

# RELAPSE

Mathers, Marshall  
8 Mile Road, Detroit MI

Take 1 tablet(s) one  
time(s) daily at 3am.

Refills: 05-19-09

Prescribed by Dr. Dre

QTY 313  
COUNSEL [Y]

**EMINEM**

250MG CAPSULES

**PARENTAL  
ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT



**BIG  
PROOF**  
FOREVER  
1973 - 2006

Proof, No matter how much time passes, not a day goes by that I don't think of you. If it weren't for you, I would not be where I am today and we both know it. I tried to write a song for you but nothing was good enough, so I'm dedicating them all to you- and you'd be happy to know that I spazzed out on 'em again! I know you wouldn't have it any other way! Fuck 'em all -- let's get 'em!

P.S. I'm sober now, I know you'd be proud. I love you Doody, I'll never forget you. Love, Doody



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### 3 a.m.

**Intro** There is no escaping... (echo)/ There's no place to hide... (echo)/ You scream someone save me... (echo)/ But they don't pay no mind... (echo)/ Goodbye... (echo)

**Verse 1** Your walkin' down a horror corridor it's almost 4 in the mornin' and you're in a/ nightmare it's horrible/ right there's the corner waitin' for ya ta/ turn the corner so he can corner ya you're a goner he's onto ya/ out the corner of his cornea he just saw ya run/ all you want is to rest cause you can't run anymore your done/ all he wants is to kill you in front of an audience/ while everybody is watching in the party applauding it/ here I sit while I'm caught up in deep thought again/ contemplating my next plot again/ swallowin' the Klonopin while I'm noddin' in and out on the ottoman/ at the Ramada Inn holdin' onto the pill bottle then/ lick my finger and swirl it round the bottom and make sure I got all of it/ wake up naked at McDonald's with/ blood all over me dead bodies behind the counter shit/ guess I must'a just blacked out again, not again... **Chorus** It's three a.m. in the morning, put my key in the door and/ bodies layin' all over the floor and/ I don't remember how they got there but I guess I must of killed 'em, killed 'em/ I said, it's three a.m. in the morning, put my key in the door and/ bodies laying all over the floor and/ I don't remember how they got there but I guess I must of killed 'em, killed 'em...

**Verse 2** Sitting nude in my living room, it's almost noon/ I wonder what's on the tube maybe they'll show some boobs/ surfin' every channel until I find Hannah Montana then/ I reach for the aloe and lanolin/ bust all over the wall panellin'/ dismantlin' every candle on top of the fire place mantel and/ grab my flannel and my bandanna then kiss the naked mannequin man again/ you can see him standin' in my front window if you look in/ I'm just a hooligan whose used to using hallucinogens/ causin' illusions again/ brain contusions again, cutting and bruising the skin/ razors scissors and pins, Jesus when does it end?/ Phases that I go through, days that I'm so confused/ days that I don't know who, gave these molecules to/ me what am I gon' do? /Hey the prodigal son,

the diabolical one/ very methodical when I slaughter 'dem. **Chorus Bridge** She puts the lotion in the bucket, it puts the lotion on the skin/ or else it gets the hose again, she puts the lotion in the bucket, it puts the lotion on the skin/ or else it gets the hose again

**Verse 3** I cut and I slash slice and gash last night was a blast/ I cant quite remember when I had that/ much fun off a half-pint of the Jack, my last Vic and-a-half/ a flashlight up Kim Kardashian's ass/ I remember the first time I dismembered a family member/ December I think it was, I was having drinks with my cousin/ I wrapped him in Christmas lights pushed him into the stinkin' tub/ cut him up into pieces and just when I went to drink his blood/ I thought I oughtta drink his bathwater that oughtta be fun/ that's when my days of serial murder manslaughter begun/ the sight of blood excites me that might be an artery son/ your blood curling screams just don't seem to bother me none/ it's 3 a.m. and here I come so you should probably run/ a secret passage way around here man there's got to be one/ oh no there's probably none he can scream all he wants/ top of his lungs but ain't no stoppin' me from choppin' him up-up. **Chorus**

### My Mom

**(Chorus)** My mom loved valium and lots of drugs/ that's why I am like I am cause I'm like her/ because my mom loved valium and lots of drugs/ that's why I'm on what I'm on cause I'm my mom **Verse 1** My mom my mom, I know you're probably tired of hearing 'bout my mom oh-ho whoa-ho/ but this is just a story of when I was just a shorty and how I became hooked on va-al-iu-um/ valium was in everything, food that I ate/ the water that I drank, fuckin' peas on my plate/ she sprinkled just enough of it to season my steak/ so every day I'd have at least three stomach aches/ now tell me, what kinda mother would wanna see her/ son grow up to be an under-a-fucking-chiever/ my teacher didn't think I was gonna be nothin' either/ what the fuck you sticking gum up under the fucking seat for/ Mrs. Mathers your son has been huffin' ether/ either that or the motherfuckers been puffin' reefer/

