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 here
You see I'm just Marshall Mathers (Marshall Mathers)
I'm just a regular guy,
I don't know why all the fuss about me (fuss about me)
Nobody ever gave a fuck before,
All they did was doubt me (did was doubt me)
Now everybody want to run they mouth
And take shots at me (take shots at me)
Yo, 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, dressin' ridiculous
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is
Double barrel twelve gauge thinkin' of 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 should of been there's like they switched wallets
And 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 Cartman ("God damnit!")
I'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 dollars
All I see is sissies in magazines smiling
Whatever happened to whylin' out and bein' violent?
Whatever happened to catchin' a good-ol' fashioned
Passionate 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 sick

And I can't wait 'til I catch all you fagots in public
I'm a love it (ha ha ha)
Vanilla Ice don't like me (uh-uh)
Said some shit in Vibe to spite me (yup)
Then went and dyed his hair just like me (he he)
A bunch of little kids want to swear just like me
And run around screamin', "I don't care, just bite me" (nah nah)
I think I was put here to annoy the world
And destroy your little four-year-old boy or girl
Plus I was put here to put fear in fagots who spray Faygo Root Beer
And call themselves "Clowns" cause they look queer
Fagot you to Dope and Silent Gay
Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away (fuckin' punks)
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
(Ah!) 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 ten

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 Nails
"Slim Anus," you damn right, Slim Anus
I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming fagots!
'Cause I'm, just Marshall Mathers (Marshall Mathers)
I'm not a wrestler guy,
I'll knock you out if you talk about me (you talk about me)
Come and see me on the streets alone
If you assholes doubt me (assholes doubt me)
And if you want to run your mouth
Then come take your best shot at me (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 Puffy
Now because of this blond mop that's on top
And this fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?
The underground just spunned around and did a three sixty
Now these kids dis me and act like some big sissies
"Oh, he just did some shit with Missy,
So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with M-C 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 you fagot!

Talkin' about I fabricated my past
He's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass (Uh!)
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 ninety-some cousins (Hey it's me!)
A half-brother and sister who never seen me
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on T-V
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house
Hey-hey! 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
Uh, here, double X-L, double X-L
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell
Ah fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself
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