

# Lucky You

Eminem

Woah  
Joyner, Joyner  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
I done did a lot of things in my day  
I admit it, I don't take back what I say  
If I said it, then I meant it  
All my life I want a Grammy  
But I'll prolly never get it  
I ain't never had no trophy or no motherfuckin' ribbon  
Fuck the system, I'm that nigga  
Bend the law, cut the rules  
I'm about to risk it all  
I ain't got too much to lose  
Y'all been eating long enough  
It's my turn to cut the food  
Pass the plate  
Where my drink?  
This my day  
Lucky you  
Fuck you too, woah!

Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move  
Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice  
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, how 'bout I shoot?  
Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice

Back on my bullshit, my back to the wall  
Turn my back on you all and you're finished  
Back to these bullets, it's back to the job  
Put my MAC on all of you runnin'  
Back on my hood shit, it's back to the pushing  
These packs and I'm actually pumpin'  
Can't fuck what you rapping, you practically suckin'  
You might've went platinum, but that don't mean nothin'  
I'm actually buzzin' this time  
Straight out the kitchen, I told them the oven is mine  
I do not fuck with you guys  
If I don't care you just know that you gonna suffer this time  
I ain't no gangster but I got some banging  
Some chains and some blades in, and a couple of knives  
Choppers and jammies, a partridge in a pear tree  
My twelve days of Christmas was nothing but lies  
Why don't you holla like a sumo (sumo)  
They say I talk like a chulo  
I live in Mars, I'm not Bruno  
Bitch, I'm a dog call me Cujo  
You play your cards, I reverse on you all  
And I might just drop four like an Uno  
Cállate la boca maricón le cuto and all of you culo  
They've invented a level off in the ghetto to ghetto lookin' for something t  
hat prolly they can never find out  
Shake irrelevant and tell 'em to beef right now  
And you would nigga you really want me tied down  
I've been alone and never needed nobody  
Just only me and my shotty  
I'll tell these niggas to lie down

Keep all of the money  
I never wanted the lifestyle  
I just pray to God that my son be alright now  
I said ain't no love for the other side or anyone who ever want smoke  
When I'll die I'm going out as the underdog who never lost hope  
You in the wrong cab down the wrong path  
Nigga wrong way, wrong road  
Snakes in the grass, tryna slither fast  
I just bought a fuckin' lawn mower

I have said a lotta things in my day  
I admit it, this is payback in a way  
I regret it that I did it  
I done won a couple Grammys but I sold my soul to get 'em  
Wasn't in it for the trophies, just the fuckin' recognition  
Fuck's the difference?  
I'm that cracker!  
Bend the law  
Fuck the rules  
Man I used to risk it all  
Now I got too much to lose  
I been eating long enough  
Man my stomach should be full  
I just ate, lick the plate, my buffet  
Lucky me  
Fuck you think? (woo!)

I got a couple of mansions, still I don't have any manners  
You got a couple of ghost writers but to these kids it don't actually matter  
They're asking me "What the fuck happened to hip-hop?"  
I said "I don't have any answers"  
'Cause I took an L when I dropped my last album, it hurt me like hell but I'm  
back on these rappers  
And actually coming from humble beginnings  
I'm somewhat of uncomfortable winning  
I wish I could say "what a wonderful feeling"  
We're on the upswing like we're punching the ceiling  
But nothing is stealing, like anyone has any fucking ability  
To even stick to a subject, it's killing me, the inability to pin humility  
Hatata batata  
"Why don't we make a bunch of fuckin' songs about nothin'  
And mumble", and fuck it  
I'm goin' for the jugular  
Shit is a circus, you clowns that are comin' up  
Don't give an ounce of a motherfuck  
About the ones that were here before you to make raps, it's recap  
Way back, MC's that  
Recap, and tape decks  
Eight DATs with the G raps and  
Kane's at, we need three stacks  
ASAP, and bring Masta Ace back  
Because half of these rappers have brain damage  
All the lean rappin', face tats, syruped out like tree sap  
I don't hate trap, and I don't wanna seem mad but in fact  
With a old-me at the same cat that would take that  
Feedback and aim back, I need that  
But I think it's inevitable  
They all got button to press or a lever to pull  
It gives me the snap though (little bitch)  
And if I paid attention I'd probably makin' it big  
But you've been taking the dicks  
On the fuckin' gag, hoe (get it?)  
On the brink in a minute

Got me thinkin' of finishin' everything  
With acetaminophen then reapin' the benefits  
I'ma sleep at the wheel again  
As I peak into thinking about an evil in tenth  
Of another beat 'em and kill again  
'Cause even if I gotta end up eating a pill again  
Even ketamine or methamphetamine  
With the Manidon, it better be at least 70 to 300mg  
And I might as well 'cause I'ma end up being a villain again  
Levels to this shit I got an elevator  
You could never say to me I'm not a fuckin' record breaker  
I sound like a broken record every time I break a record  
Nobody could ever take away the legacy, I made a navigator  
Motherfucker never got a right to be this way  
I got spite inside my DNA  
But I work 'til the wheels fall off, I'm workin' tirelessly, aye  
It's the moment y'all been waiting for  
Like California wishin' rain'd pour  
And that drought y'all have been praying for  
My downfall from the 8 Mile to the Southpaw  
Still the same Marshall that outlaw  
That they say is a writer might've fell off  
But back on that bull like the cowboys

So y'all gotta move (yeah), y'all gotta move (yeah), y'all gotta move  
Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice  
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, how 'bout I shoot?  
Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice