreatin'/cause everybody knows *Chorus / Verse 3* Holy mackerel, I'm the biggest jerk on the planet Earth I smacked a girl/off the mechanical bull at a tractor pull/for thinkin' we had some magnetic pull/then screamed "ICP in this bitch! how do fuckin' magnets work?"/cuz you're attractive but we ain't attractable, hate to be dramatical but I'm not romantical/I'm makin' up words, so you can understandable/its tragical, thinkin' some magical shit's gonna happen, that ain't practical/you crackin'/ a joke? It's laughable/cuz me and love's like a bad combination I keep them feelings locked in a vault, so its safe to say I'm un-crackable/ my heart is truly guarded/full body armor bitch, you just need a helmet 'cuz if you think you special, you're retarded/thinkin' you're one of a kind like you got some platinum vagina/you're a trainwreck, I gotta one track mind and shorty you're fine but you sorta remind me of a 49'er/cuz you've been a gold digger since you was a miner/been tryin' ta hunt me down like a dog 'cuz you're on my ass but you can't get a cent'/cuz all of my spare time's spent/on my nose in this binder, so don't bother tryin'/only women that I love are my daughters, but sometimes I rhyme/and it sounds like I forget I'm a father and I push it farther, so Father forgive me if I forget to draw the line/it's apparent I shouldn't have been parent I'll never grow up, so to Hell with your parents and 'mother' fuck 'father' time it ain't never gonna stop, a pessimist who transformed to an optimist in his prime/so even if I'm half-dead, I'm half alive/poured my half-empty glass in a cup now my cup has runneth over/and I'm about to set it on you like a muthafuckin' coaster/I'm goin' back to what got me here, yeah cocky and/can't knock bein' Rudolph, so fear not my deer/and dry up your tear drops I'm here/while America's mirror, so don't feel awkward or weird/if you stare at me and see yourself, 'cuz you're one too, shouldn't be a shock be/cause everybody knows *Chorus*

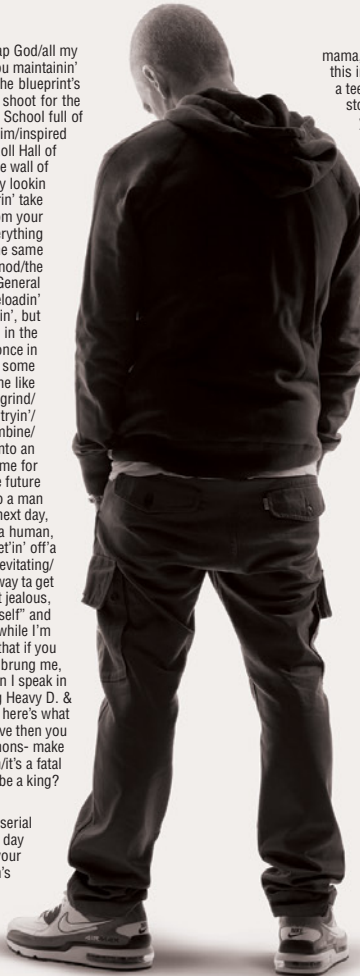
berserk *Verse 1* Now this shits about to kick-off, this party looks wack/let's take it back to straight hip-hop and start it from scratch/I'm 'bout to bloody this track up, everybody get back/that's why my pen needs a pad 'cause my rhymes on the ra-ag/just like I did with addition I'm 'bout to kick it/ like a magician critics I turn to crickets/got 'em still on the fence whether to picket/but quick to get impaled, when I tell 'em stick it/so sick I'm lookin' pale, wait that's my pig-ment/bout to go ham! ya bitch, shout out to Kendrick/let's bring it back to that vintage Slim, bitch! the art of MC'in mixed with Da Vinci & MC Ren and I don't mean Stimp's friend bitch/been public enemy since you thought PE was gym, bitch!/*Chorus 1* Kick your shoes off, let your hair down/and go berserk! all night long/grow your beard out, just weird out/and go berserk! all night long/we're gonna rock this house until we knock it down so turn the volume loud/ cause it's mayhem 'til the AM/so baby make just like K-Fed and let yourself go, let yourself go-oh-oh/say fuck it, before we kick the bucket, life's to short to not go for broke/so everybody (everybody) go berserk! *Verse 2* Guess it's just the way that I'm dressed, ain't it khaki's pressed, Nike shoes crispy and fresh laced, so I guess it ain't that aftershave or cologne that made 'em just plain/plus I showed up with a coat fresher than wet paint/so I love is a chess game, check mate/but girl your body's bangin' jump me in dang, bang-bang/yes siree, 'Bob' I was thinkin' the same thang/so come get on this Kid's Rock, baw with da baw, dang-dang/ pow-p-p-p-p-pow, chica pow chica wow wow/got your gal blowin' up a v-val-v-v-valve/ain't slowin' it down, throw in the towel t-t-towel-towel/dumb it down, I don't know how, huh-huh how how/least I know that I don't know, question is are you Bozos/smart enough to feel stupid, hope so/now hoe *Chorus 2* Kick your shoes off, let your hair down/and go berserk! all night long/grow your beard out, just weird out/and go berserk! all night long/we're gonna rock this house until we knock it down so turn the volume loud/cause it's mayhem 'til the AM/so crank the bass up like crazy, and let yourself go, let yourself go-oh-oh/say fuck it, before we kick the bucket, life's to short to not go for broke/so everybody (everybody) go berserk! *Verse 3* And they say that love is powerful as cough syrup in Styrofoam/all I know is I fell asleep, and woke up in that Monte Carlo/with the ugly Kardashians, Lamar oh/sorry, yo we done both set the bar low/far as hard drugs are though/that's the past, but I done did enough Codeine to knock future into tomorrow/and girl I ain't got no money to borrow/but I am tryin' to find a way to get you a-loan (car note)/Oh, Marshall/Mathers shit head with a potty mouth, get the bar of soap/lathered, Kangols and car-heart-less cargos/girl you're fixin' to get your heart broke/don't be absurd ma'am, you birdbrain baby, I ain't called anybody baby since Birdman/unless you're a swallow/word, Rick? word man, you heard, but don't get discouraged girl this is your jam/unless you got toe jam/*Chorus 3* Kick your shoes off, let your hair down/and go berserk! all night long/grow your beard out, just weird out/and go berserk! all night long/we're gonna rock this house until we knock it down so turn the volume loud/cause it's mayhem 'til the AM/so baby make just like K-Fed and let yourself go, let yourself go-oh-oh/say fuck it, before we kick the bucket, life's to short to not go for broke/so everybody (everybody) go berserk! We're gonna rock this house until we knock it down so turn the volume loud/cause it's mayhem 'til the AM/so crank the bass up like crazy, and let yourself go, let yourself go-oh-oh/say fuck it, before we kick the bucket, life's to short to not go for broke/so everybody (everybody) go berserk!