but all this huffin' and puffin' wasn't what it was either/ it was neither, I was buzzin' but it wasn't what she thought/ pee in a tea cup? Bitch you ain't my keeper/ I'm sleepin', what the fuck you keep on fuckin' with me for?/ slut you need to leave me the/ fuck alone I ain't playing, go find you a white crayon and color a fucking zebra **(Chorus)Verse 2** Wait a minute, this ain't dinner this is paint thinner/ "you ate it yesterday I ain't hear no complaints did I?/ now here's a plate full of pain killers, now just wait 'till I/ crush the valium and put it in your potatoes ya/ little motherfucker I'll make ya sit there and make that re-/ tarded fucking face without even tastin' it/ you better lick the fuckin' plate you ain't wastin' it/ put your face in it, 'fore I throw you in the basement again/ and I ain't givin' in, your gonna just sit there in one fuckin' place finnickin' till next Thanksgivin' and/ if you still ain't finished it, I'll use the same shit again/ then when I make spinach dip it'll be placed in the shit/ you little shit wanna sit there and play innocent?/ a rack fell and hit me it K-Mart and they witnessed it/ child support your father he ain't sent the shit/ and so what if he did, it's none of your dang business kid!" **(Bridge)** My mom, there's no one else quite like my mom/ I know I should let bygones be bygones/ but she's the reason why I am high on what I'm high on/ becuz **(Chorus) Verse 3** Man I never thought that I could ever be/ a drug addict naw, fuck that I can't have it happen to me/ but that's actually what has ended up happening/ a tragedy, the fuckin' past ended up catchin' me/ and that's probably where I got acquainted with the taste ain't it/ pharmaceuticals are the bomb ma beautiful/ she killed the fuckin' dog with the medicine she done fed it/ feed it a fuckin' aspirin and say that it has a headache/ "here want a snack you hungry you fuckin' brat?/ look at that it's a Xanax take it and take a nap/ eat it" but I don't need it, "well fuck it then break it up/ take a little piece and beat it before you wake Nathan up"/ alright ma you win, I don't feel like arguin'/ I'll do it, pop it gobble it and start wobblin'/ stumble hobble tumble slip trip then I fall in bed/ with a bottle of meds and a Heath Ledger bobble head **(Chorus)**

## Insane

**Verse 1** I was born with a dick in my brain yeah fucked in the head/ my stepfather said that I sucked in the bed/ till one night he snuck in and said, "we're going out back- I want my dick sucked in the shed"/ can't we just play with Teddy Ruxpin instead?/ "After I fuck you in the butt get some head/ bust a nut get some rest"/ the next day my mother said "I don't know what the fucks up with this kid/ the bastard won't even eat nothin he's fed/ he just hung himself in the bedroom he's dead"/ "Debbie don't let that fucker get you upset/ go in there stick a fuckin' cigarette to his neck/ I bet you he's faking it, I'll bet you I'll bet/ he probably just wants to see how upset you would get/ I'll go handle this of course unless you object"/ "Aw go fuck his brains out if any's left in his head" **Chorus** If you could count the skeletons in my closet/ under my bed and up under my faucet/ then you would know I completely lost it/ is he nuts? No, he's insane/ if you could count the skeletons in my closet under my bed and up under my faucet/ then you would know I completely lost it/ is he nuts? No he's insane **Verse 2** Did you get him? Naw the fucker tried to bite my face off/ I just got fuckin' chased off with a chainsaw/ then he took the chainsaw bit the fuckin' blades off/ ate the blades stuck a baseball in a slangshot/ then he aimed at his own face let the thang pop/ took his eye out picked it up and played pang-pong/ then he played pang-pong with his own dang dong/ that motherfucker's got nuts like Kang Kong/ then he set the lawnmower out on the dang lawn/ and he laid all up underneath it with the thang on/ then he took his pants he took every fucking thang off/ everythang 'cept his tank top and his training bra/ ain't he raw? Yeah, maniac that's Shady dog/ man that motherfucker's gangsta, ain't he dog?/ Shady dog what be goin' through that fuckin' brain of yours?/ say no more, what the fuck you waitin' for sang along **Chorus Verse 3** Don't you know what felch means? Yeah- well then tell me/ would you rather get feltched or do the felching?/ Fuck 'em in the ass suck the come out while you're belching/ (burp) burp belch and go back for a second helping/ can

you dig what I'm sayin' man can you smell me?/ I want you to feel me like my stepfather felt me/ fuck a little puppy kick the puppy while he's yelping/ Shady what the fuck you saying? I don't know help me/ what the fucks happening? I think I'm fucking melting/ "Marshall I just love you boy I care about your well being"/ no dad I said no, I don't need no help peeing, I'm a big boy I can do it by myself see/ I only get naked when the babysitter tells me/ she showed me a movie like "Nightmare on Elm Street"/ but it was X and they called it "Pubic Hair on Chelsea"/ "well this one's called "Ass Rape" and were shooting the jail scene" **Chorus**

