Eminem’s Biography

Eminem came from a poor and working-class family. He was born on October 17, 1972 in St. Joseph, Missouri. He spent much of his youth in Detroit, where most people living there are black people. When Eminem was a child, he and his mother moved constantly from one town to another. They often stayed at their relatives' homes. As a result, Eminem found it difficult to have a friend from the same age, graduate and stay out of trouble.

When Eminem was 12, his mother finally settled down on the east side of Detroit. There, he attended Lincoln Junior High School and Osbourne High School, hanging out with friends from Black community and listening to artists like LL Cool J and the 2 Live Crew (rappers). But his fondness for skipping school led him to fail the ninth grade. After dropping out of school, he held down several odd jobs while continuing to work on his ability. Eminem became interested in rap music as an escape from a troubled puberty. His youth consisted of many moves, little money and neighborhood bullies.

Eminem was interested in listening to rap songs and decided to make a rap group because of the influence of his uncle's suicide. He also had a daughter with his on and off girlfriend, Kim, with whom he had a very confused relationship; he also
was separated from his mother, with whom he also frequently argued; he was abusing alcohol and drugs; in addition, he had attempted suicide on at least one occasion. Those harrowing experiences had provided him with the inspiration to make some lyrics which are very nasty and offensive.

Source: www.eminem.net
APPENDICES

Song Lyrics

Big Weenie

[Intro]
(Talking)
I don't understand..
Why are you bein so mean!?
You're a MEAN, MEAN MAN!
[Chorus]
You're just jealous of me
Cause you, you just can't do what I do
So instead of just admitting it
You walk around and say
All kinds of really mean things about me
Cause you're a meany, a meany
But it's only cause you're really jealous of me
Cause I'm what you wanna be
So you just look like a idiot
When you say these mean things
Cause it's too easy to see
You're really just a big weenie, big weenie
[Verse 1]
Alright listen, I need you to focus
I need you to go dig deep in your mind, this is important
We are going to perform an experiment of a sort
I'm going to have to ask you to bare with me for a moment
Now I need you to open your mind, your eyes - close em'
You are now about to be placed under my hypnosis
For the next 4 and a half minutes
We are going to explore into your mind
To find out why you're so fuckin jealous
Now why do they make you who
Pibbity-cock-a-poo-poo
Syke, I'm kidding I just wanted to see
if you're still listening
Ok now I need your un-divided attention
Sir I have a question
Why do I always sense this,
Undeniable tension from the moment I enter into the room?
It gets all quiet and whispers
Whenever there's conversations why am I always mentioned?
I been dying to ask, it's been itching at me
Is it just because...
[Chorus]
[Verse 2]
Alright now I, I just flubbed(?) a line
I was going to say something extremly important
But I forgot who or what it was
I fucked up,
Syke, I'm kidding again you idiot, no I didn't
That's just what you wanted to hear
Is that I FUCKED up ain't it?
That I could bust one take
Without lookin at no paper
It doesn't take a bunch of takes
Or me to stand here in this booth all day
For me to say the truth ok
You're drooling, you have tooth decay
You're mouth is open,
You're disgusting
What the fuck you eat for lunch,
A bunch of sweets or somethin
What you munch a bunch of crunch-a-munch?
You're tooth is rottin through the gum
Your breath stinks,
Want to chew some gum?
[Yes I do sir what am I on?]
You sir are on ??
[Marshall I'm so jealous of you
Please say you won't tell nobody
I be so embarassed
I'm just absolutely terrified
That someone's gonna find out
Why I'm saying all these terrible, evil, and awful
Mean things, is my own insecurities!!]
[Chorus]
[Verse 3]
Alright now we, we're going to conduct
That experiment that we were talking about earlier
Just to see what a frog looks like
When he takes 2 hits of exctasy
Cause that's exactly what your eyes look like
Wanna check to see? Here's a mirror
Notice the resemblance here?
Wait let me put these sun glasses on
Now look in this mirror, how bout' now
What do you have in common?
You're both green with envy and look like idiots with sunglasses on em'
You look like I sound like, singing about weenies
Now take my weenie out of your mouth
This is between me and you
I know you're not happy,
I know you'd much rather see my lying in the corner of a room somewhere crying
Curl up in a ball, tweaked out of my mind dying
There's no denying
That my weenie is much bigger than yours is
Mine is like stickin a banana in between 2 oranges
Why are you even doin this to yourself?
It's pointless,
Why do we have to keep on going through this?
This is torturous
My point is this, that if you say mean things,
You're weenie will shrink
Now I forgot what the chorus is..