RAP GOD For six minutes, for six minutes, chiga, for six minutes, for six minutes, Slim Shady you're on/chiga-chick, chick-chick on, chiga-chick chick, on... (repeat) *Verse1* I'm beginnin' 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 rap-bot/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 Lewinski feelin' on his nutsack, I'm an MC still as honest/as rude and indecent as all hell, syllables skill-a-holic, kill 'em all wit'/this flipity dipity-hipity hip-hop you don't really wanna get into a pissin' match wit' this rappy-rap/packin' a mack in the back of the Ac, backpack rap rap yap-yap yackety-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 motha-fuckin' table over the back of a couple of fagots 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 havin' a rough time period, here's a Maxi-Pad/it's actually disastrously bad

— for the wack while I'm masterfully constructin' this master piece (yeah) cuz... **Verse 2** I'm beginnin' 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 maintainin' 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 and did nothin' but shoot for the moon since/(ppeevoom) MC's get taken to school wit' this music 'cuz I use it/as a vehicle to 'bus the rhyme', now I lead a New School full of students/me? Me, I'm a product of Rakim, Lakim Shabazz, Tupac, N-W-A, Cube, hey Doc, Ren, Yella, Eazy thank you, they got Slim/inspired enough to one day grow up blow up and bein' in a position to meet Run-D.M.C and induct them into the mothafuckin' Rock 'N/Roll Hall of Fame even tho I'll walk in the church and burst in a ball of flames, only hall of fame I'll be inducted in is the alco-hol 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 wit a 'straight' face lookin' boy/you're witnessin' a mass-occur like you're watchin a church gatherin' 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'd ya say lookin' boy? I get a "hell yeah!" from Dre lookin' boy/I'm a work for everything I have never asked nobody for shit, git out my face lookin' boy/basically boy, you're never gonna be capable of keepin' up wit' the same pace lookin' boy'/cuz...**Verse 3** I'm beginnin' 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 wit 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 ta maybe try to help git some people through tuff times/but I gotta keep a few punch lines just in case 'cuz 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 wit' the skin color of mine, you git too big and here they come tryin'/ ta 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 git away wit' 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, wit' fuckin' cornrows/you write normal, fuck bein' normal/and I just bought a new ray gun from the future just to come and shoot ya like when Fabulous made Ray J. mad/'cuz Fab said he looked like a fag, at Mayweather's pad singin' to a man while he play piano/man-o-man, that was the 24-7 special on the cable channel/so Ray J. went straight to radio station the very next day, "hey Fab/I'ma kill you!" lyrics comin' at you at supersonic speed (JJ Fady/uh-summa lumma dooma lumma 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 ricochet'in' off'a me and it'll glue to you and/I'm devastating more that ever demonstrating how to give a mothafuckin' audience, a feeling like it's levitating/ never fading, and I know the haters are forever waiting, for the day that they can say I fell off they'll be celebrating/'cuz I know the way ta 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'/'cuz I found a hella way to fuse it/with rock, shock-rap wit 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, that vs. you/it's curtains, I'm inadvertently hurtin' you how many verses I gotta murder to/prove that if you were half as nice, your songs you could sacrifice virgins to/unghh, school flunky, pill junky/but look at the accolades these skills brung me, full of myself, but still hungry/I bully myself, cuz 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-and-cheek fuck you/I'm drunk, so Satan take the fucking wheel I'm asleep in the front seat/bumping Heavy D. & the Boyz "still chunky but funky"/but, in my head there's something I can feel tugging and struggling/angels fight wit' devils and here's what the want from me/they're askin' me to eliminate some of the woman 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 handin' you lemons- make lemonade, then/but if I can't batter the women, how the fuck am I 'sposed to bake 'em 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?

BRAINLESS

Verse 1 I walk around like a space cadet, place your bets/who's likely to become a serial killer, case of Tourettes/fuck fuck fuck can't take the stress/I make a mess, as the day progresses, angry and take it out on the neighbors hedges/like this is how I'll cut your face up, bitches with these hedge trimmin' scissors with razor edges/ imagination's dangerous it's the only way to escape this mess and make the best of this situation, I guess/'cause I feel like a little bitch, this predicament's/despicable I'm sick of just getting' pushed it's ridiculous/I look like a freakin' wuss, a pussy this kid just took/ my stick of licorice and threw my sticker books in a picker bush/I wanna kick his tush, but I was six and shook/this fucker was twelve and was six foot with a vicious hook/he hit me I fell, I got back up all I did was book, now there's using your head/mama always said...**Chorus** If you had a brain you'd be dangerous, a brain you'd be dangerous/I'm a prove you wrong/



