

**REC+VERY**



**PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

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## COLD WIND BLOWS

(Intro) ‘Cause some things just, don’t change/ it’s better when they stay the same/ although the whole world, knows your name/ so on a, bigger stage they came to see you spit your game/ whoa-ooo so it shouldn’t be difficult, to explain/ just why you came back again/ you hate the fame, love the game/ cold as ice, you remain/ fuck ‘em all, tell ‘em all eat shit here we go again. (Verse 1) You can get the dick, just call me the ball sac I’m nuts/ Michael Vick in this bitch, dog, fall back you mutts/ fuck your worms, you’ve never seen such a sick puppy/ fuck it a sick duck, I want my duck-sicked mommy/ and my nuts licked, gobble ‘em up trick, yummy/ bitch you don’t fuckin’ think I know that you suck dick, dummy?! you’ll get your butt kicked, fuck all that love shit honey/ yeah, I laugh when I call you a slut, it’s funny/ shorty dance while I diss you to the beat, fuck the words/ you don’t listen to ‘em anyway, yeah struck a nerve/ sucka, motherfucka’ might as well let my lips pucker/ like Elton John, cause I’m just a mean cock-sucker/ this shit is on cause you went and pissed me off, now I’m shittin’ and pissin’ on/ everybody give a fuck, if it’s right or wrong/ so fuck the Buddah light a bong/ but take a look at Mariah, next time I inspire you to write a song/ c’mon... (Chorus) Oh oh oh oh oh oh/ I’m as cold as the cold wind, blows when it snows and its twenty-below/ ask me why man, I just don’t know know know know know/ I’m as cold as the cold wind, blow blo blo blow blow blow blows/ oh oh oh oh (Verse 2) Fuck it I’m a loose cannon/ Bruce Banner’s back in the booth, ya’ll are sitting ducks, I’m the only goose standin’/ I’ll set the world on fire, piss on it put it out/ stick my dick in a circle, but I’m not fuckin’ a-round/ mo’ fucker I’ll show you pussy footin’/ I’ll kick a bitch in the cunt, ‘til it makes a queef and sounds like a fuckin’ whoopee cushion/ who the fuck is you pushin’, you must have mistook me for some/ sissy soft punk lookin’ for some nookie or bosom/ go ahead fuckin’ hater, push me I told you ain’t no fuckin’ way to shush me/ call me a faggot cause I hate a pussy/ man the fuck up sissy G’s, up all you gardeners freeze up/ put your hoes down “Shady ease up/ man chill” naw, I can’t goddamn it rap is a landfill/ drop the anvil, these are shoes that you can’t fill/ shit the day that happens the world will stop spinnin’ and Michael J. Fox ‘ll come to a stand-still/ durin’ a earthquake, urine in yer face ‘cause yer fake/ Ow! What the fuck that hurt wait/ Ow! What the fuck I just got struck/ by lightnin’, alright then I quit. God I give up/ call it evil that men do, Lord forgive me for what my pen do/ “This is for your sin’s, I cleanse you/ you can repent but I warn you- if you continue/ to

**COLD WIND BLOWS** (M. Mathers, J. Smith, S. Byrne, H. Marsh, J. Perry, C. Syngé) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/N.Q.C. Music Publishing, LLC o/b/o F.O.B. Music Publishing (ASCAP)/RCS Music (PRS) PRODUCED BY: Just Blaze for F.O.B. Entertainment/N.Q.C. Management, LLC and Hip Hop since 1978. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Ryan West for N.Q.C. Management, LLC. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Ryan West @ Effigy Studios. ADDITIONAL MIXING BY: Just Blaze, Eminem & Mike Strange @

Effigy Studios. ADDITIONAL VOCALS BY: Nikki Grier. \*Contains elements of “Patriotic Song” performed by The Gringo written by Simon Byrne, Henry Marsh, John Perry and Casey Syngé published by RCS Music (PRS) courtesy of The Gringo. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

**TALKIN’ 2 MYSELF** FEAT. KOBE (M. Mathers, K. Rahman, P. Injeti, B. Honeycutt) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Jaleesa and Mahdi’s Music (BMI)/EMI Music (EMI

hell I send you,” and just then the wind blew/ and I said... (Chorus) (Verse 3) How long will I be this way?! Shady until my dyin’ day, ‘til I hang up the mic and it’s time for me to say/ so long ‘til then I’ll drop the fuckin’ bombs/ like I missed the pass when I went long/ if you don’t like it you can kiss my ass in a lint thong, now sing-along/ slut this slut that, learn the words to the song/ Oh, bitches don’t like that homie, I’ll be nicer to women/ when Aquaman drowns and the Human Torch starts swimmin’/ man I’m a cold soul, I roll solo so don’t compare/ me to the other bums over there/ it’s like apples to oranges, peaches to plums yeah/ I’m bananas pussy, cut off the grapes and grow a pair/ but I swear you try to diss me I’ll slaughter you/ I put that on everything, like everyone does with Auto-Tune/ the last thing you wanna do/ is have me spit out a rhyme, and say I was writin’ this and I thought of you. (Chorus) I don’t know, I don’t know, what caused/ I don’t know what caused me to be this way/ I don’t know, I don’t know but I’ll, probably be this way ‘til my dyin’ day/ I don’t know why I’m so, I’m so cold, mean things I don’t mean to say/ I guess this is how you made me.

## TALKIN’ 2 MYSELF

(Intro) Ayo, before I start this song, man, I just wanna thank everybody for bein’ so patient, and bearin’ with me over these last couple of years while I figure this shit out... (Chorus) Is anybody out there? It feels like I’m talkin’ to myself/ no one seems to know my struggle, and everything I’ve come from/ can anybody hear me? Yeah, I guess I keep talkin’ to myself/ it feels like I’m goin’ insane, am I the one whose crazy?! Yeah, whoa, whoa... / So why in the world, do I feel so alone?! Nobody but me, I’m on my own/ is there anyone out there, who feels the way I feel? If there is, let me hear just so I know that I’m not the only one. (Verse 1) I went away I guess and opened up some lanes/ but there was no one who even knew I was goin’ through, growin’ pains/ hatred was flowin’ through my veins, on the verge of goin’ insane/ I almost made a song dissin’ Lil Wayne/ it’s like I was jealous of him ‘cause of the attention he was gettin’/ I felt horrible about myself, he was spittin’/ and I wasn’t, anyone who was buzzin’ back then could have got it/ almost went at Kanye too, God it/ feels like I’m goin’ psychotic, thank God that I didn’t do it/ I da had my ass handed to me, and I knew it/ but Proof isn’t here to see me through it/ I’m in the booth poppin’ another pill tryin’ to talk myself into it/ are you stupid? You’re gon’ start dissin’ people for no reason?! \*Specially when you can’t even write a decent

CANADA)/B. Honeycutt (BMI) PRODUCED BY: DJ Khalil for DJ Khalil Productions, LLC. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS BY: Khalil Abdul Rahman. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. GUITAR & BASS BY: Chin Injeti. DRUM PROGRAMMING BY: Khalil Abdul Rahman.

**ON FIRE** (M. Mathers, D. Porter, C. Wilson, L. Wilson, R. Wilson) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Dertywerks

punch line even?! you’re lyin’ to yourself/ your slowly dyin’ you’re denyin’ your health is declining with your self esteem, your crying out for help. (Chorus) (Verse 2) Marshall you’re no longer the man, that’s a bitter pill to swallow/ all I know is I’m wallowin’, self-loathin’ and hollow/ bottoms up on the pill bottle maybe I’ll hit my bottom tomorrow/ my sorrow echo’s in this hall though/ (oh-oh-oo, whoa) but I must be talkin’ to the wall though, I don’t see nobody else/ I guess I keep talkin’ to myself/ but all these other rappers suck is all that I know/ I’ve turned into a hater, I put up a false bravado/ but Marshall is not an egomaniac that’s not his motto/ he’s not a desperado he’s desperate, his thoughts are bottled/ inside him, one foot on the break, one on the throttle/ fallin’ asleep with writers block in the parkin’ lot of McDonald’s/ but instead of feelin’ sorry for yourself do somethin’ ‘bout it/ admit you got a problem, your brain is clouded you pouted/ long enough, it isn’t them it’s you you fuckin’ baby/ quit worryin’ about what they do and do Shady, I’m fuckin’ goin’ crazy. (Chorus) (Verse 3) So I kicked myself off the ground and fuckin’ swam ‘fore I drowned/ hit my bottom so hard I bounced twice, suffice this time around/ it’s different, them last two albums didn’t count/ Encore I was on drugs, Relapse I was flushin’ ‘em out/ I’ve come to make it up to you now no more fuckin’ around/ I got something to prove to fans ‘cause I feel like I let ‘em down/ so please except my apology I finally feel like I’m back to normal/ I feel like me again, let me formally/ reintroduce myself to you for those of you who don’t know/ the new me’s back to the old me and homie I don’t show no/ signs of slowin’ up oh and I’m blowin’ up all over my life is no longer a movie, but the show ain’t over homos/ I’m back with a vengeance, homie, Weezy keep ya’ head up/ T.I. keep ya’ head up, Kanye keep ya’ head up don’t let up/ just keep slayin’ ‘em, rest in peace to DJ AM/ ‘cause I know what it’s like, I struggle with this shit every single day and um... (Chorus) So there it is... damn, it feels like I just woke up or something. I guess I just forgot who the fuck I was, man. Aye yo, and to anybody I thought about going at, it was never nothin’ personal. It was jus’ some shit I was going through. And to everybody else... I’m back! (laugh)

