

# Eminem, I Remember (Dedication To Whitey Ford)

Your mother, you fuckin faggot

La da da, da da da, da da (repeated)

Aiyo, this next song is dedicated to the memory of Erik Shrody  
Rest in peace, we aint forget about you, you fuckin homo  
We still remember

There once was a man who liked to jump around (jump around)  
But he got too old to jump up and down (up and down)  
(so then what happened?)  
So he put the mic down and picked the guitar up (picked the guitar up)  
(and then he what?)  
Started singin the blues like there no tomorrow (no tomorrow)  
(come on) Left his boys in the house of pain (the house of pain)  
It was the wisest decision he ever made (ever made)  
But the dumbest thing he could ever do (could ever do)  
Was try to buck a 380 on those who act shady  
Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]

Cause I remember all those years  
How it was when you were here  
I remember how it was, how it was when you were young  
Yesterday was so long ago (long ago)  
Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit came along now  
Don't nobody wanna hear your old ass sing no more

I remember back when you had The Knack (had the knack)  
And i remember when you had your first heart attack (heart attack)  
I was right there laughin when I heard the news (heard the news)  
I just wish the cardiac would'a murdered you (would'a murdered you)  
Maybe Ice-T's right, you are a bitch (you are a bitch)  
You come around when you're broke and you leave when you're rich  
But the dumbest thing he could ever do (could ever do)  
Was try to buck a 380 on those who act shady  
Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]

yo (yo) yo (yo) yo (yo)  
Remember back in '94, like right before Ms. Everlast was Whitey Ford  
Before his heart attack had him on life support When house of pain was out of  
fame like someone doused the flame And they became destined to never jump  
around again  
Or even further back, when i first had heard The Knack  
And you were down with Syndicate, I went to get your shit, man  
I was into it  
But then you went and took your style and switched the shit  
Now you sound rediculous you dickless piece of shit,  
How could you diss me, bitch?  
I liked you, thought you was alright for a white dude,  
Remember Sway and Tech when I came up and sat beside you  
Started rhymin, then you left the room  
and didn't say goodbye or nothin?  
Like you was mad that someone else was  
White and tried to rhyme or somethin  
I'm sorry man, I wasn't tryin to steal your light or nothin  
But you're a homosexual, white rappin Irish {*\*faggot\**?}  
Man I wish I was irish, I could be a {*\*faggot\**?} too  
Then I'd be confused as you, and I wouldn't know what to do  
What's up with you?  
I never fucked with you, why would you fuck with me?  
Knowin I could rap circles around you, what, are you as nuts as me?

Plus I can sing better than you and I don't fuckin sing  
And probably play guitar better, and I ain't never touched a string  
But I ain't mad at you, I'd hate me too if I was you  
I'm what you used to be, shit you was me in '92  
So everytime I write a lyric, I'mma think of you  
And maybe that will help me know what it's like to sing the blues

[chorus]x2

You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin faggot, sissy, fuck  
And by the way, a 380's a fuckin sissy gun  
If you're gonna shoot somebody use a fuckin real gun  
You little bitch  
Next time say my fuckin name in a song  
Don't be subliminal about it  
You wanna fuckin diss me, diss me you fuckin faggot  
You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin little bitch, fuckin cunt