mama, I'm a grow one day to be famous and I'm a be a pain in the anus/I'm a be the bomb/I'm a use my head as a weapon, find a way to escape this insaness/mama always said, son, if you had a brain you'd be dangerous, guess it pays to be brainless/ **Verse 2** Fast forward some years later a teenager, this is fun, sweet/I just got jumped twice in one week, it's complete/it's usually once a month, this is some feat/I've accomplished they stomped me into the mud, gee for what reason? You stomped me/but how do you get the shit beat outta you, beat down and be up beat, when you don't have nothing?/No valid shot at life, chance to make it or succeed/'cause you're doomed from the start, it's like you grew up on Jump Street from jump street/but if I could just get my head out my ass/I could accomplish any task/practicin' trash talkin'/in a trance locked in my room, yeah but I got some plans, mama/these damn rhymes are fallin' outta my pants pocket, I can't stop it/and I'm startin' to blend in more/in school this shit helps for sure, I'm gettin' more self assured then I've ever been before/plus no one picks on me anymore, I done put a stop to that, threw my first punch- end of story/still in my skull's a vacant empty void been usin' it more as a bin for storage/take some inventory/in this gourd there's a Ford engine, door hinge, syringe, an orange an extension cord and a ninja sword/not to mention four linchpins, an astringent stored/ironin' board a bench, a wrench, a ore, wench an attention whore/everything but a brain, but domes off the fuckin' chain like an independent store/something's wrong with my head/just think if I had a brain in it, thank God that I don't, cause I'd probably be Dahmer, 'cuz mama always said...**Chorus/Bridge** Now my mom goes wahn-wahn-wahn/'cause I'm not that smart, but I'm not dumb/I was on he bottom of the pile gettin' stomped/but somehow I came out on top/(oh-oh-oo-oh) **Verse 3** I told you one day, I said they'd have that red carpet rolled out, yo/I'm nice ya'll, fuck it, I'm out cold/now everywhere I go they scream out go, I'm bout to clean house, yo/I'm Lysol, now I'm just household/out sold the sell-outs, freak the hell out middle America, hear 'em yell out, in terror they were so scared and those kids/just about, belted out whatever spouted or fell out my smart aleck mouth it was so weird/ inappropriate, so be it I don't see it/maybe one day when the smoke clears it won't be as/motherfukin, difficult yeah, 'til then hopefully ya/little homos get over your fears and phobias/it's ok to be scared-straight they said I provoked queers/'til emotions evoke tears, my whole career's/a stroke of sheer genius, smoke and mirrors tactical practical jokes, yeah/you motherfuckin' "insert insult here"/who the fuck woulda think that one little ol' 'emcee'd/be able to take the whole culture and re-upholster it?/And boy, they did flock, can't believe this little hick locked this hip-hop shit in his hip pocket and still the shit got/that white trash traffic in gridlock shit hoppin' like six blocks/ from a Kid Rock Insane Clown Posse concert in mid Oc-tober and God forbid I see the Wizard and get a brain in my titanium cranium, y'all cause I'll turn into the Unabomber mama always said...**Chorus**

stronger than I was

Verse 1 You used to say, that I'd never be/nothin' without you and I'd believe/I'm shot in the lungs, I gasp, I can't breathe/just lay here with me, baby hold me please/and I'd beg and I'd plead drop to knees and I'd cry and I'd scream "baby please don't leave"/snatch the keys, from your hand, I would squeeze and you'd laugh and you'd tease, you're just fuckin' with me/and you must hate, me why do you date me if you say I make you sick?/and you've had enough of me, I smother you I'm 'bout to jump off the edge/ **Chorus** But you won't break me, you'll just make me, stronger than I was/before I met you, I'll bet you'll I'll be just/tine without you and if I stumble, I won't crumble, I'll get back up and uuuhh/but im'a still be humble, when I scream 'fuck you' 'cause I'm stronger than I was/ **Verse 2** A beautiful face is all that you have/'cause on the inside you're up-ly and mad/but you're all that I love, I grasp, you can't leave/please stay here with me, baby hold me please/and I'd beg and I'd plead drop to knees and I'd cry and I'd scream "baby please don't leave"/but you left and you took everything I had left and left nothin', nothin' for me/so please don't wake me, from this dream baby, we're still together in my head/and you're still in love with me 'til I woke up to discover that that dream was dead/ **Chorus Verse 3** You walked out, I almost died/it was almost a homicide that you caused 'cause I was so traumatized/felt like I was in for a long bus ride, I'd rather die than you not by my side/can't count how many times I vomited, cried, go to my room turn the radio on and hide/thought we were Bonnie and Clyde nah, on the inside you were Jekyll and Hyde I felt like my/whole relationship with you was a lie, it was you and I why did I think it was ride or die?/cause if you coulda took my life you woulda, it's like you put a/knife through my chest and pushed it right through to the/other side of my back and stuck a spike too shoulda/put up more of a fight but I couldn't at the time, no one could hurt me like you coulda/take ya back now what's the likelihood of that? bite me bitch, chew on a nineteen footer/'cause this mornin' I finally stood up, held my chin up finally showed a sign of life in me for the/first time since you left and left me with nothin' but shattered dreams and the life we coulda/had, and what coulda been, but I'm breakin' out of this slump I'm in/pullin' myself out of the dumps once again, I'm getting' up once and for all fuck this shit/I'ma be late for the pity-party but you're never gonna beat me to the fuckin' punch again/ took it on the chin like a champ, so don't lump me in with those 'chump-ions'/I'm done being your punching bag/ **Bridge** It was November 31st today/would have been our anniversary, two years but you left on the first of May/I wrote it on a calendar, was gonna call but couldn't think of the words to say/but they came to me just now, so I put 'em in a verse to lay/and I thank you, 'cause you made me a better person than I was/but I hate you, 'cause you drained me, I gave you all you gave me none/but if you blame me, you're crazy, and after all is said and done/I'm still angry, yeah I may be, I may never trust someone/**Chorus**



