

Renaissance

Eminem

With balls, in his durag, he sags, fearin' no man
He stands, pen in his hand like Edward Scissorhands
Who slices competition and just goes about his business
Anyone who knows about him knows about his shindig
Shenanigans, and all his wacky antics in the papers
Shady's danglin' a baby tangled in a blanket, stranglin'
And hangin' him over the railing by the ankles on some gangster
shit
Child endangerment, dark brain, arcane with it, Mark Twainin' i
t
You aren't tamin' it, sharp pain in the heart
Aimin' a bar, chamber to carve names in it
Start sprayin' and start ravin' on beef, starved, cravin' it
You're at arm's length, you're in harm's way of it
'Bout to show your ass why I'm still a pain in it
You wanna know how I do it? I can't explain this shit
Mechanic's brain with a pinch of Big Daddy Kane in it
But I can show you the ropes 'til you get the hang of it
Elephantiasis of the nuts, element
Of Intelligent Hoodlum, Arrested Development
Cella Dwellas and Wise Intelligent, since elementary
Through Hell I went, accelerant from lack of melanin
Failin' in school, smart aleck wit
Helped me to rebel against shit so well and vent
So eloquently, yet, I was irrelevant
Soon as I quit givin' a fuck I started to sell a bit
Now let's travel inside the mind of a hater
'Cause I don't see no fans, all I see's a bunch of complainers
"Kendrick's album was cool, but it didn't have any bangers
Wayne's album or Ye's, couldn't tell you which one was lamer
Joyner's album was corny, Shady's new shit is way worse
Everything is either too tame or there's too much anger
I didn't like the beat, so I hated Might Delete Later"
You nerdy pricks would find somethin' wrong with 36 Chambers
It's what they do to the greats
Pick apart a Picasso and make excuses to hate
So you can wait for your flowers until you're blue in the face
Stupid, you ain't gonna get 'em until your funeral wake (Hm)