

# Good Guy

Eminem

Here we go, a get in, from heroes to villains  
Used to be your Romeo, but we were both were jilted  
A couple of times, so we had a slippery slope to deal with  
But still it gave me hope  
That we'll get through it together, a severed earlobe  
Mailed to you in an E-N-V-E lope  
Would be dope, but  
What kind of lengths can you go?  
Pull a Vincent Van Gogh, just to convince a damn ho  
To be a housewife who outright lies  
She's blackout drunk, now she's backin' out my drive  
I ran outside, why's she tryna act out?  
She's just about my size  
Hit me in the mouth twice  
Guys, when someone you die for sticks a steak knife in your heart  
Do you try more?  
Another late night in  
She stumbles through my door, lets the daylight in  
And all we do's fight more  
And I ain't violent  
But she's goin' through my drawers to plant the K-Y in  
I'm gettin' accused by a whore  
Who smells like cyanides and  
Who has probably screwed five more guys, sucked eight, nine men  
I'm takin' two by fours, to our eight by tens  
Bitch it's you I tore, out the frame, I win  
Put up a new high score, beat this game I'm in  
And here's some two-ply for  
When you date my friends, in order to wipe your ass  
When you moved your bowels  
When we renewed our vows  
This the thanks I get  
I'm waitin' for the date  
I can hear you say, "Marshall, what a skank I've been  
And there's a new guy, you're being replaced by him"  
Got your tubes tied for him  
Got that boob job for him  
Hurts me to my core  
But the pain I'm in, after you I swore  
To make the gray skies in  
Here comes the rays like wind  
You get a pay hike, and, am I the good guy, or?  
Do I just play like him and hope that he dumps you?  
It's like the dream come true, just to scream "Fuck you"  
Guess you take life in the same way you play dice then  
'Cause you just look at me and roll them little snakes eyes in

Since you bought the jury, they'll call me guilty, they'll call me guilty  
You bought the jury, they'll call me guilty, even though you know the real m  
e  
You can't be the cheater, convincin' nonbeliever  
And I ain't in my feelings, I'm out but I let you say that you're the good g  
uy  
'Cause this ain't what love looks like  
You can't be the cheater, convincin' nonbeliever  
And I ain't in my feelings, I'm out but I let you say that you're the good g  
uy

They like, "You're the good guy," they like, they like  
They like, "You're the good guy"