Business

[Dr. Dre] Marshall! Sounds like an S.O.S.
[Mathers] Holy wack unlyrical lyrics
Andre, you're fuckin right!!

[Dr. Dre] To the Rapmobile - let's go!
(Marshall! Marshall!!)
[Eminem]
Bitches and gentlemen! It's SHOWTIME!
Hurry hurry, step right up!
Introducin the star of our show.. his name is..
(Marshall!)
You wouldn't want to be anywhere else in the world right now
So without further adieus, I bring to you
(Marshall!)

[Chorus 2X: Eminem]
Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around,
what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
on these clowns; can I get a witness?
(HELL YEAH!)
You can even call collect, the most feared duet since me and Elton, played career Russian Roulette And never even see me blink or get to bustin a sweat People steppin over people just to rush to the set just to get to see an MC who breathes so freely Ease over these beats and be so breezy Jesus how can shit be so easy? How can one Chandra be so Levy? Turn on these beats, MC's don't see me Believe me; BET and MTV are gonna grieve when we leave dog, fo' sheezy Can't leave rap alone, the game needs me 'till we grow beards, get weird and disappear into the mountains - nothin but clowns down here

But we, ain't fuckin around round here Yo Dre (whattup?) Can I get hell..? (HELL YEAH!) Now

[Chorus]

[Outro]
So there you have it folks (Marshall!) has come to save the day Back with his friend Andre, here to remind you that bullshit does not pay Because (Marshall!) and Andre are here to stay and never go away, until our dying day Until we're old and grey (Marshall!) So until next time friends, same blonde hair, same rap channel Good night everyone, thank you for coming Your host for the evening (Marshall!) Oh! Heh

Drips

Intro
Obie... Yo... Im sick Damn... You straight dog?

Chorus
That's why I ain't got no time. For these games and stupid tricks Or these bitches on my dick. That's how dudes be getting sick That's how dicks be getting drips. Falling victims to this shit From these bitches on our dicks, fucking chickens with no ribs That's why I ain't got no time...

Verse 1 (Obie Trice)
Yo, I woke up fucked up off the liquor I drunk. I had a bag of the skunk won in last nights Tunk pussy residue was on my penis, Denise from the cleaners, fucked me good, you shoulda seen this big booty bitch, switch unbearable, french roll stylin', body like a stallion Sizin up the figure while my shit's getting bigger, debatin' on a fuck or do I want to be her nigga Caressin'this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits, sippin' on that fine shit I ain't used to buyin' I gotta hit it from behind, its mandatory, like takin' hoe's money, but that's another story For surely, the pussy on toast after we toast, her clothes fell like Bishop in Juice The womb beater, clean pussy eater, insertin' my jock in that spot hotter
than the hottest block
Don't Stop! The response I got when I
was knockin' it, clock steady tickin',
kinky finger lickin'
and can on, semen's at my tip when
she moans. I gotta slow down before I
cum soon
and work that nigga like a slave owner.
When I dropped off my outfit, she
knew I wanted to bone her
She foamin' at the lips, the one
between them hips, pubic hairs lookin'
like some sour cream dip
without the nacho, my dick hit the spot
though, pussy tighter than conditions
of us black folks
We in the final stretch, the last part of
sex. I bust a fat ass nut, then I woke up
next
like what the fuck is goin' on here, this
bitch evaporated, pussy and all, just
picked up and vacated
Now I'm frustrated cuz my dick was
unprotected, and Doctor Wesley tellin
me I really got that shit

