

Eminem's Biography

Eminem came from a poor and working-class family. He was born on October 17, 1972 in St. Joseph, Missouri. He spent much of his youth in Detroit, where most people living there are black people. When Eminem was a child, he and his mother moved constantly from one town to another. They often stayed at their relatives' homes. As a result, Eminem found it difficult to have a friend from the same age, graduate and stay out of trouble.

When Eminem was 12, his mother finally settled down on the east side of Detroit. There, he attended Lincoln Junior High School and Osbourne High School, hanging out with friends from Black community and listening to artists like LL Cool J and the 2 Live Crew (rappers). But his fondness for skipping school led him to fail the ninth grade. After dropping out of school, he held down several odd jobs while continuing to work on his ability. Eminem became interested in rap music as an escape from a troubled puberty. His youth consisted of many moves, little money and neighborhood bullies.

Eminem was interested in listening to rap songs and decided to make a rap group because of the influence of his uncle's suicide. He also had a daughter with his on and off girlfriend, Kim, with whom he had a very confused relationship; he also

was separated from his mother, with whom he also frequently argued; he was abusing alcohol and drugs; in addition, he had attempted suicide on at least one occasion. Those harrowing experiences had provided him with the inspiration to make some lyrics which are very nasty and offensive.

Source: *www.eminem.net*

APPENDICES

Song Lyrics

Big Weenie

[Intro]

(Talking)

I don't understand..

Why are you bein so mean!?

You're a MEAN, MEAN MAN!

[Chorus]

You're just jealous of me

Cause you, you just can't do what I do

So instead of just admitting it

You walk around and say

All kinds of really mean things about
me

Cause you're a meany, a meany

But it's only cause you're really jealous
of me

Cause I'm what you wanna be

So you just look like a idiot

When you say these mean things

Cause it's too easy to see

You're really just a big weenie, big
weenie

[Verse 1]

Alright listen, I need you to focus

I need you to go dig deep in your
mind, this is important

We are going to perform an
experiment of a sort

I'm going to have to ask you to bare
with me for a moment

Now I need you to open your mind,
your eyes - close em'

You are now about to be placed under

my hypnosis

For the next 4 and a half minutes

We are going to explore into your
mind

To find out why you're so fuckin
jealous

Now why do they make you who

Pibbity-cock-a-poo-poo

Syke, I'm kidding I just wanted to see
if you're still listening

Ok now I need your un-divided
attention

Sir I have a question

Why do I always sense this,

Udeniable tension from the moment I
enter into the room?

It gets all quiet and whispers

Whenever there's conversations why
am I always mentioned?

I been dying to ask, it's been itching at
me

Is it just because...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Alright now I, I just flubbed(?) a line

I was going to say something extremely
important

But I forgot who or what it was

I fucked up,

Syke, I'm kidding again you idiot, no I
didn't

That's just what you wanted to hear

from me
Is that I FUCKED up ain't it?
 That I could bust one take
 Without lookin at no paper
 It doesn't take a bunch of takes
 Or me to stand here in this booth all
 day
 For me to say the truth ok
 You're drooling, you have tooth decay
 You're mouth is open,
 You're disgusting
 What the fuck you eat for lunch,
 A bunch of sweets or somethin
 What you munch a bunch of crunch-a-
 munch?
 You're tooth is rottin through the gum
 Your breath stinks,
 Want to chew some gum?
 [Yes I do sir what am I on?]
 You sir are on ??
 [Marshall I'm so jealous of you
 Please say you won't tell nobody
I be so embarrassed
 I'm just absolutely terrified
 That someone's gonna find out
 Why I'm saying all these terrible, evil,
 and awful
 Mean things, is my own insecurities!!]
 [Chorus]
 [Verse 3]
 Alright now we, we're going to
 conduct
 That experiment that we were talking
 about earlier
 Just to see what a frog looks like
 When he takes 2 hits of exctasy

Cause that's exactly what your eyes
 look like
 Wanna check to see? Here's a mirror
 Notice the resemblance here?
 Wait let me put these sun glasses on
 Now look in this mirror, how bout'
 now
 What do you have in common?
 You're both green with envy and look
 like idiots with sunglasses on em'
 You look like I sound like, singing
 about weenies
 Now take my weenie out of your
 mouth
 This is between me and you
 I know you're not happy,
 I know you'd much rather see my lying
 In the corner of a room somewhere
 crying
 Curled up in a ball, tweaked out of my
 mind dying
 There's no denying
 That my weenie is much bigger than
 yours is
 Mine is like stickin a banana in
 between 2 oranges
 Why are you even doin this to
 yourself?
 It's pointless,
 Why do we have to keep on going
 through this?
 This is torturous
 My point is this, that if you say mean
 things,
 You're weenie will shrink
 Now I forgot what the chorus is..

