

# Groundhog Day

## Eminem

What is a nightmare?  
The dictionary tells us it is a terrifying dream, a nightmare I used to think I had bad luck, but I  
wasn't superstitious  
'til one day I grew suspicious, when I stepped on a crack  
On Aunt Edna's stoop and got pooped on by a group of stupid pigeons  
Then we flew the coop to Michigan to start a new be-ditching  
Missouri from Michigan didn't work, so we moved  
Back to Missouri from Michigan, from Missouri back to Michigan  
Someone put me out my misery, I can't do this again  
Mom, please stick to a decision, discipline, last thing I wanna do  
Is listen she's like Lex Luthor, bitch, her rules are Krypton-  
-ite to the walls and I've lost my power to see through them bitches  
But I run into 'em, running through the kitchen  
Pretending to be blind Superman, cause I had no supervision  
But I did have a super power though, I could turn into invisible kid  
Disappear out of sight, like a true magician  
And one day Uncle Ronnie brought over this new, but different  
Music into the picture and it become my new religion  
I remember it clearly, even today Move back to Michigan again, to live with my Grandma nan  
Always itching for something to do, was flipping  
Through the radio stations one day and discovered  
This DJ who was mixing, I say it to this day, if you ain't listened  
To the wizard, you ain't have a fucking clue what you was missing  
I'd zone out with my headphones, all I remember doing's wishing for shoes  
Fuck them stupid Pumas bitch, it's all about them new edition Troops  
You get them LL Cool J cooling system  
Think I finally maneuvered to 8 Mile and Hoover  
And somehow I saw my future is in this, that's how I know my mission  
Little boom box booming, spitting, practicing numerous rhythms  
When I sit in my room envisioning my dreams come to fruition  
I remember Proof would visit, couldn't wait to play him my new shit  
He'd go complete ballistic, go through the roof for his shit  
It's like we knew the instant, we touched a mic that both of us  
Too existed to do this shit, never quit, too persistent  
We are the underground empire Started a group of misfits, Proof had a proposition  
If we all brand together, there ain't no stopping this shit  
Come up with aliases, bipolar opposites and  
Be ready to come off the top as sharp precision  
If you got dissed at the Shop, cause if they caught you slipping  
They'd take your spot if someone got to ripping you  
And you forgot your written, opportunity knocks once, it ain't knocking again  
It tried ding-dong ditching shit, I fucking got that bitch

In a headlock, cut off his oxygen Slim, it's not cordial  
 Like cocksucking cynderblocks in the wind, now I got my pot to piss in  
 Spot in that top position, hopping over that opposition  
 Looking like a dog is peeing, leg up on the competition  
 Promising complete dominance, Sugar Ray Robinson  
 I'm in a league Muhammad's in, Ali's my colleague bombing 'em  
 Probably end up on top of 'em, like stomping 'em like Ndamukong  
 I'm Russian like a Ukrainian LaDainian Tomlinson  
 Flow vomits in your face, competitors fall at my waist  
 You spit a rhyme, I spit in a rhyme's face  
 So name the time, place to battle, bitch, I'm still in that mind state  
 Don't make me step on you and make you wine grapes  
 Cry babies, maybe my way that I use words is loose  
 But you turds better be careful how you choose yours  
 Cause feelings scar but egos bruise worse  
 And the truth hurts, shit no wonder you're sore losers  
 Now where's your bluebirds? Ooh  
 No more tripping in bird shit, this songs a self empowerment surgeon  
 Words of encouragement but this discouraging  
 The Rap Game's God, but the name's not James Todd, I'm just a wordsmith  
 So let these words lift, cause all I got is bars  
 For you dumbbells and doors ain't working out  
 Each verse is more merciless than the first, and you ain't got to wear  
 No shoes and shirt in this bitch to get served bloodthirst, revenge of a nerds  
 They will not escape my vengeance  
 And I'm the kid with them ears like Dumbo's gone  
 With the Uncle Ron, I'm turning into an unhumble Don  
 You blind dumb hoes, all I got is dick for you to come blow on  
 So stop the show, but I need a drum roll 'fore I go on  
 Better back away from the front row, get launched up your arm  
 Bigger than Dikembe Mutumbo on the fucking Jumbotron  
 I'm a juggernaut, you do not wanna crumble, you bambacluts  
 I'll leave you stretched out, like a fucking yawn  
 So mow the fucking lawn, your asses are blades of grass  
 And I'm fucking up this whole landscape of rap  
 The GOAT just ate eight acres and ate the vet  
 Who just make a path and take you straight to your favorite rapper  
 Oh look, my notebook with smoke cook  
 Like the flow stood a foot over the flame on the stove  
 Soot, charred debris floating like Oakwood  
 Was burning, return of the no good and I don't quit  
 And the next thing I know something came  
 crawling up from below  
 Something that made Godzilla look like a plane  
 And I don't quit, won't change, it's like a  
 Groundhog's Day  
 So crowd around y'all, cause you may, so you can't pop your head  
 I'm not so sure I want to  
 know from once it came  
 But the white flesh creature's trail is easily followed  
 There, before that shimmering veil of light, the ivory skin slug thing

