Eminem "Cleanin' Out My Closet"

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Intro:

Where's my snare
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go
Yeah
Yo, yo

Have you eva been hated, or discriminated against? I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times Sick is the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'

Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'

Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'

Keep kickin' ass in the mornin', and takin' names in the evenin'

Leave'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth See they can trigga me, but they'll neva figure me out Look at me now, I betcha probley sick of me now Ain't you mama, I'ma make you look so ridiculous now

Chorus:

I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet

One more time

I said
I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
Ha!

I got some skeletons in my closet And I don't know if no one knows it So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it Imma expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD
I was a baby maybe I was just a coupla months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye
No I don't on second thought I just fuckin' wished he
would die

I look at hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side, Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work

Wit her at least for Hailie's sake
I maybe made some mistakes
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em

But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today

What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun

'Cause I'd of killed 'em, shit I would a shot Kim and them both

It's my life, I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem show

Chorus:

I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet

One more time

I said I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition

Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin

But put yourself in my position, just try to envision Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'

Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome

My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't

'Til I grew up, now I grew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't't't it?

Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, MA! So you could try to justify the way you treated me, MA! But guess what, ya gettin' olda now and it's cold when yaw lonely

And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that you're phony

And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful

But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your FUNERAL

See whets hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong

Bitch do your song, keep tellin' yaself that you was a mom

But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get,

You selfish bitch

I hope you fuckin' burn in in hell for this shit Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?

Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!

Chorus:

I'm sorry mama I never meant to hurt you I never meant to make you cry But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet

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