

I'm Back

Eminem

Thats why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
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I murder a rhyme one word at a time, you never
Heard of a mind as perverted as mine, you better
Get rid of that nine it ain't gonna help
What good's it gonna do against a man that strangles himself?
I'm waitin' for hell, like hell, shit, I'm anxious as hell
Manson, you're safe in that cell, thankful is jail

I used to be my mommy's little Angel at twelve
At thirteen I was putting shells in the gage on the shelf
I used to get punked and bullied on my block
'Till I cut a kitten's head off
And stuck it in this kid's mailbox
(Hey! mom! mom!)
I used to give a fuck, now I could give a fuck less

What do I think of sucess? It sucks too much press
And stress, too much zest, and breasts, too upset
It's just, too much mess, I guess
I must just blew up quick, yes
Grew up quick? No
Was raised right?
Whatever you say is wrong
Whatever I say is right

You think of my name now whenever you say "Hi"
Became a commodity because I'm W H I T E
'Cause MTV was so friendly to me
Can't wait 'till Kim sees me
Now is it worth it? Look at my life, how is it perfect?
Read my lips bitch, what? My mouth isn't working?
You read this finger? Oh, it's upside down
Here, let me turn this motherfucker up right now

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I take each individual degenerate, his head and reach into it
Just to see if he's influenced by me if he listens to music
And if he feeds into this shit he's an innocent victim
And becomes a puppet on the string of my tennis shoe

My name is Slim Shady
I've been crazy way before radio didn't play me
The sensational
Back, it's the incredible
With Ken Kaniff who just finds the men edible
It's Ken Kaniff, on the internet
Tryin' to lure your kids, with him, into bed
It's a sick world we're livin' in these days

Slim, for pete's sake, put down Christopher Reeve's legs
Geez! you guys are so sensitive
Slim it's a touchy subject, try and just don't mention it
Mind with no sense in it, fried, gets so frantic
'Cause eyes get so squinted, I'm blind from smoke in 'em
With my windows tinted, with nine limos rented
Doin' lines of coke in 'em, with a bunch of guys hoppin' out
All high and dosin' it
And that's where I get my name from
That's why they call me

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I take seven kids from columbine and stand 'em all in line
Add an AK-47, a revolver, a nine
A MAC-11 and this oughtta solve this problem of mine
And that's a whole school of bullies shot up all of the time
'Cause I'm Shady, they call me as crazy as this world was
Over this whole Y2K thing, and by the way
N'Sync, why do they sing?
Am I the only one who realizes they stink?
Should I dye my hair pink and care what y'all think?
Lip-sync and buy a bigger size of ear rings?

That's why I tend to block out when I hear things
'Cause all these fans screamin' is making my ears ring
So I just throw up the middle finger and let it linger
Longer than the rumor that I was stickin' it to Christina
'Cause if I ever stuck it to any singer in showbiz
It'd be Jennifer Lopez and Puffy you know this
Sorry Puff but I don't give a fuck, if this chick was my own mother
I'd still fuck her with no rubber, and come inside her
And have a son and a new brother

At the same time, and just say that it ain't mine
What's my name?

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Guess who's back?
Gue-gue-guess who's back?
Hi mom
Guess who's back?
Gue-gue-guess who's back?

D12
Dr Dre
Slim Shady
2001
I'm blew out from this blunt
Fuck