Marshall Mathers

Eminem

You know I just don't get it, last year I was nobody
This year I'm sellin' records
Now everybody wants to come around like I owe 'em somethin'
The fuck you want from me? Ten million dollars
Get the fuck out of hereYou see I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at meYo, you might see me joggin', you might see me walkin'
You might see me walkin' a dead rottweiler dog
With it's head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar
Hollerin' at him 'cause the son of a bitch won't quit barkin'
Or leanin' out a window, with a cocked shotgun
Drivin' up the block in the car that they shot 'Pac in
Lookin' for Big's killers, dressed in ridiculous
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal isDouble barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris Wallace
Pissed off, 'cause Biggie and 'Pac just missed all this
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em
And get dollars that shoulda been there's like they switched walletsAnd amidst all this Crist poppin' and wristwatches
I had to sit back and just watch and just get nauseous
And walk around with an empty bottle of Remi Martin
Startin' shit like some twenty six year old skinny CartmanI'm anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin
With instincts to kill N'Sync, don't get me started
These fuckin' brats can't sing and Britney's garbage
What's this bitch retarded? Gimme back my sixteen dollarsAll I see is sissies in magazines smiling
Whatever happened to whylin' out and bein' violent?
Whatever happened to catchin' a good-ol' fashionedPassionate ass-whoopin' and gettin' your shoes coat and your hat tooken?
New kids on the block, sucked a lot of dick
Boy-girl groups make me sickAnd I can't wait 'til I catch all you fagots in public
I'ma love it
Vanilla Ice don't like me, said some shit in vibe to spite me
Then went and dyed his hair just like meA bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me
And run around screamin', "I don't care, just bite me"
I think I was put here to annoy the world
And destroy your little 4 year old boy or girlPlus I was put here to put fear in fagots who spray Faygo Root Beer
And call themselves clowns 'cause they look queer
Faggy 2Dope and Silent Gay

Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away (fuckin faggots)And I don't wrestle, I'll knock you fuckin' fagots the fuck out
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck out
After they ducked out the back when they saw us and bugged out
Ducked down and got paint balls shot at they truck, blaow!Look at y'all runnin' your mouth again
When you ain't seen a fuckin' mile road, South of 10
And I don't need help, from D-12, to beat up two females
In make-up, who may try to scratch me with Lee NailsSlim anus you damn right, slim anus
I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming fagots
'Cuz I'm, just Marshall Mathers
I'm not a wrestler guy I'll knock you out if you talk about meCome and see me on the streets alone, if you assholes doubt me
And if you wanna run your mouth then come take your best shot at me
Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of me?
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck PuffyNow because of this blonde mop that's on top
Of this fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?The underground just spunned around and did a 360
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies
Oh, he just did some shit with MissySo now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with MC get bizzy
My fuckin' bitch mom's suin' for ten million
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealin'
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit?All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her mattress
Which is it bitch, Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?
It doesn't matter (your attorney Fred Gibson's a) faggot!
Talkin' about I fabricated my pastHe's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass
So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?
For every million I make, another relative sues
Family fightin' and fussin' over who wants to invite me to supper
All the sudden, I got 90 some cousins
A half-brother and sister who never seen me
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house
And then to top it off, I walked to the newsstand
To buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food stamp
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast
And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass
Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help
Here, XXL, XXL
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell
Fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself
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