Chorus

Verse 2 (Eminem)
Now I don't wanna hit no woman, but
this chick's got it comin', someone
better get this bitch, before she gets
kicked in the stomach
and she's pregnant, buts she's eggin'
me on, beggin' me to throw her off the
steps of this porch
my only weapon is force and I don't
wanna resort to any violence of any
sort. But what's she shovin' me for?
Doesn't she love me no more? Wasn't
she huggin' me four minutes ago at the
door?
M an, I'm this close to goin' toe-to-toe
with this whore. What would you do if
she was tellin' you she wants a
divorce?
She's havin' another baby in a month,
and it's yours, and you find out it isn't
cus this bitch has been visitin'
someone else
and suckin' his dick and kissin' you on
the lips when you get back, to
Michigan, now the plot is thickenin'
worse
cus you feel like you've been stickin'
your fuckin' dick in a hearse
so you paranoid at every little cold that
you get, ever since they told you this
shit, you've been holdin' your dick
so you go to the clinic, sweatin' every
minute you in it, then the doctor comes
out lookin' like Dennis the Menace
and it's obvious to everyone in the
lobby it's AIDS, he ain't even gotta
call you in his office to say it
so you jet back home, cus you gon' get
that hoe, when you see her, you gon'
bend her fuckin' neck back, yo
cus you love her, you never would
expect that blow, Obie told you the
scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this, bitch works
at the cleaners, bringin' me home
diseases, swingin' from Obie's penis
she's so deceivin', shit this hoe's a
genius, she g'd us...

Chorus

I'm Busy
Fuck these Bitches
Fuck'em all, Get Money
Shady Records, Obie Trice
Eminem, muthafucka
New millenium shit... Yeah
Turn this shit off
Turn this shit the fuck off
Infinite

Oh yeah, this is Eminem baby, back up in that motherfucking ass
One time for your mother fucking mind, we represent the 313
You know what I’m saying? Cause they don’t know shit about this
For the 9-6

Verse 1:
Ayo, my pen and paper cause a chain reaction
To get your brain relaxin, cause they be actin maniac in action
A brainiac in fact son, you mainly lack attraction
You looking zany wack with just a fraction of my tracks spun
My rhyming skills got you climbing hills
I travel through your mind until you spine like siren drills
I’m slimming grills of roaches, with sprayed on disinfectants
With some ex rappers till their spinal column disconnects
We disinfect then check the monologue, turn your system up
Twist them up, and indulge in the marijuana smoke
This is the season for noise pollution contamination
Examination of more cartoons than animation
My lamination of narration
Hit’s a snare and bass of track fucked up rapper interrogation
When I declare invasion, there ain’t no time to be stare and gazing
I turn the stage into barren wasteland….
I’m Infinite

Chorus:

You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it’s surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I’m trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I’m tempted to make another attempt at it…
I’m Infinite

Verse 2:
Bust it, I let the beat commence so I can beat the sense of your elite defense
I got to meet the fence fruit was stompin at your feet to rinse
I greet intensive ladies, I spoil all your fans
I foil plans and leave fluids leaking like oil brands
My coil hands around this microphone lethal
One thought in my cerebral is deeper then a Jeep full of people
MC’s are feeble, I came to cause some pandemonium
Battle a band of phony MC’s and stand the only one
Imitator, Intimidator, Stimulator, Simulator of data, Eliminator
There’s never been a greater since the burial of Jesus
Fuck around and catch all of the venereal diseases
My thesis will smash a stereo to pieces
My accapella releases plastic masterpieces through telekinesis
And eases you mentally, gently, sentimentally, instrumentally
With entity, dementedly meant to be Infinite

Chorus

Man I got evidence I’m never dense and I been clever ever since
My residence was hesitant to do some shit that represents the M-O
So I’m assuming all responsibility
Cause there’s a monster will in me that always wants to kill MC’s
Mic messaler, slamming like a wrestler
Here to make a mess of a lyric smuggling embezzler
No one is specialer, My skill is intergalactical
I get cynical at a fool then I send a crew back to school
I never packed a tool or acted cool, it wasn’t practical

I’d rather led a tactful, tactical, track for your fancy
In fact I can’t see, or can’t imagine
A man who ain’t a lover of beats or a fan of scratching
This is for my family, the kid who had a cameo on my last jam
Plus the man who never had a plan B
Be all you can be, cause once you make an instant hit
I’m tense to be tempted when I see the sins my friends commit…….
I’m Infinite
Chorus 2x

It's Okay

Eye-Kyu: Check it out,
Eminem: Hey Kyu!