Business

[Dr. Dre] Marshall! Sounds like an
 S.O.S.
 [Mathers] Holy wack unlyrical lyrics
 Andre, you're fuckin right!!

[Dr. Dre] To the Rapmobile - let's go!
 (Marshall! Marshall!)

[Eminem]
Bitches and gentlemen! It's
SHOWTIME!
Hurry hurry, step right up!
Introducin the star of our show.. his
name is..
(Marshall!)
You wouldn't want to be anywhere
else in the world right now
So without further adieux, I bring to
you
(Marshall!)

[Eminem]
You bout to witness, hip-hop in its
most purest
more rawest form, flow almost
flawless
Most hardest, most honest known
artist
Chip off the old block, but oh Doc is
BACK
Looks like Batman brought his own
Robin
Oh God, Saddam's got his own Laden
With his own private plane, his own
pilot
Set to blow college dorm rooms doors
off the hinges
oranges, peach, pears, plums, syringes
(*chainsaw sound* } VROOM
VROOM! Yeah, here I come
I'm inches, away from you, dear fear
none
Hip-Hop is in a state of nine-one-one
so..

[Chorus 2X: Eminem]
Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around,
what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the
shit down
on these clowns; can I get a witness?
(HELL YEAH!)

[Eminem]
Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform
miracles
Gee wilikers Dre, "Holy bat syllables!"
Look at all the bullshit that goes on in
Gotham
when I'm gone, time to get rid of these
rap criminals
So skip to your lou while I do what I
do best
You ain't even impressed no more;
you're used to it
Flows too wet, nobody close to it
Nobody says it but still everybody
knows the shit
The most hated on out of all those who
say they get hated on
in eighty songs and exaggerate it all so
much
they make it all up, there's no such
thing
Like a female with good looks who
cooks and cleans
It just means so much more to so much
more
people when you're rappin and you
know what for
The show must go on; **so I'd like to
welcome y'all
to Marshall and Andre's car-ni-val,**
c'mon! Now

[Chorus]

[Eminem]
It's just like old times, the Dynamic
Duo
Two old friends, why panic? You
already know
who's fully capable, the two caped
heroes
Dial straight down the center, eight-
zero-zero

You can even call collect, the most
 feared duet
 since me and Elton, played career
 Russian Roulette
 And never even see me blink or get to
 bustin a sweat
 People steppin over people just to rush
 to the set
 just to get to see an MC who breathes
 so freely
 Ease over these beats and be so breezy
 Jesus how can shit be so easy?
 How can one Chandra be so Levy?
 Turn on these beats, MC's don't see me
 Believe me; BET and MTV
 are gonna grieve when we leave dog,
 fo' sheezy
 Can't leave rap alone, the game needs
 me
 'til we grow beards, get weird and
 disappear
 into the mountains - nothin but clowns
 down here

But we, ain't fuckin around round here
 Yo Dre (whattup?) Can I get hell..?
 (HELL YEAH!) Now

[Chorus]

[Outro]

So there you have it folks (Marshall!)
 has come to save the day
 Back with his friend Andre, here to
 remind you that bullshit does not pay
 Because (Marshall!) and Andre are
 here to stay
 and never go away, until our dying day
 Until we're old and grey (Marshall!)
 So until next time friends, same blonde
 hair, same rap channel
 Good night everyone, thank you for
 coming
 Your host for the evening (Marshall!)
 Oh! Heh

Drips

Intro
 Obie... Yo... Im sick
 Damn... You straight dog?

Chorus
 That's why I ain't got no time. For
 these games and stupid tricks
 Or these bitches on my dick. That's
 how dudes be getting sick
 That's how dicks be getting drips.
 Falling victims to this shit
 From these bitches on our dicks,
 fucking chickens with no ribs
 That's why I ain't got no time...

