Eminem, Marshall Mathers Lp

[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 f**k you want from me, ten million dollars?
Get the f**k 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 f**k 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 f**kin 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 (f**kin punks)
And I don't wrestle, I'll knock you f**kin faggots the f**k 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 f**kin 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 f**ked in mine like you two little flaming faggots!

Chorus two: eminem