

So Far...

Eminem

I own a mansion, but live in a house
A king-size bed, but I sleep on the couch
I'm Mr.Brightside, glass is half full
But my tank is half empty, gasket just blew

This always happens, thirty minutes from home
Gotta lay a log cabin and only option I have is McDonald's bathroom
In a public stall dropping a football
So every time someone walks in the john I get Madden
'Shady, what up?'- What? Come on, man, I'm crapping
And you're asking me for my got damn autograph on a napkin?
Oh, that's odd, I just happened to run out of tissue
Yeah, hand me that, on second thought I'd be glad then
'Thanks, dawg, name's Todd, a big fan'
I wiped my ass with it, crumbled it up in a wad and threw it back and
Told him 'Todd, you're the shit' when does all of this crap end?
Can't park my ass without causing an accident
Puff my gas, cut my grass, can't take out the fucking trash
Without someone passing through my sub harassing
I'd count my blessings, but I suck at math
I'd rather wallow then bass suffering from succotash
But the antacid is my stomach gas
I mix my corn with my fucking mash
Potato, so what, ho, kiss my country bumpkin ass
Missouri Southern roots, what the fuck is upperclass
Call lunch dinner, call dinner supper
Tupperware in a covered plastic wear up the ass
Stuck in the past, iPod, what the fuck is that?
B-boy to the core, mule, I'm a stubborn ass

Maybe that's why I feel so strange
Got it all, but I still won't change
Maybe that's why I can't leave Detroit
It's the motivation that keeps me going
This is the inspiration I need
I can never turn my back on a city that made me
(Life's been good to me so far)

They call me classless, I heard that, I second and third that
Don't know what the fuck I would doing if it weren't rap
Probably be a giant turd-sack
But I blew, never turned back
Turned forty and still sag
Teenagers act more fucking mature, Jack
Fuck you gonna say to me?
I leave on my own terms, asshole, I'm going berzerk
My nerves are bad, but I love the perks my work has
I get to meet famous people, look at her, dag
Her nylons ran, her skirt snag
And I heard she drag-races, *burp* swag
Fucking my Hanes shirt tag
You're Danica Patrick (yeah) work, skag
We'd be the perfect match
'Cause you're a vacuum, I'm a dirtbag
My apologies, no disrespect to technology
But what the heck is all of these buttons?
You expect me to sit here and learn that?

Fuck I gotta do to hear this new song from Luda?
Be an expert at computers?
I'd rather be an encyclopedia Britannica, hell with a Playstation
I'm still on my first manual from Zelda
Nintendo, bitch, run, jump, punch, stab and I melt the
Mozzarella on my spaghetti, put in on bread
Make a sandwich with welch's and belch
They say this spray butter is bad for my health, but
I think there's more white trash from the trailer
Jed Clampett, Redd Sanford welfare mentality helps to
Keep me grounded, that's why I never take full advantage of wealth, I
Managed to dwell within these parameters
Still cramming the shelves full of hamburger helper
I can't even help it, this is the hand I was dealt to
Creature of habit, feel like I'm trapped in an animal shelter
With all these pet peeves
God dammit to hell, I can't stand all these kids with their camera cellphone
s
I can't go anywhere, I get so mad I can yell, the
Other day someone got little elaborate and stuck a fucking dead cat in my mailbox
Went to Burger King, they spit on my onion rings
I think my karma is catching up with me

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Got friends on Facebook, all over the world
Not sure what that means, they tell me it's good
So I'm artist of the decade, I even got a plaque
I'd hang it up, but the frame is all cracked

I'm trying to be lowkey, hopefully nobody notices me
In produce hunched over, giant nosebleed
Over stop as I mosey over to the frozen aisle
By the frozen yogurt this guy approached me
Embarrassed, I just did Comerica with Hova
Show's over, I'm hiding in Kroeger buying groceries
He just had front row seats, told me to sign this poster
Then insults me "wow, up close didn't know you had crow's feet"
I'm at a crossroad lost till shopping at Costco
Sloppy Joe's, buck waffles
Got caught picking my nose, ah
Look over see these two hot hoes
Finger still up in one of my nostrils
Right next to 'em stuck at the light
This fucking shit is taking forever to change
I'm stuck, these bitches are loving it rubbing it in
Chuckling, couldn't do nothing, play it off
'What you bumping? Trunk Muzik? Yelawolf's better'', fucking bitch
They want me to flip at the label, but I won't succumb to it
The pressure, they want me to follow up with another one after Recovery
Was so highly coveted, but what good is a fucking recovery if I fumble it?
'Cause I'mma drop the ball if I don't get a grip
Hopping on shrubbery on you sons of bitches
Wrong subdivison to fuck with, bitch
Quit snapping fucking pictures of my kids
I love my city, but you push me to my limit, what a pity

The shit I complain about
It's like there ain't a cloud in the sky and it's raining out
Kool Aid stain on the couch, I'd never get it out
Bitch, I got an elevator in my house
Ants and a mouse, I'm living the dream

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