## Bagpipes From Baghdad

**Intro** Its music to my ears... How can I describe the way it feels? It's fucking great man! O.k., let me see, how can I begin? **Verse 1** Locked in Mariah's wine cellar all I had for lunch/ was bread wine, more bread wine and Captain Crunch/ red wine for breakfast and for brunch/ and to soak it up and in between snack crackers to munch/ Mariah whatever happened to us?/ Why did we have to break up? All I asked for was a glass of punch/ you see I never really asked for much, I can't imagine what's/ going through your mind after such/ a nasty break up with that Latin hunk/ Luis Miguel, Nick Cannon better back the fuck/ up I'm not playin' I want her back ya punk/ this is Hello Kitty bedspread satin funk/ mixed with Egyptian, with a little rap and punk/ Zapp and Eric Clapton, Shaft, Frank Zappa, crunk/ and yeah ba-by I want another crack at ya/ you can beat me with any spatula that ya want/ I mean I really want ya bad ya cunt/ Nick you had your fun, I've come to kick you in your sack of junk/ man, I could use a fresh batch of blood/ so prepare your vernacular for Dracula acupunc/ -ture **Chorus** Bagpipes from Baghdad/ when will it ever cease? For Pete sakes he's crazy to say the least/ Bagpipes from Baghdad/ what's going through my mind, half the time when I rhyme while blowing on my/ Bagpipes from Baghdad/ somebody turn the vacancy sign on cause I'm gone, blowing on my/ Bagpipes from Baghdad/ I run the streets

and act like a madman holding a Glad bag **Verse 2** You can be a permanent fixture, in my lyrical mixture/ I'm the Miracle Whip trickster my signature/ sound, when a tube of lipstick around/ I'm bound to put it on in an instant wow/ man, what an ensemble, what an assortment of pharma-/ ceuticals this beautiful pill dust in my palm my/ cuticles get residue just from touchin' the bottle/ never knew I could remind me so much of my mama/ I'll cut ya like Dahmer, pull a butcher knife on ya/ the size of a sword, boy I'm like the fuckin' Red Sonja/ get it stuck in your cornea, nice knowing ya, Norman/ your so fucking annoyin' drop the shovel boy, you don't know what fuck your doing/ I ain't playin' no fuckin' more/ Nick Cannon ya prick I wish ya luck with the fuckin' whore, every minute there's a sucker born/ snuck up on Malachi/ made the motherfucker suck on a shuck of corn/ shuck of, shuck of corn, shuck of corn/ hit Jason in the face with a hockey puck and told him it's fucking on/ man what the fuck are ya doin'?/ Your running over the snow blower with the lawn mower/ blow on your bagpipes from Baghdad **Chorus Verse 3** In the bed with two brain dead lesbian vegetables/ I bet you they become heterosexual/ nothing will stop me from molestin' you/ titty fuckin' you till your breast nipple flesh tickles my testicles/ is what I said, to the two conjoined twins/ how's it going girlfriends? You need a boyfriend?/ You need some ointment? Just set up an appointment/ whose gonna see the doctor first we'll do a coin flip/ I just got my one year sobriety coin chip/ when the bad get going, how bad does the going get?/ Baby you shouldn't have any trouble rubbing groins with/ each other especially when your joined at the hip/ I'm going to get a needle and thread from the sewing kit/ and attempt to separate 'em and stitch them back at the loin, shit/ lure the little boy with the chocolate Chips Ahoy chip/ cookie, lookie, even took me a Polaroid flick **Chorus**

## Hello

**Intro** Hello (hello) allow me to introduce myself/ my name is, Shady, so nice to meet you/ (so nice to meet you) its been a long

