

# Almost Famous

## Mista Cane

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 save it  
This shit makes no sense to me  
What does it all mean?  
I can almost taste it  
Yeah, I can't stop now  
This maybe be the last chance I get  
To be famous  
You dream of trading places  
I have been changing faces  
You can not fill these shoes  
There is too much to lose  
Wake up behind these trenches  
You run around defenseless  
There is too much to lose  
You cannot fill these shoes  
I just want to 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 bezerker than a fed up post office worker  
A Merc her with a Mossberg  
I'm pissed off, get murdered  
Like someone took a ketchup squirter  
Squirted a Frankfurter  
For a gangster, you shoulda shit your pants  
When you saw the chainsaw get to waving  
Like a terrible towel, I faced her around  
But 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 of the South Pole  
And nobody fucks with him  
Rigamortis and postmortem  
He's dying of boredom  
Take your best rhymes, record 'em  
Then try to flaunt 'em  
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  
I have been changing faces  
You can not fill these shoes  
There is too much to lose  
Wake up behind these trenches  
You run around defenseless  
There is too much to lose  
You cannot fill these shoes  
I just want to be famous  
But be careful 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  
Someone distorted my mint  
Read some I wrote on a napkin  
I do what I have to, to win  
Pull at it 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 whacko 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 a word for my dick  
Get off my antidisestablishmentarianism, you prick  
You call me the champ, call me the space shuttle destroyer  
I just blew up the Challenger, matter fact I need a lawyer  
I displaced my clause with enough plaster to make a cast  
Beat his ass naked and peed in his corner like Verne Troyer  
You're the Eminem backwards, you're mini-me  
See he's in a whole nother weight class

He smokes your BB's you beat back bullets  
You're full of it; you were just in his CD's  
Left 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  
I have been changing faces  
You can not fill these shoes  
There is too much to lose  
Wake up behind these trenches  
You run around defenseless  
There is too much to lose  
You cannot fill these shoes  
I just want to be famous  
But be careful what you wish for  
Now there he goes in Dre's studio, cuppin' his balls  
Screaming the wood off the panel  
And cussing the paint off the walls  
Spewing his hate to these haters, showing no love for these brawds  
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 ah  
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, the 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 coulda known he'd grow to be a poet and not know it  
And while I'm being poetic let me get a stoic and raise the bar  
Higher than my opinion of these winners and lords  
So bare witness to some biblical shit  
As a cold wind blowing this world ain't gonna know what hit it  
He did it, he made it, he's finally famous