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## Eminem "The Bad The Sad The Hated"

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No one knows what it's like To be the bad man (When Eminem created Slim Shady) To be the sad man (And began to explor his dark side alter ego in his lyrics) Behind the lies (DJ Cinima) No one knows what it's like to be hated (He really started to connect with people across the world) To be faded (But the violence, rape, and murder in his lyrics) To telling lonely lies (Have outraged just as many people as the won over) (Mardi Gras) [Slim Shady:] There's a certain mystic when I speak That you notice that's sorda unique cause it's me My poetry's deep and I'm still manic The way I flow to this beat You can't sit still It's like tryin to smoke crack and go to sleep I'm strapped just knowin any minute I could snap I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush raped out all of these rappers so bad lyrically It ain't even funny I ain't even hungry It ain't even money you can't pay me enough You to play me It's cock-a-mani you just ain't zany enough To rock with shady My noodle's cock-a-doodle My clock's coo-coo I got screws loose Yeah the whole kit and caboodle I'm just brutal It's no rumor I'm numeral uno The sue me There's no humor in it no more You know I'm rollin' with a swollen bollin' ball in my bag You need fag to come a tear a new whole in my ass

No one knows what it's like To be the bad man To be the sad man Behind the lies No one knows what it's like to be hated To be faded To telling lonely lies

[Lil' Wayne:] I ain't never kill nobody I promise An I promise if you try me You gonna hafta to rewind this track And make me go back To think I go lack An boy you lay flat so flat Dat act is wat I perform amongst you haters Got nina in my palm an I masturbatin Black peater pan fly till I die Wat u sayin Bathe in ape Eve saint eveie so what I stay an got me feelin Like scareface like the cohiba Streets reply I look great in a four seater You know I b.I. get right in the four seater Top floor of the four seasons For the whores An they all know how to cook it up An look I got some and only one know how bag Bitch bundle up See it's a cold world so homie bundle up Clean on his grind an from that an get your hustle up

No one knows what it's like (I know that you put a lotta pain in your music) To be the bad man To be the sad man (Some of it comes from def jam) Behind the lies (bein frustratin with other niggas) No one knows what it's like to be hated (Some of it comes from my chick pissin me the fuck off) To telling lonely lies (I'm feelin a lotta pain) (Mardi Gras)

[Joe Budden:] I'm dealing with some shit homie It's in the back of my head An it's some shit homie but I just rap it instead See I got wolverines bones in me but The whole worlds throwin stones at me Like they all got a bone with me Got a childs mother and I hater to death But that's my childs mother so that's my Mate to the death it's wack how I love her for For putting little me here And me and her could be forever

She gonna stil be there An it's a mother niggas I judge the character wrong but They some other niggas Now let's get back to the song I gotta jer crowded em' That I telling to cause I gotta enough problems An my solution is to stuff? But if something goes wrong with dat Den it's back to peicie p and so long with rap See I'm depressed lately But nobody understands That I'm depressed lately I'm sorta feeling repressed lately So ya'll been hearin and seein me less lately Like does anyone notice the recess lately Look deep nigga don't I seem stressed lately Seem disturbed lotta regrets lately Yeah

No one knows what it's like to feel these feelings like I do An I blame you No one fights back as hard on their anger None of my pain in the world Can show through

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