the monster ft. rikama

Chorus I'm friends with the monster that's under my bed/get along with the voices inside of my head/you're tryin' to save me, stop holdin' your breath/and you think I'm crazy yeah, you think I'm crazy
Verse 1 I wanted the fame but not the cover of Newsweek/oh well, guess beggars can't be choosey/wanted to receive attention for my music/wanted to be left alone in public excuse me/for wantin' my cake and eat it too and wantin' it both ways/ fame made me a balloon 'cuz my ego inflated when I blew, see/but it was confusing, 'cuz all I wanted to do's be/the Bruce Lee of loose leaf/abused ink, used it as a tool when blew steam/whooh, hit the lottery ooh-wee/but with, what I gave up to get it was bittersweet it was like winnin' a used mink/ironic 'cuz I think I'm gettin' so huge I need a shrink, I'm beginnin' to lose sleep/one sheep, two sheep, goin' coo-coo and kooky as Kool Keith/but I'm actually weirder than you think/cuz 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 tryin to save me, stop holding your breath/and you think I'm crazy, yeah you think I'm crazy/ well that's nothin', well that's nothin' **Verse 2** Now I ain't much of a poet but somebody once told me to seize the moment and don't squander it/cuz you never know when it could all be over tomorrow so I keep conjurin'/sometimes I wonder where these thoughts spawn from/yeah ponderin' I'do you wonders no wonder your losin' your mind the way it wanders ,yodalodaleheehoo, I think it went wanderin' off down yonder and/stumbled on 'ta Jeff VanVonderen, 'cuz I need a interventionist, to intervene between me and this monster/and save me from myself and all this conflict/cuz the very thing that I love's killin' me and I can't conquer it/my OCD's conkin' me in the head keep knockin'/nobody's home I'm sleepwalkin'/I'm just relayin' what the voice in my head's sayin', don't shoot the messenger/I'm just friends with the/ **Chorus Verse 3** Call me crazy but I have this vision/one day that, I'll walk amongst you a regular civilian/but until then, drums get killed and I'm comin' straight at MC's blood gets spilled and I'll take you back to the days that I'd get on a Dre track, give every kid who got played that, pumped up feelin'/and shit to say back to the kids who played him, I ain't here save the fuckin' children/but if one kid out of a hundred million/who are goin' through a struggle feels it and/relates that's great, it's payback, Russell Wilson/fallin' way back in the draft turn nothin' into somethin still can/make that straw into gold chump, I will spin, Rumpelstiltskin/in a haystack, maybe I need a straightjacket face facts, I am nuts for real, but/I'm ok with that, it's nuthin' I'm still 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 tryin 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 the voices inside of my head/you're tryin to save me stop holding your breath/and you think I'm crazy yeah you think I'm crazy well that's nothin', well that's nothin'

SO FAR

I own a mansion but live in a house/a king size bed but I sleep on the couch/I'm Mister Bright Side, glass is half-full/but my tanks half-empty, gasket just blew/ **Verse 1** This always happens/thirty minutes from home gotta lay a log cabin, only option I have's McDonalds' bathroom/in a public stall droppin' a football so every time someone walks in the John I get Maddened/"Shady what up", what? come on man I'm crappin'/and you're askin' for my goddamn autograph on a napkin/oh, that's odd I just happened-to run out of tissue, yeah hand me that on second though I'd be glad then/'thanks dog, names Todd a big fan' /I wiped my ass with it, crumbled it up in a wad threw it back and/told 'im "Todd, you're the shit" when's all of this crap end?/can't pump my gas without causin' an accident/pump my gas, cut my grass, I can't take out the fuckin' trash/without someone passin' through my sub harassin'/I'd count my blessings but I suck at math/I'd rather wallow than bask, suffering succotash, but the ant-/acid it gives my stomach gas/when I mix my corn with my fuckin' mashed/potatoes, so what hoe kiss my country bumpkin ass/Missouri southern roots, what the fuck is upper class?/call lunch dinner, call dinner supper, Tupperware in the cupboard plastic ware up the ass/stuck in the past iPod what the fuck is that?/B-Boy to the core mule I'm as stubborn as/ **Chorus** Maybe that's why It feels so strange/got it all but I still won't change/maybe that's why I can't leave Detroit/it's the motivation that keeps me going/this is the inspiration I need/I could never turn my back on a city that made me/and, life's been good to me so far...**Verse 2** They call me classless I heard that, I second and third that, don't know what the fuck I'd be doin' if it weren't rap/probably be a giant turd sack/ but I blew, never turned back/turned forty and still sag, teenagers act more fuckin' mature jack/fuck you gonna say to me? I'll leave on my own terms ass/hole I'm goin' barserk, my nerves are bad/but I love the perks my work has/ get to meet famous people look at her, dag/her nylons are ran, her skirts snagged and I heard she drag races (burp) swag/tuck in my Haynes strit tag/you're Danica Patrick (yeah) word skag/we'd be the perfect match, cause you're a vacuum, I'm a dirtbag/my apologies, no disrespect to technology, but what the heck's all of these buttons you expect me to sit here and learn that?/fuck I gotta do ta hear this new song from Luda, be an expert at/computers? I'd rather be an Encyclopedia Britannica hell with/Playstation, I'm still on my first man on some Zelda/Nintendo bitch! run, jump, punch, stab, and I melt the/mozzarella on my spaghetti/put it on bread make a sandwich with Welch's/and belch, they say this spray butter's bad for my health, but/I think this poor white trash from the trailer/Jed Clampett, Fred Sanford and welfare, mentality helps ta/keep me grounded, that's why I never take full advantage of wealth/I managed to dwell within these parameters still crammin' the shelves full of Hamburger Helper/I can't even help it, this is the hand I was dealt a/creature of habit, feel like I'm trapped in an animal shelter/with all these pet peeves, god damn it to hell I/can't stand all these kids with their camera cellphones/I can't go anywhere, I get so mad I could yell the/other day someone got all elaborate and stuck a head from a fuckin' dead cat in my mailbox/ went to Burger King, they spit on my onion rings/I think my karma's catching up with me/**Chorus Verse 3** Got friends on Facebook, all over the world/not sure what that means, they tell me it's good/so I'm artist of the decade, I even got a plaque/I'd hang it up but the frame is all cracked/crackin', I'm tryin' ta be low-key, hopefully nobody notices me/in produce, hunched over, giant nose bleed/ogre style as I mosey over to the frozen aisle, by the frozen yogurt this guy approached me/embarrassed, I just did Comerica with Hova the shows over, I'm hidin' in Kroger's buyin' groceries/he just had front row seats told me, sign his poster then insults me/"wow up close didn't know you had crows feet!" I'm at a crossroads, lost, still shopping at Costco/sloppy joe's bulk waffles/got caught pickin' my nose (aaghh!) look over see these two hot hoers/finger still up one of my nostrils/right next to 'em, stuck at the light the fuckin' shit's/takin' forever to change, it's stuck these bitches are lovin' it/rubbin' it in, chucklin'/couldn't do nothin' play it off "what you bumpin'?" "Trunk Muzik, Yelawolf's better", fuckin' bitch/they want me to flip at the label, but I won't succumb to it/the pressure, they want me to follow up with a/another one after Recovery was so highly coveted/but what good is a fuckin' Recovery if I fumble it?/cause I'ma drop the ball if I don't get a grip, hoppin' out shrubbery on you sons of bitches/wrong subdivision/to fuck with bitch, quit snappin' fuckin' pictures of my kids I love my city/but you pushed me to the limit what a pity/the shit I complain about/it's like there ain't a cloud in the sky, and it's rainin' out/Kool-Aid stain on the couch, I'll never get it out/but bitch, I got an elevator in my house, ants and a mouse/I'm livin' the dream/**Chorus**