## ON FIRE

Yeah, Ya know...critics man...critics never got nothin’ nice to say, man... you know, the one thing I noticed about critics man? Is, critics never ask me how my day went. Well I’m ta tell ‘em... (Verse 1) Uh, yesterday my dog died, I hog tied a ho, tied her in a bow/

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**WON’T BACK DOWN** FEAT. P!NK (M. Mathers, K. Rahman, E. Alcock, L. Rodrigues, C. Smith) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Jaleesa and Mahdi’s Music (BMI)/SOCAN/

said “next time you blog, try to spit a flow”/ you wanna criticize dog? Try a little mo’/ I’m so tired of this I could blow, fire in the hole/ I’m fired up so fire up the lighter and the dro/ better hold on a little tighter, here I go/ flow’s tighter, hot headed as Ghost Rider, cold hearted as Spider-man throwin’ a spider in the snow/ so you better get lower than Flo Rida inside of a low-rider, with no tires in the hole/ Why am I like this? Why is winter cold?/ Why is it when I talk, I’m so biased to the ho’s?/ Listen dog, Christmas is off, this is as soft as it gets, this isn’t golf/ this is a blisterin’ assault/ those are your wounds, this is the salt/ so get lost, shit dissin’ me is just like pissin’ off the Wizard of Oz/ wrap a lizard in gauze/ beat you in the jaws with it, grab the scissors and saws/ and, cut out your livers gizzards and balls/ throw you in the middle of the ocean in a blizzard with Jaws/ so sip piss, like sizurp through a straw/ then describe how it tasted, like dessert to us all/ got the gall to make Chris piss in his drawers/ tickle him, go to his grave skip him and visit his dog. (Chorus) You’re on fire, that’s how you know you’re on a roll ‘cause when you’re hot it’s like you’re burning up everyone else is cold/ you’re on fire, man I’m so fuckin’ sick I got ambulances pullin’ me over and shit, you’re on fire, you need to stop drop and roll, ‘cause when you say the shit to get the whole Hip-Hop Shop to blow/ you’re on fire, yeah, you’re on fire... (Verse 2) I just put a bullshit hook/ in between two long ass verses, if you mistook this for a song, look/ this ain’t a song it’s a warnin’ to Brooke/ Hogan and David Cook, that the crook just took over, so book/ run as fast as you can/ stop writing and kill it, I’m lightnin’ in a skillet you’re a fuckin’ flash in the pan/ I pop up, you bitches scatter like hot grease splashin’ a fan/ Mr. Mathers is the man/ yeah, I’m pissed but I would rather take this energy and stash it in a can/ come back and whip your ass with it again/ saliva’s like sulfuric acid in your hand/ it’ll eat through anything, metal, the ass of Iron Man/ turn him into plastic, so for you to think that you could stand a fuckin’ chance is asinine, yeah ask Denaun, man/ hit a blind man/ with a coloring book and told him “color inside the lines or get hit with a flying crayon”/ fuck it, I ain’t playin’/ pull up in a van and hop out on a homeless man holdin’ a sign sayin’/ “Vietnam Vet”, I’m out my fuckin’ mind, man/ kick over the can, beat his ass and leave him nine grand/ so if I seem a little mean to you/ this ain’t savage, you ain’t never seen a brute/ you wanna get graphic, we can go the scenic route/ you couldn’t make a bulimic puke, on a piece of fuckin’ corn and peanut poop/ sayin’ you sick, quit playin’ you prick, don’t nobody care/ and why the fuck am I yellin’ at air?/ I ain’t even talkin’ to no one ‘cause

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ain't nobody there/ nobody 'll fuckin' test me 'cause these ho's won't even dare/ I'm wastin' punch lines, but I got so many to spare/ I just thought of another one that might go here... / naw, don't waste it, save it psycho, yeah/ plus you gotta rewrite those lines that you said about Michael's hair. (Chorus) You're on fire, that's how you know you're on a roll 'cause when you're hot it's like you're burning up everyone else is cold/ you're on fire, man I'm so, I'm so hot my muthafuckin' fire truck's on fire, homie... You're on fire, you need to stop drop and roll 'cause when you say the shit to get the whole Hip-Hop Shop to blow/ you're on fire, yeah, you're on fire... (Oh shit) You're on fire. I'm on fire. Mr. Porter's on fire. Dr. Dre's on fire.

## WON'T BACK DOWN

(Chorus) You can sound the alarm, you can call out your guards/ you can fence in your yard, you can hold all the cards/ but I won't back down, oh no I won't back down, oh no... (Verse 1) Cadillac Seviles, Coup Deviles, brain dead rims, yeah stupid wheels/ girl I'm too for real, lose yer tooth and nail, try ta' fight it try to deny it stupid you will feel/ what I do I do at will, shootin' from the hip, yeah boy shoot to kill/ half a breath left, on my death bed screamin' "F that" yeah super ill/ baby what the deal, we can chill, split a half-a-pill and a Happy Meal/ fuck a steak slut, I'll cut my toes off and step on the receipt 'fore I foot the bill/ listen garden tool, don't make me introduce you to my power tool, you know the fuckin' drill/ how you douche bags feel knowin' you're disposable? Summers Eve, Massengill/ Shady's got that mass appeal, baby crank this shit cause it's your god damn jam/ you say that you want your punch lines a little more compact, well shorty I'm that man/ these other cats ain't metaphorically where I'm at, man/ I gave Bruce Wayne a Valium and said "settle your fuckin' ass down, I'm ready for combat, man?" get it? Calm Bat Man? Nah, ain't nobody whose as bomb and as/ nuts, lines are like mom's cat scans, cause they fuckin' go ba-na-na's/ honey, I applaud that ass, swear to God man, these broads can't dance/ Ma, show 'em how it's done, spaz like a god damn Taz/ yeah... (Chorus) (Verse 2) Girl shake that ass like a donkey with Parkinson's/ make like Michael J. Fox is in your drawers, playin' with an Etch-a-Sketch, bet ya' that you'll never guess whose knockin' at your doors/ people hit the floors, yeah tonight ladies you gon' get divorced/ girl forget remorse, I'ma hit you broads with Chris's force like you pissed him off/ talented with the tongue, mo'fucker you ain't got a lick

**W.T.P.** (M. Mathers, L. Resto, D. Chin-Quee, J. Gilbert) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Resto World Music (ASCAP)/Black Chinye Music Inc./Sony ATV (ASCAP)/Jaiden Gilbert Publishing/Nyan King Music/EMI Music Publishing (ASCAP) PRODUCED BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee for Black Chinye Music, Inc. CO-PRODUCED BY: Jason "JG" Gilbert for Black Chinye Music, Inc. ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Eminem. RECORDED BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee @ Black Chinye Studios in Ft. Lauderdale, FL @ Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED

BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS BY: Jason "JG" Gilbert. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. DRUMS PLAYED & ARRANGED BY: Dwayne "Supa Dups" Chin-Quee. BLACK CHINEY MUSIC MANAGEMENT: Mr. Morgan for M3 Entertainment, Inc.

**GOING THROUGH CHANGES** (M. Mathers, E. Haynie, J. Osbourne, A. Iommi, W.T. Ward, T. Butler) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Heavycrate (ASCAP), Sony ATV/ The Richmond Group. PRODUCED BY: Emile Haynie for Emile

in yours/ hittin' licks like I'm robbin' liquor stores, makin' cash registers shit their drawers/ think you spit the rawest? I'm an uncooked slab of beef, layin' on your kitchen floor/ other words I'm off the meat rack, bring the beat back, bring me two extension cords/ I'm a measure my dick, shit I need six inches more, fuck my dick's big/ bitch, need I remind you? That I don't need the fuckin' Swine Flu, to be a sick pig?/ You're addicted, I'm dope, I'm the longest needle around here, need a fix, ock?/ I'm the big shot, get it dick snots? you're just small pokes, little pricks (ha)/ girl you think that other pricks hot? I'll drink gasoline, and eat a lit match/ 'fore I sit back, and let him get hotter, better call the cops on him quick-fast/ Shady's right back on you're bitch-ass, white trash with a half a six-pack/ in his hatch back trailer hitch attached to the back ("dispatch"). (Chorus) (Verse 3) Bitch, am I the reason that your boyfriend stopped rappin'? Does a bird chirp?/ Does Lil Wayne slurp syrup 'till he burps, and smoke purp? Does a word search/ get, circles wrapped around it like you do when I come through? I'd like you to/ remind yourself of what the fuck I can do, when I'm on the mic- girl you're the kind of girl that I can take a likin' to/ psych, I'm spikin' you, like a football, been this way since I stood a foot tall/ you're a good catch, with a shitty spouse, got a pretty mouth and a good jaw/ give me good brain, watch the wood grain, don't want no cum stain, bitch you listening?/ Tryin' to turn me down, slut I'm talkin' to you, turn me back up! Are you insane?/ Tryin' to talk over me, in the car? Shut the fuck up while my shit's playing/ I'm a shit stain on the underwear of life/ what's the saying? Where there's thunder there's light-/ ning, and they say that it never strikes twice in the same place, then how the fuck have I been hit six times in three different locations, on four separate occasions?/ And you can bet your stinkin' ass, that I've come to smash everything in my path/ fork was in the road, took the psycho path, poison ivy wouldn't have me thinkin' rash/ so hit the dance floor, cutie while I do my duty/ on this microphone, shake your booty, shorty- I'm the shit, why you think Proof used to call me "Doody?" (Chorus)

