

# Fall

## Eminem

You know, everybody's been tellin' me what they think about me for the last few months

It's too loud

Maybe it's time I tell 'em what I think about them

Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot

It's too loud

Freeze my crown all up in it

Slow fire

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my-

Gotta concentrate against the clock I race

Got no time to waste, I'm already late, I got a marathoner's pace

Went from addict to a workaholic, word to Dr. Dre in that first marijuana tape

Guess I got a chronic case

And I ain't just blowin' smoke, 'less it's in your mama's face

I know this time Paul and Dre, they won't tell me what not to say

And though me and my party days have all pretty much parted ways

You'd swear to God I've forgot I'm the guy that made "Not Afraid"

One last time for Charlemagne

If my response is late, it's just how long it takes

To hit my fuckin' radar, I'm so far away These rappers are like Hunger Games

One minute, they're mocking Jay

Next minute, they get they style from Migos, then they copy Drake

Maybe I just don't know when to turn around and walk away

But all the hate I call it "Walk on Water" gate

I've had as much as I can tolerate

I'm sick and tired of waitin', I done lost my patience

I can take all of you motherfuckers on at once

You want it, Shady? You got it!

Don't fall on my fate

Yeah

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Light him up!

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Rrr

Don't fall on my fate

Look Somebody tell Budden before I snap, he better fasten it

Or have his body baggage zipped

The closest thing he's had to hits is smacking bitches  
And don't make me have to give it back to Akademiks  
Say this shit is trash again, I'll have you twisted like you had it when you thought you had me  
slippin' at the telly  
Even when I'm gettin' brain, you'll never catch me with a thotLacking with it, "he ain't spit like  
this in his last shit"  
Hoe, you better go back and listen  
You know me better, thinkin' I'll slow up, let up  
Call it traps 'cause it's a total setup  
Hopin' that you rappers fall in that  
Dre said, "Hold your head up"  
Kathy Griffin stackin' ammunition, slap the clip and cock it back on competition, this is how I  
shot a head (pew)Gabby Giffords, my attack is viscous, jack the ripper, back in business  
Tyler create nothing, I see why you called yourself a faggot, bitch  
It's not just 'cause you lack attention  
It's 'cause you worship D12's balls, you're sac-rilegious  
If you're gonna critique me, you better at least be as good or betterGet Earl, the Hooded  
Sweater, whatever his name is to help you put together some words, more than two letters  
The fans waited for this moment  
Like the feature when I stole this show  
Sorry if I took foreverDon't fall on my fate  
Yeah  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
I won't  
Don't fall on my fate  
Light him up!  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
Ha  
Don't fall on my fate  
It's too easyJust remember-I was here before you  
And I'll be here after you make your run-in for you  
Detract this, I might have to fuck Pitchfork with a corkscrew  
Just what the doctor ordered  
Revenge is the best medicine  
Increase the dose, unleash the monster  
Then tell the Grammys to go and fuck themselves, they suck the blood from all the biggest  
artists like some leeches  
So they nominate 'em, get 'em there, get a name to 'em  
See the show, every parasite needs a hostThen give Album of the Year to somebody that no  
one's ever even heard of  
All I know is I wrote every single word of everything I ever murdered  
Time to separate the sheep from goats  
And I got no faith in your writers, I don't believe in ghosts  
When rap needed it most, I was that wing in the prayer  
A beacon of hope, the B-I-R-D in the air  
Somewhere, some kid is bumping this while he lip-syncs in the mirror  
That's who I'm doin' it for, the rest I don't really even careBut you would think I'm carryin' a  
Oxford dictionary in my pocket how I'm buryin' these artists  
On the scale it turns to minus

Mines is various as hardly and what's scary is you prolly can compare me to your car 'cause I'm  
barely gettin' started  
And as far as Lord Jamar, you better leave me the hell alone  
Or I'll show you an Elvis clone  
Walk up in this house you own  
Brush my pelvic bone You should tell a phone and go fetch me the remote  
Put my feet up and just make myself at home  
I belong here, clown!  
Don't tell me 'bout the culture  
I inspire the Hopsins, the Logics, the Coles, the Seans, the K-Dots, the 5'9"s, and oh  
Brought the world 50 Cent, you did squat, pissed and moaned, but I'm not gonna fall... bitch! It's  
too loud  
Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot  
It's too loud  
Freeze my crown all up in it  
Slow fire

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