

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