Eye-Kyu:
Chorus: It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)
It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)

Verse 1: Eminem
One day I plan to be a family man happily married
I wanna grow to be so old that I have to be carried
Till I'm glad to be buried

And leave this crazy world
And have at least a half a million for my baby girl
It may be early to be planning this stuff
Cause I'm still struggling hard to be the man, and it's tough
Cause man it's been rough, but still I manage enough
I've been taken advantage of, damaged and scuffed
My hands have been cuffed
But I don't panic and huff, frantic and puff
Or plan to give up, the minute shit hits the fan it erupts
I'm anteing up double or nothing, I've been trouble enough
And I'm sick of struggling and suffering, see
My destiny's to rest at ease, till I'm impressed and pleased
With my progress, I won't settle for less than cheese
I'm on a quest to seize all, my own label to call
Way before my baby is able to crawl
I'm too stable to fall, the pressure motivates
To know I hold the weight of boulders on my shoulder blades
**I seen the golden gates to heaven on Earth**
Where they don't pull a weapon on you when you stepping on turf, Q

Chorus
Verse 2: Eminem
I'm going for broke, gambling and playing for keeps
Everyday in the streets, scrambling and paying for cheep
Praying for sleep
Dreaming with a watering mouth
Wishing for a better life for my daughter and spouse
In this slaughtering house, caught up in bouts
With the root of all evil
I've seen it turn beautiful people crude and deceitful
And make them do shit illegal
For these Grant's and Jackson's
These transactions explain a man's actions
But in the mist of this insanity, I found my Christianity

Through God and there's a wish he granted me
He showed me how to cope with the stress
And hope for the best, instead of mope and depressed
Always groping a mess, of flying over the nest
To selling dope with the rest
I quit smoking cess to open my chest
Life is stressful inside this cesspool
Trying to wrestle, I almost bust a blood vessel

**My little brother's trying to learn his mathematics**
**He's asthmatic, running home from school away from crack addicts**
**Kids attract static, children with automatics**
Taking target practice on teens for Starter Jackets
I'm using smarter tactics to overcome this slum
I won't become as dumb as some and succumb to scum
It's cumbersome, I'm trying to do well on this Earth
But it's been Hell on this Earth since I fell on this Earth

**Just Lose It**

[Intro]

Okay..
Guess who's back... back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Now everyone report to the dance floor
To the dance floor, to the dance floor
Now everyone report to the dance floor

Alright stop... pajama time

[Verse 1]

Come here little kiddies, on my lap
Guess who's back with a brand new rap
And I don't mean rap as in a new case
Of child investigation accusation
"Aah aah aah aah aah"
No worries, pappa's got a brand new bag of toys
What else could I possibly do to make noise
I'd done touched on everything but little boys
And that's not a stab at Michael
That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho
I go a little bit crazy sometimes
I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes
Good God, dip, do a little slide
Bend down, touch your toes and just glide
Up the center of the dance floor
Like T.P. for my bung hole
And it's cool if you let one go
Nobody's gonna know, who'd hear it
Give a little "poot poot" it's okay (Fart Sound)
Oops my CD just skipped
And everyone just heard you let one rip

{*Chorus*}
Now I'm gonna make you dance
It's your chance, yeah boy shake that ass
Whoops! I mean girl... girl, girl, girl" Girl you know you're my world"
Alright now lose it
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Just lose it
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Go crazy
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Oh baby
" Aah aah"
Oh baby baby
" Aah aah"

{Verse 2}
{Sung}
It's Friday and it's my day
Just to party all the way to Sunday
Maybe 'til Monday, I dunno what day
Everyday's just a holiday
Cruisin' on the freeway, feelin' kinda breezy
Get the top down, let my hair blow
I dunno where I'm goin', all I know is when I get there
Someone's gonna "touch my body"

{Rap}
Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk
But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out from work
Could you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair
Spit on me, maybe gauge my eyes out, "ewww"
Now what's your name girl, what's your sign?
[Dr Dre: "Man you must be up out your mind"]
Dre "aah aah", beer goggles, blind
I'm just trying to unwind, now I'm...

