

# Cleanin' Out My Closet

Eminem

Where's my snare?  
I have no snare in my headphones  
There you go, yeah, yo yo  
Have you ever been hated or discriminated against?  
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against  
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times  
Sick as the mind of the motherfuckin' kid that's behind  
All this commotion emotions run deep as oceans explodin'  
Tempers flaring from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'  
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'  
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evening  
Leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth  
See they can trigger me but they never figure me out  
Look at me now, I bet ya probably sick of me now  
Ain't you mama I'm a make you look so ridiculous now

[Chorus: 2x]

I said I'm sorry mama  
I never meant to hurt you  
I never meant to make you cry  
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet

I got some skeletons in my closet and  
I don't know if no one knows it  
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it  
I'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73  
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' C-D  
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months  
My fagot father must have had his panties up in a bunch  
Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye  
No, I don't, on second thought, I just fuckin' wished he would die  
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side  
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I  
Try to make it work with her at least for Hailie's sake  
I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only human  
But I'm man enough to face them today!  
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb  
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets out of that gun  
Cause I'd a killed them, shit I woulda shot Kim and him both  
This my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to The Eminem Show

[Chorus: 2x]

Now I would never dis my own mama  
Just to get recognition  
Take a second to listen who you think this record is dissin'  
But put yourself in my position just try to envision  
Witnessin' yo mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen  
Bitchin' that someones always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'  
Goin' through public housing systems, victim of Munchhausen's syndrome  
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't  
'Til I grew up, now I blew up  
It makes you sick to your stomach doesn't it?  
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?  
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma?  
Well guess what your gettin' older now and  
It's cold when your lonely and Nathan's growin' up so quick

He's gonna know that your phony  
And Hailie's gettin' so big now, you should see her she's beautiful  
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral!  
See what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong  
Bitch, do your song  
Keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom  
But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get  
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit  
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?  
Well guess what I am dead, dead to you as can be!

[Chorus: 2x]