

# Going Crazy

Eminem

Fame, fame, fame  
I think it's got me goin' crazy  
Ohhhohhh  
I get lost in this game, game, game  
I'm gettin' tired of all you naysayers  
Ohhhohhh  
Keep speaking my name, name, name  
You gon' have reason to hate me  
Yeahhhheahhh  
It's like. you. don't. want. me to win  
So. this. time. I'm goin' in!

This the life of a rocker  
jagermeister and vodka  
Hoppin' off of the club's balcony  
Into the crowd, surfen'  
And when they drop me, I'm randomly sockin' fans  
And when my interviews in hockey masks,  
Slap the journalists on their ass  
I'm high off speed,  
Drivin' my car at high speed  
Pocket full of weed, while lesbians follow me  
I'm in the studio, envy  
My h & m, gon' call for me  
Cause I fell asleep on the soundboard, ain't get us off a week  
So let's Bang!! all up in my head  
Get 'em back ungrateful dead  
Bustin' in the air, with 30 bitches up in my bed  
I'm kickin' 'em out naked, and this the sympathy  
Just ask me why I did it, well fuck it I can't remember

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Some boys are wallin  
Drinkin', cussin', and hyper smilin'  
Been ridin' for days, tour bus look like ryker's island  
Hand me jack daniel's, spray paintin' the die hard fan  
Little cocker spaniel, fresh out of the damn zoo  
Man you, better be conscious, I'm backstage  
Livin' it up, with a couple of sluts feelin' nautious  
We're drinkin' it's been a couple of days, since I've slept  
My dick is sore from fuckin', when I bust there's nothin' left  
Just dust, back on the stage, give me my microphone  
Strappin' with the audience as we perform hypersong  
Our label presented us with a plaque  
Brought it on stage, and bashed it to pieces with an aluminum bats, stanks  
Now which one of you bitches down for the cause

Yeah I said my dick is sore but I ain't say shit about my balls  
Last call then we off to the next city, yeah  
Whatever I didn't drink on my bladder pack it up and take the rest with me

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Yeah this game has got me goin' crazy  
Fuck it, I am crazy  
What's new, what kinda fuckin' glue you'd think I'd be if I was glue  
We lost proof, he was our crew's glue  
But where was you, when we were fallin' apart  
You were shittin on us too  
But no one but us knew we were beefin'  
Cause that's what happens when you beef with crew  
It stays in the crew, cause it's just crew  
But we're back now, yeah we took our time while our blood grew  
Only thing we're in a hurry for now is to rush you!  
And we're back, these days if you don't got the guts or the nuts to  
Pussy, go pick your pussy leaves off your cunt tree, fuck you  
Ahh choo!  
Bless you! I'm allergic to pussy, sluts too  
Yeah, you think you the shit, till we flush you  
Have some bullshit to readjust  
Still got a just a few of us left, but it'd be unjust to rob us our just due  
So rest in peace to Bugz and proof  
This one's for you homies, we love you  
But we can't stop now we done had too much of our blood drew from this...

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