

Cleanin' Out My Closet

Eminem

Where's my snare?
I have no snare in 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 motherfuckin' kid that's behind
All this commotion emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flaring 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 evening
Leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigger me but they never figure me out
Look at me now, I bet ya probably sick of me now
Ain't you mama I'm a make you look so ridiculous now

[Chorus: 2x]

I said 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

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'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' C-D
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months
My fagot father must have 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 leavin' her side
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I
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 them today!
What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets out of that gun
Cause I'd a killed them, shit I woulda shot Kim and him both
This my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to The Eminem Show

[Chorus: 2x]

Now I would never dis my own mama
Just to get recognition
Take a second to listen who you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position just try to envision
Witnessin' yo mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen
Bitchin' that someones always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housing 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 your 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?
Well guess what your gettin' older now and
It's cold when your lonely and Nathan's growin' up so quick

He's gonna know that your phony
And Hailie's gettin' 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 what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong
Bitch, do your song
Keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom
But how dare you try to take what 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!

[Chorus: 2x]