

# Eminem, Fall

[Intro: Eminem & Justin Vernon]

You know, everybody's been tellin' me what they think about me for the last few months  
It's too loud  
Maybe it's time I tell 'em what I think about them  
Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot  
It's too loud  
Three's not a crowd all up in it  
Slow fire  
Don't fall on my face  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
Don't fall on my fate  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
Don't fall on my fate  
Don't fall on my—

[Verse 1: Eminem]

Gotta concentrate against the clock I race  
Got no time to waste, I'm already late, I got a marathoner's pace  
Went from addict to a workaholic, word to Dr. Dre in that first marijuana tape  
Guess I got a chronic case  
And I ain't just blowin' smoke, 'less it's in your momma's face  
I know this time Paul and Dre, they won't tell me what not to say  
And though me and my party days have all pretty much parted ways  
You'd swear to God I've forgot I'm the guy that made "Not Afraid"  
One last time for Charlemagne  
If my response is late, it's just how long it takes  
To hit my fuckin' radar, I'm so far away  
These rappers are like Hunger Games  
One minute, they're mocking Jay  
Next minute, they get they style from Migos, then they copy Drake  
Maybe I just don't know when to turn around and walk away  
But all the hate I call it "Walk on Water" gate  
I've had as much as I can tolerate  
I'm sick and tired of waitin', I done lost my patience  
I can take all of you motherfuckers on at once  
You wanted, Shady? You got it!

[Chorus: Eminem & Justin Vernon]

Don't fall on my face  
Yeah  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
Don't fall on my fate  
line 'em up!  
Don't fall on my faith, oh  
Rrr  
Don't fall on my fate  
Look

[Verse 2: Eminem]

Somebody tell Budden before I snap, he better fasten it  
Or have his body baggage zipped  
The closest thing he's had to hits is smacking bitches  
And don't make me have to give it back to Akademiks  
Say this shit is trash again, I'll have you twisted like you had it when you thought you had me slipping  
Even when I'm gettin' brain, you'll never catch me with a thot  
Lacking with it, "he ain't spittin like this on his last shit"  
Ho, you better go back and listen  
You know me better, thinkin' I'll slow up, let up  
Call it trap 'cause it's a total setup  
Hopin' that you rappers fall in that  
Dre said, "Hold your head up"—Kathy Griffin  
Stackin' ammunition, slap the clip and cock it back on competition, this is how I shot ahead (pew)-C  
My attack is vicious, Jack the Ripper, back in business.  
Tyler create nothing, I see why you called yourself a faggot, bitch

It's not just 'cause you lack attention  
It's 'cause you worship D12's balls, you're sack-religious  
If you're gonna critique me, you better at least be as good or better  
Get Earl, the Hooded Sweater, whatever his name is to help you put together some words, more th  
The fans waited for this moment like that feature when I stole the show (ha), sorry if I took forever (

[Chorus: Eminem & Justin Vernon]

Don't fall on my face

Yeah

Don't fall on my faith, oh

I won't

Don't fall on my fate

line 'em up!

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Ha

Don't fall on my fate

It's too easy

[Verse 3: Eminem]

Just remember—I was here before you

And I'll be here after you make your run-in for you

Detractors , I might have to fuck Pitchfork with a corkscrew

Just what the doctor ordered

Revenge is the best medicine

Increase the dose, from least to most

Then tell the Grammys to go and fuck themselves, they suck the blood from all the biggest artists li

So they nominate 'em, get 'em there, get a name to 'em

See the show, every parasite needs a host

Then give Album of the Year to somebody that no one's ever even heard of

All I know is I wrote every single word of everything I ever murdered

Time to separate the sheep from goats

And I got no faith in your writers, I don't believe in ghosts

When rap needed it most, I was that wing and a prayer

A beacon of hope, put a B-I-R-D in the air

Somewhere, some kid is bumping this while he lip-syncs in the mirror

That's who I'm doin' it for, the rest I don't really even care

But you would think I'm carryin' a Oxford dictionary in my pocket

How I'm buryin' these artists

On a scale of 'turnt' you're 'minus'

Mine says 'very', yours says 'hardly'

And what's scary is you probably

Can compare me to your car 'cause I'm just barely gettin' started

And far as Lord Jamar, you better leave me the hell alone

Or I'll show you an Elvis clone

Walk up in this house you own, thrust my pelvic bone

Use your telephone and go fetch me the remote

Put my feet up and just make myself at home

I belong here, clown, don't tell me 'bout the culture

I inspired the Hopsins, the Logics, the Coles, the

Seans, the K-Dots, the 5'9" and oh

Brought the world 50 Cent, you did squat, piss and moan

But I'm not gonna fall... bitch!

[Chorus: Justin Vernon]

It's too loud

Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot

It's too loud

Threes not a crowd all up in it

Slow fire