

So Far...

Eminem

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 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 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...
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 berserk, my nerves are bad
But I love the perks my work has
I get to meet famous people look at her, dag
Her. nylons are ran, her skirts snagged and I heard she drag races swag
Tuck in my Haynes shirt 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
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 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's
Sloppy joe's bulk waffles
Got caught pickin' my nose (aaghh!) look over see these two hot hoes
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
Nother one after Recovery was so highly coveted
But what good is a fuckin' Recovery if I fumble it?
Cause I'm a 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

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