

EMINEM – lyrics

## "Cleanin Out My Closet"

Where's my snare, I have no snare in my headphones, there ya' go, yeah, yo', yo'...

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against, I have, i've been protested and demonstrated

against, picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times, sick is the mind of the motherfuckin' kid that's behind, all this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's explodin', tempers flaring from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin', not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as i'm breathin', keep kickin' ass in the mornin', an' takin' names in the evening, leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth, see they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out, look at me now, I bet ya' probably sick of me now, ain't you mama,  
i'ma make you look so ridiculous now...

[CHORUS]

I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you, I never meant to make you cry, but tonight i'm cleanin' out my closet, {one more time}, I said i'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you, I never meant to make you cry, but tonight i'm cleanin' out my closet...

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it, so before they thrown me inside my coffin and close it, i'ma expose it, i'll take you back to '73, before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' Cd, I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months, my faggot father must have had his pantie's up in a bunch, cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye,  
no I don't on second thought, I just fuckin' wished he would die, I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side, even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try, to make it work with her at least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes but i'm only human, but i'm  
man enough to face them today, what I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb, but the smartest  
shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun, cause id'a killed 'em, shit I would have shot Kim and him both, it's my life, i'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show...

[CHORUS]

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition, take a second to listen who you think this record is dissin', but put yourself in my position, just try to envision witnessin' your Mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen, bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shits missin', going through public housing systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome, my whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't 'til I grew up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to ya' stomach, doesn't it, wasn't it the reason you made that Cd for me, ma, so you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma, but guess what, your  
gettin' older now and it's cold when your lonely, and Nathan's growing up so quick, he's gonna know that your phoney, and Hailie's getting so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful, but you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral, see what hurts me the most is you won't  
admit you was wrong, bitch, do your song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom, but how dare  
you try to take what you didn't help me to get, you selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit, remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me, well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be...

[CHORUS] (2002)

## "White America"

America, hahaha, we love you, how many people are proud to be citizens of this beautiful Country of ours, the stripes and the stars for the rights that men have died for to protect, The women and men who have broke their neck's for the freedom of speech the United States Government has sworn to uphold, or

(Yo', I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) so we're told...

I never would've dreamed in a million years I'd see,

So many motherfuckin' people who feel like me, who share the same views  
And the same exact beliefs, it's like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me, so many lives I Touch, so much anger aimed, in no particular direction, just sprays and sprays, and straight Through your radio waves it plays and plays, 'till it stays stuck in your head for days and Days, who would of thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some peroxide, Reaching for a t-shirt to wear, that I would catapult to the forefront of rap like this, how Could I predict my words would have an impact like this, I must've struck a chord, with somebody

Up in the office, cause congress keeps telling me I ain't causin' nuthin' but problems, and now They're sayin' I'm in trouble with the government, I'm lovin' it, I shoveled shit all my life, And now I'm dumping it on...

[Chorus]

White America, I could be one of your kids, white America, little Eric looks just like this, White America, Erica loves my shit, I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get, white America, I Could be one of your kids, white America, little Eric looks just like this, white America, Erica Loves my shit, I go to TRL, look how many hugs I get...

Look at these eyes, baby blue, baby just like yourself, if they were brown, Shady lose, Shady Sits on the shelf, but Shady's cute, Shady knew, Shady's dimple's would help, make ladies swoon

Baby, {ooh baby}, look at my sales, let's do the math, if I was black, I would've sold half, I Ain't have to graduate from Lincoln high school to know that, but I could rap, so fuck school, I'm too cool to go back, gimme the mic, show me where the fuckin' studio's at, when I was Underground, no one gave a fuck I was white, no labels wanted to sign me, almost gave up, I was

Like, fuck it, until I met Dre, the only one to look past, gave me a chance, and I lit a fire up Under his ass, helped him get back to the top, every fan black that I got, was probably his in Exchange for every white fan that he's got, like damn, we just swapped, sittin' back lookin' at Shit, wow, I'm like my skin is it starting to work to my benefit now, it's...

