Eminem
"Insult To Injury"

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You think you know me, please
You have no idea
you think my life is great, shit
I cover up the tears
but inside my scalp, it starts
a burn in hell
Thoughts of hurtin myself and homicide is real
But you cant tell cause im good at hiding myself
I've got a lot of problems
That I've never shared with no one else
I've been to a lot of doctors
But the shit never helps
They just stuff me with the pills for all the pain that I felt
And as we press the gression got me naked in
depression
Got me playin Russian Roulette with this smith and
wesson
Remeniscing back when things were still glistenin'

when things was still playin with a puzzle and pieces
werent missin
Those days, I miss them
But those days, I kiss them
Goodbye for good
Those days are the old days
Now lets pay the rent before you end up on the wrong
day

And I'm tired of being broke
I'm ready to shake you up
Give me all your money bitch and that chain you've got
tucked
I see you flaunting all that ice
You must be ballin' but I don't got shit so hang me your
wallet (fades)

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