

Eminem, Cleanin' Out My Closet

Where's my snare?
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go
Yeah
Yo yo

Have you ever been hated, or discriminated against?
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid thats behind
All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin', and takin' names in the evenin'
Leaving with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigga me, but they'll neva figure me out
Look at me now, I betcha probably sick of me now
Ain't you mama, I 'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time
I said
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But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
Ha!

I got some skeletons in my closet
And I don't know if no one knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD
I was a baby maybe I was just a coupla months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye
No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side,
Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work
With her at least for Hailie's sake
I maybe made some mistakes
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun
Cause I'd of killed 'em shit I woulda shot Kim and them both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem show

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Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'

But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen
Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchhausen's Syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't
'Til I grew up, now I blew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't it?
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, MA?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, MA?
But guess what, ya gettin' older now and it's cold when yer lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that yer phony
And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your FUNERAL
See whets hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong
Bitch do your song, keep tellin' yaself that you was a mom
But how dare you try to take when you didn't help me to get,
you selfish bitch
I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!!

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