{*Chorus*}
[Verse 3]
{Sung}
It's Tuesday and I'm locked up
I'm in jail, I don't know what happened
They say I was running butt naked
Down the street screaming
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Well I'm sorry, I don't remember
All I know is this much, I'm not guilty
They said save it boy, we've got you on tape
yelling at an old lady to "touch my body"
Now this is the part where the rap breaks down
It's real intense, no one makes a sound
Everything looks like it's 8 Mile now
The beat comes back and everybody
loses theirselves
Now snap back to reality, look it's B. Rabbit he
Oh you signed me up to battle? I'm a
grown man
Chubba chubba chubba chubba chubba
chubba chubba chubba
I don't have any lines to go right here
so
Chubba tubba tell me fellas (what?),
fellas (what?)
Grab your left, make your right one
jealous (what?)
Black girls, white girls, skinny girls,
fat girls
Tall girls, small girls, I'm calling all
girls
Everyone report to the dance floor
It's your chance for, a little romance or
Butt squeezin', it's the season
Just go "aah aah aah aah", it's so
appeasing

{*Chorus*}
{Outro:}
Mmhmm touch my body
Mmhmm touch my body
Ooh boy just touch my body
I mean girl just touch my body

Square Dance

Intro
People!! It feels so good to be back.
Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing the
new and improved, you know who
Verse 1
Never been the type to bend or budge,
the wrong button to push, no friend of
Bush
I'm the centerpiece, you're a Maltese.
I'm a pitbull off his leash, all this peace
talk can cease
All these people I had to leave in
limbo, I'm back now, I've come to
release this info
I'll be brief and let me just keep shit
simple, can-a-bitch don't want no beef
with Slim? Noooo!
Not even on my radar, so won't you
please jump off my dick, lay off and
stay off
a nd follow me as I put these crayons
to chaos from séance to séance, aw-a-
aw-sh-a-aw
Chorus (X2)
C'mon now, let's all get on down, let's
do-si-do now, we gon' have a good ol'
time
Don't be scared, cus there ain't
nothin' to worry 'bout, let your hair
down, and square dance with me!
Verse 2
Let your hair down to the track, yeah
kick on back. Boo! The boogie
monster of rap, yeah the man's back
with a plan to ambush this Bush
administration, mush the Senate's face
in, push this generation
of kids to stand and fight for the right
to say something you might not like,
this white hot light
that I'm under, no wonder I look so
sunburnt, oh no I won't leave no stone
unturned
Oh no I won't leave, won't go nowhere, do-si-do, oh, yo, ho, hello there
oh yeah don't think I won't go there, go to Beirut and do a show there
yah you laugh till your muthafuckin' ass gets drafted, while you're at band camp thinkin' the crap can't happen
till you fuck around, get an anthrax napkin, inside a package wrapped in saran wrap wrapping
open the plastic and then you stand back gasping, fuckin' assassins hijackin' Amtracks crashin'
all this terror America demands action, next thing you know you've got Uncle Sam's ass askin'
to join the army or what you'll do for their Navy. You just a baby, gettin' recruited at eighteen
You're on a plane now, eatin' their food and their baked beans. I'm twenty-eight, they're gonna take you 'fore they take me
Crazy insane or insane crazy? When I say Hussein, you say Shady
My views ain't changed, still inhumane, wait, arraigned two days late, the date's today, hang me!
Chorus (X2)
Verse 3
Nothin' moves me more than a groove that soothes me, nothin' soothes me more than a groove that boosts me nothin' boosts me more, or suits me beautifully, there's nothin' you can do to me, stab me shoot me psychotic, hypnotic product I got it the antibiotic, ain't nobody hotter and so on
and yada yada, god I talk a lotta hem de lay la la la, oochie walla um da dah da dah da but you gotta gotta keep movin', there's more music to make, keep makin' new shit, produce hits to break the monotony, what's gotten into me? Drugs, rock, and Hennessey, thug like I'm 'Pac on my enemies on your knees, got you under siege, somebody you would give a lung to be hun-ga-ry, like a fuckin' younger me, fuck the fee, I can get you jumped for free
y ah buddy, laugh it's funny, I have the money to have you killed by somebody who has nothing I'm past bluffing, pass the K-Y, let's get ready for some intense, serious ass fucking!
Chorus (X2)
Outro
Dr. Dre, wants to square dance with me
Nasty Nas, wants to square dance with me
X to the Z, wants to square dance with me
Busta Rhymes, wants to square dance with me
Cana-bitch, won't square dance with me
Fan-a-bitch, won't square dance with me
Canada-bis, don't want no parts of me
Dirty Dozen, wants to square dance with you
Yee-Haw!!

