

# Asshole

Eminem

[Verse 1:]

I came to the world at a time when it was in need of a villain  
An asshole, that role I think I succeed in fulfilling  
But don't think I ever stopped  
To think I was speaking to children  
Everything was happening so fast  
It was like I blinked, sold three million  
Then it all went blank, all I remember  
Is feeling ridiculous cause I was getting sick of this feeling  
Like I am always under attack man  
I could have stacked my shit list to the ceiling  
Women dish him but really thinking  
If anyone ever talks to one of my little girls like this I would kill him  
Guess I'm a little bit of a hypocrite  
When I'm ripping shit, but since when did this many  
People ever give a shit but I had to say  
It's just my opinion  
If it contradicts how I'm living  
Put a dick in your rear end  
That's why every time you mention a lyric, I thank you for it  
For drawing more attention toward it  
Cause it gave me an enormous platform  
I'm flattered you thought I was that important  
But you can't ignore the fact that I fought for the respect  
And battle for it, mad awards, had GLAAD annoyed  
Attaboy, they told me to slow down, and I just zone out  
Good luck trying to convince a blonde  
That's like telling Gwen Stefan' that she sold out  
Cause I was tryna leave, no doubt  
In anyone's mind one day I'd go down  
In history think they know now  
Because everybody knows

[Hook - Skylar Grey:]

Everybody knows that you're just an asshole  
Everywhere that you go, people wanna go  
"Oh, everyone knows"  
Everybody knows, so don't pretend to be nice  
There's no place you can hide  
You are just an asshole  
Everyone knows, everyone knows

[Verse 2:]

Thanks for the support, asshole [\*scratch\*] thanks for the support, asshole  
Quit acting salty, I was counting on you to count me out as Asher Roth  
When he round-a-bout dissed me to shout me out  
Thought I was history  
But goddamn, honkey, that compliment's like backhanding a donkey  
Good way to get your ass socked in the mouth  
Lay'em off it  
But what the fuck is all this thrash talking about  
The fight was fixed, I'm back and you can't stop me  
You knock me down, I went down from the counter  
I fell but the fans caught me, and now  
You're gonna have to beat the fucking pants off me  
To take my belt, word to Pacquiao  
Momma said there ain't nothing else to talk about

Gotta go in that ring and knock them out  
Or you better not come out  
It's poetry in motion, like Freddie Roach when he's quoting Shakespeare  
So what if the insults are revolting  
Even Helen Keller knows life stinks  
You think it's a joke til you're bullet riddled  
But you should give little shit what I think  
This whole world is a mess  
Gotta have a goddamn vest on your chest, and a Glock  
Just to go out watch Batman  
Who needs a test to test the testicles, not that man  
Half of you don't got the guts and intestinal blockage  
Rest of you got lap bands stuck to this model  
Before they put bath salts and all those water bottles in Colorado  
So get lost, Waldo  
My soul's escaping through this asshole that is gaping  
A black hole that I'm swallowing this track whole  
With a pack torn of paper  
But I'm not taking no crap, ho  
Here I go down the back pole  
And I'm changing back into that old maniac in fact there it go  
Trying to dip through the back door retreating cause everybody knows

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Holy mackerel, I'm the biggest jerk on the planet earth  
I smacked a girl off the mechanical bull at a tractor pull  
For thinking we have some magnetic pull  
Then scream "ICP in this bitch! How do fucking magnets work!?"  
Cause you're attractive, but we ain't attractable  
Hate to be dramatical, but I'm not romantical  
I'm making up words you can understandable, It's tragical  
Thinking some magical shit's gonna happen? That ain't practical  
You cracking a joke, it's laughable, cause me and love's like a bad combinat  
ion  
I keep them feelings locked in a vault  
So it's safe to say I'm uncrackable  
My heart is truly guarded, full body armor  
Bitch you just need a helmet because if you think you're special, you're ret  
arded.  
Thinking you're one of a kind, like you got some platinum vagina, you're a t  
rain wreck, I got a one track mind  
Shorty you're fine but you sort of remind me of a 49er  
Cause you been a gold digger since you was a minor  
Been tryna, hunt me down like a dog, cause you're on my ass  
But you can't get a scent because all of my spare time is spent  
With my nose in this binder, so don't bother trying  
Only women that I love are my daughters  
And sometimes I rhyme and it sounds like I forget I'm a father, and I push i  
t further  
So father forgive me if I forget to draw the line  
It's apparent I shouldn't of been a parent I'll never grow up  
So to hell with your parents, and motherfucking father time  
And it ain't never gonna stop. A pessimist who transforms you to Optimus in  
his prime, so even if I'm half dead, I'm half alive  
Poured my half-empty glass in a cup, so now my cup has runneth over  
And I'm about to set it on you like a motherfucking coaster  
I'm going back to what got me here, yeah cocky, and can't knock being Rudolp  
h so fear not my deer, and dry up your teardrops I'm here  
White America's mirror, so don't feel awkward and weird, if you stare at me  
and see yourself, because you're one too. You shouldn't be as shocked, becau  
se everybody knows.