Almost Famous

Two Fams

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

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