Stan

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I.. got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my
window..
and I can't see at all
And even if I could it'll all be gray,
but your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's not so bad,
it's not so bad..
1st Chorus: volume gradually grows
over raindrop background
2nd Chorus: full volume with beat
right after “thunder” noise

[Eminem as 'Stan']
Dear Slim, I wrote but you still ain't callin
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em
There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin
Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em
but anyways; fuck it, what's been up?
Man how's your daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm bout to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?
I'ma name her Bonnie
I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't want him
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with Skam
I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that shit was fat
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,
just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan

This is Stan
{Chorus: Dido}
[Eminem as 'Stan']
Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance
I ain't mad - I just think it's FUCKED UP you don't answer fans
If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert
you didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man, he's only six years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you,
four hours and you just said, "No."
That's pretty shitty man - you're like his fuckin idol
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more than I do
I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein lied to
Remember when we met in Denver - you said if I'd write you
you would write back - see I'm just like you in a way
I never knew my father neither;
he used to always cheat on my mom and beat her
I can relate to what you're saying in your songs
so when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em on
cause I don't really got shit else so that shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for me
See everything you say is real, and I respect you cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous cause I talk
about you 24/7

But she don't know you like I know you
Slim, no one does
She don't know what it was like for people like us growin up
You gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan -- P.S.

We should be together too
{Chorus: Dido}

[Eminem as 'Stan']
Dear Mister-I'm-Too-Good-To-Call-Or-Write-My-Fans,
this'll be the last package I ever send your ass
It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters;
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect
So this is my cassette I'm sending you,
I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive?
You know the song by Phil Collins,
"In the Air of the Night"
about that guy who coulda saved that other guy from drowning
but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he found him?

That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from drowning
Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy
and all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know I ripped +ALL+ of your pictures off the wall
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about it
You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it
And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you SCREAM about it

I hope your conscience EATS AT YOU and you can't BREATHE
without me
See Slim; {*screaming*} Shut up bitch! I'm tryin to talk!
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin in the trunk
but I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't like you
cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then she'll die too

Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now

Oh shit, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this shit out?
{*car tires squeal*} {*CRASH*}

... {*brief silence*} .. {*LOUD splash*}

{Chorus: Dido}

[Em{chement}
Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner
but I just been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along is she?
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter that
and here's an autograph for your brother,
I wrote it on the Starter cap
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you
But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your wrists too?

I say that shit just clownin dogg,
c'mon - how fucked up is you?
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some counseling
to help your ass from bouncing off the walls when you get down some
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?
That type of shit'll make me not want us to meet each other
I really think you and your girlfriend need each other or maybe you just need to treat her better.

I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches you in time before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doing just fine if you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do want you as a fan I just don't want you to do some crazy shit.

I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago that made me sick Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge and had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was pregnant with his kid and in the car they found a tape, but they didn't say who it was to Come to think about, his name was.. it was you

Damn!

---

The Kiss

Eminem: **I'm gonna kill this bitch.**
I'm gonna kill her. I'm going to fuckin' jail, cus I'm gonna kill this bitch

Gary: Hey man... I don't know

Eminem: What?

Gary: I got a really really bad feelin' about this

Eminem: Man, will you shut the fuck up Gary. You've always got a bad feeling man. That's her car right there. Just park

Gary: I'm parking

Eminem: Fuckin', turn the car off dog

Gary: alright

Eminem: Alright, we wait

Gary: we wait for what?

Eminem: We wait until she comes out. Man, I'm gonna fuckin' kill her

Gary: Man, you ain't gonna kill nobody

Eminem: Shut the fuck up dog

Gary: What the fuck did you bring that for?

