

So Far...

Eminem

Mak[Intro]

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

[Verse 1]

This always happens, 30 minutes from home
Gotta lay a long cable and only option I have is McDonald's bathroom
In a public stall dropping a football
So every time someone walks in the john like at 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 [?] 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 bucking 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

[Hook]

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)

[Verse 2]

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 40 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
[?] 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
[Hook]
[Bridge]
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

[Verse 3]

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 to quit

Hopping on shrubbery on you sons of bitches

Wrong subdivison to fuck with, bitch

Quit snapping fucking pictures of my kids

I love my [?], but you push me to my limit, what a pity

The shit I complain about

It's like there ain't a butt 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

[hook]

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