

# Mommy

Eminem

Whoah!

A get your hands in the air, and get to clappin 'em  
And like, back and forth because ah  
This is... what you thought it wasn't

It beez... the brothers representin' the Dirty Dozen  
I be the F-are-O the double G \*coughing in background\*  
And check out the man he goes by the name of er...

[Verse One: Eminem]

Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady  
I'm a M80, you Lil' like that Kim lady  
I'm buzzin, Dirty Dozen, naughty rotten rhymer  
Cursin at you players worse than Marty Schottenheimer

You wacker than the motherfucker you bit your style from  
You ain't gonna sell two copies if you press a double album  
Admit it, fuck it, while we comin out in the open  
I'm doin acid, crack, smack, coke and smokin dope then

My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic (Hi Marshall)  
I have a disease and they don't know what to call it  
Better hide your wallet cause I'm comin up quick to strip your cash  
Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and whip your ass

Bitch, I'm comin out swingin, so fast it'll make your eyes spin  
You gettin knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson  
The +Proof+ is in the puddin, just ask the Deshaun Holton  
I'll slit your motherfuckin throat worse than Ron Goldman

[Chorus]

So when you see me on your block with two glocks  
Screamin \_Fuck the World\_ like Tupac  
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!  
Talkin that shit behind my back, dirty mackin  
Tellin your boys that I'm on crack  
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!  
So put my tape back on the rack  
Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack  
I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!  
But see me on the street and duck  
'Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed  
'Cause I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!

[Verse Two: Eminem]

I'm Nicer than Pete, but I'm on a Serch to crush a Miilkbone  
I'm Everlast-ing, I melt Vanilla Ice like silicone  
I'm ill enough to just straight up diss you for no reason  
I'm colder than snow season when it's twenty below freezin

Flavor with no seasonin, this is the sneak preview  
I'll diss your magazine and still won't get a weak review  
I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers crystals  
This is a lyrical combat, gentlemen hold your pistols

But I form like Voltron and blast you with my shoulder missiles  
Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials (Bye-bye!)

Extortion, snortin, supportin abortion  
Pathological liar, blowin shit out of proportion

The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic  
Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict  
Half animal, half man  
Dumpin your dead body inside of a fuckin trash can  
With more holes than an Afghan

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Eminem]

Somebody let me out this limousine (hey, let me out!)  
I'm a caged demon, on stage screamin like Rage Against the Machine  
I'm convinced I'm a fiend, shootin up while this record is spinnin  
Clinically brain dead, I don't need a second opinion

Fuck droppin the jewel, I'm flippin the sacred treasure  
I'll bite your motherfuckin style, just to make it fresher  
I can't take the pressure, I'm sick of bitches  
Sick of naggin bosses bitchin while I'm washin dishes

In school I never said much, too busy havin a headrush  
Doin too much rush had my face flushed like red blush  
Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face grayed  
Went to gym in eighth grade, raped the women's swim team

Don't take me for a joke I'm no comedian  
Too many mental problems got me snortin coke and smokin weed again  
I'm goin up over the curb, drivin on the median  
Finally made it home, but I don't got the key to get in

[Chorus]

[Outro: Eminem]

Hey, fuck that!  
Outsidaz...  
Pace One...  
Young Zee...