

# Almost Famous

## Eminem

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 see it  
This shit makes no sense to me  
What does it all mean?  
I can almost taste it  
Yeah, can't stop now  
This may be the last chance I get  
To be famous!

You dream of trading places  
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches  
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
I just wanna 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 berzerker than a fed up post office worker  
A merk her with a Mossberg  
I'm pissed off get murdered  
Like someone took a ketchup squirter  
Squirted a frankfurter  
For a gangster you sure did shit your pants  
When you saw the chainsaw get to waving  
Like a terrible towel  
How thangs turn around  
When 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 at the South Pole  
And nobody fucks with him  
Rigor mortis and post mortem  
He's dying of boredom  
Take your best rhymes, record 'em  
Then try to thwart him  
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  
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches  
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
I just wanna be famous  
But  
Be careful of 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  
Some are just stored in my memory  
Some I wrote on a napkin  
I do what I have to to win  
Pulling out 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 wacko 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 of a word for my dick  
Get off my antidisestablishmentarianism, you prick  
Don't call me the champ; call me the space shuttle destroyer  
I just blew up the Challenger, matter fact I need a lawyer  
I just laced my gloves with enough plaster to make a cast  
Beat his ass naked and peed in his corner  
Like Verne Troyer  
Y'all are Eminem backwards, you're Mini Me's  
See he's in a whole nother weight class  
He's slugs; you're BBs, you're bean-bag bullets

You're full of it; you were dissing in his CD's  
Laughed 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  
Oh-oh, I have been changing faces  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh-oh-oh, wake up behind these trenches  
Oh-oh, you run around defenceless  
Oh-oh, there is too much to lose  
Oh-oh, you cannot fill these shoes  
I just wanna be famous

But

Be careful of what you wish for! Now there he goes in Dre's studio cupping his balls  
Screaming the wood off the paneling  
And cussing the paint off the walls  
Spewing his hate to these haters, showing no love for these broads  
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 "Aah!"  
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, and 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 could've known he'd grow to be a poet and not know it  
And while I'm being poetic let me get it stoic and raise the bar  
Higher than my opinion of these women's been lowered  
So bear witness to some biblical shit  
There's a cold wind blowing this world ain't gonna know what hit it  
He did it  
He made it  
He's finally famous!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>