Verse 1 (Obie Trice)
 Yo, I woke up fucked up off the liquor
 I drunk. I had a bag of the skunk won
 in last nights Tunk

pussy residue was on my penis, Denise
 from the cleaners, fucked me good,
 you shoulda seen this
 big booty bitch, switch unbearable,
 french roll stylin', body like a stallion
 Sizin up the figure while my shit's
 getting bigger, debatin' on a fuck or do
 I want to be her nigga
 Caressin' this bitch, plus **I'm checking
 out them tits**, sippin' on that fine shit I
 ain't used to buyin'
**I gotta hit it from behind, its
 mandatory**, like takin' hoe's money,
 but that's another story
 For surely, the pussy on toast after we
 toast, her clothes fell like Bishop in
 Juice
 The womb beater, clean pussy eater,
 insertin' my jock in that spot hotter

than the hottest block
Don't Stop! The response I got when I
was knockin' it, clock steady tickin',
kinky finger lickin'
and can on, semen's at my tip when
she moans. I gotta slow down before I
cum soon
and work that nigga like a slave owner.
When I dropped off my outfit, she
knew I wanted to bone her
She foamin' at the lips, the one
between them hips, pubic hairs lookin'
like some sour cream dip
without the nacho, my dick hit the spot
though, pussy tighter than conditions
of us black folks
We in the final stretch, the last part of
sex. I bust a fat ass nut, then I woke up
next
like what the fuck is goin' on here, this
bitch evaporated, pussy and all, just
picked up and vacated
Now I'm frusturated cuz my dick was
unprotected, and Doctor Wesley tellin
me I really got that shit

Chorus

Verse 2 (Eminem)

Now I don't wanna hit no woman, but
this chick's got it comin', someone
better get this bitch, before she gets
kicked in the stomach
and she's pregnant, but she's eggin'
me on, beggin' me to throw her off the
steps of this porch
my only weapon is force and I don't
wanna resort to any violence of any
sort. But what's she shovin' me for?
Doesn't she love me no more? Wasn't
she huggin' me four minutes ago at the
door?
M an, I'm this close to goin' toe-to-toe
with this whore. What would you do if

she was tellin' you she wants a
divorce?
She's havin' another baby in a month,
and it's yours, and you find out it isn't
cus this bitch has been visitin'
someone else
and suckin' his dick and kissin' you on
the lips when you get back, to
Michigan, now the plot is thickenin'
worse
cus you feel like you've been stickin'
your fuckin' dick in a hearse
so you paranoid at every little cold that
you get, ever since they told you this
shit, you've been holdin' your dick
so you go to the clinic, sweatin' every
minute you in it, then the doctor comes
out lookin' like Dennis the Menace
and it's obvious to everyone in **the
lobby it's AIDS, he ain't even gotta
call** you in his office to say it
so you jet back home, cus you gon' get
that hoe, when you see her, you gon'
bend her fuckin' neck back, yo
cus you love her, you never would
expect that blow, Obie told you the
scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this, bitch works
at the cleaners, bringin' me home
diseases, swingin' from Obie's penis
she's so deceivin', shit this hoe's a
genius, she g'd us...

Chorus

I'm Busy
Fuck these Bitches
Fuck'em all, Get Money
Shady Records, Obie Trice
Eminem, muthafucka
New millenium shit... Yeah
Turn this shit off
Turn this shit the fuck off

Infinite

Oh yeah, this is Eminem baby, back up
in that motherfucking ass
One time for your mother fucking
mind, we represent the 313
You know what I'm saying? **Cause
they don't know shit about this**
For the 9-6

Verse 1:

Ayo, my pen and paper cause a chain
reaction
**To get your brain relaxin, cause they
be actin maniac in action**
A brainiac in fact son, you mainly
lack attraction
**You looking zany wack with just a
fraction of my tracks spun**
My rhyming skills got you climbing
hills
I travel through your mind until you
spine like siren drills
I'm slimming grills of roaches, with
sprayed on disinfectants
With some ex rappers till their spinal
column disconnects
We disinfect then check the
monologue, turn your system up
Twist them up, and indulge in the
marijuana smoke
**This is the season for noise pollution
contamination**
**Examination of more cartoons than
animation**
My lamination of narration
**Hit's a snare and bass of track
fucked up rapper interrogation**
**When I declare invasion, there ain't
no time to be stare and gazing**
I turn the stage into barren
wasteland....
I'm Infinite

Chorus:

You heard of hell well I was sent from
it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for
murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted
to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite

Verse 2:

