

Eminem

"Cleaning Out My Closet I'm Sorry Mama"

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I'm sorry mama
(I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry,
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...)
I'm sorry mama
I never meant to heart you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleaning out my closet

I'm the illest rapper to hold the cordless, patrollin
corners
Looking for hookers to punch in the mouth with a roll of
quarters
I'm meaner in action than Roscoe beatin James Todd
Sr.
and smackin' his back with vacuum cleaner
attachments
I grew up in a wild hood, as a hazardous youth
with a fucked up childhood, that I used as an excuse
And ain't shit changed, I kept the same mindstate
since the third time that I failed 9th grade
You probably think that I'm a negative person,
don't be so sure of it
I don't promote violence, I just encourage it
I laugh at the sight of death
as I fall down a cement flight of steps
and land inside a bed of spiderwebs

Walk the block with a labrador
Strapit more corral for war than El Salvador
Foul style galore Verbal cow manure
Coming together like the eyebrow on Al B. Sure

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Met a retarded kid named Greg with a wooden leg
Snatched it off and beat him over the fucking head with
the peg
Go to bed with the keg, wake up with the 40

Mixed up with Alka Seltzer and Formula 44D
Fuck an acid tab I'll strap the whole sheet to my
forehead
Wait until it absorbed in and fell to the floor dead
No more said case closed end of discussion
I'm blowin up like spontaneous human combustion
Leaving you in the aftermath of holocaust and traumas
Cross the bombas
We blowin up your house killing your parents '
and coming back to get your foster mommas
And I'm as good at keeping a promise as Nostradamus
Cause I aint making no more threats
I'm doing drivebys in tinted Corvettes on Vietnam war
vets
I'm more or less sick in the head
Maybe more cause I smoked crack today, yesterday,
and the day before

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