Eminem: Just shut up, fuck clip is empty

Gary: Don't point that shit at me?

Eminem: It's not even loaded bitch, look

Gary: Dude! God I fuckin' hate when you do that shit

Eminem: Ha ha, ya but its funny as fuck
Gary: You're gonna fuck around and kill me one of these days... I swear
Eminem: It gets you every time
Eminem: is that her?
Gary: Where?
Eminem: Right there motherfucker
Gary: Ya, Fuck
Eminem: Alright, get up, get up
Gary: Here we go again...
Eminem: Get down!
Gary: what the fuck do you want me to do get under the car
Eminem: Yo, who's she walkin with
Gary: How the fuck am I supposed to know? You told me to duck down
Eminem: It's the fuckin bouncer. Did she just kiss him?
Gary: I don't think so...
Eminem: Dog, she just fuckin kissed him
Gary: No, she didn't
Eminem: She's kissing him dog
Gary: No she's not... Oh shit
Eminem: C'mon, Motherfucker

White America

Intro
America! We love you! How many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful country of ours? The stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect
The women and men who have broke their necks for the freedom of speech the United States government has sworn to uphold. (Yo I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) or so we're told...
Verse 1
I never would've dreamed in a million years I'd see, so many motherfuckin' people who feel like me who share the same views and the same exact beliefs, it's like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me
So many lives I touch, so much anger aimed in no particular direction just sprays and sprays and straight through your radio waves it plays and plays, till it stays stuck in your head for days and days who woulda thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some peroxide, reachin for a t-shirt to wear that I would catapult to the forefront of rap like this? How could I predict my words would have an impact like this I must've struck a chord, with somebody up in the office, cuz Congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' but problems and now they're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it, I
shoveled shit all my life/and now I'm dumping it on...
Chorus (X2)
White America!
I could be one of your kids
White America!
Little Eric looks just like this
White America!
Erica loves my shit
I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get
Verse 2
Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby
just like yourself, if they were brown
Shady lose, Shady sits on the shelf
but Shady's cute, Shady knew Shady's
dimples would help, make ladies
swoon baby, ooh baby! Look at my
sales
Lets do the math, If I was black I
would've sold half, I ain't have to
graduate from Lincoln High School to
know that
but I could rap, so fuck school, I'm
too cool to go back, gimme the mic,
show me where the fuckin' studio's at
When I was underground, no one gave
a fuck I was white, no labels wanted to
sign me almost gave up, I was like
Fuck it, until I met Dre, the only one to
look past, gave me a chance, and I lit a
fire up under his ass
helped him get back to the top, every
fan black that I got was probably his in
exchange for every white fan that he's
got
Like damn, we just swapped. Sittin' back
lookin' at shit, wow, I'm like my
skin is it starting to work to my benefit
now?
Chorus (X2)
Verse 3
See the problem is I speak to suburban
kids who otherwise would of never
knew these words exist
whose moms probably woulda never
gave two squirts of piss, till I created
so much motherfuckin' turbulence
straight out the tube, right into your
living room I came, and kids flipped
when they knew I was produced by
Dre
That's all it took, and they were
instantly hooked right in, and they
connected with me too because I
looked like them
that's why they put my lyrics up under
this microscope, searchin' with a fine
tooth comb, its like this rope
waitin' to choke, tightening around my
throat, watching me while I write this,
like I don't like this (Nope)
All I hear is: lyrics, lyrics, constant
controversy, sponsors working round
the clock, to try to stop my concerts
early
surely hip hop was never a problem in
Harlem only in Boston, after it
bothered the fathers of daughters
starting to blossom
so now I'm catchin' the flack from
these activists when they raggin', actin'
like I'm the first rapper to smack a
bitch, or say faggot
shit, just look at me like I'm your
closest pal, the posterchild, the mother
fuckin' spokesman now for...
Chorus (X2)
Outro
So to the parents of America
I am the derringer aimed at little Erica,
to attack her character
The ringleader of this circus of
worthless pawns
Sent to lead the march right up to the
steps of Congress
And piss on the lawns of the White
House and replace it with a Parental
Advisory sticker
To spit liquor in the faces of in this
democracy of hypocrisy

F**k you Ms. Cheney! F**k you
Tipper Gore! F**k you with the freest
of speech this divided states of

embarassment will allow me to have,
F**k you!
I'm just kiddin' America, you know I
love you...

