Eminem, Marshall Mathers

[Eminem]
You know I just don't get it
Last year I was nobody
This year I'm sellin records
Now everybody wants to come around like I owe em somethin
Heh, the fuck you want from me, ten million dollars?
Get the fuck out of here
[Chorus One: Eminem]
You see I'm, just Marshall Mathers (Marshall Mathers)
I'm just a regular guy,
I don't know why all the fuss about me (fuss about me)
Nobody ever gave a fuck before,
all they did was doubt me (did was doubt me)
Now everybody wanna run they mouth
and try to take shots at me (take shots at me)
[Eminem]
Yo, you might see me joggin, you might see me walkin
You might see me walkin a dead rottweiler dog
with it's head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar
hollerin at him cause the son of a bitch won't quit barkin
(grrrr, ARF ARF) Or leanin out a window, with a cocked shotgun
Drivin up the block in the car that they shot 'Pac in
Lookin for Big's killers, dressed in ridiculous
blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is
Double barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris Wallace
Pissed off, cause Biggie and 'Pac just missed all this
Watchin all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em
and get dollars that shoulda been there's like they switched wallets
And amidst all this Crist' poppin and wristwatches
I had to sit back and just watch and just get nauseous
and walk around with an empty bottle of Remi Martin
startin shit like some 26-year-old skinny Cartman ("God damnit!")
I'm anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin
with instincts to kill N'Sync, don't get me started
These fuckin brats can't sing and Britney's garbage
What's this bitch retarded? Gimme back my sixteen dollars
All I see is sissies in magazines smiling
Whatever happened to whylin out and bein violent?
Whatever happened to catchin a good-ol' fashioned
passionate ass-whoopin and gettin your shoes coat and your hat tooken?
New Kids on the Block, sucked a lot of dick
Boy/girl groups make me sick
And I can't wait 'til I catch all you faggots in public
I'ma love it.. (hahaha)
Vanilla Ice don't like me (uh-uh)
Said some shit in Vibe to spite me (yup)
Then went and dyed his hair just like me (hehe)
A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me
and run around screamin, "I don't care, just bite me" (nah nah)
I think I was put here to annoy the world
and destroy your little 4-year-old boy or girl
Plus I was put here to put fear in faggots who spray Faygo Root Beer
and call themselves "Clowns" cause they look queer
Faggot2Dope and Silent Gay
Claimin Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away (fuckin punks)
And I don't wrestle, I'll knock you fuckin faggots the fuck out
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck out
after they ducked out the back when they saw us and bugged out
(AHHH!) Ducked down and got paintballs shot at they truck, blaow!
Look at y'all runnin your mouth again
when you ain't seen a fuckin Mile Road, South of 10
And I don't need help, from D-12, to beat up two females
in make-up, who may try to scratch me with Lee Nails
"Slim Anus," you damn right, Slim Anus

I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming faggots!
[Chorus Two: Eminem]
Cause I'm, just Marshall Mathers (Marshall Mathers)
I'm not a wrestler guy,
I'll knock you out if you talk about me (you talk about me)
Come and see me on the streets alone
if you assholes doubt me (assholes doubt me)
And if you wanna run your mouth
then come take your best shot at me (your best shot at me)
[Eminem]
Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of me?
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck Puffy
Now because of this blonde mop that's on top
and this fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?
The underground just spunned around and did a 360
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies
"Oh, he just did some shit with Missy,
so now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with MC Get-Bizzy"
My fuckin bitch mom's suin for ten million
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealin
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit?
All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her mattress
Which is it bitch, Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?
It doesn't matter your [attorney Fred Gibson's a] faggot!
Talkin about I fabricated my past
He's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass (Uhh!)
So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?
For every million I make, another relative sues
Family fightin and fussin over who wants to invite me to supper
All the sudden, I got 90 some cousins (Hey it's me!)
A half-brother and sister who never seen me
or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house
Hey-hey! And then to top it off, I walked to the newsstand
to buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food stamp
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast
and what do I see? A picture of my big white ass
Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help:
uhh, here - DOUBLE XL, DOUBLE XL
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell
Ahh fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself
[Chorus One (2X)]