My Mom

Eminem

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Okay, alright, yo, yo
Yo, yo, alright, I'm gonna lay the chorus first
Here we go now
My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom
My mom, my mom
I know you're probably tired of hearin' 'bout my mom
Oh ho, whoa, ho, but this is just a story of when I was just a shorty
And how I became hooked on Valium
Valium was in everythin', food that I ate
The water that I drank, fuckin' peas in my plate
She sprinkled just enough of it to season my steak
So everyday I have at least three stomach aches
Now tell me what kind of mother would want to see her
Son grow up to be an under-a-fuckin'-chiever?
My teacher didn't think I was gonna be nothin' either
"What the fuck you stickin' gum up under the fuckin' seat for?"
"Mrs. Mathers, your son has been huffin' ether
Either that or the motherfucker's been puffin' reefer"
But all this huffin' and puffin' wasn't what it was either
It was neither, I was buzzin' but it wasn't what she thought
Pee in a tea cup? Bitch, you ain't my keeper, I'm sleepin'
What the fuck you keep on fuckin' with me for?
Slut, you need to leave me the fuck alone, I ain't playin'
Go find you a white crayon and color a fuckin' zebra
My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom
"Wait a minute, this ain't dinner, this is paint thinner"
"You ate it yesterday, I ain't hear no complaints did I?
Now here's a plate full of pain killers
Now just wait till I crush the Valium and put it in your potatoes"
"You little motherfucker, I'll make you sit there
And make that retarded fuckin' face without even tastin' it
You better lick the fuckin' plate, you ain't wastin' it

Put your face in it before I throw you in the basement again"
"And I ain't givin' in, you're gonna just sit there in one fuckin' place
Spinnin' again till next Thanksgivin'
And if you still ain't finished it, I use the same shit again
Then when I make spinach dip, it will be placed in the shit"
"You little shit, wanna sit there and play innocent
A rack fell and hit me at K-Mart and they witnessed it
Child support, your father, he ain't slipped us shit
And so what if he did that, it's none of your dang business, kid"
My mom, there's no one else quite like my mom
I know that I should let bygones be bygones
But she's the reason why I am high what I'm high on
'Cause my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom
My mom loved Valium
Now all I am is a party animal
I am what I am but I'm strong to the finish
Wit' me Valium spinach
But my buzz only last about two minutes
But I don't wanna swallow it without chewin' it
I can't even write a rhyme without you in it
My Valium, my Valium
Man, I never thought that I could ever be a drug addict
Nah, fuck that, I can't have it happen to me
But that's actually what has ended up happenin', a tragedy
Fuckin' passin' it up, catchin' me
And it's probably where I got acquainted with the taste, ain't it?
Pharmaceuticals are the bomb, mom. Beautiful!
She killed the fuckin' dog with the medicine she done fed it
Feed it a fuckin' aspirin and say that it has a headache
"Here, want a snack, you hungry, you fuckin' brat?
Look at that, it's a Xanax, take it and take a nap
Eat it," "But I don't need it," "Well, fuck it then break it up
Take a little piece and beat it before you wake Nathan up"
"All right, Ma, you win, I don't feel like arguin'
I'll do it, pop and gobble it and start wobblin'"
Stumble, hobble, tumble, slip, drip then I fall in bed
With a bottle of meds and a Heath Ledger bobblehead
My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom
My mom, I'm just like her

My mom, my mom, my mom
My mom, my mom, my mom
My mom, my mom, my mom
My mom, my momma
Sorry Mom, I still love you though
Dr. Dre, 2010, hey, this shit is hella hard, homie
Yo, take us on outta here

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/