Yellow Brick Road

[Intro]
What we have to do is deal with it
when these individuals are young
enough. If you wish to be saved, not in
a religious sense but not to constitute
what this country at times calls if or
which over. We seem to be
approaching an age of the gross. We
all have this idea that we should move
up from our parents station and each
generation should do a little bit better.

[Verse 1- Eminem]
Come on, let's cut the bullshit enough
Let's get it started, let's start addressing
this issue and open it up
Let's take this shit back to bassmint
And we can discuss statements that's
made on this tape
And its whole origin of the music that
we all know and love
The music that we all enjoy the music
you all accuse me of tryna destroy
Let's rewind it to 89 when I was a boy
on the east side of Detroit
Crossin 8 Mile in the border in the
hate territory
I'd like to share a story, this is my
story and cant no body tell it for me
You will well inform me, I am well
aware that I don't belong here
You've made that perfectly clear, I get
my ass kicked damn near everywhere
From Bel-Air shopping center just for
stopping in there
From the black side all the way to the
white side

Okay there's a bright side a day that I
might slide
You may call it a past I call it haulin
my ass
Through that patch of grass over them
railroad tracks
Oh them railroad tracks, them old
railroad tracks
Them good old notorious oh well
known tracks

[Chorus x2]
Come on lets go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go
on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through
this nifty little place
I once used to call home sweet home

[Verse 2- Eminem]
I roam the streets so much they call me
a drifter
Sometimes I stick up a thumb just to
hitch hike
Just to get picked up to get me a lift to
8 mile and van dike
And steal a god damn bike from
somebody's backyard
And drop it off at the park that was the
half way mark
To meet Kim had to walk back to her
mama's them dramas after dark
To sneak me in the house when I'm
kicked out my mom's
Thats about the time I first met Proof
when poof he'd carry on the set
Set eyes born in and out some flyers,
he was doin some talent shows
At center line, I had told him to stop
by and check this out sometime
He looked at me like I'm out my mind
shook his head like white boys don't
know how to rhyme
I spit out a line and rhymed birthday
with first place
And we both had the same rhymes that
sound alike
We was on the same shit that Big
Daddy Kane shit with compound
syllables sound combined
From that day we was down to ride
somehow we knew we'd meet again
somewhere down the line
[Chorus x2]
[Verse 3- Eminem]
My first year in 9th grade, can't forget
that day at school
It was cool till your man MC Sham
came through
And said that Boom was the brain cuz
the clan makes troops
It was rumors but man god damned
they flew
Musta been true because man we done
banned they shoes
I had the new ones the Cool J, Ice land
swayed too
And we just through them in the trash
like they yesterday's news
Guess who came through next, X clam
debut
Professor X and glorious exists in a
state of red, black, and green
With a key sissies now with this bein a
new trend
We don't fit in crackas is out with
Cactus albums
Blackness is in, African symbols and
medallions
Represents black power and we ain't
know what it meant
Me and my man Howard and ???
would go to the mall with 'em
All over our necks like we're showin
'em off not knowin at all
We was bein laughed at you ain't
even half black
You ain't supposed to have that homie
let me grab that
And that Flavor Flave clock we gon' have to snatch that
All I remember is meetin back at
Manix's basement
Sayin how we hate this, our races wit
dope the x clan take this
Which reminds me back in 89 me and
Kim broke up for the first time
She was tryna two time me and there
was this black girl
At our school who thought I was cool
cuz I rapped so she was kinda eyein me
And oh the irony guess what her name
was ain't even gon' say it plus
The same color hair as hers was and
blue contacts and a pair of jugs
The bombest god damn girl in our
whole school if I could pull it
Not only would I become more
popular but I would be able to piss
Kim off at the same time
But it backfired I was supposed to
dump her but she dumped me for this
black guy
And thats the last I ever seen or heard
or spoke to the oh foolish pride girl
But I've heard people say they heard
the tape and it ain't that bad
But it was I singled out a whole race
and for that apologize
I was wrong cuz no matter what color
a girl is she still a [bitch?]