

# Cleanin' Out My Closet

Eminem

Where's my snare?  
I have no snare in my headphones  
There ya' go  
Yeah, yo', yo' Have you ever been hated or discriminated against, I have  
I've been protested and demonstrated  
Against, picket signs for my wicked rhymes  
Look at the times, sick is the mind of the  
Motherfuckin' kid that's behind  
All this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's explodin'  
Tempers flarin' from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin'  
Not takin' nothin' from no one  
Give 'em hell long as I'm breathin', keep kickin' ass in the mornin',  
An' takin' names in the  
Evenin', leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth  
See they can trigger me but  
They'll never figure me out, look at me now  
I bet ya' probably sick of me now, ain't you Mama?  
I'ma make you look so ridiculous now I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet  
One more time  
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet, ha I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it  
So before they thrown me inside my coffin and close it  
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to seventy three  
Before I ever had a multi platinum sellin' CD  
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months  
My faggot father must have had his panties up in a bunch  
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye  
No I don't on second thought, I just fuckin' wished he would die  
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side  
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work with her  
At least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes But I'm only human, but I'm man enough to face 'em  
today  
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb  
But the smartest shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun  
'Cause I'd a killed 'em, shit I would have shot Kim and him both  
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to 'The Eminem Show' I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet  
One more time  
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet Now I would never diss my own Mama just to get recognition  
Take a second to listen for you think this record is dissin'  
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision witnessin'  
Your Mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen  
Bitchin' that someone's always goin'  
Through her purse and shit's missin'  
Goin' through public housin' systems  
Victim of Munchhausen's syndrome  
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick  
When I wasn't 'til I grew up, now I blew up  
It makes you sick to ya' stomach, doesn't it  
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?  
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma  
But guess what, your gettin' older now and it's cold when you're lonely  
And Nathan's growin' up so quick, he's gonna know that you're phony  
And Hailie's gettin' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful  
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral  
(Ha ha)  
See what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong  
Bitch, do your song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom  
But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get  
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit  
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me  
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be I'm sorry Mama, I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet  
One more time  
I said, "I'm sorry Mama", I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet

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