## W.T.P.

(Intro) Better watch out now 'cause here we come/ and we ain't stoppin' until we see the mornin' sun/ so give us room to do our thang cause we ain't come to hurt no one/ so everybody come and get up on the floor now and grab someone. (Verse 1) Man first of all I'm a boss, I just wanna get that across/ man, even my dentist hates when I floss/ pull up

Music, Inc. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange & Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS, BASS & ACOUSTIC GUITAR BY: Mike Strange. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. \*Contains elements of "Changes" written by Terence Butler, Anthony Iommi, John Osbourne and WT Ward and published by Essex Music International. Used by permission. \*Featuring samples from the Black Sabbath recording "Changes" under license from Black Sabbath. Used by permission.

to the club in a Pinto like it's a Porsche/ garbage bag for one of the windows, spray painted doors/ with flames on 'em, Michigan plates and my name's on 'em/ baby Shady's here, come and get him if you dames want him/ but he ain't stupid so quit tryin' to run them games on him/ he's immune to Cupid why you tryin' to put your claims on him? 'Cause you won't do to me what you did to the last man/ now climb in back try not to kick over the gas can/ there's a half a gallon in it, that could be our last chance/ we have of just gettin' home, now can I get that lap dance?/ She's got a tattoo of me right above her ass, man/ in the streets of Warren, Michigan we call 'em tramp stamps/ that means she belongs to me, time to put the damn clamps/ down and show this hussy who's the man, now get amped dance! (Chorus) Now you can do this on your own, but everyone knows that no one likes to be alone/ so, get on the floor and grab somebody/ ain't nuttin' but a white trash party/ (white trash party) so let's have us a little bash, and if anyone asks it ain't no one but us trash/ you don't know, ya better ask somebody/ cause we're havin' a white trash party/ (white trash party) (Verse 2) Pull a 5th of Bacardi from out of my underwear/ and walk around the party without a care, like a body without a head/ lookin' like a zombie from Night of the Livin' Dead/ and tomorrow probably still be too high to get out of bed/ 'til I feel like I've been hit with the sharp part of the hammer/ mixin' Hennessy and Fanta with Pepto and Mylanta/ I shoot the gift like I'm hollerin' "die Santa" / missed the tree and hit Rudolf and 2 innocent bystanders/ so quit tryin' to play the Wall like you're Paul and/ get on the floor when the beat drops and stop stallin'/ they call me the Stephon Marbury of rap darlin' / 'cause as soon as they throw on some R. Kelly, I start ballin'/ makin' it rain for the ladies in the mini's/ but I'm not throwin' ones, five, tens or even twenties/ I'm throwin' quarters, nickles, dimes, pennies up at Skinny's/ man, I do this for them bunnies up at Denny's/ from the North, East and West but when it comes to them trailers in them Southparks, muffle it, 'cause homie that hood's tighter than Kenny's/ so ladies if your belly button's not an innie, then I'm outtie/ now hop in my mini-van, lets get rowdy/ come on... (Chorus) (Bridge) Now whether your black, white or purple if you're misunderstood/ but you don't give a fuck, you ain't doin' shit that you should/ long as you know your up to evil, and your no damn good/ get on the floor man and rep yo' hood. (Verse 3) Now honey don't let them pricks trip, we should make a quick dip/ and go do some donuts in the hospital parkin' lot, 'cause girl I got a sick whip/ kick the back window out of my Gremlin put 2 milk crates in the trunk, rip out the stick shift and make a five seater, I'll be damned if I feed a/ chick, it ain't like me

**NOT AFRAID** (M. Mathers, L. Resto, M. Samuels, J. Evans, M. Burnett) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Resto World Music (ASCAP)/1damental Publishing, LLC/Sony ATV Tunes LLC (ASCAP)/1daniable Publishing, LLC (ASCAP) PRODUCED BY: Boi Ida for Boi Ida Productions, LLC. ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Jordan Evans & Matthew Burnett for Boi Ida Productions, LLC. ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Eminem. RECORDED BY: Matthew "Boi Ida" Samuels in Ajax, Ontario, Canada @ Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Eminem &

Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. DRUMS BY: Matthew "Boi Ida" Samuels. STRINGS BY: Matthew Burnett & Jordan Evans. CHOIR VOCALS RECORDED BY: Robert Reyes @ Encore Studios in Burbank, CA. CHOIR VOCALS BY: Kip Blackshire, Christal Garrick II, Terry Dexter, Rich King, Kristen Ashley Cole & Sly Jordan.

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ta split a piece of dry pita/ I be the S-L to the I-M to the S-h-a-d-y and I don't need a tank top to be a wife beater/ I'll rip a tree out the ground and flip it upside down/ 'fore I turn over a new leaf, clown/ I'll tell ya now, I'm so raw I still need to un-thaw/ you feel me ya'll, I'll shut the club down like Drake in the mall/ but baby a body like that's against the law/ you the baddest little "chain" with the blades I ever "saw"/ coleslaw containers empty straw wrappers and all/ you got more junk in your trunk than I do in my car/ now git up! (Chorus)

## GOING THROUGH CHANGES

(Chorus) I'm going through changes, I'm going through changes... (Verse 1) Lately I really, feel like I'm rollin for delf like Philly/ feel like I'm losin' control of myself. I sincerely/ apologize if all that I sound like is I'm complainin'/ but life keeps on complicatin'/ and, I'm debatin' on leavin' this world this evenin', even my girls can see I'm grievin'/ I try and hide it but I can't, why do I act like I'm all high and mighty/ when inside I'm dyin' I am finally realizin' I need/ help, can't do it myself too weak/ two weeks I've been havin' ups and downs goin' through peaks/ and valleys, dilly dallyin' round with the idea/ of endin' this shit right here/ I'm hatin' my reflection, I walk around the house tryin' to fight mirrors/ I can't stand what I look like yeah/ I look fat, but what do I care?. I give a fuck only thing I fear's Hailee, I'm afraid if I close my eyes that I might see her/ shit... (Chorus) (Verse 2) I lock myself in the bedroom, bathroom nappin' at noon/ yeah dad's in a bad mood, he's always snappin' at you/ Marshall, what happened that you/ can't stop with these pills and you fallin' off with yer skills and your own fans are laughin' at you?/ It become a problem you're too pussy to tackle/ get up, be a man stand, a real man would have had this shit handled/ (I) know you just had your heart ripped out and crushed/ they say Proof just flipped out, homie just whipped out and bust/ nah, it ain't like Doody to do that, he wouldn't fuckin shoot at, nobody he'd fight first/ but dwellin' on it only makes the night worse/ now I'm poppin' Vic's, Perc's/ and Methadone pills, "Yeah Em tight verse/ you killed it" fuckin' drug dealers hang around me like yes men/ and they gon' do whatever I says when/ I says it, it's in their best interest to protect their investment/ and I just lost my fuckin' best friend, so fuck it I guess then... (Chorus) Don't know what I'm gonna do but I just keep on goin' through changes... (Verse 3) My friends can't understand this new me, that's understandable/ man but think how bananas you'd be, you'd be an animal/ too, if you were trapped in this fame and caged in it like a zoo/ and everybody's

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lookin' at you/ what you want me to do? I'm starting to live like a recluse/ and the truth is, fame's startin' to give me an excuse/ to be at a, all time low I sit alone in my home theater/ watchin' the same damn DVD of the/ first tour, the last tour he was still alive/ and it hurts so I, fast forward sleepin' pills will make me feel alright/ and if I'm still awake in the middle of the night/ I'll just take a couple more, yeah you're mother fuckin' right/ I ain't slowin' down for no one, I am almost homeward bound/ almost in a coma yeah, homie come on dole 'em out/ daddy don't you die on me, daddy better hold your ground/ fuck, don't I know the sound of that voice, yeah baby hold me down. (Chorus) Don't know what I'm gonna do but I just keep on goin' through changes... (Verse 4) Wake up in the hospital, full of tubes, but somehow I'm pulling through/ swear when I come back I'ma be bullet proof/ I'ma do it just for Proof, I think I should state a few/ facts cause I may not get a chance again to say the truth/ shit. it just hit me that what if I would not have made it through?/ I think about the things I would have never got to say to you/ I'd never get to make it right, so here's what I came to do/ Hailie this one is for you, Whitney and Alaina too/ I still love your mother that'll never change, think about her every day/ we just could never get it together hey/ wish there was a better way for me to say it but I swear on everythang/ I'll do anythang for her on any day/ there are just too many thangs/ to explain, when it rains, guess it pours, yes it does, wish there wasn't any pain/ but I can't pretend there ain't, I ain't placin' any blame, I ain't pointin' fingers heaven knows I've never been a saint/ I know that it feels like we just pissed away our history, and just today/ I looked at your picture almost if to say/ "I miss you" subconsciously, wish it didn't end this way/ but I just had to get away/ don't know why, I don't know what else to say/ I guess I'm... (Chorus) Don't know what I'm gonna do but I just keep on goin' through changes...

