

# My Mom

Eminem

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Okay, alright, yo, yo  
Yo, yo, alright, I'm gonna lay the chorus first  
Here we go now

My mom loved Valium and lots of drugs  
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her  
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs  
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom

My mom, my mom  
I know you're probably tired of hearin' 'bout my mom  
Oh ho, whoa, ho, but this is just a story of when I was just a shorty  
And how I became hooked on Valium

Valium was in everythin', food that I ate  
The water that I drank, fuckin' peas in my plate  
She sprinkled just enough of it to season my steak  
So everyday I have at least three stomach aches

Now tell me what kind of mother would want to see her  
Son grow up to be an under-a-fuckin'-chiever?  
My teacher didn't think I was gonna be nothin' either  
"What the fuck you stickin' gum up under the fuckin' seat for?"

"Mrs. Mathers, your son has been huffin' ether  
Either that or the motherfucker's been puffin' reefer"  
But all this huffin' and puffin' wasn't what it was either  
It was neither, I was buzzin' but it wasn't what she thought

Pee in a tea cup? Bitch, you ain't my keeper, I'm sleepin'  
What the fuck you keep on fuckin' with me for?  
Slut, you need to leave me the fuck alone, I ain't playin'  
Go find you a white crayon and color a fuckin' zebra

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"Wait a minute, this ain't dinner, this is paint thinner"  
"You ate it yesterday, I ain't hear no complaints did I?  
Now here's a plate full of pain killers  
Now just wait till I crush the Valium and put it in your potatoes"

"You little motherfucker, I'll make you sit there  
And make that retarded fuckin' face without even tastin' it  
You better lick the fuckin' plate, you ain't wastin' it  
Put your face in it before I throw you in the basement again"

"And I ain't givin' in, you're gonna just sit there in one fuckin' place  
Spinnin' again till next Thanksgivin'  
And if you still ain't finished it, I use the same shit again  
Then when I make spinach dip, it will be placed in the shit"

"You little shit, wanna sit there and play innocent  
A rack fell and hit me at K-Mart and they witnessed it

Child support, your father, he ain't slipped us shit  
And so what if he did that, it's none of your dang business, kid"

My mom, there's no one else quite like my mom  
I know that I should let bygones be bygones  
But she's the reason why I am high what I'm high on

'Cause my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs  
That's why I am like I am 'cause I'm like her  
Because my mom loved Valium and lots of drugs  
That's why I'm on what I'm on 'cause I'm my mom

My mom loved Valium  
Now all I am is a party animal  
I am what I am but I'm strong to the finish  
Wit' me Valium spinach  
But my buzz only last about two minutes

But I don't wanna swallow it without chewin' it  
I can't even write a rhyme without you in it  
My Valium, my Valium

Man, I never thought that I could ever be a drug addict  
Nah, fuck that, I can't have it happen to me  
But that's actually what has ended up happenin', a tragedy  
Fuckin' passin' it up, catchin' me

And it's probably where I got acquainted with the taste, ain't it?  
Pharmaceuticals are the bomb, mom. Beautiful!  
She killed the fuckin' dog with the medicine she done fed it  
Feed it a fuckin' aspirin and say that it has a headache

"Here, want a snack, you hungry, you fuckin' brat?  
Look at that, it's a Xanax, take it and take a nap  
Eat it," "But I don't need it," "Well, fuck it then break it up  
Take a little piece and beat it before you wake Nathan up"

"All right, Ma, you win, I don't feel like arguin'  
I'll do it, pop and gobble it and start wobblin'"  
Stumble, hobble, tumble, slip, drip then I fall in bed  
With a bottle of meds and a Heath Ledger bobblehead

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My mom, I'm just like her  
My mom, my mom, my mom  
My mom, my mom, my mom  
My mom, my mom, my mom  
My mom, my momma

Sorry Mom, I still love you though  
Dr. Dre, 2010, hey, this shit is hella hard, homie  
Yo, take us on outta here