

## **Eminemmylou**

# **"When Gram Met Eminem"**

Visit "[When Gram Met Eminem](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I was at a party the other night  
Gram was in the corner  
strumming out of sight  
Sitting in the dark in the shade of a tree  
guess who was there when he looked up  
to see  
Was a skinny guy standing by his feet  
shaking his fingers and nodding to the beat  
And saying hey Gram, youÂ're not one of them,  
do you know who I am, IÂ'm Eminem  
I say we should get together right now  
and write us a rhyme that blows the whole  
f\*cking town  
With my bad rhythms and your warm voice  
weÂ'd sound like a jumper dunked in ice  
And with Dr Dre and Elvis too weÂ'd sound like a shit  
hot band thatÂ's true  
But who wants to be in any poxy band  
when we should create a brand new sound  
ThatÂ's full on country with hip hop shit,  
weÂ'll get Emi to rap it and make it a hit  
Who the bleep knows where we can go  
we could tour Ipswich, even Felixstowe  
Just forget the hype and the cool fascists  
hell we could even get Johnny Cash in it  
Whadya say Gram, are you coming wiÂ' me,  
and Gram pipes up out of his tree:  
Out with the truckers and the kickers  
and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town  
And I remember something you once told me  
And IÂ'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down,  
down, down  
And they all led me straight back home to you  
F\*ck, donÂ't hark back to that country rhyme  
it wonÂ't pay us a brass button dime  
We gotta bring in a bass that rips off your face  
and a country growl thatÂ's f\*ckinÂ' ace  
IÂ'm talking chainsaws and a pretty face  
I mean Blue Ridge Virginia Pines headcase  
Take me home, country roads, and I promise  
I wonÂ't mention dosey do.  
Hey Gram, I ainÂ't Eminemmylou  
sheÂ'll sing with just

about anyone too  
Like Dr Dre, he's a lowskirts an' all, (Dr Dre): "Cut it  
out, I don't like this country drawl"  
Hey Dr Dre, you're dull today it's country rap, but it  
ain't crap  
It's cowgirls wearing baseball caps and truckers by  
the name of Missy Lou  
Wearing big chains, and crooning "F\*ck you too"  
(country sound)  
Cut it out Gram, cause I am whatever you say I am and  
now I'm a true old country fan,  
And you're still a truck store driving man who's now  
in to rap and hip hop jam  
I'll bet you the radio won't play this sham 'cause  
this is too mindblowin' man  
All the rhythms are screwed, and the lyrics too I think  
we've cracked what we set  
out to do  
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy  
angels  
And a good saloon in every single town  
And I remember something you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all led me straight back home to you

Visit [Eminemmylou](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.