

## **Eminem**

# **"Cleaning Out My Closet"**

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Where's my snare?  
I have no snare in my headphones  
There you go  
Yeah, yo, yo

Have you ever 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 as the mind of the motherfuckin' kid that's behind

All this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's  
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 their  
mouth  
See, they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out  
Look at me now, I bet ya probably sick of me now, ain't  
you mamma?  
I'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mamma  
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 mamma  
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 thrown me inside my coffin and close it  
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to '73

Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' C.D.

I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months  
My faggot father must have had his panties up in a  
bunch  
'Coz 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 leavin' her side  
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try  
To make it work with her at least for Hailie's sake  
I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only human  
But I'm man enough to face them today

What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb  
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta  
that gun  
'Cuz I'da killed him, shit I woulda shot Kim and them  
both

It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to 'The Eminem  
Show'

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Now I would never diss my own mamma just to get  
recognition  
Take a second to listen for who you think this record is  
dissin'  
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision  
Witnessin' your mamma 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 blew up, it makes you sick to your  
stomach

Doesn't it? Wasn't it the reason you made that C.D. for  
me Ma?

So you could try to justify the way you treated me ma?  
But guess what? You're gettin older now and it's cold  
when you're lonely  
And Nathan's growin' up so quick, he's gonna know  
that you're phony

And Hailie's gettin' 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, what hurts me the most is you won't admit you  
was wrong  
Bitch, do your song, keep tellin' yourself 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 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

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