Bust it, I let the beat commence so I
can beat the sense of your elite defense
I got to meet the fence fruit was
stompin at your feet to rinse
I greet intensive ladies, I spoil all your
fans
I foil plans and leave fluids leaking
like oil brands
My coil hands around this microphone
lethal
One thought in my cerebral is deeper
then a Jeep full of people
**MC's are feeble, I came to cause
some pandemonium**
Battle a band of phony MC's and stand
the only one
Imitator, Intimidator, Stimulator,
Simulator of data, Eliminator
There's never been a greater since the
burial of Jesus
**Fuck around and catch all of the
venereal diseases**
My thesis will smash a stereo to pieces
My accapella releases plastic
masterpieces through telekinesis
And eases you **mentally, gently,
sentimentally, instrumentally**
With entity, dementedly meant to be
Infinite
Chorus

Man I got evidence I'm never dense
and **I been clever ever since**

My residence was hesitant to do some
shit that represents the M-O
So I'm assuming all responsibility
Cause there's a monster will in me that
always wants to kill MC's
Mic messaler, slamming like a
wrestler
Here to make a mess of a lyric
smuggling embezzler
No one is specialer, My skill is
intergalactical
I get cynical at a fool then I send a
crew back to school
I never packed a tool or acted cool, it
wasn't practical

I'd rather led a tactful, tractical, track
for your fancy
In fact I can't see, or can't imagine
**A man who ain't a lover of beats or
a fan** of scratching
This is for my family, the kid who had
a cameo on my last jam
Plus the man who never had a plan B
Be all you can be, cause once you
make an instant hit
I'm tense to be tempted when I see the
sins my friends commit.....
I'm Infinite
Chorus 2x

It's Okay

Eye-Kyu: Check it out,
Eminem: Hey Kyu!
Eye-Kyu:
Chorus: It's a broke day but everything
is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is
alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get
enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong
here (Belong here)
It's a broke day but everything is ok
(It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is
alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get
enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong
here (Belong here)
Verse 1: Eminem
One day I plan to be a family man
happily married
**I wanna grow to be so old that I
have to be carried**
Till I'm glad to be buried

And leave this crazy world
And have at least a half a million for
my baby girl
It may be early to be planning this
stuff
Cause I'm still struggling hard to be
the man, and it's tough
Cause man it's been rough, but still I
manage enough
I've been taken advantage of, damaged
and scuffed
My hands have been cuffed
But I don't panic and huff, frantic and
puff
Or plan to give up, the minute shit hits
the fan it erupts
I'm anteing up double or nothing, I've
been trouble enough
And I'm sick of struggling and
suffering, see
My destiny's to rest at ease, till I'm
impressed and pleased
With my progress, I won't settle for
less than cheese
I'm on a quest to seize all, my own
label to call

Way before my baby is able to crawl
I'm too stable to fall, the pressure
motivates
To know I hold the weight of boulders
on my shoulder blades
**I seen the golden gates to heaven on
Earth**
Where they don't pull a weapon on you
when you stepping on turf, Q

Chorus

Verse 2: Eminem
I'm going for broke, gambling and
playing for keeps
Everyday in the streets, scrambling
and paying for cheep
Praying for sleep
Dreaming with a watering mouth
Wishing for a better life for my
daughter and spouse
In this slaughtering house, caught up
in bouts
With the root of all evil
I've seen it turn beautiful people crude
and deceitful
And make them do shit illegal
For these Grant's and Jackson's
These transactions explain a man's
actions
But in the mist of this insanity, I found
my Christianity

Through God and there's a wish he
granted me
He showed me how to cope with the
stress
And hope for the best, instead of mope
and depressed
Always groping a mess, of flying over
the nest
To selling dope with the rest
I quit smoking cess to open my chest
Life is stressful inside this cesspool
Trying to wrestle, I almost bust a
blood vessel
**My little brother's trying to learn
his mathematics**
**He's asthmatic, running home from
school away from crack addicts**
**Kids attract static, children with
automatics**
Taking target practice on teens for
Starter Jackets
I'm using smarter tactics to overcome
this slum
I won't become as dumb as some and
succumb to scum
It's cumbersome, I'm trying to do well
on this Earth
But it's been Hell on this Earth since I
fell on this Earth

Just Lose It

[Intro]

