

## **Marshall Mathers**

### **"Marshall Mathers"**

Visit "[Marshall Mathers](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

You know I just don't get it

Last year I was nobody

This year I'm sellin records

Now everyone wants to come around like I owe 'em something

What the fuck you want from me?

Ten million dollars!

Get the fuck outta here!

You see I'm just Marshall Mathers

(Marshall Mathers)

I'm just a regular guy I don't know why

All the fuss about me

(Fuss about me)

Nobody ever gave a fuck before

All they did was doubt me

(Did was doubt me)

Now everybody wanna run they mouth

And try to take shots at me

(Take shots at me)

Yo, you might see me joggin'

You might see me walkin'

You might see me walkin' a dead Rottweiler dog  
With his head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar  
Hollering at him cause the son of a bitch wont quit barking  
Or leaning out a window with a cocked shotgun  
Driving up the block in the car that they shot Pac in  
Lookin for Big's killers, dressin' ridiculous  
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is  
Double barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris Wallace  
Pissed off, cause Biggie and Pac just missed all this  
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off em  
And get dollars that should've been theirs like they switched wallets  
And amidst all this Cris poppin and wrist watches  
I just sit back and just watch and just get nauseous  
And walk around with a empty bottle of Remi Martin  
Starting shit like some 26 year old skinny Cartman  
(God Damn It!)  
I'm anti Backstreet and Ricky Martin  
Its instincts to kill N Sync don't get me started  
These fucking brats can't sing and Britney's garbage  
What is this bitch retarded?  
Gimme back my sixteen dollars  
All I see is sissies in magazines smiling  
(He-he!)  
Whatever happened to wildin out and being violent

Whatever happened to catchin a good old-fashioned  
passionate

Ass whoopin' and getting your shoes, coat, and your  
hat taken

New kids on the block suck a lot of dick

Boy/girl groups make me sick

And I can't wait till I catch all you faggots in public

I'mma love it

(Ha-ha-ha)

Vanilla Ice don't like me

(Uh-uh)

He said some shit in Vibe to spite me

(Yep!)

Then went and dyed his hair just like me

(Heh-heh)

A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me

And run around screamin "I don't care, just bite me"

(Na-na)

I think I was put here to annoy the world

And destroy your little four-year old boy or girl

Plus I was put here to put fear in faggots who spray  
Faygo root beer

And call them selves clowns cause they look queer

Faggots who don't but silent gay

Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away

And I don't wrestle I'll knock you fuckin' faggots the  
fuck out

Ask them about the club they was at when they snuck

out

After they ducked out the back when they saw us and  
bugged out

Ducked down and got paintball shot at they truck, plow

Look at y'all runnin your mouth again

When you ain't seen a fuckin' mile road South of 10

And I don't need help from D-12

To beat up two females in make up

Who may try to scratch me with Lee nails

Slim Anus! You damn right Slim Anus

I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming  
faggots

Cause I'm just Marshall Mathers

(Marshall Mathers)

I'm not a wrestler guy

I'll knock you out if you talk about me

(Talk about me)

Come and see me on the streets alone

If you assholes doubt me

(Assholes doubt me)

And if wanna run your mouth

Then come and take your best shot at me

(Best shot at me)

Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of  
me?

You little groupie bitch get off me, go fuck Puffy

Now because of this blonde mop that's on top

With this fucked up head that I've got I've gone pop

The underground just spun around and did a 360

Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies

Oh, he just did some shit with Missy

So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with  
Emcee Get Busy

My fuckin' bitch mom suing for ten million

She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealing

Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit

All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her  
mattress

Which is it bitch Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers

It doesn't matter - faggot

Talkin about how I fabricated my past

She's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass

So tell me what the hell is a fella to do?

For every million I make, another relative sues

Family fighting and fussin'

Over for who wants to invite me to supper

All of a sudden I got 90 some cousins

(Hey it's me!)

A half brother and sister who never see me

Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV

Now everybody's so happy and proud

I'm finally allowed to set foot in my girlfriend's house

(Hey!)

And then to top it off I walk to the newsstand

And buy this cheap ass magazine with a food stamp

Skipped to the last page flipped right fast

And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass!

Ok, lemme give you motherfuckers some help

Uh here Double XL, Double XL

Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to  
sell

Aww fuck it I'll even buy a couple myself

Cause I'm just Marshall Mathers

(Marshall Mathers)

I'm just a regular guy I don't know

All the fuss about me

(Fuss about me)

Nobody ever gave a fuck before

All they did was doubt me

(Did was doubt me)

Now everybody wanna run they mouth

And try to take shots at me

(Take shots at me)

Cause I'm just Marshall Mathers

(Marshall Mathers)

I'm just a regular guy I don't know

All the fuss about me

(Fuss about me)

Nobody ever gave a fuck before

All they did was doubt me

(Did was doubt me)

Now everybody wanna run they mouth

And try to take shots at me

(Take shots at me)

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.