

Eminem

"Almost Famous"

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(Intro)

I can almost taste it
This shit makes no sense to me
What does it all mean
I can almost taste it
I can almost save it
This shit makes no sense to me
What does it all mean
I can almost taste it

(Eminem)

Yeah, I can't stop now,
This maybe be the last chance I get,
To be famous

(Chorus)

You dream of trading places,
I have been changing faces
You can not fill these shoes,
There is too much too lose.
Wake up behind these trenches,
You run around defenseless.
There is too much too lose,
You can not fill these shoes
I just want to be Famous,
But, Be careful what you wish for

(Verse 1)

I stuck my dick in this game like a rapist
They call me Slim Roethlisberger
I go bezerker than a fed-up post-office worker
A murker with a Mossberg
I'm pissed off get murdered
Like someone took a ketchup squirter
Squirted a frankfurter
For a gangster you shoulda shit your pants
When you saw the chainsaw get to waving
Like a Terrible Towel
I faced her around
But his fangs come out
Get your brains blown out
That's what I call blowing your mind

When I come back
Like nut on your spine
I'm a thumb tack
That you slept on son
Now here I come screaming "attack" like I just stepped
on one
Low on the totem till he showed 'em
Defiance, giant scrotum
He don't owe them bitches shit
His britches, he out grow'd em
He's so out cold he's knocked out of the South Pole
And nobody fucks with him
Rigamortis and post-mortem
He's dying of boredom
Take your best rhymes, record 'em
To try and thwart him
He'll just take your punch lines and snort 'em
Shit stained drawers
You gonna fuck with a guy who licks the blades of his
chainsaws
While he dips 'em in P.F. Chang's sauce
Game's off, homie, hang it up like some crank calls
You think I'm backing down you must be out of your
dang skulls
I'm almost famous

(Chorus)

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(Verse 2)

I'm back for revenge
I lost the battle that ain't happening again
I'm at your throat like strep
I step, strapped with a pen
Metaphors wrote on my hand,
Some I just stored in my mem-
-ory some I wrote on a napkin
I do what I have to to win
Pulling out all stops, any who touch a mic prior's
Not even Austin Powers, how the fuck are they Mike
Meyers
And tell that psycho to pass the torch

To the whacko before I take a shit in his Jack-O-Lantern
And smash it on his porch
Now get off my dick
Dick's too short a word for my dick
Get off my antidisestablishmentarianism, you prick
Don't call me the champ; call me the space shuttle
destroyer
I just blew up the Challenger, matter fact I need a
lawyer
I just laced my gloves with enough plaster
To make a cast beat his ass naked and peed in his
corner like Verne Troyer
Ya'll are Eminem backwards, you're mini-me's
See he's in a whole nother weight class
He slugs your BB's your bean bag bullets
You're full of it; you were dissin his CD's
Laughed at Infinite, now he's back like someone pissed
in his wheaties
No peace treaties, he's turned into a beast
His new Slim Shady EP's got the attention of the mighty
D.R.E
He's almost famous

(Chorus)

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I have been changing faces
You can not fill these shoes,
There is too much too lose.
Wake up behind these trenches,
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There is too much too lose,
You can not fill these shoes
I just want to be Famous,
But, Be careful what you wish for

(Verse 3)

Now there he goes in Dre's studio cuppin his balls
Screaming the wood off the panelling
And cussing the paint off the walls
Spewing his hate to these haters, showing no love for
these broads
He ain't given them shit, he says he'll pinch a penny so
hard
He'll leave a bruise on the bronze so dark you can see
the mark
With the scars, till Abraham Lincoln is screaming out
AHH
His metaphors and similes ain't similar to them, not at
all
If they don't like it, they can all get fucked instead of
sucking him off

They can go get a belt or a neck tie, to hang
themselves by
Like David Carradine they can go fuck themselves and
just die
And eat shit while they at it
He's fucking had it, he's mad at the whole world
So go to hell and build a snowman girl
The bullies become bullied, the pussies get pushed
Then they better pull me, take me back to 9th grade to
school me
Cus I ain't looking back, only forward, this whole spot
blowing
Who coulda known he'd grow to be a poet and not know
it
And while I'm being poetic let me get a stoic and raise
the bar
Higher than my opinion of these women's been lower'd
So bare witness to some biblical shit
As a cold wind blowing this world ain't gonna know
what hit it
He did it, he made it, he's finally famous

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