

# 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 token?  
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 spun 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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