

# Rock Bottom

Eminem

Ayo, this song is dedicated to all the happy people  
All the happy people who have real nice lives  
And have no idea what it's like to be broke as fuck

I feel like I'm walkin' a tight rope without a circus net  
Poppin' Percocet, I'm a nervous wreck  
I deserve respect but I work a sweat for this worthless check  
I'm about to burst this Tec at somebody to reverse this debt  
Minimum wage got my adrenaline caged  
Full of venom and rage, especially when I'm engaged  
And my daughter's down to her last diaper, it's got my ass hyper  
I pray that God answers, maybe I'll ask nicer  
Watchin' ballers while they're flossin' in their Pathfinders  
These overnight stars becomin' autograph-signers  
We all long to blow up and leave the past behind us  
Along with the small fries and average half-pinters  
But player-haters turnin' bitch like they have vaginas  
Cause we see them dollar signs and let the cash blind us  
Money'll brainwash you and leave your ass mindless  
When snakes slither in the grass spineless

That's rock bottom, when this life makes you mad enough to kill  
That's rock bottom, when you want something bad enough to steal  
That's rock bottom, when you feel like you've had it up to here  
Cause you mad enough to scream but you're sad enough to tear

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My life is full of empty promises and broken dreams  
I'm hopin' things look up, but there ain't no job openings  
I feel discouraged, hungry and malnourished  
Livin' in this house with no furnace, unfurnished  
And I'm sick of workin' dead-end jobs with lame pay  
And I'm tired of being hired and fired the same day  
But fuck it, if you know the rules to the game, play  
Cause when we die we know we all goin' the same way  
Cause it's cool to be player, but it sucks to be the fan  
When all you need is bucks to be the man, plus a luxury sedan  
I'm comfortable and roomy in a 6  
But they threw me in the mix with all these gloomy lunatics  
Who walk around depressed and smoke a pound of ccess a day  
And yesterday went by so quick it seems like it was just today  
My daughter wants to throw the ball but I'm too stressed to play  
Live half a life and throw the rest away

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There's people that love me and people that hate me  
But it's the evil that made me this backstabbin', deceitful and shady  
I want the money, the women, the fortune and fame  
If it means I end up burnin' in hell, scorchin' in flames  
If it means I'm stealin' your checkbook and forgin' your name  
This lifetime bliss for eternal torture and pain  
Cause right now, I feel like just hit the rock bottom  
I've got problems, now everybody on my block's got em  
I'm screaming like them two cops when 2Pac shot em  
Holding 2 Glocks, hope your doors got new locks on em  
My daughter's feet ain't got no shoes or socks on em  
And them rings you wearin' look like they got a few rocks on em  
And while you flaunt em I could be takin' em to shops to pawn em  
I got a couple of rings and a brand-new watch, you want em?  
Cause I ain't never went gold off one song  
I'm runnin' up on someone's lawn with guns drawn

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