Okay..
Guess who's back... back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Now everyone report to the dance
floor
To the dance floor, to the dance floor
Now everyone report to the dance

floor
Alright stop... pajama time

[Verse 1]
Come here little kiddies, on my lap
Guess who's back with a brand new
rap
And I don't mean rap as in a new case
Of child investigation accusation
" Aah aah aah aah aah"

No worries, pappa's got a brand new
bag of toys
What else could I possibly do to make
noise
I'd done touched on everything but
little boys
And that's not a stab at Michael
That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho
I go a little bit crazy sometimes
I get a little bit out of control with my
rhymes
Good God, dip, do a little slide
Bend down, touch your toes and just
glide
Up the center of the dance floor
Like T.P. for my bung hole
And it's cool if you let one go
Nobody's gonna know, who'd hear it
Give a little "poot poot" it's okay (Fart
Sound)
Oops my CD just skipped
And everyone just heard you let one
rip

{*Chorus*}

Now I'm gonna make you dance
It's your chance, yeah boy shake that
ass
Whoops! I mean girl... girl, girl, girl
" Girl you know you're my world"
Alright now lose it
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Just lose it
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Go crazy
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Oh baby
" Aah aah"
Oh baby baby
" Aah aah"

[Verse 2]
{Sung}

It's Friday and it's my day
Just to party all the way to Sunday
**Maybe 'til Monday, I dunno what
day**
Everday's just a holiday
Cruisin' on the freeway, feelin' kinda
breezy
Get the top down, let my hair blow
I dunno where I'm goin', all I know is
when I get there
Someone's gonna "touch my body"

{Rap}

Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound
like a jerk
But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out
from work
Could you punch me in the stomach
and pull my hair
Spit on me, maybe gauge my eyes out,
"ewww"
Now what's your name girl, what's
your sign?
[Dr Dre: "Man you must be up out
your mind"]
Dre "aah aah", beer goggles, blind
I'm just trying to unwind, now I'm...

{*Chorus*}

[Verse 3]

{Sung}

It's Tuesday and I'm locked up
I'm in jail, I don't know what happened
They say I was running butt naked
Down the street screaming
" Aah aah aah aah aah"
Well I'm sorry, I don't remember
All I know is this much, I'm not guilty
They said save it boy, we've got you
on tape
yelling at an old lady to "touch my
body"
Now this is the part where the rap
breaks down

It's real intense, no one makes a sound
 Everything looks like it's 8 Mile now
 The beat comes back and everybody
 loses themselves
 Now snap back to reality, look it's B.
 Rabbit he
 Oh you signed me up to battle? I'm a
 grown man
 Chubba chubba chubba chubba chubba
 chubba chubba chubba
 I don't have any lines to go right here
 so
Chubba tubba tell me fellas (what?),
 fellas (what?)
 Grab your left, make your right one
 jealous (what?)
 Black girls, white girls, skinny girls,

fat girls
 Tall girls, small girls, I'm calling all
 girls
 Everyone report to the dance floor
 It's your chance for, a little romance or
 Butt squeezin', it's the season
 Just go "aah aah aah aah", it's so
 appeasing

{*Chorus*}

{Outro:}

Mmhmm touch my body
 Mmhmm touch my body
 Ooh boy just touch my body
 I mean girl just touch my body

Square Dance

Intro
 People!! It feels so good to be back.
 Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing the
 new and improved, you know who
 Verse 1
 Never been the type to bend or budge,
 the wrong button to push, no friend of
 Bush
 I'm the centerpiece, you're a Maltese.
 I'm a pitbull off his leash, all this peace
 talk can cease
 All these people I had to leave in
 limbo, I'm back now, I've come to
 release this info
 I'll be brief and let me just keep shit
 simple, can-a-bitch don't want no beef
 with Slim? Noooo!
 Not even on my radar, so won't you
 please jump off my dick, lay off and
 stay off
 and follow me as I put these crayons

to chaos from séance to séance, aw-a-
 aw-sh-a-aw
 Chorus (X2)
 C'mon now, let's all get on down, let's
 do-si-do now, we gon' have a good ol'
 time
 Don't be scared, **cus there ain't**
nothin' to worry 'bout, let your hair
 down, and square dance with me!
 Verse 2
 Let your hair down to the track, yeah
 kick on back. Boo! The boogie
 monster of rap, yeah the man's back
 with a plan to ambush this Bush
 administration, mush the Senate's face
 in, push this generation
 of kids to stand and fight for the right
 to say something you might not like,
 this white hot light
 that I'm under, no wonder I look so
 sunburnt, oh no I won't leave no stone
 unturned

