The Apple

Eminem

i'm a little nutty and i know it
but if you go back and take a look at my history
you will see that i'm not the only one who's off his rocker
there were many before me
i was always labelled the black sheep of the family
what a bad seed i grow to be
but if you take a look at us now
you'll see the apple didn't fall too far from the tree
(haha)
alright, look
i'ma tell you the story from my side
maybe you'll understand
check it out
you done witnessed unexplainable shit
too insane to explain
people run from what the just don't get
maybe shady shoulda just hit 'em with a little bit
did i spit too soon? should i of spoon fed 'em it?
but i was just so eager to prove i was even worth
being in the same league or the room with
of the people of whom i was in
every now and then i look up like i was seeking approval
was it because of the pigment of my skin
or was it a figment of my imagination
maybe it bothered me more than it did them
maybe it wasn't a big deal back then
but to me it was, see what it was was
i had developed the complex from being judged
proof spit his verse, now i'm next, let's see who's boss
i'm in the booth staring back to see who's mugs
i get a reaction from, usually the first thumb(?) was from proof
and the rest of the group backed him up
and no one lied to each other cause none of us had deals
it was real, we just wanted tickets for that meal
sometimes i feel like it's just me
sometimes i feel like i'm going crazy
but take a look at my family
cause the apple don't fall too far from the tree
i said...

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ever since my mother was pregnant
with her second egg cause she said

that i had a baby sister who fell out of the window
i was too young to remember
kansas city projects
i was like 5, 6, and how come
i remember malcolm, isaac, and boogie
if it was the projects in missouri?
cause those're my best friends until isaac
took my tricycle and my uncle todd went to try to go get it back
and ended up getting jumped and cut in the gut with a switch and 70-some stitches
which is still, to this day
why my mother still tries to show me some old fake picture
of a fictitious little sister who never existed
and this is why part of my life's so twisted
but i can never be as sick as that bitch is
and, by the way, that picture's one of my relatives
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you probably have to peel back layers upon layers of pain
to see why everything i say is so insane
what's different about my brain
that separates me from other players in this game?
on the surface, it may seem like a scheme
or some sort of scam for me to get some damn sympathy
but that's the last thing i need is for people
to walk around feeling sorry for me (me)
and i'm not a g, never claimed to be
i gave my vest to cashis, just hope he
dont need it more than me
but we'll see, cause we ain't lookin' for beef
but if it comes our way, what do we, turn the other cheek?
come on

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