[Chorus]

See the problem is, I speak to suburban kids, who otherwise would of never knew these words Exist, whose mom's probably would of never gave two squirts of piss, 'till I created so much Motherfuckin' turbulence, straight out the tube, right into your living room I came, and kids Flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre, that's all it took, and they were instantly hooked

Right in, and they connected with me too because I looked like them, that's why they put my Lyrics up under this microscope, searchin' with a fine tooth comb, its like this rope, waitin' To choke, tightening around my throat, watching me while I write this, like I don't like this, Nope, all I hear is, lyrics, lyrics, constant controversy, sponsors working 'round the clock, to Try to stop my concerts early, surely hip-hop was never a problem in Harlem, only in Boston, After it bothered the fathers of daughters starting to blossom, so now I'm catchin' the flack From these activists when they raggin', actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch, or Say faggot, shit, just look at me like I'm your closest pal, the posterchild, the motherfuckin' Spokesman now for...

[Chorus]

So to the parents of America, I am the derringer aimed at little Erica, to attack her

Character, the ringleader of this circus of worthless pawns, sent to lead the march right up to  
The steps of congress, and piss on the lawns of the White House, to burn the casket and  
replace

It with a parental advisory sticker, to spit liquor in the faces of in this democracy of  
Hypocrisy, fuck you Ms. Cheney, fuck you Tipper Gore, fuck you with the freest of speech this  
Divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have, fuck you, *[vocal melody]*,  
He, hahaha, I'm just playin' America, you know I love you...

(2002)

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### "Mosh"

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America  
And to the Republic for which it stands  
One nation under God  
Indivisible with liberty and justice for all...  
It feels so good to be back..

I scrutinize every word, memorize every line  
I spit it once, refuel, re-energize and rewind  
I give sight to the blind, my insight through the mind  
I exercise my right to express when I feel it's time  
It's just all in your mind, what you interpret it as  
I say to fight, you take it as I'mma whip someone's ass  
If you don't understand, don't even bother to ask  
A father who has grown up with a fatherless past  
Who has blown up now to rap phenomenon that has  
Or at least shows no difficulty multi-task  
And in juggling both perhaps mastered his craft  
Slash entrepreneur who has helped launch a few more rap acts  
Who's had a few obstacles thrown his way through the last half  
Of his career typical manure moving past that  
Mr. kisses ass crack, he's a class act  
Rubber band man, yea he just snaps back

*[Chorus:]*

Come along follow me as I lead through the darkness  
As I provide just enough spark that we need to proceed  
Carry on, give me hope, give me strength  
Come with me and I won't steer you wrong  
Put your faith and your trust as I guide us through the fog  
To the light at the end of the tunnel  
We gonna fight, we gonna charge, we gonna stomp, we gonna march  
Through the swamp, we gonna mosh through the marsh  
Take us right through the doors (c'mon)

All the people up top on the side and the middle  
Come together lets all bomb and swamp just a little  
Just let it gradually build from the front to the back  
All you can see is a sea of people some white and some black  
Don't matter what color, all that matters we gathered together  
To celebrate for the same cause don't matter the weather  
If it rains let it rain, yea the wetter the better  
They ain't gonna stop us they can't, we stronger now more than ever  
They tell us no we say yea, they tell us stop we say go  
Rebel with a rebel yell, raise hell we gonna let em know  
Stomp, push, shove, mush, Fuck Bush, until they bring our troops home (c'mon)

*[Chorus]*

Imagine it pouring, it's raining down on us  
Mosh pits outside the oval office  
Someone's tryina tell us something,  
Maybe this is God just sayin' we're responsible  
For this monster, this coward,  
That we have empowered  
This is Bin Laden, look at his head noddin'  
How could we allow something like this without pumping our fists  
Now this is our final hour  
Let me be the voice in your strength and your choice  
Let me simplify the rhyme just to amplify the noise  
Try to amplify the times it, and multiply by six...  
Teen million people, Are equal at this high pitch  
Maybe we can reach alqueda through my speech  
Let the president answer a higher anarchy  
Strap him with an Ak-47, let him go, fight his own war  
Let him impress daddy that way  
No more blood for oil, we got our own battles to fight on our own soil  
No more psychological warfare, to trick us to thinking that we ain't loyal  
If we don't serve our own country, we're patronizing a hero  
Look in his eyes its all lies  
The stars and stripes, they've been swiped, washed out and wiped  
And replaced with his own face, Mosh now or die  
If I get sniped tonight you know why,  
Cause I told you to fight.

*[Chorus]*

And as we proceed,  
To Mosh through this desert storm,  
In these closing statements, if they should argue  
Let us beg to differ  
As we set aside our differences  
And assemble our own army  
To disarm this Weapon of Mass Destruction  
That we call our President, for the present  
And Mosh for the future of our next generation  
To speak and be heard  
Mr. President, Mr. Senator  
Do you guy's hear us...hear us...*[laughing]* (Hailie)

(2004)