LOVE GAME FT. KENDRICK LAMAR

Verse 1 (Eminem) Something's burnin' I can't figure out what/(out what) it's either lust, or a cloud of dust, judgment is clouded must/just be the powder from the power of/(love) but I'm in somethin' I don't know how ta get outta/left my girl in the house alone, is that my 'soon to be spouse's' moan and the further I walk the louder/pause for a minute to make certain that's what I heard, 'cause after all this is her place/so I give her the benefit of the doubt I/think I might be about ta busta, bust her, the thought's scary yo, though and it hurts--brace/hope it aint "here we go, yo" 'cause my head already goes to worst case scenario, though in the first place/but you confirmed my low end theory though, should of known when I made it all the way to third base/and that was only the first date, could of made it to home plate/but you slid straight for the dome and dove face/first "no (slurp) you don't (slurp) under (slurp) stand (slurp) I (slurp) don't (hic) do (slurp) this for anyone ever" - yeah, that ain't what they all say/I'll say, I can suck a softball through a straw, used to be my fiancé, till you sucked on Wayne, André and Kanye, Labron, Akon, Jay, Lil' Jon, Raekwon, Mase, Polow da Don, Dre/Dante Ross, James Conway, Kwamé/guess I'm gettin' my g-god dang Jigga on, eh?/cause your name I'm beyond sayin'/but fuck it I'm movin' on, you women are all cray/but I'll probably always keep on playin'/the game of love, love, love, love, la-la-la-la-la love **Chorus** She doesn't love me, no she don't love me no more/she hates my company, guess she don't love me no more, I tried to get her up out of my head, left my bags at the door/she screamed she loved me, like she never did before/and I told her: go where you wanna go, go do what 'cha wanna, I don't care/and I told her: go where you wanna go, go do what 'cha wanna, I don't care/I told that bitch **Verse 2** (Kendrick) I'm a sucker for love you, a sucker for dick/suckin' dick in your mama tub, then your granny walked in/told the stupid nigga to duck unda' the water he drowned, like an abortion, they booked you for manslaughter/you beat the case and I called ya'/Sherane is not available now leave a message at the tone!/and Kendrick don't forget to buy two pair of those/expensive heels ya little fuckin' ferris wheel/fuckin' spinnin' on me, fuck ya think we're gonna get married stii?/fuckin' Mary had a little lamb this ain't no fairy tale/fairy god mama better tell you how I fuckin' feel/like you should fuckin' beat it or fuckin' eat it while I'm on my period/now have a blessed day..."/bitch you serious?/I'm in the mirror with this look on my face, curious/why you ain't fuckin' with me, you cut me deep as a cesarean/you know I want you bad as a Benjamin, I'm delirious/I want you bad as the head shattered on George Zimmerman/after the Dillinger hit him diligently and killin' 'im/his mouth piece for a Cadillac emblem/that's analogy and metaphor for you/I should win a medal for all the ways I adore you/this is me talkin' cordial, yeah I got some home trainin'/that ain't what you like, ain't it? what about if I was as famous/as Marshall, would you give fellatio in the carpool?/cops pull us over, they just wanna know if you gargle/singin' "I hope she's good enough/meanwhile ya chasing her"/Chlamydia couldn't even get rid of her, pity the fool and pity the fool in me I'ma live with the/game of love, love, love, love, la-la-la-la-la love **Chorus Verse 3** (Eminem) So needless to say, I'm feelin' betrayed, snatch my house key off her key chain/she jumps off 'Wee-Bey' from the Wire's dick now she's chasin' me with a cheese grater/here goes that broken record cliché, it's all my fault anyway she's turnin' the tables, I'm a beat-break/she treats my face like Serato, she cuts and scratches like a deejay, each day is an Instant Replay/they say what we display, is symptomatic of attack behave/or, back together, but forgot today was her B-Day/she cut me off on the freeway/simple misunderstanding' but just as I went to slam on the brakes, that's when I realized that she may be crazy as me, wait/bitch cut my fuckin' brake line, stepped on them fuckers eight times, still goin' 73 thank/god there's an exit comin' up, what the mother F-U-C-K's/wrong with her, hit the off-ramp, 'til I coasted to a god damn halt, hit a fucking tree now here she comes at full speed she's racing at me, OK, you wanna fuck with me 'eh?/snatch that bitch out her car through the window she's screamin' I body slam her on the cement until the concrete gave/and created a sink hole, buried the sink hoe in it, then paid to have the street repaved/woke up in a dream state/ in a cold sweat like I got hit with a freeze ray, durin' a heat wave/guess I eventually caved though, cause she's layin' next to me in bed/directly aimin' a gat at my head/woke up again and jumped up like fuck it, I've had it I'm checkin' in to rehab/I confess I'm a static addict I guess/that's why I'm so clingy every girl I've ever had either says/I got too much baggage or I'm too fuckin' dramatic, man what the fuck is the matter? I'm just a fuckin' romantic, I fuckin' love you, you fuckin' bitch! combative, possessive, in fact last time I was mad at an ex/I actually set off a chain reaction of tragic events/I said "hit the road", then after she left I sent that bitch a text/ that said "be careful driving don't read this and have an accident!", she glanced to look at it and wrecked/too bad, thought we had a connect- no sense dwelling makes/never been a more compelling case, than the model covered in L'oreal and Mace/who fell from grace eleven stories, for story telling, while the whore was yelling rape/till her vocal chords were swelling and her voice was more horser than Tori Spellings' face/still they swarm the gates/of my fancy estates to greet Norman Bates with a warm embrace/less your Andrea Yates, don't ask me for a date though you're late, well, the sentiment's great/but wait, think there's been a mistake/you wanted an intimate date, I wanna intimidate/I have infinite hate in my blood/it's mainly cause of the game of/(phone ring) wait, "dinner at eight"?/I have infinite hate in my blood/and it's mainly cause of the game of love

