

# Eminem, Rap God

"Look, I was gonna go easy on you and not to hurt your feelings  
But I'm only going to get this one chance  
Something's wrong, I can feel it (Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)  
Just a feeling I've got, like something's about to happen, but I don't know what  
If that means, what I think it means, we're in trouble, big trouble  
And if he is as bananas as you say, I'm not taking any chances  
You were just what the doctor ordered"

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slapbox, slapbox?  
They said I rap like a robot, so call me Rapbot

But for me to rap like a computer must be in my genes  
I got a laptop in my back pocket  
My pen'll go off when I half-cock it  
Got a fat knot from that rap profit  
Made a living and a killing off it  
Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office  
With Monica Lewinsky feeling on his nut-sack  
I'm an MC still as honest  
But as rude and indecent as all hell  
Syllables, killaholic (Kill 'em all with)  
This slickety, gibbedy, hibbedy hip hop  
You don't really wanna get into a pissing match  
With this rappidy rap, packing a Mac  
In the back of the Ac, pack backpack rap, yep, yackidy-yac  
And at the exact same time  
I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm practicing that  
I'll still be able to break a motherfuckin' table  
Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in half  
Only realized it was ironic  
I was signed to Aftermath after the fact  
How could I not blow?  
All I do is drop F-bombs  
Feel my wrath of attack  
Rappers are having a rough time  
Period, here's a maxipad  
It's actually disastrously bad for the wack  
While I'm masterfully constructing this masterpiece as

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Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slapbox, slapbox?  
Let me show you maintaining this shit ain't that hard, that hard

Everybody want the key  
And the secret to rap immortality like I have got  
Well, to be truthful the blueprint's  
Simply rage and youthful excubance  
Everybody loves to root for a nuisance  
Hit the earth like an asteroid  
Did nothing but shoot for the moon since  
MC's get taken to school with this music  
Cause I use it as a vehicle to bust a rhyme  
Now I lead a new school full of students  
Me? I'm a product of Rakim, Lakim Shabazz, 2Pac  
N.W.A, Cube, Doc, Ren, Yella, Eazy, thank you they got Slim  
Inspired enough to one day grow up, blow up and be in a position  
To meet Run DMC and induct them into the motherfuckin' Rock n'  
Roll Hall of Fame, even though I walk  
In the church and burst in a ball of flames  
Only Hall of Fame I be inducted in  
Is the alcohol of fame on the wall of shame

You fags think it's all a game 'til I walk a flock of flames  
Off of planking, tell me what in the fuck are you thinking?  
Little gay looking boy  
So gay I can barely say it with a straight face looking boy  
You witnessing a massacre  
Like you watching a church gathering take place looking boy  
Oy vey, that boy's gay, that's all they say looking boy  
You get a thumbs up, pat on the back  
And a way to go from your label everyday looking boy  
Hey, looking boy, what you say looking boy?  
I got a "hell yeah" from Dre looking boy  
I'mma work for everything I have  
Never ask nobody for shit, get outta my face looking boy  
Basically boy you're never gonna be capable  
To keep up with the same pace looking boy

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All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
The way I'm racing around the track, call me Nascar, Nascar  
Dale Earnhardt of the trailer park, the White Trash God  
Kneel before General Zod this planet Krypton, no Asgard, Asgard

So you be Thor and I'll be Odin  
You rodent, I'm omnipotent  
Let off then I'm reloading immediately  
With these bombs I'm totin'  
And I should not be woken, I'm the walking dead  
But I'm just a talking head, a zombie floating  
But I got your mom deep throating  
I'm out my ramen noodle  
We have nothing in common, poodle  
I'm a doberman pinch yourself  
In the arm and pay homage, pupil  
It's me, my honesty's brutal  
But it's honestly futile  
If I don't utilize what I do though  
For good at least once in a while  
So I wanna make sure  
Somewhere in this chicken scratch  
I scribble and doodle  
Enough rhymes to maybe to try  
And help get some people through tough times  
But I gotta keep a few punchlines  
Just in case cause even you unsigned  
Rappers are hungry looking at me  
Like it's lunchtime, I know there was a time  
Where once I was king of the underground  
But I still rap like I'm on my Pharoahe Monch grind  
So I crunch rhymes, but sometimes when you combine  
Appeal with the skin color of mine  
You get too big and here they come tryna censor you  
Like that one line I said on "I'm Back" from the Marshall Mathers LP  
One where I tried to say I take seven kids from Columbine  
Put 'em all in a line, add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine  
See if I get away with it now  
That I ain't as big as I was, but I'm morph into an immortal  
Coming through the portal  
But you're stuck in a timewarp from 2004 though  
And I don't know what the fuck that you rhyme for  
You're pointless as Rapunzel with fucking cornrows  
You're like normal. Fuck being normal  
And I just bought a new Raygun from the future  
To just come and shoot ya like when Fabolous made Ray J mad  
Cause Fab said he looked like a fag at Maywhether?'s pad  
Singin' to a man while they played piano

Oh, man, oh, that was a 24/7 special on the cable channel  
So Ray J went straight to the radio station the very next day  
Hey, Fab, I'mma kill you  
Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, JJ Fad  
Uh, sama lamaa duma lamaa you assuming I'm a human  
What I gotta do to get it through to you I'm superhuman  
Innovative, and I'm made of rubber so that anything you saying  
Ricocheting off of me and it'll glue to you  
I'm never stating, more than never demonstrating  
How to give a motherfuckin' audience a feeling like it's levitating  
Never fading, and I know that the haters are forever waiting  
For the day that they can say I fell off, they'd be celebrating  
Cause I know the way to get 'em motivated  
I make elevating music, you make elevator music  
Oh, he's too mainstream  
Well, that's what they do when they get jealous, they confuse it  
It's not hip hop, it's pop  
Cause I found a hell a way to fuse it  
With rock, shock rap with Doc  
Throw on Lose Yourself and make 'em lose it  
I don't know how to make songs like that  
I don't know what words to use  
Let me know when it occurs to you while I'm ripping any one  
Of these verses diverse as you, it's curtains  
I'm inadvertently hurtin' you  
How many verses I gotta murder to prove  
That if you're half as nice at songs  
You can sacrifice virgins too  
School flunkie, pill junky, but look at the accolades  
The skills brung me, full of myself, but still hungry  
I bully myself cause I make me do what I put my mind to  
And I'm a million leagues above you, ill when I speak in tongues  
But it's still tongue in cheek, fuck you  
I'm drunk so Satan take the fucking wheel  
I'm asleep in the front seat  
Bumping Heavy D and the Boys  
Still chunky, but funky  
But in my head there's something  
I can feel tugging and struggling  
Angels fight with devils, here's what they want from me  
They asking me to eliminate some of the women hate  
But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred that I had  
Then you may be a little patient  
And more symphatetic to the situation  
And understand the discrimination  
But fuck it, life's handing you lemons  
Make lemonade then, but if I can't batter the women  
How the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?  
Don't mistake it for Satan  
It's a fatal mistake  
If you think I need to be overseas  
And take a vacation to trip a broad  
And make her fall on her face  
And don't be a retard  
Be a king? Think not  
Why be a king when you can be a God?