

Rhyme or Reason

Eminem

(What's your name?) Marshall
(Who's your daddy?) I don't have one My mother reproduced like a komodo dragon
And had me on the back of a motorcycle
Then crashed in the side of loco-motive with rap, I'm loco
It's like handing a psycho a loaded handgun
Michelangelo with a paint gun in a tantrum
'bout to explode all over the canvas
Back with the Yoda of rap in a spasm
(Your music usually has them)
(But waned for the game your enthusiasm it hasn't)
(Follow you must, Rick Rubin my little Padawan)
A Jedi in training, colossal brain and, thoughts are entertaining
But docile and impossible to explain and, I'm also vain and
Probably find a way to complain about a Picasso painting
Puke Skywalker, but sound like Chewbacca when I talk
Full of such blind rage I need a seeing eye dog
Can't even find the page, I was writing this rhyme on
Oh, it's on a rampage, couldn't see what I wrote I write small
It says ever since I drove a '79 Lincoln with white walls
Had a fire in my heart, and a dire desire to aspire, to Die Hard
So as long as I'm on the clock punching this time card
Hip hop ain't dying on my watch But sometimes, when I'm sleeping, she comes to me in my
dreams
Is she taken? Is she mine? Don't got, don't care, don't have two shits to give Let me take you by
the hand to promise land
And threaten everyone, cause there's no rhyme or no reason for nothing (What's your name?)
Marshall (Who's your daddy?) I don't know him, but I wonder
(Is he rich like me?) Ha-ha
(Has he taken, any time, to show you what you need to live?) No! If he had, he wouldn't have
ended up in these rhymes on my pad
I wouldn't be so mad, my attitude wouldn't be so bad, yeah, dad
I'm the epitome and the prime example of what happens
When the power of the rhyme falls into the wrong hands, and
Makes you want to get up and start dancing, even if it is Charles Manson
Who just happens, to be rapping, blue lights flashing
Laughing all the way to the bank, lamping in my K-Mart mansion
I'm in the style department with a pile in my car, ripping the aisle apart
With great power comes absolutely no responsibility, for content
Completely, despondent and condescending, the king of nonsense
And controversy is on a, beat killing spree, your honor, I must, plea, guilty
Cause I sparked a, revolution, rebel without a cause
Who caused the evolution of rap to take it to the next level, boost it

But several rebuked it, and whoever produced it
(Hip hop is the devil's music) Is that me? It belongs to me?
Cause I just happen to be, a white honky devil with two horns
That don't honk but every time I speak you, hear a beep?
But lyrically I never hear a peep, not even a whisper
Rappers better stay clear of me, bitch, cause it's the...It's the time of the season, when hate runs
high

And this time, give it to you easy, when I take back what's mine
With pleased hands, and torture everyone, that is my plan My job here isn't done, cause there's
no rhyme or no reason for nothing (What's your name?) Shady
(Who's your daddy?) I don't give a fuck, but I wonder
(Is he rich like me?) Doubt it, ha

(Has he taken, any time, to show you what you need to live?) So, yeah, dad let's walk, let's have
us a father and son talk

But I bet we probably wouldn't get one block
Without me knocking your block off, this is all your fault
Maybe that's why I'm always so bananas, I appeal to all those walks
Of like, whoever had strife, maybe that's what dad and son talks are like
Cause I, related to the struggles of young America
When their fucking parents were unaware of their troubles
Now they're ripping out their fucking hair again, it's hysterical
I chuckle, cause everybody bloodies their bare knuckles, yeah, uh-oh
Better beware knuckleheads, the sound of my hustle says don't knock
The doors broken, it won't lock, it might just fly open, get cold cocked
You critics come pay me a visit, misery loves company, please stay a minute
Kryptonite to a hypocrite, zip your lip if you dish it but can't take it
Too busy getting stoned in your glass house to kick rocks
Then you wonder why I lash out, Mister Mathers as advertised on the flyers
So spread the word cause I'm promoting my passion til I'm passed out
A completely brain dead Rainman, going a bankhead in a restraint chair
So bitch, if you shoot me a look it better be a blank stare
Or get shanked in the pancreas, I'm angrier than all eight of the reindeer
Put together with Chief Keef cause I hate every fucking thing, yeah
Even this rhyme, bitch

And quit tryna look for a fucking reason for it that ain't there

But I still am a CRIMINAL

Ten year old degenerate grabbing on my GENITALS

The last Mathers LP that went diamond

This time I'm predicting this one will go EMERALD

When will the madness end, how can it when

There's no method to the pad and pen

The only message that I have to sing is: Dad, I'm back at it again, bitch
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