

Cleanin' Out My Closet

Eminem

Where's my snare?
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go
Yeah
Yo
YoHave you ever been hated or discriminated against?
I have
I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes
Look at the times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind
All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evenin'
Leavin' with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigger me
But they never figure me out
Look at me now
I betcha probably sick of me now
Ain't you, mama?
Imma make you look so ridiculous now
I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closetOne more timeI said I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closet
Ah
I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it
Imma expose it
I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD
I was a baby
Maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split
I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye

No, I don't owe him a second thought
I just fuckin' wished he would die
I look at Hailie
And I couldn't picture leavin' her side
Even if I hated Kim
I'd grit my teeth and I'd try
To make it work with her, at least for Hailie's sake
I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only human
But I'm man enough to face 'em today
What I did was stupid
No doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun
'Cause I'd have killed 'em
Shit, I woulda shot Kim and them both
It's my life
I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem Show I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closet One more time I said I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closet Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position
Just try to envision
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen
Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchhausen's Syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't
'Til I grew up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to your stomach, doesn't it?
Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma?
But guess what?
You're gettin' older now and it's cold when you're lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's gonna know that you're phony
And Hailie's getting' so big now
You should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her
She won't even be at your funeral
See, what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong
Bitch, do your song
Keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom
But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get?
You selfish bitch
I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?
Well, guess what?

I am dead, dead to you as can be! I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closet One more time I said I'm sorry mama
I never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight
I'm cleanin' out my closet

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