

## **Eminem**

# **"Dont Approach Me"**

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Man, I need a lighter, man, right here  
Yeah, whassup, Slim? What's crackin'?  
Hit this shit, shit, I almost hit this motherfucker today  
Is that right? What is it with motherfuckers thinkin' that

Because we're in the spotlight or whatever that  
They can do or say whatever they want to us  
And that we won't retaliate  
Protect my motherfuckin' self  
By any means, necessary, right?

'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you  
So don't approach me, I won't approach you  
And don't insult me, I won't insult you  
'Cause you don't know what I will or I won't do

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Make no mistake, I'm the Golden State heavyweight  
Bein' underrated gave me time to create it  
Can you relate? I renovate, straight out the gate  
Carried my weight but seem to receive nothin' but hate

Millionaires snatchin' crumbs off my little son plate  
Kidnapped, locked in a trunk, get shot in the face  
No hoes, no clothes, no one showin' up for my shows  
You know how it goes, I might as well kick it at home

But my baby mamma hate my guts and can't stand me  
(Yeah)  
Packed up, moved out, started a new family  
So all this strugglin' for what so I can blow up  
Marry a slut but can't watch my seed grow up?

Fuck that, this the fuckin' thanks I get  
For tryin' to edutain assholes and feed my bitch  
Yo, I feel like my whole life is upside down  
(Upside down)  
'Cause you seein' more support than I'm seein' my

child

It's like everyday I wake up, another drama  
It's a wonder I'm alive, survivin' this karma  
If I can hold on to my private life for five minutes longer  
I might get my wife to let go of this knife and just calm  
her

Without these cameras in our faces like animals  
For your Channel 2 Action News to follow our  
ambulance up the avenue  
And catch a glimpse of all the suicide attempts  
And what we do in private since they won't let us put up  
a fence

And you wonder why I carry every gun under the sun  
Whether it's unloaded full or an unregistered one  
No bullet, you're so full of shit  
This clip is so full it'll spit if I don't pull it

And don't give me no bullshit, I'm not in the mood  
I just got in a feud in some parkin' lot with a dude  
Over Kim and she just slit both of her wrists over the  
shit  
Don't tell me bout the show business shit  
I know what this is, bitch

'Cause you don't know me, I don't know you  
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And don't insult me, I won't insult you  
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This ain't business, this is personal bitch  
You don't know Xzibit from shit, new school, class  
dismissed  
I had a very fucked up day, I'm needin' this fit  
Shuttin' motherfuckers up like they pleadin' the 5th

Yo Em, it's time to get serious with it  
(Yeah)  
Time for everybody to feel it, similar to the egg in the  
skillet  
This is your brain on drugs, Xzibit brain on thugs  
Ain't no neighborhood that's big enough to bang on us

Ain't no love, lost my niggaz, relax yourself

I'm about to snatch it all and start spreadin' the wealth  
To my niggaz who never seen it, I mean it when I holla  
At the top of my lungs, about my guns and my loved  
ones

Got tons of ammo to crack your enamel  
Changin' your channel, you played like a fuckin' piano  
Ridin' slow through Cali like I'm ridin' a camel  
Millionaire motherfuckers with their brains in their  
flannels

I feel like, Tony Soprano, who do I trust now?  
Just hit me on my tele', nigga, soon as I touch down  
Spit lines to split spines just to get mine  
Big behind bitches gettin' dick to spit shine

Sniff lines of coke that's the only shit that make you  
dope  
Bitch-ass nigga that's droppin' the soap  
Get choked out and beat, put your head in a vise-grip  
And turn til you motherfuckers tell me the right shit

So do I gotta buy a whole block to myself  
A front door with twelve locks  
And have a bodyguard walk me out to my mailbox  
And every time somebody makes a threat, run and tell  
cops?

Fuck that, I protect myself with these twelve shots  
And one in the chamber, gun in the waist  
and one in the ankle, waitin' for someone to come to  
my place  
Tryin' to walk up and knock like these cocksuckers are  
not

Gonna get a shotgun or a glock shoved in their face?  
And it's a disgrace, Hailey can't play with her toys  
In the front yard without you drivin' by honkin' your  
horn  
Screamin' some shit, leanin' out your windows, beepin'  
'n' shit

Or pullin' up in my drive like I won't leap in your whip  
And so these kids tell their friends and relatives where  
I live  
So my address ends up on the Internet again  
So then, I do an interview with Spin, tellin' them

That if someone comes to my crib  
I'ma shove a gun in their ribs  
And reporters, blow it out of proportion

"Oh, now he's pullin' guns on his fans  
Just for tryin' to stand on his porch"

And I'm the bad guy 'cause  
I don't answer my door like "Hey, hi!  
You guys wants some autographs?  
Okay, form a straight line"

Sometimes I feel like loadin' this rifle  
And climbin' the roof at night  
And hidin' outside to snipe you

It's not that I don't like you  
It's just that I'm not behind the mic  
I'm a person who's just like you

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