

Eminem

"Eminem - Stan"

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Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't callin'
I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the
bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn
You must not have got 'em
It probably was a problem at the post office or
somethin'

Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot
'em
But anyways, fuck it, what's been up man, how's your
daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm out to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her? I'ma
name her Bonnie

I read about your uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch who didn't
want him
I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your
biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with
ScamZ

I got a room full of your posters and your pictures, man
I like the shit you did with Ruckus too, that shit was fat

Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back, just to
chat
Truly yours, your biggest fan, this is Stan

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Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you
have the chance
I ain't mad, I just think it's fucked up you don't answer
fans
If you didn't want to talk to me outside your concert you
didn't have to
But you could have signed an autograph for Matthew

That's my little brother, man, he's only 6 years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you for 4 hours and
ya just said no
That's pretty shitty man, you're like his fuckin' idol
He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more
than I do

I ain't that mad, but I just don't like bein' lied to
Remember when we met in Denver, you said if I write to
you
You would write back, see, I'm just like you in a way
I never knew my father neither
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her

I can relate to what you're sayin' in your songs
So when I have a shitty day, I drift away and put 'em on
'Cause I don't really got shit else, so that shit helps
when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo with your name across the chest

Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for
me
See, everything you say is real, and I respect you
'cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous 'cause I talk about you 24/7

But she don't know you like I know you, Slim, no one
does
She don't know what it was like for people like us
growing up

You've gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll
ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan. PS, we should be together too

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Dear Mr. "I'm too good to call or write my fans"
This'll be the last package I ever send your ass
It's been six months and still no word, I don't deserve
it?
I know you got my last two letters, I wrote the
addresses on 'em perfect

So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear
it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, "I drank a fifth of vodka, ya dare me to
drive?"
You know that song by Phil Collins from "The Air In The
Night"?

About that guy who could have saved that other guy
from drowning?
But didn't? Then Phil saw it all then at his show he
found him?
That's kinda how this is, you could have rescued me
from drowning
Now it's too late, I'm on a thousand downers now, I'm
drowsy

And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know I ripped all o' your pictures off the wall
I love you Slim, we could have been together, think
about it
You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you
dream about it

And when you dream, I hope you can't sleep and you
scream about it
I hope your conscious eats at you and you can't breathe
without me
See Slim, shut up bitch, I'm trying to talk
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screaming in the trunk

But I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't

like you
'Cause if she suffocates, she'll suffer more and then
she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh shit, I forgot, how am I supposed to send this shit
out?

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Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner, but I've just
been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along
is she?
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter
that
And here's an autograph for your brother, I wrote it on
your starter cap

I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I must have
missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally, just to diss you
And what's this shit you said about you like to cut your
wrists too?
I say that shit just clownin' dawg, c'mon, how fucked up
is you?

You got some issues, Stan, I think you need some
counselin'
To help your ass from bouncin' off the walls when you
get down some
And what's this shit about us meant to be together?
That type of shit'll make me not want us to meet each
other

I really think you and your girlfriend need each other
Or maybe you just need to treat her better
I hope you get to read this letter
I just hope it reaches you in time

Before you hurt yourself, I think that you'd be doin' just
fine
If you'd relax a little, I'm glad that I inspire you, but
Stan
Why are you so mad? Try to understand that I do want
you as a fan

I just don't want you to do some crazy shit

I seen this one shit on the news a couple weeks ago
that made me sick

Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge
And had his girlfriend in the trunk and she was
pregnant with his kid

And in the car they found a tape but it didn't say who it
was to

Come to think about it his name was, it was you, damn

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