

Public Enemy #1

Eminem

Hello?
What Up?
Hello?

Yo I Can-I Can't hear you let me call you right back I sense someones tapping into my phones
why do...

I got this feeling in my bones I might die soon... The F.B.I might be tryin to pull my file soon...
I might be walking blind fold into a typhoon...
I might be seeing rockets light up the night sky...
Right outside of the window of my living room... If I don't try to record as much before I do...
The plan is to have as many in the can as I can...
As I stand before you in this booth a walking deadman...
Blank stare dead pan look as my face as I gaze into space...
As I wait to be scooped up in that van...
Mysteriously disappear into thin air...

And they gon' say a sniper just appeared out of no where... And I'll go down in the history as the
blood sucking leech...
Who hid behind the freedom of speech...
Tried to take the fifth amendment use it, twist it and bend it...
And ended up dying to fill out in the heros splinters... (?) The business way to end this I can feel
the tremors tremendous...
In remembrance of september 11...
Flash back to september 7th...
When Tupac was murdered in Vegas... He said that he predicted his own death...
Let us never forget it or should we ever live to regret it...
Like the day John F Kennedy was assasinated in broad day...
By a craze lunatic with a gun...
Who just happened to work on the same block in a library book depository...
Where the President would go for a little friday stroll...
Shots fired from the grassy knoll...
But they don't know or do they?... Whos they for them to say Touche...
Where all vunerable and it's spooky...
This is about as cookey as I've ever felt now...
Count down to Nuclear Meltdown...
7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...
You can run you can do what you want to...
But you know you aint gonna do nuttin...
When its time its your time...
You are the prime target...
You have become Public Enemy Number 1...