## NOT AFRAID

I'm not afraid, to take a stand/ everybody, come take my hand/ we'll walk this road together, through the storm/ whatever weather... (Verse 1) You can try to read my lyrics off of this paper before I lay 'em/ but you won't take the sting out these words before I say 'em/ 'cause ain't no way I'ma let you stop me from causin' mayhem/ when I say I'ma do somethin' I do it, I don't give a damn/ what you think, I'm doin' this for me, so fuck the world feed it beans/ it's gassed up if it thinks it's stoppin' me/ I'ma be what I set out to be, without a doubt undoubtedly/ and all those who looked down on me I'm tearin' down your balcony/ no if, and's or but's, don't try to ask him why or how can he/ from Infinite down to that last Relapse album he's/ still shittin', whether he's on salary paid hourly/ until he bows out or he shits his bowels out of him/ whichever comes first, for better or worse/ he's married to the game, like a 'fuck you' for Christmas, his gift is a curse/ forget the earth he's got the urge to pull his dick from the dirt/ and fuck the whole universe. (Chorus) I'm not afraid, to take a stand/ everybody, come take my hand/ we'll walk this road together, through the storm/ whatever weather, cold or warm/ just lettin' you know that your not alone/ holler if you feel like you've been down the same road. (Verse 2) Ok quit playin' with the scissors and shit and cut the crap/ I shouldn't have to rhyme these words in a rhythm for you to know it's a wrap/ you said you was

king, you lied through your teeth- for that/ fuck your fillings, instead of gettin' crowned your gettin' capped/ and to the fans, I'll never let you down again I'm back/ I promise to never go back on that promise, in fact/ let's be honest, that last Relapse CD was eh/ perhaps I ran them accents into the ground, relax/ I ain't goin' back to that now/ all I'm tryin' to say is get back, click-clack-bloww/ cause I ain't playin' around, there's a game called circle and I don't know how/ I'm way too up to back down/ but I think I'm still tryin' to figure this crap out/ thought I had it mapped out, but I guess I didn't, this fuckin' black cloud/ still follows me around/ but it's time to exorcise these demons, these motherfuckers are doing jumpin' jacks now. (Chorus) (Bridge) And I just can't keep livin' this way, so starting today/ I'm breaking out of this cage/ I'm standin' up I'ma face my demons/ I'm mannin' up, I'ma hold my ground/ I've had enough, now I'm so fed up, time to put my life back together right now. (Verse 3) It was my decision to get clean, I did it for me- admittedly/ I probably did it subliminally/ for you, so I could come back a brand new me, you helped see me through/ and don't even realize what you did, cause believe me you/ I've been through the wringer, but they can do little to the middle finger/ I think I got a tear in my eye, I feel like the king a/ my world, haters can make like bees wit no stingers/ and drop dead, no more beefingers/ no more drama/ from now on, I promise to focus solely on handlin' my responsibilities as a father/ so I solemnly swear to always treat this roof like my daughters/ and raise it, you couldn't lift a single shingle on it/ cause the way I feel, I'm strong enough to go to the club or the corner pub/ and lift the whole liquor counter up/ cause I'm raising the bar, I'd shoot for the moon, but I'm too busy gazin' at stars, I feel amazin' and I'm not... (Chorus)

## SEDUCTION

(Intro) Like a verbal seduction, seduction when I tell them: girls on the floor... I don't know man, it just feels like, we're a lot different, it kind of feels like, I'm on a whole different page right now than you. It feels strange, but umm... I guess it's kind of like... It's kind of like... (Verse 1) I feel like I'm morphin' into somethin' that's so incredible that I'm dwarfin'/ all competitors, better get your girlfriend/ in check, it's psychological warfare endorphins I effect/ your self esteem shatters as dialect/ comes blastin' out your deck, she loves me, such passion you'd expect/ this sort of reaction, from her yet/ you strong arm, you're fuckin' corny, you try to turn your charm on/ cause you just think you're Bishop The Don Juan/ but if you think that you're fuckin' with me homie you're on one/ I'm cockin' my head back like Ed Lover, c'mon on son/ she's on my Johnson, she brings my name up constant/ your boys are like "she's fuckin' with dude, she wants son"/ homeboy you better get a clue, she's on my dick 'cause I spit better than you/ what you expect her to do?/ How you expect her to act in the sack/ when she's closin' her eyes fantasizin' of her diggin' her nails in my back to this track. (Chorus) Seduction, seduce/ ain't nobody whose as good at what I do/ (it's like a verbal seduction) 'cause one minute she loves you, the next she don't, she's been stolen from you/ (it's like a verbal seduction) Seduction, seduce/ ain't nobody whose as good at what I do, 'cause one minute she loves you, the next she don't she's been stolen from



you/ (It's like a verbal seduction, yeah...) (Verse 2) She's sittin' here gettin' liquored up at the bar/ she says it's quicker to count the things that ain't wrong with you than to count the things that are/ there's a seven disc CD changer in her car/ and I'm in every single slot and your not, aww/ I'm the logo on that Dallas Cowboy helmet, a star/ and I'm not about to sit back and just keep rhymin' one syllable, nah/ switch it up and watch them haters not give it up 'cause they're just not good enough but I'm not givin' up/ 'til I get my respect and I won't stop 'til I get enough, cause I'm not livin' up/ to my own expectations, aww, that hater alarm/ is soundin' off, man Obama took the 'bomb' from my name, aww/ so quit cryin' that I took your dame homie she's my dame, aww/ you' sadly mistaken if you're thinkin' that I'm not on my game, boy/ and thangs, just ain't been the same since the day that I came forth/ you wear your heart on your sleeve, I sport that white tank boy/ but you got a hard on for me what you hollerin' my name for?/ It's your bitch on my dick and my dang fault man I can't call it. (Chorus) (Verse 3) It's like we're playin' lyrical tug-a-war with your ear, you hear it girl come here/ put your ear up to the speaker dear, while I freak this world premier/ seducin' her, loosen up with a little freestyle that'll wait, am I losin' ya?/ am I makin' you look bad? Well I got news for ya, homie you're losin' her/ oh wait you don't like when I spit it fast am I tryin' to show out? Let me slow it down some.../ it's still gonna be a blow out, you're gonna wanna throw out your whole album/ rummage through the shit and try to salvage somethin' to see/ if you can save any of it, punk but none of it's fuckin' with me/ prick, you really feelin' that bullshit, you think you killin' them syllables? Quit/ playin', these beats ain't nuttin' to fool with/ they call me Fire Marshall, I shut this shit down, your entire arsenal/ is not enough to fuck with one round, I am also/ the opposite of what you are like, you're a microcosm/ of what the fuck I am on the mic, I am awesome/ and you are just awe struck, she's love stricken, she's got her jaw stuck/ from suckin' my dick, aww fuck... (Chorus)



(EMINEM)

RECOVERY



RECOVERY

**NO LOVE**

(Lil Wayne Verse) Throw dirt on me, and grow a wild flower/ but it's fuck the world, get a child out her, yeah my life a bitch, but you know nuthin 'bout her/ been to hell and back, I can show you vouchers/ I'm rollin' sweets, I'm smokin' sour/ married to the game, but she broke her vows/ that's why my bars, are full of broken bottles/ and my night stands, are full of open bibles/ uh, I think about more than I forget/ but I don't go around fire expectin' not to sweat/ and these niggas know I'll lay 'em down. make your bed/ bitches try to kick me while I'm down, I'll break your leg/ money outweighin' problems on a triple-beam/ I'm stickin' to the script, you niggas skippin' scenes/ uh, be good or be good at it/ fuckin' right I got my gun, semi-Cartermatic/ yeah, put the dick in their mouth, so I guess it's fuck what they say/ I'm high as a bitch up, up and away man, I'll come down in a couple of days/ ok, you want me up in a cage? Then I'll come out in beast mode/ I got this world stuck in a safe, combination is the G-code/ it's Weezy mutha fucka blood gang and I'm in bleed mode/ all about my do' but I don't even check the peep-hole/ so you can keep knockin', but won't knock me down/ no love lost, no love found. (Chorus) It's a little too late, to say that you're sorry now/ you kicked me when I was down/ but what you say just (don't hurt me) that's right, it (don't hurt me) I don't need ya (no more), don't wanna see ya (no more) bitch you get no/ (love) you showed me nothin' but hate, you ran me into the ground/ but what comes around goes around/ (around) don't hurt me (that's right) you don't hurt me (and I don't need ya) no more, (don't wanna see you) no more, bitch you get no love (no), no love (no), no love (no), no love/ bitch you get no love (no), no love (no), no love... And I don't need ya (no more)... (Eminem Verse) I'm alive again, more alive than I have been, in my whole entire life I can/ see these people's ears perk up as I begin/ to spaz with the pen, I'm a little bit sicker than, most shit's finna' to get thick again/ they say the competition is stiff, but I get a hard dick from this shit, now stick it in/ I ain't never givin' in again, caution to the wind complete freedom/ look at these rappers how I treat 'em, so why the fuck would I join 'em when I beat 'em?/ They call me a freak cause I like to spit on these pussies 'fore I eat 'em/ man get these wack cocksuckers off stage, where the fuck is Kanye when you need him?/ snatch the mic from 'em, bitch I'ma let you finish in a minute, yeah, that rap was tight but I'm 'bout to spit the greatest verse of all time, so ya' might wanna go back

**NO LOVE FEAT. LIL WAYNE** (M. Mathers, D. Carter, J. Smith, D. Halligan, J. Torello) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/ Young Money Publishing, Inc./Warner-Chappell Music (BMI)/N.Q.C. Music Publishing, LLC o/b/o F.O.B. Music Publishing (ASCAP)/Hanseatic Musikverlag (GEMA) PRODUCED BY: Just Blaze for F.O.B. Entertainment/N.Q.C. Management, LLC and Hip Hop since 1978. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Ryan West for N.Q.C. Management, LLC. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Ryan West, Just Blaze,

Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. \*Lil Wayne appears courtesy of Cash Money/Universal Motown Records. \*Contains elements of "What Is Love" (D. Halligan/J. Torello), Hanseatic Musikverlag (GEMA). All rights administered by WB Music Corp. (ASCAP). All rights reserved. \*Featuring samples from "What Is Love" performed by Haddaway © Coconut Music Ltd. & Co. under license from Razor & Tie Entertainment.