headlights ft. nore rices

Chorus Mom, I know I let you down and though you say the days are happy, why's the power off/and I'm fucked-up and Mom, I know he's not around, but don't you place the blame on me/as you pour yourself another drink yeah, I guess we are/ who we are, headlights shinin' in the dark night I drive on/maybe we took this too far... **Verse 1** I went in head first, never thinkin' 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/cleanin' out my closet and all them other songs but regardless I don't hate you 'cuz Ma/you're still beautiful to me, 'cuz you're my mom/tho far be from you to be to calm, our house was Vietnam/Desert Storm and both of us put together could form an atomic bomb/equivalent to chemical warfare and forever we could drag this on and on but/agree to disagree, that gift for me under the Christmas tree/don't mean shit to me, you're kickin' me out? it's 15 degrees/and it's Christmas Eve, "little prick just leave" Ma, let me grab my fuckin' coat/anything to have each other's goats, why we always at each other's throats/specially when dad, he fucked us both, we're in the same fuckin' boat/you'd think that'd make us close, nope, further away it drove/us but together, headlights shine and 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 8 years old/and, that's when I realized you were sick and it wasn't fixable or changeable/and to this day we remain estranged and I hate it though/but **Verse 2** I guess we are/ who we are headlights shinin' in the dark night I drive on/maybe we took this too far... **Chorus** "Cuz to this day we remain estranged and I hate though"/Cuz you ain't even get to witness your grand-babies grow/but I'm sorry mamma for "Cleanin' Out My Closet" at the time I was angry, rightfully maybe so/never meant that far to take it oh "cuz, now I know it's not your fault and I'm not makin' jokes/that song I'll no longer play at shows and I cringe every time its on the radio/and I think of Nathan bein' placed in a home/and all the medicine you fed us and how I just wanted you to taste

your own/but, now the medication's takin' over and your mental state's deterioratin' slow/and I'm way to old to cry the shit is painful though/but Ma, I forgive you, so does Nathan, yo/all you did, all you said, you did your best to raise us both/Foster Care, that cross yourbear, few may be as heavy as yers/but I love you Debbie Mathers, oh what a tangled web we have 'cuz/one thing I never asked was, where the fuck my deadbeat dad was/fuck it, I guess he had trouble keepin' up with every address/but I'd a flipped every mattress, every rock and desert cactus/owned a collection of maps and followed my kids to the edge of the atlas/ (if) someone ever moved 'em from me, that you coulda bet'cha asses/if I had to come down the chimney dressed as Santa/kidnap 'em, and although one has only met their grandma/once, you pulled up in our drive one night as we were leavin' to get some hamburgers/me, her and Nate we introduced you, hugged you, and as you left I had this/overwhelmin' 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 ta/thank you for bein' my mom and my dad, so/mom please accept this as a tribute I wrote this on the jet, I guess I had ta/get this off my chest I hope I get the chance ta lay it 'for I'm dead, the stewardess said to fasten/my seatbelt I guess we're crashin'/so if I'm not dreamin' I hope you get this message that I/will always love you from afar/cuz you're my Ma **Chorus** I guess we are/ who we are headlights shinin' in the dark night I drive on/maybe we took this too far... I want a new life (start over), one without a cause/clean slate) so I'm comin' home tonight (yeah), well no matter what the cost/and if the plane goes down or if the crew cant wake me up, well, just know that I'm alright/I was not afraid to die/oh, even if there's cruel to sing, well my children will carry me/ just know that I'm alright/I was not afraid to die/because I put my faith in my little girls/so I'll never say goodbye cruel world/just know that I'm alright/I'm not afraid to die I guess we are/ who we are, headlights shinin' in the dark night I drive on/maybe we took this too far... I want a new life.

