

# Eminem, Bad Guy

[Verse 1]

It's like I'm in this dirt, digging up old hurt  
Tried everything to get my mind off you, it won't work  
All it takes is one song on the radio, you're  
Right back on it, reminding me all over again  
How you fucking just brushed me off and left me so burnt  
Spent a lot of time tryin' to soul search  
Maybe I needed to grow up a little first  
Well, looks like I hit a growth spurt  
But I'm coming for closure  
Don't suppose an explanation I'm owed, for  
The way that you turned your back on me  
Just when I may have needed you most  
Oh, you thought it was over? You could just close the  
Chapter and go about your life like it was nothing?  
You ruined mine, but you seem to be doin' fine  
Well, I've never recovered  
But tonight I bet you that what you're  
'Bout to go through's tougher than anything I ever have suffered  
Can't think of a better way to define poetic justice  
Can I hold grudges? Mind saying, "Let it go, fuck this."  
Heart's saying, "I will, once I bury this bitch alive  
Hide the shovel and then drive off in the sunset."

[Chorus: Sarah Jaffe]

I flee the scene like it was my last ride  
You see right through  
Oh, you had me pegged the first time  
You can see the truth, but it's easier to justify  
What's bad is good and I hate to be the bad guy  
I just hate to be the bad guy  
(Follow me, I ruh-uh-un; follow me, I ruh-uh-un)  
I just hate to be the bad guy  
(Follow me, I ruh-uh-un; follow me, I ruh-uh-un)

[Verse 2]

And to think I used to think you was the shit, bitch  
To think it was you at one time I worshipped, shit  
Think you can hurt people and just keep getting away with it?  
Not this time, you better go and get the sewing kit, bitch!  
Finish this stitch, so you can reap what you sew, nitwit  
Thought some time would pass and I'd forget it? Forget it!  
You left our family in shambles  
And you expect me to just get over him, pretend he never existed?  
May be gone but he's not forgotten  
And don't think 'cause he's been out the pictures  
So long that I've stopped the plottin' and still ain't comin' to get ya  
You're wrong and that shit was rotten  
And the way you played him, same shit you did to me, cold  
Have you any idea the shit that I've gone through?  
Feelings I harbor? All this pent-up resentment I hold on to?  
Not once you call to ask me how I'm doin'  
Letters, you don't respond to 'em  
Fuck it, I'm coming to see you  
And, gee, who better to talk to than you?  
The cause of my problems  
My life is garbage, and I'm 'bout to take it out on you  
Poof, then I'm gone, voosh

[Chorus: Sarah Jaffe]

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[Verse 3]

I've been drivin' around your side of this town  
Like 9 frickin' hours and 45 minutes now  
Finally I found your new address, park in your drive  
Feel like I've been waiting on this moment all of my life  
And it's now arrived, and my mouth is full of saliva  
My knife is out and I'm ducking on the side of your house  
See, it's sad it came to this point  
Such a disappointment I had to make this appointment  
To come and see ya, but I ain't here for your empathy  
I don't need your apology or your friendship or sympathy  
It's revenge that I seek  
So I sneak vengefully, and treat your bedroom window  
Like I reached my full potential: I peeked  
Continue to peep, still bent low, then keep  
Tapping the glass lightly then start to crescendo, sneak  
All the way 'round to the back porch  
Man, door handles unlocked, shouldn't be that easy to do this  
You don't plan for intruders beforehand?  
Surprised to see me? Cat caught your tongue?  
Gag, chloroform rag, dag, almost hack-up a lung  
Like you picked an axe up and swung, stick to the core plan  
Dragged to the back of a trunk by one of your fans  
Irony's spectacular, huh? Now who's a faggot, you punk?  
And here's your Bronco hat  
You can have that shit back 'cause they suck  
It's just me, you and the music now, Slim, I hope you hear it  
We're in the car right now – wait, here comes my favorite lyric  
&quot;I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die&quot;  
And hey, here's a sequel to my  
Mathers LP just to try to get people to buy  
How's this for a publicity stunt? This should be fun!  
Last album now, 'cause after this you'll be officially done  
Eminem killed by M and M, Matthew Mitchell  
Bitch, I even have your initials  
I initially was gonna bury you next to my brother, but fuck it  
Since you're in love with your city so much, I figured, what the fuck  
The best place you could be buried alive is right here  
Two more exits, time is quite near  
Hope we don't get stopped, no license I fear  
That sirens I hear? Guess 90 on the freeway wasn't the brightest idea, as cops appear in my driver  
(Oh, God! Police! Aaaghh!)  
Hope Foxtrot gets an aerial shot of your burial plot, at least  
New plan, Stan!  
Slim: &quot;Chauvinist pig drove in this big Lincoln Town Car&quot;  
Well, gotta go, almost at the bridge  
Ha ha, big bro, it's for you; Slim, this is for him  
And Frank Ocean; oh, hope you can swim good  
Now say you hate homos again!

Part 2: Produced by StreetRunner

[Verse 4]

I also represent  
Anyone on the receiving end of those jokes you offend  
I'm the nightmare you fell asleep and then woke up still in  
I'm your karma closing in with each stroke of a pen  
Perfect time to have some remorse to show for your sin  
Nope, it's hopeless, I'm the denial that you're hopelessly in

When they say all of this is approachin' its end  
But you refuse to believe that it's over, here we go all over again  
Back's to the wall, I'm stacking up all them odds  
Toilets clogged, yeah, 'cause I'm talking a lot of  
Shit but I'm backing it all up  
But in my head there's a voice in the back and it hollers  
After the track is demolished, I am your lack of a conscience  
I'm the ringing in your ears  
I'm the polyps on the back of your tonsils  
Eatin' your vocal chords after your concerts  
I'm your time that's almost up that you haven't acknowledged  
Grab for some water  
But I'm that pill that's too jagged to swallow  
I'm the bullies you hate that you became  
With every faggot you slaughtered  
Coming back on you, every woman you insult  
Batter, but the double-standards you have  
When it comes to your daughters  
I represent everything you take for granted  
'Cause Marshall Mathers, the rapper's persona  
Is half a facade, and Matthew and Stan's just symbolic  
Of you not knowing what you had 'til it's gone  
'Cause after all the glitz and the glam  
No more fans that are calling your name  
Cameras are off, sad, but it happens to all of them  
I'm the hindsight to say, "I told you so!"  
Foreshadows of all the things that are to follow  
I'm the future that's here to show you what happens tomorrow  
If you don't stop after they call ya  
Biggest laughing stock of rap who can't call it quits  
When it's time to walk away, I'm every guilt trip  
The baggage you have, but as you gather up all your possessions  
If there's anything you have left to say  
'Less it makes an impact, then don't bother  
So 'fore you rest your case  
Better make sure you're packin' a wallop  
So, one last time, I'm back  
Before it fades into black and it's all over  
Behold the final chapter in a saga  
Tryin' to recapture that lightning trapped in a bottle  
Twice, the magic that started  
It all, tragic portrait of an artist  
Tortured, trapped in his own drawings  
Tap into thoughts blacker and darker  
Than anything imaginable; here goes a wild stab in the dark  
As we pick up where the last Mathers left off