**SPACE BOUND** (M. Mathers, J. Scheffer, S. McEwan) Songs

to the lab tonight and, um/ scribble out them rhymes you were gonna spit, and start over from scratch and write new ones/ but I'm afraid that it ain't gonna make no difference when I rip the stage and tear it in half tonight it's an/ adrenaline rush you feel the bass thump from the place all the way to the parking lot fellow/ set fire to the mic, and ignite the crowd, you can see the sparks from hot metal/ cold hearted, from the day I Bogarted the game, my soul started to rot fellow/ when I'm not even at my harshest you can still get roasted cause Marsh is not mellow/ 'til I'm toppin' from the top, I'm not gonna stop I'm standin' on my Monopoly board/ that means I'm on top of my game, and it don't stop 'til my hip don't hop anymore/ when you're so good that you can't say it cause it ain't even cool for you to sound cocky anymore/ people just get sick cause you spit these fools can't drool or dribble a drop anymore/ and you could never break my stride, you never slow the momentum at any moment/ I'm 'bout to blow, you'll never take my pride, I'm kilin' the flow, slow venom any opponent/ is gettin' no mercy, mark my words ain't lettin' up relentless, I smell blood/ I don't give a fuck, keep givin' 'em hell, where was you when I fell and needed help up?/ You get no love. (Chorus)

**SPACE BOUND**

(Verse 1) We touch, I feel a rush, we clutch it isn't much/ but it's enough to make me wonder what's in store for us/ it's lust, it's torturous, you must, be a sorcererous cause you just/ did the impossible, gained my trust- don't play games it'll be dangerous/ if you fuck me over, cause if I get burnt I'ma show ya/ what it's like to hurt, cause I've been treated like dirt before ya/ and love is 'evol' spell it backwards I'll show ya/ no body knows me I'm cold, walk down this road all alone/ it's no one's fault but my own, it's the path I've chosen to go/ frozen as snow- I show no emotion what so ever so/ don't ask me why I have no love for these motherfuckin' ho's/ blood suckin' succubuses, what the fuck is up with this?/ I've tried in this department but, I ain't had no luck with this, it sucks but it's/ exactly what I thought it would be like tryin' to start over/ I got a hole in my heart but some kind of emotional rollercoasta'/ somethin' I won't go on so you toy with my emotions ho it's over/ it's like an explosion every time I hold ya' wasn't jokin' when I told ya/ you take my breath away, you're a supernova/ and I'm a... (Chorus) I'm a space bound rocket ship and your heart's the moon, and I'm aimin' right at you, right at you/ two hundred-fifty thousand miles on a clear night in June, and I'm aimin' right

of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/JimiPub Music/EMI Blackwood Music Inc. (BMI)/Birds With Ears Music/EMI Blackwood Music Inc. (BMI) PRODUCED BY: Jim Jonsin for Rebel Rock Productions. RECORDED BY: Robert Marks @ Parkland Playhouse in Parkland, FL & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Jason Wilkie & Matt Huber @ Parkland Playhouse in Parkland, FL & Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios. MIXED BY: Rob Marks, Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS & PROGRAMMING BY: Jim Jonsin. ADDITIONAL

at you, right at you right at you. (Verse 2) I'll do what ever it takes, when I'm with you I get the shakes/ my body aches when I ain't with you, I have zero strength/ there's no limit on how far I would go, no boundaries no lengths/ why do we say that until we get that person that we think's/ gonna be that one and then once we get 'em it's never the same/ you want 'em when they don't want you, soon as they do feelings change/ it's not a contest and I ain't on no conquest for no mate/ I wasn't lookin' when I stumbled on to you must have been fate/ but so much is at stake, what the fuck does it take let's cut to the chase/ 'fore the door shuts in your face, promise me if I cave in and break/ and leave myself open that I won't be makin' a mistake/ cause I'm a... (Chorus) (Verse 3) So after a year and six months, it's no longer me that you want/ but I love you so much it hurts, never mistreated you once/ I poured my heart out to you, let down my guard swear to god/ I'll blow my brains in your lap, lay here and die in your arms/ drop to my knees and I'm pleadin' I'm trying to stop you from leavin'/ you wont even listen so fuck it, I'm tryin' to stop you from breathin'/ I put both hands on your throat, I sit on top of you squeezin'/ 'til I snap your neck like a popsicle stick ain't no possible reason/ I can think of to let you walk up out this house and let you live/ tears stream down both of my cheeks, then I let you go and just give/ and 'fore I put that gun to my temple I told you this... (Bridge) And I would have did anything for you/ to show you how much I adored you/ but its over now, it's too late to save our love/ just promise me you'll think of me every time you look up in the sky and see a star cause I'm a... (Chorus)

**CINDERELLA MAN**

(Intro) Yeah. You know technically, I'm not even really supposed to be here right now, so fuck it, might as well make the most of it... Yeah! Feels good. Guess I'm lucky, some of us don't get a second chance. But I ain't blowing this one, nah, man... shit I feel like I can do anything now... (Verse 1) Who can catch lightning in a bottle, set fire to water/ comin' out the nozzle on a fire hose, flyer than swatters/ (Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man)/ smash an hour glass grab the sand take his hands and cup 'em/ spit a rhyme to freeze a clock, take the hands of time and cuff 'em/ (Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man)/ there's a storm comin' that the weather man couldn't predict/ I start the bug prick, you better flea 'cause I get ticked/ it's a wrap, I was down, when I was down I was kicked/ I got up, I'm

KEYBOARDS BY: Danny Morris. GUITARS BY: Steve McEwan. ADDITIONAL VOCALS BY: Steve McEwan.

**CINDERELLA MAN** (M. Mathers) Songs of Universal, Inc./ Shroom Shady Music (BMI) PRODUCED BY: Script Shepherd. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. DRUM PROGRAMMING BY: Nick Low-Beer.

**25 TO LIFE** (M. Mathers, K. Rahman, L. Rodrigues, D. Tanenbaum) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Jaleesa and Mahdi's Music (BMI)/Matriz Music (SOCAN)/Danny Key Music (BMI) PRODUCED BY: DJ Khalil for DJ Khalil Productions, LLC. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS BY: Danny Keyz. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS & DRUM PROGRAMMING BY: Khalil Abdul Rahman. GUITAR BY: Daniel Seeff. ADDITIONAL VOCALS BY: Liz Rodrigues.

**SOBAD** (M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, S. Cruse, N. Brongers) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/WB Music Corp./Ain't Nothing Going on but F\*\*\*\*n (ASCAP)/Bat Future Music (BMI)/Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp./Alien Status Music (BMI)/PSALM 144:1 (BMI)/EMI Blackwood Music Inc. O/B/O itself and Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/Nick Brongers Music (SACEM/BMI) PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre. and Nick Brongers. RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Avex Honolulu

back to punch you to the ground you're tricked/ it's a trap, fuck my last CD the shit's in my trash/ I'll be god damn if another rapper gets in my ass/ I hit the gas and I spit every rap as if it's my last/ you can die in the blink of an eye, so bat your eyelashes/ and keep winkin' and blowin' kisses 'cause your flirtin' with death/ I'm destroyin' your livelihood, I ain't just hurtin' your rep/ I catch a flow and get goin' no remorse I'm showin' ain't slowin' no one/ knowin' there's nothin' you can do about it, zero in/ on my target like a marksman, the target is you/ I shut your lane down, took your spot, parked in it too/ arsenic flow, lighter fluid, saliva what can you do/ go get your crew to hype you up, stand behind you like "whooh!" that boy's hot enough to melt hell, burn Satan too/ fry his ass and put his ashes back together with glue/ so you can hate him, he don't blame you, frankly he would too/ this game could ill afford to lose him, how 'bout you?/ Now guess who? (Hey) Here's a clue/ (hey) he came to the ball in his wife beater, lost his Nike shoe/ it's in your ass, (hey) he's in your ass, he's all up in your psyche too/ (hey) now, what's his name? (Chorus) Cinda-rela man (5X), If I had a time machine, I'd be Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, music is my time machine so call me Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man Cinderella man. (Verse 2) Fuck catchin' lightnin' he struck it, screamed shut up at thunder/ then flipped the world upside down and made it rain upward/ (Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man)/ rewind the future to the present, paused it, don't ask how/ fuck the past motherfucker, he's the shit right now/ he's (Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man)/ Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinderella man, Cinder-fella Shady Dane/ came to wrap the game up in cellophane, raise hell from hell he came/ but didn't come to bore ya with the Cinderella story nor did he, come to do the same-ole can't afford to be a lame-o/ in this day and age, and at this stage of the game, mediocrity can no longer be allowed to fly/ so say bye/ to the old, "H-I" to the new, Que Sera/ consider it his last hurrah, the coup de grace, raise 'em high/ in the sky, keep 'em up, time to bring the place alive/ thanks for bein' patient I won't make no more mistakes shit. my/ potatoes baked homie, the veggies on my plate can fly/ my filet is smokin' weed, yeah faggot the stakes are high/ shit, I ain't even 'sposed to be here by the grace of god/ the skin on my teeth and a hair on my nuts I skated by/ now ya'll are on thin ice with ankle weights, I'd hate to lie/ how fuckin' irritated are you? How much in your face am I?/ And ain't shit you can do but fear it/ Proof is here in spirit, and I'm his spittin' image, I mirror it when I stand