Oh no I won't leave, won't go nowhere, do-si-do, oh, yo, ho, hello there
 oh yeah don't think I won't go there, go to Beirut and do a show there
 yah you laugh till your muthafuckin' ass gets drafted, while you're at band camp thinkin' the crap can't happen till you fuck around, get an anthrax napkin, inside a package wrapped in saran wrap wrapping
 open the plastic and then you stand back gasping, fuckin' assassins hijackin' Amtracks crashin'
 all this terror America demands action, next thing you know you've got Uncle Sam's ass askin'
 to join the army or what you'll do for their Navy. You just a baby, gettin' recruited at eighteen
 You're on a plane now, eatin' their food and their baked beans. I'm twenty-eight, they're gonna take you 'fore they take me
 Crazy insane or insane crazy? When I say Hussein, you say Shady
 My views ain't changed, still inhumane, wait, arraigned two days late, the date's today, hang me!
 Chorus (X2)
 Verse 3
 Nothin' moves me more than a groove that soothes me, nothin' soothes me more than a groove that boosts me
 nothin' boosts me more, or suits me beautifully, there's nothin' you can do to me, stab me shoot me
 psychotic, hypnotic product I got it the antibiotic, ain't nobody hotter and so

on
 and yada yada, god I talk a lotta hem de lay la la la, oochie walla um da dah da dah da but you gotta gotta keep movin', there's more music to make, keep makin' new shit, produce hits to break
 the monotony, what's gotten into me? Drugs, rock, and Hennessy, thug like I'm 'Pac on my enemies
 on your knees, got you under siege, somebody you would give a lung to be hun-ga-ry, **like a fuckin' younger me, fuck the fee**, I can get you jumped for free
 y ah buddy, laugh it's funny, I have the money to have you killed by somebody who has nothing
 I'm past bluffing, pass the K-Y, let's get ready for some intense, serious ass fucking!
 Chorus (X2)
 Outro
 Dr. Dre, wants to square dance with me
 Nasty Nas, wants to square dance with me
 X to the Z, wants to square dance with me
 Busta Rhymes, wants to square dance with me
Cana-bitch, won't square dance with me
 Fan-a-bitch, won't square dance with me
 Canada-bis, don't want no parts of me
 Dirty Dozen, wants to square dance with you
 Yee-Haw!!!

Stan

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I..

got out of bed at all
 The morning rain clouds up my

window..
and I can't see at all
And even if I could it'll all be gray,
but your picture on my wall
It reminds me, that it's not so bad,
it's not so bad..
1st Chorus: volume gradually grows
over raindrop background
2nd Chorus: full volume with beat
right after "thunder" noise

[Eminem as 'Stan']
**Dear Slim, I wrote but you still ain't
callin**
I left my cell, my pager, and my home
phone at the bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn, **you
must not-a got 'em**
There probably was a problem at the
post office or somethin
**Sometimes I scribble addresses too
sloppy when I jot 'em**
but anyways; fuck it, what's been up?
Man how's your daughter?
**My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm
bout to be a father**
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma
call her?
I'ma name her Bonnie
I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm
sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some
bitch who didn't want him
I know you probably hear this
everyday, but I'm your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that
you did with Skam
I got a room full of your posters and
your pictures man
I like the shit you did with Rawkus
too, that shit was fat
Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit
me back,
just to chat, truly yours, your biggest

fan
This is Stan
{ Chorus: Dido }
[Eminem as 'Stan']
Dear Slim, you still ain't called or
wrote, I hope you have a chance
I ain't mad - **I just think it's
FUCKED UP you don't answer fans
If you didn't wanna talk to me
outside your concert**
you didn't have to, **but you coulda
signed** an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man, he's only
six years old
We waited in the blistering cold for
you,
four hours and you just said, "No."
That's pretty shitty man - you're like
his fuckin idol
He wants to be just like you man, he
likes you more than I do
I ain't that mad though, **I just don't
like bein lied to**
Remember when we met in Denver -
you said if I'd write you
you would write back - see I'm just
like you in a way
I never knew my father neither;
he used to always cheat on my mom
and beat her
I can relate to what you're saying in
your songs
so when I have a shitty day, I drift
away and put 'em on
cause I don't really got shit else so that
shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across
the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see
how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a
sudden rush for me
See everything you say is real, and I
respect you cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous cause I talk

