

Eminem

"I'm Sorry Mama"

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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 motherfuckin' kid that's behind

All this commotion emotions run deep as oceans
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 they 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 momma?
I'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry momma
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 momma
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 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 sellin' CD

I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months

My faggot father must have 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 fuckin' wished he would die

I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side
Even if I hated Kim, I'd 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
'Cause, I'da killed him; shit I woulda shot Kim and him, 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 momma 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 momma poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' throuh 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
Till I grew up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to ya 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? You're gettin' older now and it's cold
when your 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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