

# Walk on Water

Eminem

I walk on water  
But I ain't no Jesus  
I walk on water  
But only when it freezes (fuck)

Why are expectations so high? Is it the bar I set?  
My arms, I stretch, but I can't reach  
A far cry from it, or it's in my grasp, but as  
Soon as I grab, squeeze  
I lose my grip like the flying trapeze  
Into the dark I plummet, now the sky's blackening  
I know the mark's high  
Butterflies rip apart my stomach  
Knowing that no matter what bars I come with  
You're gonna harp, gripe, and  
That's a hard Vicodin to swallow, so I scrap these  
As pressure increases like khakis  
I feel the ice cracking, because-

I walk on water  
But I ain't no Jesus  
I walk on water (shit)  
But only when it freezes

It's the curse of the standard  
That the first of the Mathers disc set  
Always in search of the verse that I haven't spit yet  
Will this step just be another misstep, to tarnish  
Whatever the legacy, love or respect I've garnered?  
The rhyme has to be perfect, the delivery flawless  
And it always feels like I'm hittin' the mark  
'Til I go sit in the car, listen and pick it apart  
Like, "This shit is garbage!"  
God's given me all this, still I feel no different regardless  
Kids look to me as a god, this is retarded  
If only they knew, it's a facade and it's exhaustive  
And I try to not listen to nonsense  
But if you bitches are tryin' to strip me of my confidence  
Mission accomplished  
I'm not God-sent, Nas, Rakim, Pac, B.I.G., James Todd Smith  
And I'm not Prince, so...

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But only when it freezes

'Cause I'm only human, just like you  
Making my mistakes, oh if you only knew  
I don't think you should believe in me the way that you do  
'Cause I'm terrified to let you down, oh

It's true, I'm a Rubik's—a beautiful mess  
At times juvenile, yes, I goof and I jest  
A flawed human, I guess  
But I'm doin' my best to not ruin your ex-  
pectations and meet 'em, but first

The "Speedom" verse, now Big Sean  
He's going too fast, is he gonna shout or curse out his mom?  
There was a time I had the world by the balls, eating out my palm  
Every album song I was spazzin' the fuck out on  
And now I'm gettin' clowned and frowned on  
But the only one who's looking down on  
Me that matters now's DeShaun  
Am I lucky to be around this long?  
Begs the question though  
Especially after the methadone  
As yesterday fades and the Dresden home  
Is burnt to the ground, and all that's left of my house is lawn  
The crowds are gone  
And it's time to wash out the blonde  
Sales decline, the curtains drawn  
They're closing the set, I'm still poking my head from out behind  
And everyone who has doubt, remind  
Now take your best rhyme, outdo it, now do it a thousand times  
Now let 'em tell ya the world no longer cares or gives a fuck about your rhymes  
And as I grow outta sight, outta mind, I might go outta mine  
'Cause how do I ever let this mic go without a fight  
When I made a fuckin' tightrope outta twine?  
But when I do fall from these heights though, I'll be fine  
I won't pout or cry or spiral down or whine  
But I'll decide if it's my final bow this time around, 'cause-

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But only when it freezes

'Cause I'm only human, just like you  
I've been making my mistakes, oh if you only knew  
I don't think you should believe in me the way that you do  
'Cause I'm terrified to let you down, oh  
If I walked on water, I would drown

'Cause I'm just a man  
But as long as I got a mic, I'm godlike  
So me and you are not alike  
Bitch, I wrote "Stan"