

Our House

Eminem

Here's the story, of a little boy.
Growin' up in a suburban home,
Trying to cope with everyday life,
Who lives in a little house,
That was built, in the middle of the street.

"Hey, Mom!
Tupac's on the juke box,
so what he shot two cops,
and raped a little girl,
while two dudes watched,"
"Nuh-uh! They were tryin' to frame him,
You wouldn't have Two Pack Shaker,"
"No! That ain't how you say his name, mum!
You're so lame,
Don't you know anything?"
"Yeah!
I know that you'll probably go,
and join in a gang,"
"Yeah, right. I'm out
Where's my fuckin' walkman at?"
"Stop cussin' at me!"
"Shut up, bitch!"
"And quit talking black."
Well,
Slammed the door and I'm out,
Now, what?
It's probably warm in the house.
Fuck, I forgot my jacket,
forgot it was winter.
I'm gettin' thinner,
I'm hungry.
Is Mom cookin' dinner?
"Mom!
Let me back in!
I forgot my coat.
Mom, come on, I'm not playin',
It's cold!
Alright, sorry.
I need a jacket,
Mom, look,
My Tupac tape,
I just cracked it,
Ma, please let me back in,
It is Two Pack Shaker,
I just asked him."
I'm freezin', (achoo)
I'm sneezin',
I'm breathin' too much cold air,
I'm wheezin',
"I ain't did nothin',
I didn't say "I'm leavin'," "
I said "I'm goin' on the front porch to get somethin'," "

"Alright, here.
Take your damn coat and leave,"
"Fine I'll leave!

Mom! You cut off the sleeves!"

Our house,
In the middle of the street.

One, two, three,
My teacher's two faced,
She went to lower my school grades,
Since Last Tuesday,
I had a toothache,
from kool-aid,
So Mom kicked me out, (get out)
And, all i had in my suitcase,
Was one shoelace,
A tube sock,
and a tube of toothpaste,
Sometimes,
It was cool,
"cause I could go to a friend's,
Crash there,
Fool around and just skip school.
But other times,
I'd rather just be home,
In my own room alone,
BEAT my shit and nobody would know,
My little brother sucked on a bottle,
'Til he was six,
So I'd hide it inside the couch,
And say "I don't know where it is,"
But as soon as Mom found it,
I would either be grounded,
or kicked out the house,
a thousand weeks,.
and still countin',
Even when I was underage,
Mom was tellin' cops,
I was tryin' to run away,
I told her,
"Someday, bitch, you're gonna pay,"
Please, Mom, Please, Mom, Please, Mom,
I wanna stay, (let me stay)

My brother's incoherint,
Mom's a single parent,
Who ain't carin',
Starin' through me,
Like I'm transparent,
Made it clear,
That I was just there,
to run an errands,
Told her friends,
I was a son from her last marriage,
Sent me up to the little corner store,
with a little note,
"Please, sell my step-son,
Some cigarettes so I can smoke,"
One time,
I tried to fake sick,
To get attention,
Back-fired,
Mom, sent me to school,
With a vengeance,
My life's the worst thing that could ever happen to me,

I go to class,
and every teacher's always laughin' at me,
And Mom says white rappers are laughed at.
Not only that,
She heard me upstairs,
I can't rap,
and I'm stupid,
I never make an average,
of a B+,
I need to sit on my ass and sue people,
Like she does,
One time, I got food poison,
From a hot dog,
Mom sued and got \$2,000,
From Ballpark,
"Hey, Ma. You got a dollar?"
"I don't think so."
Now keep an eye on your brother,
I'm goin' to bingo."
"But, Mom. You said you were broke."
"Who said?"
You got your ears messed up,
from that damn rap music."