

Lucky You

Eminem

Woah
Joyner, Joyner
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah
I done did a lot of things in my day
I admit it, I don't take back what I say
If I said it, then I meant it
All my life I want a Grammy
But I'll prolly never get it
I ain't never had no trophy or no motherfuckin' ribbon
Fuck the system, I'm that nigga
Bend the law, cut the rules
I'm about to risk it all
I ain't got too much to lose
Y'all been eating long enough
It's my turn to cut the food
Pass the plate
Where my drink?
This my day
Lucky you
Fuck you too, woah!

Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move
Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, how 'bout I shoot?
Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice

Back on my bullshit, my back to the wall
Turn my back on you all and you're finished
Back to these bullets, it's back to the job
Put my MAC on all of you runnin'
Back on my hood shit, it's back to the pushing
These packs and I'm actually pumpin'
Can't fuck what you rapping, you practically suckin'
You might've went platinum, but that don't mean nothin'
I'm actually buzzin' this time
Straight out the kitchen, I told them the oven is mine
I do not fuck with you guys
If I don't care you just know that you gonna suffer this time
I ain't no gangster but I got some banging
Some chains and some blades in, and a couple of knives
Choppers and jammies, a partridge in a pear tree
My twelve days of Christmas was nothing but lies
Why don't you holla like a sumo (sumo)
They say I talk like a chulo
I live in Mars, I'm not Bruno
Bitch, I'm a dog call me Cujo
You play your cards, I reverse on you all
And I might just drop four like an Uno
Cállate la boca maricón le cuto and all of you culo
They've invented a level off in the ghetto to ghetto lookin' for something t
hat prolly they can never find out
Shake irrelevant and tell 'em to beef right now
And you would nigga you really want me tied down
I've been alone and never needed nobody
Just only me and my shotty
I'll tell these niggas to lie down

Keep all of the money
I never wanted the lifestyle
I just pray to God that my son be alright now
I said ain't no love for the other side or anyone who ever want smoke
When I'll die I'm going out as the underdog who never lost hope
You in the wrong cab down the wrong path
Nigga wrong way, wrong road
Snakes in the grass, tryna slither fast
I just bought a fuckin' lawn mower

I have said a lotta things in my day
I admit it, this is payback in a way
I regret it that I did it
I done won a couple Grammys but I sold my soul to get 'em
Wasn't in it for the trophies, just the fuckin' recognition
Fuck's the difference?
I'm that cracker!
Bend the law
Fuck the rules
Man I used to risk it all
Now I got too much to lose
I been eating long enough
Man my stomach should be full
I just ate, lick the plate, my buffet
Lucky me
Fuck you think? (woo!)

I got a couple of mansions, still I don't have any manners
You got a couple of ghost writers but to these kids it don't actually matter
They're asking me "What the fuck happened to hip-hop?"
I said "I don't have any answers"
'Cause I took an L when I dropped my last album, it hurt me like hell but I'm
back on these rappers
And actually coming from humble beginnings
I'm somewhat of uncomfortable winning
I wish I could say "what a wonderful feeling"
We're on the upswing like we're punching the ceiling
But nothing is stealing, like anyone has any fucking ability
To even stick to a subject, it's killing me, the inability to pin humility
Hatata batata
"Why don't we make a bunch of fuckin' songs about nothin'
And mumble", and fuck it
I'm goin' for the jugular
Shit is a circus, you clowns that are comin' up
Don't give an ounce of a motherfuck
About the ones that were here before you to make raps, it's recap
Way back, MC's that
Recap, and tape decks
Eight DATs with the G raps and
Kane's at, we need three stacks
ASAP, and bring Masta Ace back
Because half of these rappers have brain damage
All the lean rappin', face tats, syruped out like tree sap
I don't hate trap, and I don't wanna seem mad but in fact
With a old-me at the same cat that would take that
Feedback and aim back, I need that
But I think it's inevitable
They all got button to press or a lever to pull
It gives me the snap though (little bitch)
And if I paid attention I'd probably makin' it big
But you've been taking the dicks
On the fuckin' gag, hoe (get it?)
On the brink in a minute

Got me thinkin' of finishin' everything
With acetaminophen then reapin' the benefits
I'ma sleep at the wheel again
As I peak into thinking about an evil in tenth
Of another beat 'em and kill again
'Cause even if I gotta end up eating a pill again
Even ketamine or methamphetamine
With the Manidon, it better be at least 70 to 300mg
And I might as well 'cause I'ma end up being a villain again
Levels to this shit I got an elevator
You could never say to me I'm not a fuckin' record breaker
I sound like a broken record every time I break a record
Nobody could ever take away the legacy, I made a navigator
Motherfucker never got a right to be this way
I got spite inside my DNA
But I work 'til the wheels fall off, I'm workin' tirelessly, aye
It's the moment y'all been waiting for
Like California wishin' rain'd pour
And that drought y'all have been praying for
My downfall from the 8 Mile to the Southpaw
Still the same Marshall that outlaw
That they say is a writer might've fell off
But back on that bull like the cowboys

So y'all gotta move (yeah), y'all gotta move (yeah), y'all gotta move
Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, how 'bout I shoot?
Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice