

# Bad Guy

Eminem

It's like I'm in the dirt, digging up old hurt  
Tried everything to get my mind off you, it won't work  
All it takes is one song on the radio you're right back on it  
Reminding me all over again how you fucking just brushed me off  
And left me so burned, spent a lot of time trying to soul search  
Maybe I needed to grow up a little first  
Looks like I hit a growth spurt  
But I am coming for closure  
Don't suppose an explanation I'm owed for  
The way that you turned your back on me  
Just when I may have needed you most  
Oh, you thought it was over  
You can just close the chapter  
And go about your life, like it was nothing  
You ruined mine, but you seem to be doing fine  
I'd never recovered but tonight I betcha that whatcha  
'Bout to go through's tougher than anything I ever have suffered  
Can't think of a better way to define poetic justice  
Can I hold grudges, mind is saying: "let it go, fuck this"  
Heart is saying: "I will once I bury this bitch alive  
Hide the shovel and then drive off in the sunset"

I flee the scene like it was my last ride  
You see right through  
Oh, you had me pegged the first time  
You can't see the truth  
But it's easier to justify  
What's bad is good  
And I hate to be the bad guy  
I just hate to be the bad guy

And to think I used to think you was the shit, bitch  
To think it was you at one time I worshiped, shit  
Think you can hurt people and just keep getting away with it?  
Not this time, you better go and get sewing kit, bitch  
Finish this stitch so you can reap what you sow, nitwit  
Thought some time had past and I forget it, forget it!  
You left our family in shambles  
You expect me to just get over him? Pretend he never existed  
Maybe gone, but he's not forgotten  
And don't think 'cause he's been out the pictures so long  
That I've stopped the plottin' and still ain't coming to get ya  
You're wrong and that shit was rotten  
And the way you played him, same shit you did to me  
Have you any idea that shit I've gone through?  
Feelings I harbor, all this pain of resentment I hold on to  
Not once you called to ask me how I'm doing  
Letters, you don't respond to 'em  
Fuck it, I'm coming to see you  
And gee who better to talk to than you?  
The cause to my problems  
My life is garbage and I'm 'bout to take it out on you  
Poof, then I'm gone

I flee the scene like it was my last ride  
You see right through  
Oh, you had me pegged the first time

You can't see the truth  
But it's easier to justify  
What's bad is good  
And I hate to be the bad guy  
I just hate to be the bad guy  
Hate to be the bad guy

I've been driving around your side of the town  
Like nine frickin' hours and forty five minutes now  
Finally I found your new address, park in your drive  
Feel like I been waiting on this moment all of my life  
And it's now arrived, and my mouth is full of saliva  
My knife is out and I'm ducking on the side of your house  
See, it's sad it came to this point  
Such a disappointment I had to make this appointment to come and see ya  
But ain't here for ya empathy, I don't need your apology  
Or your friendship of sympathy, it's revenge that I seek  
So I sneak vengefully and treat your bedroom window  
Like I reach my full potential, I peeked  
Continue to peep, still bent low  
Keep tapping the glass lightly then start to crescendo  
Sneak all the way 'round to the back porch  
Man, door handles unlocked, shouldn't be that easy to do this  
You don't plan for intruders before hand?  
Surprised to see me? Cat got your tongue?  
Gag, chloroform rag, gag almost hack of a lung  
Like you picked up an axe up and then swung  
Stick to the core plan, drag to the back of a trunk  
By one of your fans, irony spectacular, huh?  
Now who's a faggot, you punk?  
And here's your Bronco hat, you can have that shit back as they suck

It's just me, you and the music now, Slim  
I hope you hear it we are in a car right now  
Wait, here comes my favorite lyric  
I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die  
And hey, here's a sequel to my Mathers LP  
Just to try to get people to buy  
How's this for publicity stunt? This should be fun  
Last album now 'cause after this you'll be officially done  
Eminem killed by Eminem  
Matthew Mitchell, bitch, I even have your initials  
I initially was gonna bury you next to my brother, but fuck it  
Since you love your city so much  
I figured, what the fuck the best place you could be buried alive is right here  
Two more exits, town is quite near  
I hope we don't get stopped, no license I fear  
That sirens I hear? Guess 90 on the freeway wasn't the brightest idea  
As cops appear in my driver side mirror  
(Help, god police, ah!!)  
Hope foxtrot gets an aerial shot of your burial  
New plan Stan  
Slim, chauvinist pig drove in this big, Lincoln town car  
Well gotta go, almost at the bridge, haha big bro it's for you  
Slim, this is for him and Frank Ocean, hope you can swim good!  
Now say you hate homos again!

I also represent anyone normally seen on the end of these jokes of a beat  
I'm the nightmare you fell asleep in and woke up still in  
I'm your karma closing in with each stroke of a pen  
Perfect time to have some remorse to show for your sin  
No, it's hopeless, I'm the denial that you're hopelessly in

When they say all of this is approaching its end  
But you refuse to believe that it's over, here we go all over again

Backs to the wall, I'm stacking up all them odds, toilets cock  
Yeah 'cause I'm talking a lot of shit but I'm backing it all up  
But in my head there's a voice in the back and it hollas  
After the track is demolished  
I am your lack of a conscience  
I'm the ringing in your ears  
I'm the polyps on the back of your tonsils  
Eating your vocal chords after your concerts  
I'm your time that's almost up that you haven't acknowledged  
Grab for some water but I'm that pill that's too jagged to swallow  
I'm the bullies you hate that you became  
With every faggot you slaughtered  
Coming back on you every woman you insult there  
With the double-standards you have when it comes to your daughters  
I represent everything you take for granted  
'Cause Marshall Mather's the rapper's persona's have a facade and  
Matthew and Stan's just symbolic of you not knowing what you had until it's  
gone  
'Cause after all the glitz and the glam no more fans that are calling your name  
Cameras are off, sad but it happens to all of them,  
I'm the hindsight to say, "I told you so!"  
Foreshadows of all the things that are to follow  
I'm the future that's here to show you what happens tomorrow  
If you don't stop after they call you  
The biggest laughing stock of rap who can't call it quits  
But it's time to walk away  
I'm ever guilt trip the baggage you had  
But as you gather up all your possessions  
If there's anything you have left to say  
Unless it makes an impact don't bother  
So before you rest your case  
Better make sure you're packing a wallop

So one last time, I'm back  
Before it fades into black and it's all over  
Behold the final chapter in the saga  
Trying to recapture that lightning trapped in a bottle  
Twice the magic that started it all  
Tragic portrait of an artist tortured  
Trapped in his own drawings  
Tap into thoughts  
Blacker and darker than anything imaginable  
Here goes a wild stab in the dark  
As we pick up the last Mathers' left off