# RECOVERY

near it/ your pussy lyric, I cunt hear it/ who forms pyramids and raps circles around square lyricists/ Who? (hey) Here's a clue/ (hey) he came to the ball in his wife beater lost his Nike shoe/ it's in your ass, (hey) he's in your ass, he's all up in your psyche too/ (hey) now, what's his name? (Chorus)

## 25 TO LIFE

(Intro) Too late for the other side, caught in a chase 25 to life/ too late for the other side, caught in a chase 25 to life/ too late (yeah, I can't keep chasin' you, I'm taking my life back)/ caught in a chase 25 to life... (Verse 1) I don't think she understands the sacrifices that I've made/ maybe if this bitch had acted right I would have stayed/ but I've already wasted over half my life, I would have laid/ down and died for you, I'll no longer cry for you, no more pain/ bitch you, took me for granted took my heart and ran it straight into the planet/ into the dirt I can no longer stand it/ now my respect I demand it, I'ma take control of this relationship command it/ and I'ma be the boss of you now god damn it/ and what I mean is that I will no longer let you control me/ so you better hear me out, this much you owe me/ I gave up my life for you, totally devoted to you I have stayed/ faithful all the way, this is how I fuckin' get repaid?! Look at how I dress, fuckin' baggy sweats, go to work a mess/ always in a rush to get back to you, I ain't heard you yet/ not even once say you appreciate me, I deserve respect/ I've done my best to give you nothin' less than perfectness/ and I know that if I end this I'll no longer have nothin' left/ but you keep treatin' me like a staircase, it's time to fuckin' step/ and I won't be comin' back, so don't hold your fuckin' breath/ you know what you've done, no need to go in-depth/ I told you you'd be sorry if I fuckin' left, I'd laugh while you wept/ how's it feel now? Yeah, funny ain't it you neglect/-ed me, did me a favor though my spirit free you've set/ but a special place for you in my heart I have kept/ it's unfortunate, but it's... (Chorus) Too late for the other side/ (yeah yeah) caught in a chase 25 to life/ (can't take no more, can't take no more) too late for the other side/ caught in a chase 25 to life Verse 2 I feel like when I bend over backwards for you all you do is laugh/ 'cause that ain't good enough, you expect me to fold myself in half/ 'til I snap, don't think I'm loyal? All I do is rap/ how can I moonlight on the side, I have no life outside of that/ don't I give you enough of my time? You don't think so, do you?/ Jealous when I spend time with the girls, why I'm married to you/ still man I don't know,

Studios in Honolulu, HI, Encore Studios in Burbank, CA & Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes @ Avex Honolulu Studios in Honolulu, HI and Encore Studios in Burbank, CA & Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios. MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Encore Studios in Burbank, CA. KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaan Parker & Trevor Lawrence. GUITAR BY: Sean Cruise. ADDITIONAL VOCALS BY: Sly Jordan. SAXOPHONE BY: Sly Jordan. AFTERMATH PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Larry Chatman.

**ALMOST FAMOUS** (M. Mathers, K. Rahman, L. Rodrigues, E. Alcock, P. Injeti, D. Tanenbaum) Songs of Universal, Inc./ Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Jaleesa and Mahdi's Music (BMI)/ Matriz Music (SOCAN)/SOCAN/EMI Music (EMI Canada)/ Danny Key Music (BMI) PRODUCED BY: DJ Khalil for DJ Khalil Productions, LLC. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. KEYBOARDS BY: Danny Keyz. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS & DRUM PROGRAMMING BY: Khalil

but tonight I'm servin' you with papers/ I'm divorcin' you, go marry someone else and make 'em famous/ and take away their freedom like you did to me, treat 'em/ like you don't need 'em and they ain't worthy of you, feed 'em/ the same shit that you made me eat, I'm movin' on forget you/ oh, now I'm special? I ain't feel special when I was with you/ all I ever felt was dissed, helplessness/ imprisoned by a selfish bitch, chew me up and spit me out I fell for this/ so many times it's ridiculous, and still I stick with this/ I'm sick of this, but in my sickness and addiction you're addictive as they get/ evil as they come, vindictive as they make 'em/ my friends keep askin' me why I can't just walk away from 'em/ I'm addicted, to the pain, the stress, the drama I'm drawn to shit, I guess I'm a/ mess, cursed and blessed but this time I/ ain't changin' my mind I'm climbin' out this abyss/ you're screamin' as I walk out that I'll be missed/ but when you spoke of people who meant the most to you, you left me off your list/ fuck you hip-hop, I'm leavin' you, my life sentence is served, bitch and it's just... (Chorus)

## SO BAD

(Intro) Yeah, ha ha, you feel that baby? Yeah I feel it too. Damn, you know... I'm so glad we can spend this time together. See, I'm not as crazy as you thought I was, am I? (Verse 1) I'm the American Dream... I'm the definition of white trash ballin'/ I'm right back on 'em/ with the rrrchick-rrrchoika I can't call it/ same shit, different toilet, oh ya got a nice ass darlin'/ can't wait to get ya into my Benz, take ya' for a spin/ what you mean we ain't fuckin' you, take me for a friend?! Let me tell ya the whole story of Shady's origin/ you'll be sorry if you slam my Mercedes door again/ now, it all started with my father/ I musta got my pimpin' genes from him, the way he left my mama/ I'm a rollin' stone just like him, word to Johnny Drama/ keep my Entourage wit' me, baby I'll make a promise/ there ain't nobody as bomb as/ me I'm as calm as the breeze, I'm the bee's knees his legs and his arms I'm a/ superstar girl, I'm ready for ya' mama/ why ya think the only thing I got on is my pajamas? (Chorus) I'm so bad, I'm so good that I'm so bad/ I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had/ cause you ain't never met nobody like me, and you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again/ I'm so bad, I'm so good that I'm so bad/ I guarantee I'll be the greatest thing you ever had/ cause you ain't ever met nobody like me, and you ain't gonna wanna fuck nobody else again. (Verse 2) I'm equivalent to a shot of Cuervo, first I kiss your naval/ work my way down, baby, you

Abdul Rahman. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. BASS & GUITAR BY: Chin Injeti. ADDITIONAL VOCALS BY: Liz Rodrigues.

**LOVE THE WAY YOU LIE FEAT. RIHANNA** (M. Mathers, A. Grant, H. Hafferman) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Universal Music Publishing/Universal Music-Z Songs/Hotel Bravo Music/M. Shop Publ. (BMI). PRODUCED BY: Alex Da Kid for Wonderland Music, LLC. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Marcos Tovar @ Sun Studios

can lay down on the table/ but you may wanna find somethin' more stable/ I told you I ain't foolin' from the gate, this ain't the first day of April/ but thank you for stayin' April, I'ma make you learn to appreciate me/ differentiate me, from these phony, little fishy and sissy fake G's/ skip over the huggy-bear and all the kissy-face please/ initiate phase three, missy now service me/ take another shot of Jaeger, shakin' so nervously/ take your time baby, ooh you're the bomb baby/ ooh you're doin' that even better than your mom, lady/ I told you I'm Shady, you didn't listen now did ya?/ Relax woman, you know that I'm only kiddin' with ya/ got a twisted sense of humor, it's warped but I didn't hit ya/ I think your finally starting to get the picture/ I'm just... (Chorus) (Bridge) They call me dynamite, dynamite, dynamite soul/ they call me dynamite, dynamite, dynamite soul/ I can hold you in the mornin', but in the evening I gotta go/ cause I'm on to the next girl, and the next girl I kinda like ohhhh... (Verse 3) I got ya' caught up in the rapture/ make you recapture the feelings you had for your last boyfriend, before he slapped ya/ you never wanted someone so bad you're/ sweatin', but if I'm what you wanted, why'd ya' panic when I grabbed ya?/ Girl don't be so frantic, I'm just a hopeless romantic/ don't try to fight the feelin' of somethin' that's so organic/ you can't ignore it, so don't, just stand before it/ just drop them panties to the floor, lets get to cam-cordin', damn shorty/ I told you this was bound to happen, soon as you wrote your number on a napkin/ I was bound to work a number on your back and/ throw your spine out of alignment/ my love has got you so blind that you couldn't pick Amy Winehouse out of a line up/ so stop at a store pick a pint up/ let's get the Pineapple Schnapps goin', no one 'll knock cause I'ma hang a sign up/ sayin' don't disturb, shorty, I'm so superb/ I say the right things, don't I spit the dopest words? (Chorus) (Bridge 2) (Chorus)

