

Fall

Eminem

You know, everybody's been tellin' me what they think about me for the last few months

It's too loud

Maybe it's time I tell 'em what I think about them

Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot

It's too loud

Three's not a crowd all up in it

Slow fire

Don't fall on my face

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my-

Gotta concentrate against the clock I race

Got no time to waste, I'm already late, I got a marathoner's pace

Went from addict to a workaholic, word to Dr. Dre in that first marijuana tape

Guess I got a chronic case

And I ain't just blowin' smoke, 'less it's in your momma's face

I know this time Paul and Dre, they won't tell me what not to say

And though me and my party days have all pretty much parted ways

You'd swear to God I've forgot I'm the guy that made "Not Afraid"

One last time for Charlemagne

If my response is late, it's just how long it takes

To hit my fuckin' radar, I'm so far away

These rappers are like Hunger Games

One minute, they're mocking Jay

Next minute, they get they style from Migos, then they copy Drake

Maybe I just don't know when to turn around and walk away

But all the hate I call it "Walk on Water" gate

I've had as much as I can tolerate

I'm sick and tired of waitin', I done lost my patience

I can take all of you motherfuckers on at once

You wanted, Shady? You got it!

Don't fall on my face

Yeah

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

line 'em up!

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Rrr

Don't fall on my fate

Look

Somebody tell Budden before I snap, he better fasten it

Or have his body baggage zipped

The closest thing he's had to hits is smacking bitches

And don't make me have to give it back to Akademiks

Say this shit is trash again, I'll have you twisted like you had it when you thought you had me slippin' at the telly

Even when I'm gettin' brain, you'll never catch me with a thot

Lacking with it, "he ain't spittin' like this on his last shit"

Ho, you better go back and listen

You know me better, thinkin' I'll slow up, let up

Call it trap 'cause it's a total setup
Hopin' that you rappers fall in that
Dre said, "Hold your head up"-Kathy Griffin
Stackin' ammunition, slap the clip and cock it back on competition, this is
how I shot ahead (pew)-Gabby Giffords.
My attack is vicious, Jack the Ripper, back in business.
Tyler create nothing, I see why you called yourself a faggot, bitch
It's not just 'cause you lack attention
It's 'cause you worship D12's balls, you're sack-religious
If you're gonna critique me, you better at least be as good or better
Get Earl, the Hooded Sweater, whatever his name is to help you put together
some words, more than two letters
The fans waited for this moment like that feature when I stole the show (ha)
, sorry if I took forever (haha)

Don't fall on my face
Yeah
Don't fall on my faith, oh
I won't
Don't fall on my fate
line 'em up!
Don't fall on my faith, oh
Ha
Don't fall on my fate
It's too easy

Just remember-I was here before you
And I'll be here after you make your run-in for you
Detractors , I might have to fuck Pitchfork with a corkscrew
Just what the doctor ordered
Revenge is the best medicine
Increase the dose, from least to most
Then tell the Grammys to go and fuck themselves, they suck the blood from al
l the biggest artists like some leeches
So they nominate 'em, get 'em there, get a name to 'em
See the show, every parasite needs a host
Then give Album of the Year to somebody that no one's ever even heard of
All I know is I wrote every single word of everything I ever murdered
Time to separate the sheep from goats
And I got no faith in your writers, I don't believe in ghosts
When rap needed it most, I was that wing and a prayer
A beacon of hope, put a B-I-R-D in the air
Somewhere, some kid is bumping this while he lip-syncs in the mirror
That's who I'm doin' it for, the rest I don't really even care
But you would think I'm carryin' a Oxford dictionary in my pocket
How I'm buryin' these artists
On a scale of 'turnt' you're 'minus'
Mine says 'very', yours says 'hardly'
And what's scary is you probably
Can compare me to your car 'cause I'm just barely gettin' started
And far as Lord Jamar, you better leave me the hell alone
Or I'll show you an Elvis clone
Walk up in this house you own, thrust my pelvic bone
Use your telephone and go fetch me the remote
Put my feet up and just make myself at home
I belong here, clown, don't tell me 'bout the culture
I inspired the Hopsins, the Logics, the Coles, the
Seans, the K-Dots, the 5'9"s, and oh
Brought the world 50 Cent, you did squat, piss and moan
But I'm not gonna fall... bitch!

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It's too loud
Threes not a crowd all up in it
Slow fire