

Eminem

"I'm Sorry Mama (Full Song)"

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The songs name is "cleaning out my closet"
Where's my snare?
I have no snare on 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 mother fucking kid that's
behind
All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans
exploding
Tempers flaring from parents just blow em off and
keep going
Not taking nothing from no one, give em hell long as
I'm breathing
Keep kicking ass in the morning, and taking names in
the evening
Leave them with a taste sour as vinegar in they mouth
See they can trigger me, but they'll never figure me out
Look at me now, I betcha prolly sick of me now
Ain't you mama, I'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleaning out my closet
One More Time

I said I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleaning 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
I'ma expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum selling CD
I was a baby maybe I was just a couple of 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 fucking wished he
would die
I look at Hailie, and I couldn't picture leaving her side
Even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I try to make it
work
With her atleast 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
Cause I'd of killed em, shit I would've shot Kim and him
both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem show

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Ha!
Now I would never diss my own mama just to get
recognition
Take a second to listen for who you think this record is
dissing
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessing your mama popping prescription pills in the
kitchen
Bitching that someone's always going through her
purse when shit's missing
Going through public housing systems, victim of
munchhausen 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 CD for me, ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma?
But guess what, your getting older now and it's cold
when your lonely
And Nathan's growing up so quick he's gonna know
that your phoney
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 *hahaha*
See what hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was
wrong
Bitch, do your song, keep telling 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 fucking 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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Ha!

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