EVIL TWIN

Yeah I was tryn' figure out the difference, but I think, I think the lines are starting to get blurred...**Verse 1** I'm in a strange place, I feel like Mace when he gave up the game for his faith/I feel like I'm caged in these chains and restraints/grimmin' every stranger in the place while I gaze into space/cause I'm mentally rearrangin' his face/ need a change of pace/cause the pace I'm workin' at's dangerous, there's nowhere to dump this anger and thanks to this angst/I done quit chicken heads cold turkey and started slowly roastin' 'em, cause that's where most of my anger is baste/fuck your feelings, I feel like I play for the Saints/I just wanna hurt you- give for the skanks/then aim for all these fake Kanye's, Jay's, Wayne's and the Drake's/I'm frustrated 'cause ain't no more N'sync, now I'm all out of whack/I'm all outta Backstreet Boys to call out and attack/I'm goin' all out in this rap shit and whatever the fallout is I'm strapped/for battle, sucka-duck crawl out the back/it's a bar fight, prepare your arsenal and beware of bar stools/flyin' through the air and bottles breakin', mirrors also/and I ain't stoppin' 'til the swear jar's full/you done called every woman a slut, but your "forgetting Sarah Marshall"/(Palin)-oh, my bad slut and next time I show up to court, I'll be naked and just wear a law suit/judge be like "that's sharp, how much did that motherfucker cost you?/smart ass, you're lucky I don't tear it off you/and jump your bones you sexy motherfucker, you're so fuckin' gravy, Marshall I should start callin you 'au jus'/cause all's you do is spit them lyrics out the wazoo"/evil twin, take this beat now it's all you/I believe people can change, but only for the worse/I coulda' changed the world, if it wasn't for this verse/ so satanic K-Mart chains panic 'cause they can't even spin back the curse words, 'cause they're worse when there reversed/motherfucker- (rape your mother, kill your parents)/and these kids are like parrots/they run around the house just like terrorists/screamin "fuck shit fuck" adult with a childish-like arrogance/wild ever since the day I came out, I was like, merits/fuck that- I'd rather be loud and I like swearin'/from the first album, even the gals were like "tight lyrics/dreamy eyes" but my fuckin' mouth was nightmarish/and from the start of it, you felt like you were part of this and/opposition felt the opposite, sometimes I listen/and revisit them old albums often as I can and skim through all them bitches/to make sure I keep up with my competition/(ha ha) hogger of beats, hoarder of rhymes/ borderline genius whose bored of his lines/and that sort of defines/where I'm at and the way I feel now, feel like I might just strike first, then ignore the replies/**Chorus** There's darkness closing in/(evil twin) then it goes again/(my evil twin), it controls my pen (my evil twin), but that ain't me it's my evil twin/(then I step out and see my evil twin he gives me an evil grin) but he's just a friend (evil twin), who, pops up now and again/(evil twin)/ so don't blame me (evil twin) just blame him, it's my evil twin/(welcome back to the land of the living my friend, you have slept for quite some time...) **Verse 2** So who's left? Lady Gaga? Mess with the Belber?/Nah, F with Christina I ain't fuckin' with either, Jessica neither/Simpson or Alba, my album's jess-sicka than streph with the fever/get the Chloraseptic, Excedrin, Aleve or/extra strength Tylenol 3's, feel like I'm burnin' to death, but I'm freezin'/bed ridden and destined never to leave the bedroom ever again, like the legend of Heath-uh-/Ledger my suicide note's barely legible, read the/bottom it's signed by the Joker, Lorena said I never can leave her/she'll sever my wiener I ever deceive her/fuck that shit bitch, give for my dick for pussy, I'll be Jerry Mathers, I ever left it to Beaver/get them tittles cut off, tryin' to mess with a clever/golly Wally I vent, heat register Jesus/ever since 1994e Dresden it was definitely my/destiny when on the steps I met Deshaun/at Osborn, I'd never make it to Sophomore/I just wanted to skip school and rap, used to mop floors/flip burgers and wash dishes while I wrote rhymes tryin' to get props for 'em/cause I took book smarts and swapped for 'em/they were sleepin' I made 'em stop snoring, made 'em break out the popcorn/naw I've been hip-hop in it's tip-top form/since NWA was blarin' through my car windows leanin' on the horn, screamin' "fuck the police" like cop porn/flipped rap on it's ear, like I dropped corn/fuck top five bitch, I'm top four/and that includes Biggie and Pac, whore/and I got an evil twin, so who the fuck you think that third and that fourth spot's for?/and crazy as I am, I'm much tamer than him/and I'm nuts, then again who the fuck wants a plain Eminem/but no one's insaner than Slim/look at that evil grin, evil twin, please come in what was your name again?/Hi!, faggot, look whose back with a crab up his ass like a lobster crawled up there/two rabbits a koala bear/and a ball of hair and you're all aware I don't got it all upstairs/guess that's why I'm an addict and it's so small up there/peace to Whitney, jeez, it just hit me/that I should call the Looney Police to come 'git me, cause/I'm so sick of bein' the truth, I wish someone'd finally admit me/to a mental hospital with Britney/oh, LMFAO, no way Jo/ se Baez couldn't beat this rap O.J., no/hooray, I'm off the hook, like Casey Anthony hey hoe/hey-hoe/ sound like I'm tryin' to sing the fuckin' chorus to "Hip-Hop Hooray", no/I'm hollerin', you got bottom end like an 8-0/-8 and I 'base' whether we're fuckin' of that instead of your face, so/let your low-end raise, yo/taang, what you think, hoe? Slow dancin' or bowling?/You tryin' to hold hands with your homie?/What? You think I'm looking for romance cause I'm lonely?/Change that tune, you ain't got a remote chance to control me/hoe, I'm only vulnerable when I got a boner/Superman try to fuck me over, it wont hurt/don't try to fix me I'm broke, so I don't work/so are you but you're broke, cause you don't work/but all bullshit aside, I hit a stride/still Shady inside, hair every bit as dyed/as it used to be, when I first introduced ya'll to my skittish side/and blamed it on him when they tried to criticize/cause we are the same, bitch

