

# So Far...

## Eminem

I own a mansion, but live in a house  
A king-size bed, but I sleep on the couch  
I'm Mr.Brightside, glass is half full  
But my tank is half empty, gasket just blew This always happens, thirty minutes from home  
Gotta lay a log cabin and only option I have is McDonald's bathroom  
In a public stall dropping a football  
So every time someone walks in the john I get Madden  
"Shady, what up?"- What? Come on, man, I'm crapping  
And you're asking me for my got damn autograph on a napkin?  
Oh, that's odd, I just happened to run out of tissue  
Yeah, hand me that, on second thought I'd be glad then  
"Thanks, dawg, name's Todd, a big fan"  
I wiped my ass with it, crumbled it up in a wad and threw it back and  
Told him "Todd, you're the shit" when does all of this crap end?  
Can't park my ass without causing an accident  
Puff my gas, cut my grass, can't take out the fucking trash  
Without someone passing through my sub harassing  
I'd count my blessings, but I suck at math  
I'd rather wallow then bass suffering from succotash  
But the antacid is my stomach gas  
I mix my corn with my fucking mash  
Potato, so what, ho, kiss my country bumpkin ass  
Missouri Southern roots, what the fuck is upperclass  
Call lunch dinner, call dinner supper  
Tupperware in a covered plastic wear up the ass  
Stuck in the past, iPod, what the fuck is that?  
B-boy to the core, mule, I'm a stubborn ass Maybe that's why I feel 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 can never turn my back on a city that made me  
(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 would doing 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 fucking mature, Jack  
Fuck you gonna say to me?

I leave on my own terms, asshole, I'm going berzerk  
My nerves are bad, but I love the perks my work has  
I get to meet famous people, look at her, dag  
Her nylons ran, her skirt snag  
And I heard she drag-races, \*burp\* swag  
Fucking my Hanes shirt tag  
You're Danica Patrick (yeah) work, 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 is all of these buttons?  
You expect me to sit here and learn that?  
Fuck I gotta do to hear this new song from Luda?  
Be an expert at computers?  
I'd rather be an encyclopedia Britannica, hell with a Playstation  
I'm still on my first manual from Zelda  
Nintendo, bitch, run, jump, punch, stab and I melt the  
Mozzarella on my spaghetti, put in on bread  
Make a sandwich with welch's and belch  
They say this spray butter is bad for my health, but  
I think there's more white trash from the trailer  
Jed Clampett, Redd Sanford welfare mentality helps to  
Keep me grounded, that's why I never take full advantage of wealth, I  
Managed to dwell within these parameters  
Still cramming the shelves full of hamburger helper  
I can't even help it, this is the hand I was dealt to  
Creature of habit, feel like I'm trapped in an animal shelter  
With all these pet peeves  
God dammit to hell, I can't stand all these kids with their camera cellphones  
I can't go anywhere, I get so mad I can yell, the  
Other day someone got little elaborate and stuck a fucking dead cat in my mailbox  
Went to Burger King, they spit on my onion rings  
I think my karma is catching up with me Maybe that's why I feel 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 can never turn my back on a city that made me  
(Life's been good to me so far) 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 I'm trying to be lowkey, hopefully nobody notices me  
In produce hunched over, giant nosebleed  
Over stop as I mosey over to the frozen aisle  
By the frozen yogurt this guy approached me

Embarrassed, I just did Comerica with Hova  
Show's over, I'm hiding in Kroeger buying groceries  
He just had front row seats, told me to sign this poster  
Then insults me "wow, up close didn't know you had crow's feet"  
I'm at a crossroad lost till shopping at Costco  
Sloppy Joe's, buck waffles  
Got caught picking my nose, ah  
Look over see these two hot hoes  
Finger still up in one of my nostrils  
Right next to 'em stuck at the light  
This fucking shit is taking forever to change  
I'm stuck, these bitches are loving it rubbing it in  
Chuckling, couldn't do nothing, play it off  
"What you bumping? Trunk Muzik? Yelawolf's better", fucking 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 another one after Recovery  
Was so highly coveted, but what good is a fucking recovery if I fumble it?  
'Cause I'mma drop the ball if I don't get a grip  
Hopping on shrubbery on you sons of bitches  
Wrong subdivison to fuck with, bitch  
Quit snapping fucking pictures of my kids  
I love my city, but you push me to my limit, what a pity  
The shit I complain about  
It's like there ain't a cloud in the sky and it's raining out  
Kool Aid stain on the couch, I'd never get it out  
Bitch, I got an elevator in my house  
Ants and a mouse, I'm living the dream Maybe that's why I feel 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 can never turn my back on a city that made me  
(Life's been good to me so far)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>