## ALMOST FAMOUS

(Intro) Yeah (yeah), can't stop now (can't stop now)... this may be the last chance I get- (I just want to be famous) to be famous. (Chorus) You dream of trading places/ I have been changing faces/ you can not fill these shoes/ there is too much to lose/ I wake up behind these trenches/ you run around defenseless/ there is too much to lose/ you can not fill these shoes/ (I just wanna be famous but) be careful what you wish for... (Verse 1) I stuck my dick in this game like a rapist, they call me Slim Roethlisberger/ I go berserker than a fed up post office worker/ a murker wit a Mossberg, I'm pissed

in Temple Bar. ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios & Spike Lindsey @ Sun Studios in Temple Bar. MIXED BY: Eminem, Alex Da Kid & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ADDITIONAL GUITARS BY: J. Brow for Veers Music. VOCAL PRODUCTION BY: Makeba Riddick. \*Rihanna appears courtesy of Island Def Jam Music Group.

**YOU'RE NEVER OVER** (M. Mathers, J. Smith, M. Mainieri Jr., G. McMann) Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music

(BMI)/N.Q.C. Music Publishing, LLC o/b/o F.O.B. Music Publishing (ASCAP)/Universal Music Corp. on behalf of Warner Olive Music LLC and Hot Corner Music Inc. and Songs of Universal, Inc. on behalf of Warner-Barham Music LLC and Bac Mac Publishing. PRODUCED BY: Just Blaze for F.O.B. Entertainment/N.Q.C. Management, LLC and Hip Hop since 1978. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Ryan West for N.Q.C. Management, LLC. ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Joe Strange. MIXED BY: Ryan West, Just Blaze, Eminem, & Mike

off, get murdered/ like someone took a ketchup squirter, squirted a frankfurter/ for a gangster ya sure did shit your pants when you saw that chainsaw get to waivin' like a terrible towel/ how things turn around/ when his fangs come out, get your brains blown out/ that's what I call, blowin' your mind/ when I cum back, like nut on your spine/ I'm the thumb tack that you slept on son/ now here I come screamin' "a tac!" like I just stepped on one/ low on the totem till he showed 'em, defiance, giant scrotum/ he don't owe 'dem bitches shit, his britches he out grewed 'em/ he's so out cold he's knocked out at the South Pole, and/ nobody fucks with him, rigor mortis and post mortem/ he's dyin' of boredom, take your best rhymes record 'em/ to try and thwart him, he'll just take your punch lines and snort 'em/ shit stained drawers, you gon' fuck wit a guy who licks the blades of his chainsaws/ while he dips 'em in PF Chang sauce/ games off homie, hang it up like some crank calls/ you think I'm backin' down, you must be out of your dang skulls/ I'm almost famous. (Chorus) (Verse 2) I'm back for revenge, I lost the battle that ain't happenin' again/ I'm at your throne like strep, I step, strapped with a pen/ metaphors wrote on my hand, some are just stored in my mem-ry some are wrote on a nap-kin, I do what I have to to win/ pullin' out all stops, any who touch a mic prior's/ not even Austin Powers, how the fuck are they Mike Meyers/ and tell that psycho to pass the torch/ to the wacko 'fore I take a shit in his jack-o-lantern and smash it on his porch/ now get off my dick, dick's to short of a word for my dick/ get off my antidisestablishmentarianism you prick/ don't call me the champ, call me the space shuttle destroyer/ I just blew up the Challenger matta' fact I need a lawyer/ I just laced my gloves wit' enough plasta to make a cast, beat his ass naked and peed in his corner like Vern Troyer/ ya'll are Eminem backwards, your meni me's, see he's/ in a whole 'nother weight class, he's slugs you're bb's/ you're bean bag bullets you're full of it, you were dissin' his CD's/ laughed at Infinite, now he's back like someone pissed in his Wheaties/ no peace treaties, he's turned into a beast, his new Slim Shady EP's/ got the attention of the mighty D-R-E he's/ almost famous... (Chorus) (Verse 3) Now there he goes in Dre's studio cuppin' his balls/ screamin' the wood off the panelin', cussin' the paint off the walls/ spewin' his hate to these haters, showin' no love for these broads/ he ain't given' 'em shit, he says he'll pinch a penny so hard/ he'll leave a bruise on the bronze so dark you can see the mark when it scars/ 'til Abraham Lincoln is screamin' out "awww!"/ his metaphors and similes ain't similar to them not at all/ if they don't like

Strange @ Effigy Studios. \*Contains elements of "Cry Little Sister" written by Michael Mainieri Jr. and Gerard McMann and published by Universal Music Corp. on of behalf Warner Olive Music LLC and Bac Mac Publishing. Used by permission. \*Featuring samples from Gerard McMann recording "Cry Little Sister". Produced under license from Atlantic Recording Corp., by arrangement with Rhino Entertainment Company, a Warner Music Group company.

# RECOVERY

it, they can all get fucked instead of suckin' him off/ they can go get a belt or a necktie, to hang themselves by/ like David Carradine they can go fuck themselves and just die/ and eat shit while they're at it he's fuckin' had it, he's mad at the whole world/ so go to hell and build a snowman, girl/ the bully's become bullied, if pussies get pushed, then they better pull me/ take me back to ninth grade to school me/ 'cause I ain't lookin' back only forward this whole spot blow it/ who could have known he'd grow to be a poet and not know it/ and while I'm being poetic let me get historic/ and raise the bar, higher than my opinion of these women's been lowered/ so bare witness to some biblical shit, there's a cold wind blowin'/ this world ain't gonna know what hit it, he did it, he made it/ he's finally famous.

## LOVE THE WAY YOU LIE

(Intro) Just gonna stand there and watch me burn/ well that's all right because I like the way it hurts/ just gonna stand there and hear me cry/ well that's alright because I love the way you lie/ I love the way you lie (Verse 1) I can't tell you what it really is, I can only tell you what it feels like/ and right now there's a steel knife in my windpipe/ I can't breathe but I still fight while I can fight/ as long as the wrong feels right, it's like I'm in flight/ high off her love, drunk from her hate its like I'm huffin' paint/ and I love her the more I suffer, I suffocate/ and right before I'm about to drown she resuscitates/ me, she fuckin' hates me and I love it- "wait/ where you going" "I'm leaving you" "no you ain't/ come back" we're running right back here we go again/ it's so insane, 'cause when it's gain' good it's gain' great/ I'm Superman with the wind at his back, she's Lois Lane/ but when it's bad it's awful, I feel so ashamed/ I snapped who's that dude I don't even know his name/ I laid hands on her I'll never stoop so low again/ I guess I don't know my own strength. (Chorus) Just gonna stand there and watch me burn/ well that's all right because I like the way it hurts/ just gonna stand there and hear me cry/ well that's alright because I love the way you lie/ I love the way you lie/ I love the way you lie. (Verse 2) You ever love somebody so much you can barely breathe when you're wit 'em/ you meet and neither one of you even know what hit 'em/ got that warm fuzzy feelin' yeah them chills used to get 'em/ now you're gettin' fuckin' sick of lookin' at 'em?/ you'd swore you'd never hit 'em/ never do nothin' to hurt 'em, now you're in each other's face

spewin' venom in your words when you spit 'em/ you push pull each other's hair scratch claw bit 'em/ throw 'em down pin 'em so lost in them moments when you're in 'em/ it's the rage that took over/ it controls ya both so they say you're best to go you're separate ways guess that they don't know ya/ 'cause today that was yesterday, yesterday is over/ it's a different day, sound like broken records playin' over/ but you promised her, next time you'll show restraint/ you don't get another chance, life is no Nintendo game/ but you lied again, now you get to watch her leave out the window guess that's why they call it window pane. (Chorus) (Verse 3) Now I know we said things, did things, that we didn't mean/ then we fall back into the same patterns, same routine/ but your temper's just as bad as mine is, you're the same as me/ when it comes to love you're just as blinded-baby please/ come back, it wasn't you, baby it was me/ maybe our relationship isn't as crazy as it seems/ maybe that's what happens when a tornado meets a volcano/ all I know is I love you too much to walk away though/ come inside, pick up your bags off the sidewalk/ don't you hear sincerity, in my voice when I talk/ told you this is my fault, look me in the eyeball/ next time I'm pissed I'll aim my fist at the drywall/ next time, there wont be no next time I a-/ pologize even though I know it's lies, I'm tired/ of the games I just want her back, I know I'm a liar/ if she ever tries to fuckin' leave again, I'ma tie her/ to the bed and set this house on fire/ I'm just gonna... (Chorus)

