

Marshall Mathers

Eminem

You know I just don't get it, last year I was nobody
This year I'm sellin' records
Now everybody wants to come around like I owe 'em somethin'
The fuck you want from me? Ten million dollars
Get the fuck out of here You see I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me Yo, you might see me joggin',
you might see me walkin'
You might see me walkin' a dead rottweiler dog
With it's head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar
Hollerin' at him 'cause the son of a bitch won't quit barkin'
Or leanin' out a window, with a cocked shotgun
Drivin' up the block in the car that they shot 'Pac in
Lookin' for Big's killers, dressed in ridiculous
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is Double barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris
Wallace
Pissed off, 'cause Biggie and 'Pac just missed all this
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em
And get dollars that shoulda been there's like they switched wallets And amidst all this Crist
poppin' and wristwatches
I had to sit back and just watch and just get nauseous
And walk around with an empty bottle of Remi Martin
Startin' shit like some twenty six year old skinny Cartman I'm anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin
With instincts to kill N'Sync, don't get me started
These fuckin' brats can't sing and Britney's garbage
What's this bitch retarded? Gimme back my sixteen dollars All I see is sissies in magazines
smiling
Whatever happened to whylin' out and bein' violent?
Whatever happened to catchin' a good-ol' fashioned Passionate ass-whoopin' and gettin' your
shoes coat and your hat taken?
New kids on the block, sucked a lot of dick
Boy-girl groups make me sick And I can't wait 'til I catch all you fagots in public
I'ma love it
Vanilla Ice don't like me, said some shit in vibe to spite me
Then went and dyed his hair just like me A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me
And run around screamin', "I don't care, just bite me"
I think I was put here to annoy the world
And destroy your little 4 year old boy or girl Plus I was put here to put fear in fagots who spray
Faygo Root Beer
And call themselves clowns 'cause they look queer
Faggy 2Dope and Silent Gay

Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away (fuckin faggots) And I don't wrestle, I'll
knock you fuckin' fagots the fuck out
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck out
After they ducked out the back when they saw us and bugged out
Ducked down and got paint balls shot at they truck, blaow! Look at y'all runnin' your mouth
again
When you ain't seen a fuckin' mile road, South of 10
And I don't need help, from D-12, to beat up two females
In make-up, who may try to scratch me with Lee Nails Slim anus you damn right, slim anus
I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming fagots
'Cuz I'm, just Marshall Mathers
I'm not a wrestler guy I'll knock you out if you talk about me Come and see me on the streets
alone, if you assholes doubt me
And if you wanna run your mouth then come take your best shot at me
Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of me?
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck Puffy Now because of this blonde mop that's on top
Of this fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop? The underground just spunned around and
did a 360
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies
Oh, he just did some shit with Missy So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with MC get
bizzy
My fuckin' bitch mom's suin' for ten million
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealin'
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit? All I had to do was go in her room and lift
up her mattress
Which is it bitch, Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?
It doesn't matter (your attorney Fred Gibson's a) faggot!
Talkin' about I fabricated my past He's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass
So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?
For every million I make, another relative sues
Family fightin' and fussin' over who wants to invite me to supper
All the sudden, I got 90 some cousins
A half-brother and sister who never seen me
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house
And then to top it off, I walked to the newsstand
To buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food stamp
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast
And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass
Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help
Here, XXL, XXL
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell
Fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself
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