Eminem, Walk On Water (ft. Beyoncé)

i walk on water
but i ain;t no Jesus
I walk on water
but only when it freezes (fuck)

whe are expectations so high
is it the bar I set?
ma arms, I stretch, but I can’t reach
a far cry from it
or it’s in my grasp but as
soon as I grab, squeeze
l lost my grip like the flyin’ trapeze
into the dark I plummet
now the sky’s blackening
I know the mark’s high butter
flies rip apart my stomach
knowing that no mater what bars I come with
you’re gona harp, grip
and that’s a hard Vicodin to swallow
so I scrap these
as pressure increases like khakis
I fel the ice cracking, because

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is’t the curse of the standard
that the first of the Mathers disc set
always in search of the verse that I heven’t spit yet
will this step just be another misstep
to tamish whatever the legacy
love or respect
I’ve garnered?
the rhyme has to be perfect
the delivery flawless
ans it always feels like I’m hitting the mark
till I go sit in the car
listen and pick it apaet
like This is a garbage
god’s giveb me all this
still I feel no different regardless
kids look to me as a god
this is retarded
if only they knew
it’s a façade and it’s exhaustive
and I try not to listen to nonsense
but if you bitches are trying to strip me of my confidence
mission accomplished
I;m not god sent
Nas, Rakim, Pac, B.I.G, James, Todd Smith
and I’m not Prince, so

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it’s true
i;m a Rubik’s – a beautiful mess
At timews juvenite
yes, I goof and I jest
a flawed human, I guess

but I;m doing my best to not ruin your ex
pectations and meet them
but first
“The “speedom’ verse not Big Sean
He’s going too fast
is he gonna shout or curse out his mom?
There was a time I had the World by the balls
eating out my palm
every album song I was spazzing the fuck out on
and now I’m getting clowned and frowned on
But the only one whose’s looking down on
me that matters now is de Shaun
am I lucky ro be around this long?
begs the question through
Especially after the methadone
as yesterday fades and the Dresden home
is burnt to the ground
and all; that’s left of my house is lawn
the crowds are gone
and it’s time to wash out the blonde
sales decline, the curtains drawn
they’re closing the set
I’m still poking my head from out behind
and everyone who has doubt, remind
now take your best rhyme
outdo it now do it a thousand times
now let them tell ya the world no longer cares or gives a fuck about your rhymes
and as I grow I ever let this mic go without a fight
when I made a fucking tightrope outta twine?
but when I do fail from these heights though
I’ll be fine
I won’t pout or cry or spiral down or whine
bur I’ll decide if it’s my final bow this time around, cause

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cause I’m only human, just like you
I’ve been making my mistake
if you only knew
I dint think you should believe in me the way that you do
cause I am terrified to let you down
if I walk on water
I would drown
cause I’m a man
but as long as I got mic
I’m godlike
so me and you are not alike
bitch, I wrote :Stan”