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

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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
"I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die"
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: "Chauvinist pig drove in this big Lincoln Town Car"
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