about you 24/7
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does
 She don't know what it was like for people like us growin up
 You gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan -- P.S.
 We should be together too
 {Chorus: Dido}
 [Eminem as 'Stan']
 Dear Mister-I'm-Too-Good-To-Call-Or-Write-My-Fans,
 this'll be the last package I ever send your ass
 It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve it?
 I know you got my last two letters;
 I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect
 So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it
 I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
 Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive?
 You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air of the Night"
 about that guy who coulda saved that other guy from drowning
 but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he found him?
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from drowning
 Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy
 and all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
 I hope you know I ripped +ALL+ of your pictures off the wall
 I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about it
 You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it
 And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you SCREAM about it

I hope your conscience EATS AT YOU and you can't BREATHE without me
 See Slim; {*screaming*} **Shut up bitch! I'm tryin to talk!**
 Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin in the trunk
 but I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't like you
 cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
 Oh shit, I forgot, **how'm I supposed to send this shit out?**
 {*car tires squeal*} {*CRASH*}
 .. {*brief silence*} .. {*LOUD splash*}
 {Chorus: Dido}
 [Eminem]
 Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I just been busy
 You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along is she?
 Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter that
 and here's an autograph for your brother,
 I wrote it on the Starter cap
 I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed you
 Don't think I did that shit intentionally just to diss you
 But what's this shit you said about you like to cut your wrists too?
I say that shit just clownin dogg,
 c'mon - how fucked up is you?
 You got some issues Stan, I think you need some counseling
 to help your ass from bouncing off the walls when you get down some
 And what's this shit about us meant to be together?
 That type of shit'll make me not want us to meet each other

I really think you and your girlfriend
need each other
or maybe you just need to treat her
better
I hope you get to read this letter, I just
hope it reaches you in time
before you hurt yourself, I think that
you'll be doin just fine
if you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire
you but Stan
why are you so mad? Try to
understand, that I do want you as a fan
I just don't want you to do some crazy

shit
I seen this one shit on the news a
couple weeks ago that made me sick
**Some dude was drunk and drove his
car** over a bridge
and had his girlfriend in the trunk, and
she was pregnant with his kid
and in the car they found a tape, but
they didn't say who it was to
Come to think about, his name was.. it
was you
Damn!

The Kiss

Eminem: **I'm gonna kill this bitch.**
I'm gonna kill her. I'm going to fuckin'
jail, cus I'm gonna kill this bitch

Gary: Hey man... I don't know

Eminem: What?

Gary: I got a really really bad feelin'
about this

Eminem: Man, will you shut the fuck
up Gary. You've always got a bad
feeling man. That's her car right there.
Just park

Gary: I'm parking

Eminem: Fuckin', turn the car off dog

Gary: alright

Eminem: Alright, we wait

Gary: we wait for what?

Eminem: We wait until she comes out.
Man, I'm gonna fuckin' kill her

Gary: Man, you ain't gonna kill
nobody

Eminem: Shut the fuck up dog

Gary: What the fuck did you bring that
for?

Eminem: Just shut up, fuck clip is
empty

Gary: Don't point that shit at me?

Eminem: It's not even loaded bitch,
look

Gary: Dude! God I fuckin' hate when
you do that shit

Eminem: Ha ha, ya but its funny as
fuck

Gary: You're gonna fuck around and kill me one of these days... I swear

Eminem: It gets you every time

Eminem: is that her?

Gary: Where?

Eminem: Right there motherfucker

Gary: Ya , Fuck

Eminem: Alright, get up, get up

Gary: Here we go again...

Eminem: Get down!

Gary: what the fuck do you want me to do get under the car

Eminem: Yo, who's she walkin with

Gary: How the fuck am I supposed to know? You told me to duck down

Eminem: It's the fuckin bouncer. Did she just kiss him?

Gary: I don't think so...

Eminem: Dog, she just fuckin kissed him

Gary: No, she didn't

Eminem: **She's kissing him dog**

Gary: No she's not... Oh shit

Eminem: C'mon, Motherfucker

White America

Intro

America! 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 necks for the freedom of speech the United States government has sworn to uphold. (Yo I want everybody to listen to the words of this song) or so we're told...

Verse 1

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 woulda thought, standing in this mirror bleachin' my hair, with some peroxide, reachin 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, **cuz 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 (X2)

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**

Verse 2

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
dimples would help, make ladies
swoon baby, ooh baby! Look at my
sales

Lets 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?

