

# Eminem, I'm back

[Chorus: Eminem repeat 4X]

That's why they call me Slim Shady (I'm Back)

I'm Back (I'm Back) (SLIM SHADY!) I'm Back

[Eminem]

I murder a rhyme one word at a time

You never, heard of a mind as perverted as mine

You better, get rid of that nine, it ain't gonna help

What good's it gonna do against a man that strangles himself?

I'm waitin for hell like hell shit I'm anxious as hell

Manson, you're safe in that cell, be thankful it's jail

I used to be my mommy's little angel at twelve

Thirteen I was puttin shells in a gauge on a shelf

I used to, get punked and bullied on my block

'til I cut a kitten's head off and stuck it in this kid's mailbox

{&quot;Mom! MOM!&quot;} I used to give a - fuck, now I could give a fuck less

What do I think of suc-cess? It sucks, too much press I'm stressed

Too much stares two breasts, too upset

It's just too much mess, I guess I must just blew up quick (yes)

Grew up quick (no) was raised right

Whatever you say is wrong, whatever I say is right

You think of my name now whenever you say, &quot;Hi&quot;

Became a commodity because I'm W-H-I-

-T-E, cuz MTV was so friendly to me

Can't wait 'til Kim sees me

Now is it worth it? Look at my life, how is it perfect?

Read my lips bitch, what, my mouth isn't workin'?

You hear this finger? Oh it's upside down

Here, let me turn this motherfucker up right now

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

I take each individual degenerate's head and reach into it

just to see if he's influenced by me if he listens to music

And if he feeds into this shit he's an innocent victim

and becomes a puppet on the string of my tennis shoe

{\*vocal scratches\*} My name is Slim Shady

I been crazy way before radio didn't play me

The sensational {\*vocal scratch &quot;Back is the incredible!&quot;,\*}

With Ken Kaniff, who just finds the men edible

It's Ken Kaniff on the, internet

Tryin to, lure your kids with him, into bed

It's a, sick world we live in these days

&quot;Slim for Pete's sakes put down Christopher Reeve's legs!&quot;

Geez, you guys are so sensitive

&quot;Slim it's a touchy subject, try and just don't mention it&quot;

Mind with no sense in it, fried to get so frenetic

whose eyes get so squinted, I'm blind from smokin 'em

with my windows tinted, with nine limos rented

Doin lines of coke in 'em, with a bunch of guys hoppin out

all high and indo scented {\*inhales, exhales\*}

And that's where I get my name from, that's why they call me

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

I take seven (kids) from (Columbine), stand 'em all in line

Add an AK-47, a revolver, a nine

a Mack-11 and it oughta solve the problem of mine

and that's a whole school of bullies shot up all at one time

Cause (I'mmmm) Shady, they call me as crazy

as the world was over this whole Y2K thing

And by the way, N'Sync, why do they sing?

Am I the only one who realizes they stink?

Should I dye my hair pink and care what y'all think?

Lip sync and buy a bigger size of earrings?

It's why I tend to block out when I hear things

Cause all these fans screamin is makin my ears ring (AHHHH!!!)

So I just, throw up a middle finger and let it linger  
longer than the rumor that I was stickin it to Christina  
Cause if I ever stuck it to any singer in showbiz  
it'd be Jennifer Lopez, and Puffy you know this!  
I'm sorry Puff, but I don't give a fuck if this chick was my own mother  
I still fuck her with no rubber and cum inside her  
and have a son and a new brother at the same time  
and just say that it ain't mine, what's my name?

[Chorus]

[Eminem {\*vocal scratching\*}]

Guess who's b-back, back

Gue-gue-guess who's back (Hi mom!)

{\*scratch\*} Guess who's back

{\*scratch\*} Gue {\*scratch\*} guess who's back

D-12 {\*scratch\*} Guess who's back

Gue, gue-gue-gue, guess who's back

Dr. Dre {\*scratch\*} Guess who's back

Back back {\*scratch\*} back

{\*scratch\*}

Slim Shady, 2001

I'm blew out from this blunt (\*sighs\*) fuck