## YOU'RE NEVER OVER

(Chorus) The days are cold, livin' without you/ the nights are long, I'm growin' older/ I miss the days of old, thinkin' about you/ you may be gone, but you're never over. (Verse 1) If Proof could see me now, I know he'd be proud/ somewhere in me deep down, there's somethin' in me he found/ that made him believe in me, now no one can beat me now/ you try it'll be them doors, on Dre's Phantom, believe me clowns/ that means suicide, homie you'll never throw me, off of this course, blow me/ bitch, I do this all for the sport only/ but I want it all, I'm not just talkin' awards homie/ and the balls in my court ,and it's lonely on top of the world when you're the only/ one with the balls in your shorts to leave their jaws on the floors with no re/morse, remember that when they get to doggin' your boy, homie/ so ya all can just get to blogin' about bologna I'm not gonna stop the saga continues, no stoppin' the force, Obi/ I'm moppin' the floors with 'em, I

keep tryin' to pass it, but they keep on droppin' the torch and it won't be, long 'til this sport is o-v/e-r Just Blaze and me we are knockin on doors and no we/ ain't pumpkins on Halloween but we'll show up on your porch so be/ -careful what you say there ain't no punks over here so follow me/ through the fog like I'm S-N double O-P, let me guide you through the smoke, G/ if only I wasn't travellin' down this road by my lonely/ no one who knew me like you will ever know me/ I don't think you understand how much you meant to me. (Chorus) (Bridge) And it don't stop, ohhh, and it don't quit, ohhh, and it don't stop, ohhh, and it don't quit, ohhh. And I miss you, ohhh, I just miss you, ohhh, I just miss you, ohhh, homie I'll never forget you, nooo. (Verse 2) For you, I wanna write the sickest rhyme of my life/ so sick it'll blow up the mic, it'll put the dyna in mite/ yeah, it'll make the dopest MC wanna jump off a bridge and shit himself/ tap dancin' all over the beat, it'll jump off the page and spit itself/ guess that the best thing I can do right now, Doody for you is to rep/ so I'm gonna fuck till I die, yeah I'ma do it to death/ and instead of mournin' your death, I'd rather celebrate your life/ elevate to new heights, step on the gas and accelerate, I'ma need 2 mic's/ cause the way that I'm feelin' tonight, everything I can just do right/ there's nothin' that I could do wrong, I'm to strong and I'm just too hype/ just finish the rhyme and bust it/ excuse the corny metaphor, but they'll never ketchup to all this energy that I've mustard/ so God just, help me out while I fight through this grievin' process/ tryin' to process this loss is makin' me nauseous/ but this depression ain't takin me hostage, I've been patiently watchin'/ this game pacin' these hallways/ you had faith in me always/ Proof you knew I'd come out of this slump, rise from these ashes/ come right back on they asses, and go Mike Tyson on these bastards/ and I'ma show 'em, blow 'em out the water, slaughter 'em homes/ I'ma own so many belts, only place they can hit me is below 'em/ homie I know I'm, never gonna be the same without you/ I never would have come in this game, I'm goin' insane without you/ matter fact, it was just the other night, had another dream about you/ you told me to get up, I got up I spread my wings and I flew/ you gave me a reason to fight, I was on my way to see you/ you told me "naw Doody you're not" layin' on that table, I knew/ I was gonna make it soon as you said "think of Haiiie", I knew there wasn't no way that I was ever gonna leave them babies and Proof/ not many are lucky enough to have a guardian angel like you/ Lord, I'm so thankful, please don't think that I don't feel grateful, I do/ just grant me the strength that I need, for one more day to get through/ so homie, this is your song, I dedicate this to you/ I love you Doody. (Chorus) (Bridge 2)

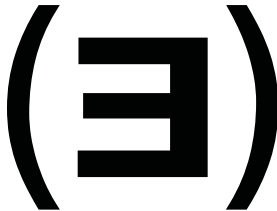
## UNTITLED

(Intro) You don't own me, don't try to change me (nah, man... I'm not quite finished yet) (Verse 1) Girl, I think you just might of tried to pull a mo' fuckin' fast one I'm mad/ you just hurt my goddamn feelin' and that was the last one I had/ does this look like an arcade tryin' to play games see this saw blade see the silhouette of a stalker in your walkway better cooperate/ or get sautéed and rotisseried while you're hog-tied/ mc's get so quiet you can hear a mo' fuckin' dog whistle when I walk by/ Colt Seavers

on a mule stuntin' on that ass like the fuckin' Fall Guy/ I don't gas my Mercedes after midnight I treat it like a Mogwai/ cause it will turn into a Gremlin and run over kids, women and men/ VnnnVnnn motor so big, you can fit a midget in his engine/ bitch give me them digits, why you cringin', not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin/ will I spend-spend even 10 cents on you since when/ do you think it's gonna cost me a pretty penny, shit if I think a penny's pretty/ just imagine how beautiful a quarter is to me, eeny-meany/ miney-mo catch an Eskimo by his toe, while he's trying to roll a snow ball/ but don't make him lose his cool, if he hollers better let him go, y'all/ 'Cuz... (Chorus) You don't own me... now here we go, go, goooo.... (Verse 2) Get up baby, get a move on, like a U-Haul you can rack your brain like pool balls/ you won't ever think of this shit, yeah honey you called/ well here I come, Havoc on the beat I wreck it, evil I see, hear and speak it/ lady put your money on Shady, fuck that other weak shit/ put your eggs in the same basket, you can count every mo' fuckin' chicken 'fore it hatches/ cause you can bet yer ass that, we gon' get it crackin'/ like the Kraken, and Titans when they're clashin' get your brains bashed in/ so bad you gon' have Kurt Cobain askin' to autograph a blood-stained napkin/ unfashionable and 'bout as rational as rash on a fag's asshole/ now let's take that line, run it up the flagpole/ with Elton, see if he's cool with it, don't stand there and look stupid at/ me, bitch I ain't in the mood for this shit, get my dick Google it/ 'til it pops up, ya'll are so motherfuckin' full of shit that yer stopped-up/ me I'm always shittin', diarrhea of the mouth, 'til your speakers crap out, ahp! what?/ girl you got a hot butt, like a lit cigarette, chig-chigga-ret chigga but you wont get a hot fudge sundae from me, so do not strut my way slut, because... (Chorus) (Verse 3) And now that I got your panties in a bunch and your bowels in an uproar/ I'ma show you why I came, so you stop askin' me what the fuck for/ now look you little slut cunt whore, I know you want more/ bitch it's time to put the "math" back in the Mathers cause I'm a fuckin' problem, run boy/ every flow got it mastered, so every last word that you fuckin' fags heard comes straight from the fish's ass, yeah, in other words I'm a bass-turd/ lookin' at me like I killed Kenny, gas in the tank yeah, still plenty/ no morals are instilled in me, so remorse I really don't feel any/ eat your heart out Hannibal, understandable why you're jealous, fuck an animal/ I got cannibal magnetism can't resist him now can ya, ho?/ Shady, I don't understand your flow, understand my flow? Bitch, I flow like Troy Polamalu's hair, boy/ don't you dare try to follow or compare, boy/ I'm raw, you ain't even medium-rare, stay the fuck out of my hair, boy/ you can look, you can stare, point- but you can't touch I'm to clairvoyant/ I don't get it man, is there a void all this weak shit? What am I, steroids? Well, bitch I'm back with some shit for that ass, and your trunk, Elephant hemorrhoids/ and remember boys... (Outro) Thank you for coming out. Hope you enjoyed the show... 'til next time, peace.

**UNTITLED** (M. Mathers, K. Muchita, M. Crawford, J. Madara, D. White Tricker) Songs Of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Juvenile Hell Publishing (ASCAP)/Elleis Inc. Music Group (BMI)/Merjoda Music Inc. c/o Unichappell Music Inc. (BMI) PRODUCED BY: Havoc for Kejuan Entertainment. CO-PRODUCED BY: Magnedo7 for Elleis Inc. Music Group. RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & Kal "Boogie" Dellaportas @ Shake 'Em Down Studios in Queens, NY. ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Joe Strange @ Effigy Studios & Chris

"Trife" Patilis @ Shake 'Em Down Studios in Queens, NY. MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios. ADDITIONAL KEYBOARDS BY: Luis Resto. "Contains elements of "You Don't Own Me" written by John Madara and Dave White Tricker and published by Merjoda Music Inc. c/o Unichappell Music Inc (BMI). Used by permission. \*This track contains a sample of the recording "You Don't Own Me" as performed by Lesley Gore. Courtesy of Mercury Records under license from Universal Music Enterprises. Used by permission. All rights reserved.



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Bernie Grundman Mastering

**THIS ALBUM IS DEDICATED 2 ANYONE WHO'S IN A DARK PLACE  
TRYIN' TO 2 GET OUT. KEEP YOUR HEAD UP...  
IT DOES GET BETTER!**







- 1 COLD WIND BLOWS 2 TALKIN' 2 MYSELF FEAT. KOBE 3 ON FIRE  
4 WON'T BACK DOWN FEAT. P!NK 5 W.T.P. 6 GOING THROUGH CHANGES  
7 NOT AFRAID 8 SEDUCTION 9 NO LOVE FEAT. LIL WAYNE 10 SPACE BOUND  
11 CINDERELLA MAN 12 25 TO LIFE 13 SO BAD 14 ALMOST FAMOUS  
15 LOVE THE WAY YOU LIE FEAT. RIHANNA 16 YOU'RE NEVER OVER**

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