

Almost Famous

Eminem

I can almost taste it
This shit makes no sense to me
What does it all mean?
I can almost taste it
I can almost see it
This shit makes no sense to me
What does it all mean?
I can almost taste it
Yeah, can't stop now
This may be the last chance I get
To be famous!
You dream of trading places
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
I just wanna be famous
But
Be careful what you wish for!
I stuck my dick in this game like a rapist
They call me Slim Roethlisberger
I go berzerker than a fed up post office worker
A merk her with a Mossberg
I'm pissed off get murdered
Like someone took a ketchup squirter
Squirted a frankfurter
For a gangster you sure did shit your pants
When you saw the chainsaw get to waving
Like a terrible towel
How thangs turn around
When his fangs come out
Get your brains blown out
That's what I call blowing your mind
When I come back
Like nut on your spine
I'm a thumb tack
That you slept on son
Now here I come screaming "Attack!" like I just stepped on one
Low on the totem till he showed 'em

Defiance, giant scrotum
He don't owe them bitches shit
His britches, he out grow'd em
He's so out cold he's knocked out at the South Pole
And nobody fucks with him
Rigor mortis and post mortem
He's dying of boredom
Take your best rhymes, record 'em
Then try to thwart him
He'll just take your punch lines and snort 'em
Shit stained drawers
You gon fuck with a guy who licks the blades of his chainsaws
While he dips 'em in P.F. Chang's sauce
Game's up, homie, hang it up like some crank calls
You think I'm backing down you must be out of your dang skulls
I'm almost famous! You dream of trading places
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
I just wanna be famous
But
Be careful of what you wish for! I'm back for revenge
I lost a battle that ain't happening again
I'm at your throat like strep
I step, strapped with a pen
Metaphors wrote on my hand
Some are just stored in my memory
Some I wrote on a napkin
I do what I have to to win
Pulling out all stops, any who touch a mic prior's
Not even Austin Powers, how the fuck are they Mike Meyers?
And tell that psycho to pass the torch
To the wacko before I take a shit in his Jack-O-Lantern
And smash it on his porch
Now get off my dick
Dick's too short of a word for my dick
Get off my antidisestablishmentarianism, you prick
Don't call me the champ; call me the space shuttle destroyer
I just blew up the Challenger, matter fact I need a lawyer
I just laced my gloves with enough plaster to make a cast
Beat his ass naked and peed in his corner
Like Verne Troyer
Y'all are Eminem backwards, you're Mini Me's
See he's in a whole nother weight class
He's slugs; you're BBs, you're bean-bag bullets

You're full of it; you were dissing in his CD's
Laughed at Infinite, now he's back like someone pissed in his Wheaties
No peace treaties, he's turned into a beast
His new Slim Shady EP's got the attention of the mighty D.R.E.
He's almost famous! You dream of trading places
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes
I just wanna be famous
But
Be careful of what you wish for! Now there he goes in Dre's studio cupping his balls
Screaming the wood off the paneling
And cussing the paint off the walls
Spewing his hate to these haters, showing no love for these broads
He ain't given them shit, he says he'll pinch a penny so hard
He'll leave a bruise on the bronze so dark you can see the mark
With the scars, till Abraham Lincoln is screaming out "Aah!"
These metaphors and similes ain't similar to them, not at all
If they don't like it, they can all get fucked instead of sucking him off
They can go get a belt or a neck tie, to hang themselves by
Like David Carradine they can go fuck themselves and just die
And eat shit while they at it
He's fucking had it, he's mad at the whole world
So go to hell and build a snowman, girl
The bullies become bullied, and pussies get pushed
Then they better pull me, take me back to 9th grade to school me
Cause I ain't looking back, only forward, this whole spot blowing
Who could've known he'd grow to be a poet and not know it
And while I'm being poetic let me get it stoic and raise the bar
Higher than my opinion of these women's been lowered
So bear witness to some biblical shit
There's a cold wind blowing this world ain't gonna know what hit it
He did it
He made it
He's finally famous!

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