base rap Part 1 (M. Mathers, L. Griffin Jr., M. Landon, S. Jaffe, W. Murphy) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Vohndee's Soul Music Pub/ Roc Nation Music (ASCAP)/Universal Publishing (ASCAP)/Clutter Me Pretty (BMI)/ BMG Chrysalis Music (ASCAP) **PRODUCED BY:** S1 (of the Dividends) for Soul Kontrollaz Prod./Very Good Beats and M-Phazes for M-Phazes Production/Soul Kontrollaz Prod. **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios **MIXED BY:** Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios **ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS** **BY:** Luis Resto **CHORUS VOCALS BY:** Sarah Jaffe (of the Dividends) **CHORUS VOCALS RECORDED BY:** Maurice "Malex" Alexander for The Liquid Lab **Contains elements of "Hocus Pokus" as performed by Walter Murphy. Courtesy of BMG Chrysalis Music. Written by W. Murphy, and published by BMG Chrysalis Music (ASCAP).** *Sarah Jaffe appears courtesy of Kirtland Records **Part 2** (M. Mathers, N. Warwar, V. Venditto, S. Hacker, M. Aiello, G. 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brainless (M. Mathers, L. Resto) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Que Chevere Music (ASCAP) **PRODUCED BY:** Eminem **ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY:** Luis Resto **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios **MIXED BY:** Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios **KEYBOARDS BY:** Luis Resto "Superbad" courtesy of Columbia Pictures. *stronger than I was* (M. Mathers, L. Resto) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Que Chevere Music (ASCAP) **PRODUCED BY:** Eminem **ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY:** Luis Resto **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios **MIXED BY:** Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios **KEYBOARDS BY:** Luis Resto *the monster ft. Rihanna* (M. Mathers, B. Fryzel, A. Kleinstub, M. Athanasiou, R. Fenty, J. Bellion, B. Rexha) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Freg Show Music/Songs of Universal, Inc. 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Weaver) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Wow and Flutter Music (ASCAP)/ Universal Music – Z Songs (BMI) **PRODUCED BY:** Rick Rubin **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios and Jason Lader @ Shangri La Studios in Malibu, CA **ASSISTANT ENGINEER:** Sean Oakley, Phillip Broussard Jr., Eric Lynn & Dave "Squirrel" Covell @ Shangri La Studios in Malibu, CA **MIXED BY:** Manny Marroquin @ Larrabee Studios in Universal City, CA **ASSISTED BY:** Chris Galland & Delbert Bowers **DIGITAL EDITING BY:** Jason Lader, Ken Lewis & Brent Kolatalo **GUITAR, BASS & KEYS BY:** Jason Lader **ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY:** Luis Resto Featuring samples from the Joe Walsh recording "Life's Been Good" produced under license from Elektra Entertainment Group by arrangement with Rhino Entertainment Company, a Warner Music Group company. Contains elements of "Life's Been Good" written by Joe Walsh and published by Wow and Flutter Music (ASCAP). Used by permission. 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(ASCAP) **PRODUCED BY:** Rick Rubin **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios and Jason Lader @ Shangri La Studios in Malibu, CA **ASSISTANT ENGINEERS:** Sean Oakley, Phillip Broussard Jr., Eric Lynn & Dave "Squirrel" Covell @ Shangri La Studios in Malibu, CA **MIXED BY:** Dr. Dre & Veto @ Interscope Studios in Santa Monica, CA **MIX ENGINEER:** Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri @ Interscope Studios in Santa Monica, CA **DIGITAL EDITING BY:** Jason Lader **ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY:** Luis Resto **ADDITIONAL CHORUS VOCALS BY:** Keira Marie Contains elements of "Game of Love" written by C. Ballard and published by Beardog Publishing Co. (ASCAP). Used by permission. All rights reserved. Contains samples of "Game of Love" performed by Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders. Courtesy of Mercury Records Limited. Used by permission. All rights reserved. Contains interpolations of "The Object of My Affection" written by J. Grier, C. Poe, P. 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Chavez (BMI)/Que Chevere Music (BMI)/blm music entertainment GmbH **PRODUCED BY:** Sid Roams **ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY:** Eminem **RECORDED BY:** Mike Strange, Joe Strange & Tony Campana @ Effigy Studios **MIXED BY:** Eminem & Mike Strange & Effigy Studios **ADDITIONAL GUITARS BY:** Mike Strange **ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY:** Luis Resto Contains elements of "The Reunion" as performed by Bad Meets Evil. Used by permission. All rights reserved. Contains elements of "Eyeless Dream" written and performed by W. Düren. Courtesy of blm music entertainment GmbH.



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7. *****HOLE** FT. SKYLAR GREY | 8. **BERZERK** | 9. **RAP GOD**
10. **BRAINLESS** | 11. **STRONGER THAN I WAS**
12. **THE MONSTER** FT. RIHANNA | 13. **SO FAR...**
14. **LOVE GAME** FT. KENDRICK LAMAR
15. **HEADLIGHTS** FT. NATE RUESS | 16. **EVIL TWIN**
-

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for information

Very truly yours,

Jamie M. Wintrey
City Clerk