

Remember Me? (feat. RBX & Sticky Fingaz)

Eminem

Remember me? Seven executions
Remember me? I have no remorse
Remember me? I'm high powered
Remember me? I drop bombs like Hiroshima For this one it's the X; you retarded?!
Cause I grab the mic and get Down like syndrome
Hide and roam into the masses
Without boundaries, which qualifies me
For the term universal, without no rehearsal
I leak words that's controversial
Like I'm not the one you wanna contest, see
Cause I'll hit your ass like the train did that bitch That got banned from TV, heavyweight hitter
Hit you watch your whole head split up
Loco is the motion, we comin' through
Hollow tips is the lead, the forty-five threw
Remember me? Throw ya gunz in the air
Remember me? Slam, Slam
Remember me? Nigga, bacdafucup
Remember me? Chka-chka-Onyx Niggas that take no for an answer, get told "no"
Yeah, I been told no, but it was more like "no, no, no"
Life's a bitch, met her, fuck you if you let her
Better come better than better to be a competitor
This vet is ahead of the shit is all redder, you deader and deader
A medic instead of the cheddars and credda
Settle vendetta with metal beretta from ghetto to ghetto
Evidence, nope, never leave a shred-of
I got the soul of every rapper in me, love me or hate me
My mom's got raped by the industry and made me
I'm the illest nigga ever, I told you
I get more pussy than them dyke bitches Total
Want beef, nigga? Pbbt, you better dead that shit
My name should be Can't-Believe-That-Nigga-Said-That-Shit
Probably sayin' he ain't a killer, but I'm killin' myself
Smoke death, fuck bitches raw, on the kitchen floor
So think what I'mma do to you, have done to you
Got niggas in my hood who'd do that shit for a blunt or two
What you wanna do? cocksuckers, we Glock busters'til the cops cuff us, we'll start ruckus and
drop blockbusters
Round the clock hustlers, you cannot touch us
I'm getting wires niggas wanting me dead, wanting my head
You think it could be something I said? Remember me? I just don't give a fuck
Remember me? Yeah, fuck you too
Remember me? I'm low down and I'm shifty

Remember me? I'm Shady
When I go out, I'mma go out shooting
I don't mean when I die, I mean when I go out to the club, stupid
I'm tryna clean up my fuckin' image so I promised the fuckin' critics
I wouldn't say fuckin' for six minutes (Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)
My baby's mom, bitch made me an angry blonde
So I made me a song, killed her and put Hailie on
I may be wrong, I keep thinking these crazy thoughts
In my cranium, but I'm stuck with a crazy mom
(Is she really on as much dope as you say she's on)
Came home, and somebody musta broke in the back window
And stole two loaded machine guns and both of my trenchcoats
Sick, sick dreams of picnic scenes
Two kids, sixteen with M-16's and ten clips each
And them shits reach through six kids each
And Slim gets blamed in Bill Clint's speech to fix these streets?
Fuck that, pbbt - you faggots can vanish to volcanic ash
And reappear in hell with a can of gas and a match
Aftermath, Dre, grab the gat, show 'em where it's at
(What the fuck you staring at, nigga?) Don't you remember me? Remember me?
Remember me? Remember me? (Slim Shady!)

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