

# The Ringer

Eminem

Yo

Yo, I'm just gonna write down my first thoughts and see where this takes me.  
'Cause I feel like I wanna punch the world in the fuckin' face right now

Yeah, let me explain just how to make greatness  
Straight out the gate, I'm 'bout to break you down  
Ain't no mistakes allowed, but make no mistake I'm 'bout  
To rape the alphabet, I may raise some brows  
If I press the issue just to get the anger out (blllt)  
Full magazine could take Staples out  
Savage, but ain't thinking 'bout no bank account  
But bitch I'm off the chain like Kala Brown  
Motherfucker, shut the fuck up when I'm talkin', lil' bitch  
I'm sorry, wait, what's your talent? Oh, critiquin'  
My talent? Oh, bitch, I don't know who the fuck y'all are  
To give a sub-par bar or even have an opinion of you  
You mention me, millions of views, attention in news  
I mention you, lose-lose for me, win-win for you  
Billions of views, your ten cents are two  
Skim through the music to give shit reviews  
To get clicks, but bitch, you just lit the fuse  
Don't get misconstrued, business as us'  
Shit-list renewed, so get shit to do  
Or get dissed 'cause I just don't get  
What the fuck half the shit is that you're listening t-to  
Do you have any idea how much I hate this choppy flow  
Everyone copies though? Probably no  
Get this fuckin' audio out my Audi, yo, adios  
I can see why people like Lil Yachty, but not me though  
Not even dissin', it just ain't for me  
All I am simply is just an emcee  
Maybe "Stan" just isn't your cup of tea  
Maybe your cup's full of syrup and lean  
Maybe I need to stir up shit, preferably  
Shake the world up if it were up to me  
Paul wants me to chill, y'all want me to ill  
I should eat a pill, probably I will  
Old me kill the new me, watch him bleed to death  
I breathe on the mirror, I don't see my breath  
Possibly I'm dead, I must be possessed  
Like an evil spell, I'm E-V-I-L (evil, but spelled)  
Jam a Crest whitestrip in the tip of my dick with an ice pick  
Stick it in a vise grip, hang it on a spike fence  
Bang it with a pipe wrench  
While I take my ballsack and flick it like a light switch  
Like vice-president Mike Pence  
Back up on my shit in a sidekick as I lay it on a spike strip  
These are things that I'd rather do than hear you on a mic  
Since nine-tenths of your rhyme is about ice and  
Jesus Christ man, how many times is someone  
gonna fuck on my bitch? (Fuck my side chick!)  
You won't ever see Em icy, but as cold as I get on the M-I-C  
I polarize shit so the Thames might freeze  
And your skull might split like I passed you upside it  
Bitch I got the club on smash like a nightstick (yeah)  
Turn down for what? I ain't loud enough  
Nah, turn the Valium up!

'Cause I don't know how I'm gonna get your mouths to shut  
Now when it doesn't matter what caliber I spit at  
I'll bet a hundred thousand bucks you'll turn around and just be like  
"Man, how the fuck sourpuss gonna get mad just 'cause his album  
sucks and now he wants to take it out on us?" (ooh-ooh)  
But last week, an ex-fan mailed me a copy  
Of The Mathers LP to tell me to study  
It'll help me get back to myself and she'll love me (ooh-ooh)  
I mailed the bitch back and said if I did that  
I'd just be like everyone else in the fucking industry  
Especially an effing Recovery clone of me  
So finger-bang, chicken wang, MGK, Iggy 'zae  
Lil Pump, Lil Xan imitate Lil Wayne  
I should aim at everybody in the game, pick a name  
I'm fed up with being humble  
And rumor is I'm hungry, I'm sure you heard bumblings  
I heard you wanna rumble like an empty stomach  
I heard your mumbling but it's jumbled in mumbo-jumbo  
The era that I'm from will pummel you  
That's what it's comin' to  
What the fuck you're gonna do when you run into it?  
I'm gonna crumble you and I'll take a number two  
And dump on you, if you ain't Joyner  
If you ain't Kendrick or Cole or Sean then you're a goner  
I'm 'bout to bring it to anyone in this bitch who want it  
I guess when you walk into BK, you expect a Whopper  
You can order a Quarter Pounder when you go to McDonald's  
But if you're lookin' to get a porterhouse you better go get Revival  
But y'all are acting like I tried to serve you up a slider  
Maybe the vocals shoulda been auto-tuned  
And you woulda bought it  
But sayin' I no longer got it  
'Cause you missed the line and never caught it  
'Cause it went over your head, because you're too stupid to get it  
'Cause you're mentally retarded but pretend to be the smartest  
With your expertise and knowledge, but you'll never be an artist  
And I'm harder on myself than you could ever be, regardless  
What I'll never be is flawless, all I'll ever be is honest  
Even when I'm gone they're gonna say I brought it  
Even when I hit my forties like a fuckin' alcoholic  
With a bottle full of malt liquor  
But I couldn't bottle this shit any longer  
The fact that I know that I'ma hit my bottom  
If I don't pull myself from the jaws of defeat  
And rise to my feet  
I don't see why y'all even started with me  
I get in beefs, my enemies die  
I don't cease fire till at least all are deceased  
I'm eastside, never be caught slippin'  
Now you see why I don't sleep  
Not even a wink, I don't blink  
I don't doze off, I don't even nod to the beats  
I don't even close my fuckin' eyes when I sneeze  
"Aw, man! That BET cypher was weak, it was garbage  
The Thing ain't even orange  
Oh my God, that's a reach!"  
Shout to all my colorblind people  
Each and everyone of y'all  
If you call a fire engine green, aquamarine  
Or you think water is pink  
"Dawg, that's a date"  
"Looks like an olive to me"  
"Look, there's an apple"

"No it's not, it's a peach!"  
So finger-bang, Pootie Tang, Burger King,  
Gucci Gang, dookie, dang  
Charlamagne gonna hate anyway  
Doesn't matter what I say  
Give me Donkey of the Day  
What a way for 2018 to get underway  
But I'm gonna say everything that I wanna say  
Welcome to the slaughterhouse, bitch! (yeah)  
Invite 'em in like a One A Day  
I'm not done (preach)  
'Cause I feel like the beast of burden  
That line in the sand, was it even worth it?  
'Cause the way I see people turning's  
Makin' it seem worthless, it's startin' to defeat the purpose  
I'm watchin' my fan base shrink to thirds  
And I was just tryin' to do the right thing, but word  
Has the court of public opinion reached a verdict  
Or still yet to be determined?  
'Cause I'm determined to be me, critique the worship  
But if I could go back, I'd at least reword it  
And say I empathize with the people this evil serpent  
Sold the dream to that he's deserted  
But I think it's workin'  
These verses are makin' him a wee bit nervous  
And he's too scurred to answer me with words  
'Cause he knows that he will lyrically get murdered  
But I know at least he's heard it  
'Cause Agent Orange just sent the Secret Service  
To meet in person to see if I really think of hurtin' him  
Or ask if I'm linked to terrorists  
I said, "Only when it comes to ink and lyricists."  
But my beef is more media journalists  
(Hold up, hold up, hold up...)  
I said my beef is more meaty, a journalist  
Can get a mouthful of flesh  
And yes, I mean eating a penis  
'Cause they been pannin' my album to death  
So I been givin' the media fingers  
Don't wanna turn this to a counselling sesh  
But they been puttin' me through the wringer  
So I ain't ironin' shit out with the press  
But I just took this beat to the cleaners