Chorus (X2)

Verse 3

See the problem is I speak to suburban
kids who otherwise would of never
knew these words exist

whose moms **probably woulda 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 mother
fuckin' spokesman now for...

Chorus (X2)

Outro

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 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!
I'm just kiddin' America, you know I
love you...

Yellow Brick Road

[Intro]
What we have to do is deal with it
when these individuals are young
enough. If you wish to be saved, not in
a religious sense but not to constitute
what this country at times calls if or
which over. We seem to be
approaching an age of the gross. We
all have this idea that we should move
up from our parents station and each
generation should do a little bit better.

[Verse 1- Eminem]
Come on, let's cut the bullshit enough
Let's get it started, let's start addressing
this issue and open it up
Let's take this shit back to bassmint
And we can discuss statements that's
made on this tape
And its whole origin of the music that
we all know and love
The music that we all enjoy the music
you all accuse me of tryna destroy
Let's rewind it to 89 when I was a boy
on the east side of Detroit
Crossin 8 Mile in the border in the
hate territory
I'd like to share a story, this is my
story and cant no body tell it for me
You will well inform me, I am well
aware that I don't belong here
You've made that perfectly clear, I get
my ass kicked damn near everywhere
From Bel-Air shopping center just for
stopping in there
From the black side all the way to the
white side

Okay there's a bright side a day that I
might slide
You may call it a past I call it haulin
my ass
Through that patch of grass over them
railroad tracks
Oh them railroad tracks, them old
railroad tracks
Them good old notorious oh well
known tracks

[Chorus x2]
Come on lets go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go
on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through
this nifty little place
I once used to call home sweet home

[Verse 2- Eminem]
I roam the streets so much they call me
a drifter
Sometimes I stick up a thumb just to
hitch hike
Just to get picked up to get me a lift to
8 mile and van dike
And steal a god damn bike from
somebody's backyard
And drop it off at the park that was the
half way mark
To meet Kim had to walk back to her
mama's them dramas after dark
To sneak me in the house when I'm
kicked out my mom's
Thats about the time I first met Proof
when poof he'd carry on the set
Set eyes born in and out some flyers,

he was doin some talent shows
At center line, I had told him to stop
by and check this out sometime
He looked at me like I'm out my mind
shook his head like white boys dont
know how to rhyme
I spit out a line and rhymed birthday
with first place
And we both had the same rhymes that
sound alike
We was on the same shit that Big
Daddy Kane shit with compound
syllables sound combined
From that day we was down to ride
somehow we knew we'd meet again
somewhere down the line
[Chorus x2]
[Verse 3- Eminem]
My first year in 9th grade, can't forget
that day at school
It was cool till your man MC Sham
came through
And said that Boom was the brain cuz
the clan makes troops
It was rumors but man god damned
they flew
Musta been true because man we done
banned they shoes
I had the new ones the Cool J, Ice land
swayed too
And we just through them in the trash
like they yesterday's news
Guess who came through next, X clam
debut
Professor X and glorious exists in a
state of red, black, and green
With a key sissies now with this bein a
new trend
We don't fit in crackas is out with
Cactus albums
Blackness is in, African symbols and
medallions
Represents black power and we ain't

know what it meant
Me and my man Howard and ???
would go to the mall with 'em
All over our necks like we're showin
'em off not knowin at all
**We was bein laughed at you ain't
even half black**
You ain't supposed to have that homie
let me grab that
And that Flavor Flav clock we gon'
have to snatch that
All I remember is meetin back at
Manix's basement
Sayin how we hate this, our races wit
dope the x clan take this
Which reminds me back in 89 me and
Kim broke up for the first time
She was tryna two time me and there
was this black girl
At our school who thought I was cool
cuz I rapped so she was kinda eyein
me
And oh the irony guess what her name
was ain't even gon' say it plus
The same color hair as hers was and
blue contacts and a pair of jugs
The bombest god damn girl in our
whole school if I could pull it
Not only would I become more
popular but I would be able to piss
Kim off at the same time
But it backfired I was supposed to
dump her but she dumped me for this
black guy
And thats the last I ever seen or heard
or spoke to the oh foolish pride girl
But I've heard people say they heard
the tape and it ain't that bad
But it was I singled out a whole race
and for that apologize
I was wrong cuz no matter what color
a girl is she still a [bitch?]

