

Favorite Bitch

Eminem

Nah, for real, you know what I'm sayin'? Like
Like music's my first love, right?
But what it turned into is like
You know, these, these cats got it now, she just like a ho
(They ain't doin' it now to make music)
You know what I mean? (Yeah)
It's not real (Yeah)
Switched it up, then everybody
Done changed the shit on that damn
Yeah, everybody done ran through it
Mumble rappin'
Ain't no more substance in shit
Right, right
They don't treat it the way it needs to be treated
I kinda want that old thing back

Yeah, I was young, I was hungry
I was chasin' the bag at twenty-one, I was lucky
To find an uneaten fucking (What?) honeybun I forgot about
Now I got money falling out, fifties, hundreds, and twenties (Twenties)
And I know nothing is funny 'bout the Manchester bombing
But we got something in common (What?), both of us are alarming
Foul, disgusting, and awful (Yeah), so repugnant and ugly (Yup)
I could give the Boston Marathon a run for its money, yeah
And you could say I'm a little bit immature
But this type of literature got me a little richer
But I get insecure when them other dudes hit on you, girl
You're letting 'em fiddle with your clitoris
Remember you were my fucking...

You used to be my favorite bitch
Things'll never be the same, ain't it funny how you changed
Up and flipped the script?
You done let a bunch of lames fall through and complain
That I can't permit
You ain't have to do it like that, told you I'll be right back
Look what you did, I need a new chick
Like the music, I had to bounce on my favorite bitch

Always hated my smile
Mama told me it's goofy
I'd get picked on at school
Come home and she'd school me
She never sugarcoated it to me
She said if I wasn't so stupid and ugly, I wouldn't always get bullied (True
)
I think of my struggles (Yeah) and get emotional
Could be 'cause how behind the eight-
ball and far in the hole that they put me
Now I'm on a roll like a Tootsie (Yeah)
I'm just trollin' you pussies
But I'm like a stroller 'cause you'll see just how I roll if you push me
But that's what I do this music for
When I was goin' through some of the hardest times, I drew from her
But she's like the devil 'cause I just can't let loose of her
Plus the thought of losin' her makes me wanna just let loose on her
Then I hit the studio, tryna rendezvous with her

Tell her, "It's a butt-dial girl," yeah, booty call (Haha)
That's how it used to be, 'cause you and me, we ruled the world
And we made Curtis blow (Fifty)
Fuck, I miss them days

You used to be my favorite bitch
Things'll never be the same, ain't it funny how you changed
Up and flipped the script?
You done let a bunch of lames fall through and complain
That I can't permit
You ain't have to do it like that, told you I'll be right back
Look what you did, I need a new chick
Like the music, I had to bounce on my favorite bitch

You fuckin' leavin' me, bitch?
I don't think so, sit your motherfuckin' ass down
I swear to God, you run to that door
I'ma put one in the back of your fuckin' head
I'ma ask you this one time
The answer better be, "Yes"

Would you marry me again?
Now that everything is changed (Yeah)
It'll never be the same (Nah)
As the era whence we came (Who?)
From Nas to Pac, Rak' (Yeah), Eric B. and Kane (I know)
But I know a few from this era that are lyrically insane
And although most are never gonna hit the level Cole or Weezy at
Or be emotionally attached to Yo! MTV Raps (Yeah)
Runnin' home from school to catch an episode
The feeling that it gave you to rip the plastic off the tape
You hold and peel it back, yeah
Tear it off, then play it (What?)
I swear to God, four o'clock
We'd crowd around the TV, Butter in his underwear and socks
When Nani was Kon Artis (Yeah) and Proof had his hair in locs (Doody)
Yeah, back when Flavor Flav had us wearing clocks
(Back when) Back when Ed Lover (Yeah)
When there was two Dr. Dre's, that's a paradox (Pair of Docs)
But I never thought I'd get so jealous
At the thought of letting you go psychologically
It's gonna bother me, my eyes are already watery
Part of me don't wanna stop (Yeah) 'til I get you back
'Cause I gotta put the work in and tell you I'm never givin' this up
Other part wants to tell you just to get fucked
Go back to whatever dick that you sucked (Ah)
Get back together with them, you slut
Givin' up the vagina like a trip to the gynecologist
When I helped you become bigger than you were
But I guess that it slipped your mind, you must be biding your time
Looking for someone to come along that'll make you feel like I did back when
you were mine, huh? (Damn)
But truthfully, it was never really you and me exclusively
And there's too many new MC's you can choose between
But no matter how many motherfuckers ran through
Bet they can't do it like me
But I can't keep burnin' the candle at both ends
And I can't handle it when I leave and you find another one
Now I gotta take this beat and dismantle it
I won't grieve when I kill you
But if I can't have you, bitch, nobody can
Hear me? I used to be your favorite, bitch