

# Eminem, Carnage

It was the year in 1999  
when i realized everythin wasn't fine  
I didn't want to live anymore,  
i wanted to splatter my room with blood and gore.  
Flunkin out of all my classes,  
bullies beatin me up and breakin my glasses.  
Parents abusin me,  
my teachers sending me to therapy.  
You see..i put on this happy mask,  
So the people don't ask...  
Why are you so sad?  
i'm just tryin to help you..don't get mad.  
Well fuck you..i don't need your shit  
I don't need your help you fuckin Nitwit.  
Well look what time it is,  
Its time to do my biz  
Well I guess this is my final good bye,  
i guess this is the part where i die  
i'll lie down on this bed  
and blow off my fucking head  
And you can pick up the pieces,  
and send them to your nephews and nieces  
and you pick up this bed sheet with the red stain,  
and flush it right down the drain  
chop up my body,  
and this too you can flush down the potty  
Cuz i'm leavin this earth,  
its been a burden ever since my birth