

## Eminem

### "No One's Iller"

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Chorus: didoMy tea's gone cold I'm wondering why  
i..Got out of bed at allThe morning rain clouds up my  
window..And I can't see at allAnd even if I could it'll  
all be gray,But your picture on my wallIt reminds me,  
that it's not so bad,It's not so bad..1st chorus:  
volume gradually grows over raindrop background2nd  
chorus: full volume with beat right after thunder  
noise[eminem as 'stan']Dear slim, I wrote but you  
still ain't callinI left my cell, my pager, and my home  
phone at the bottomI sent two letters back in autumn,  
you must not-a got 'emThere probably was a problem  
at the post office or somethinSometimes I scribble  
addresses too sloppy when I jot 'emBut anyways; fuck  
it, what's been up? man how's your daughter? My  
girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm bout to be a fatherIf I  
have a daughter, guess what i'ma call her? I'ma  
name her bonnieI read about your uncle ronnie too  
I'm sorryI had a friend kill himself over some bitch  
who didn't want himI know you probably hear this  
everyday, but I'm your biggest fanI even got the  
underground shit that you did with skamI got a room  
full of your posters and your pictures manI like the shit  
you did with rawkus too, that shit was fatAnyways, I  
hope you get this man, hit me back,Just to chat, truly  
yours, your biggest fanThis is stan{chorus:  
dido}[eminem as 'stan']Dear slim, you still ain't  
called or wrote, I hope you have a chanceI ain't mad -  
I just think it's fucked up you don't answer fansIf you  
didn't wanna talk to me outside your concertYou  
didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph  
for matthewThat's my little brother man, he's only  
six years oldWe waited in the blistering cold for  
you,Four hours and you just said, no.That's pretty  
shitty man - you're like his fuckin idolHe wants to be  
just like you man, he likes you more than I doI ain't  
that mad though, I just don't like bein lied  
toRemember when we met in denver - you said if I'd  
write youYou would write back - see I'm just like you in  
a wayI never knew my father neither;He used to always  
cheat on my mom and beat herI can relate to what  
you're saying in your songsSo 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 of 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 growin up  
You gotta call me  
man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose  
Sincerely  
yours, stan -- p.s. We should be together too {chorus:  
dido} [eminem as 'stan']  
Dear mister-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, you dare me to drive?  
You know the song by phil collins, in the air of the  
night  
About that guy who coulda saved that other guy  
from drowning  
But didn't, then phil saw it all, then at a  
show he found him? That's kinda how this is, you  
coulda rescued me from drowning  
Now it's too late -  
I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy  
And all I  
wanted was a lousy letter or a call  
I hope you know I  
ripped +all+ of your pictures off the wall  
I love you slim,  
we coulda 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 conscience eats at you and  
you can't breathe without me  
See slim; {\*screaming\*}  
shut up bitch! I'm tryin to talk!  
Hey slim, that's my  
girlfriend screamin 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'm I supposed to send this shit out?  
{\*car tires squeal\*} {\*crash\*}.. {\*brief silence\*} ..  
{\*loud splash\*} {chorus: dido} [eminem]  
Dear stan, I  
meant to write you sooner but I 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 the starter cap  
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the  
show, I musta missed you  
Don't think I did that shit  
intentionally just to diss you  
But what's this shit you  
said about you like to cut your wrists too? I say that shit  
just clownin dogg, C'mon - how fucked up is you? You  
got some issues stan, I think you need some

counseling To help your ass from bouncing off the walls  
when you get down some And what's this shit about us  
meant to be together? That type of shit I'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'll be doin just fine I relax a little,  
I'm glad 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 they didn't say who it was to Come to think about,  
his name was.. it was you Damn! We'll lyrically blast...

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