time, I'm sorry I've been away so long/ my name is, Shady, I never meant to leave you (never meant to leave you) **Verse 1** You see that chick in the gym checkin' me out/ any second I'm 'bout, to stick her neck in my mouth/ I lose a pill and I'm recklessly wreckin' the house/ that was supposed to be breakfast, where the heck is it now?/ There's the necklace I lost right next to Stephanie's blouse/ man I should check to see if my mom left any out/ nope guess I'll re-route maybe somewhere in the depths of the couch/ oop jackpot, yeah, open sesame mouth/ down the hatchet the feelin' you can't match it/ I rap-tap-tap on your door with a damn ratchet, ata-ta-tackin' a whore with a damn hatchet/ a knapsack packed with like 40 some Xanax's/ shorty come back, I'm tryin' to score me some lap dances/ I'm bout to relapse so baby pour me some Jack Daniels/ Formula 44D and 40's with mad capsules/ the bad apple spoils the bunch, I'm back at ya **Chorus** Girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello/ and are you menstruating baby, my little friends waiting to say hello/ the way your titties are wiggling and your booties shakin' like Jell-O/ girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello **Verse 2** Yeah my equilibriums off must be the lithium/ I don't need to buy any drugs, man people give me 'em/ it just becomes everyday extra curriculum no reason in-particular it was strictly fun/ a fifth of rum and two bottles of 151/ fifty one people asleep in my damn living room/ excuse me hon' but what is your name? Viviane?/ I woke up next to ya naked and uh did we umm?/ Of course we did, but didn't I strap jimmy hon?/ I'm lookin' for the torn wrapper but there don't seem to be one/ no offense baby girl, I don't mean any harm/ but disease is something I'm trying to keep my penis free from/ I find the package and I'm cool I immediately run, like Speedy Gonzales to see if I see anyone/ who might have a couple of Three's I'm fiendin' for some/ my head is poundin' to the beat of the drum **Chorus** Girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello/ and do you happen to have any thing on you that make my mood mellow/ some are oval and some are pink, some are blue and some are just

yellow/ girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello **Verse 3** Oh those are the days they certainly were/ it's hurtin' me to know that I'll be closin' that curtain for good/ (wor-wor-wor-word) I second that and a third/ rushed to emergency surg- ery to try to flush me, because of the drugs that he purchased/ he's no longer getting them free, hundred bucks for these Percodan/ plus it's getting to be, where he'll lustfully search the den/ pain is hitting his knee and his muscles be hurtin' him/ tirelessly on the phone tryin' to rustle up muscle relaxers/ for his back and a couple of Paxils/ now he's doublin' backwards and he's stumblin' back/ slipped and fell hit his back, boom, heard something go crack/ now he's up in the bathroom like he's bustin' a nap/ almost ended it that soon because of the fact/ I'm just bustin' my own chops, while I'm bustin' a rap/ resuscitated and rejuved so fuck it I'm back **Chorus** Girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello/ and do you happen to have any thing on you that make my mood mellow/ some are oval and some are pink some are blue and some are just yellow/ girl I don't mean any harm all I wanted to do is just say hello **Outro** Hello (hello) allow me to introduce myself/ my name is, Shady, so nice to meet you/ (so nice to meet you) its been a long time, I'm sorry I've been away so long/ my name is, Shady, I never meant to leave you (never meant to leave you)

## Same Song & Dance

**Intro** (Same song and dance)/ Damn girl (everywhere I go, same song and dance) I like the way you move (all over the globe, same song and dance)/ Something about it, man, in the pale moonlight **Verse 1** I'm looking at ya, yeah girl your kinda taken back by/ the whole rapper thing aren't ya?/ Probably thinkin' you'll get slapped so dang hard ya/ won't even be able to stand up straight aren't ya?/ Couple rape charges, people think you're a monster/ the police constantly buggin' ya non-stop/ I walk up on ya, well hello Tonya/ I think you got your OnStar button inside your car stuck/ you out of gas? Do you got a flat?/ I would hate for you to be stranded at the laundry mat/ I got

your back, why don't you put your laundry baskets in the back/ and sit up front- I'm not asking, it's a trap/ you just got jacked and body snatched and it's a wrap/ in broad day, and no mask for this attack/ I heard him say, exact opposites attract/ if that's a fact it'll take task force to get you back **Chorus** Yeah baby, do that dance- it's the last dance you'll ever get the chance to do/ girl shake that ass, you ain't never gonna break that glass, that windshields too strong for you/ I said yeah baby, sing that song- it's the last song you'll ever get the chance to sing/ you sexy little thing, show me what you got, give it your all, look at you ball, why you cryin' to me?/ Same song and dance **Verse 2** The first victim I had she was a big one/ big movie star a party girl big fun/ she was the girl the media always picked on/ in and out of rehab every four to six months/ she was always known for little pranks and slick stunts/ at Nickelodeon flashed the little kids once/ what an event it was, I was sitting in front I/ was hooked in at the first glimpse of them buns/ seen her back stage now here's where I come in son/ look here she comes I better pull out the big guns/ hello, Lindsay your looking a little thin hon/ how bout a ride to rehab? Get in cunt/ but starting off on the wrong foot is what I didn't want/ girl I'm just kiddin', let me start over again hon/ what I meant was, we should have a intervention/ come with me to Brighton, let me relieve your tension/ you little wench ya, murder wasn't my intention/ if I wanted to kill you, it would have already been done/ slowly she gets in and I begin to lynch her, with 66 inches of extension/ cord **Chorus Verse 3** My second victim was even bigger than the first/ pop star icon the whole works/ she played the little school girl when she first/ burst up on the scene and it seemed that the world was hers/ she twirls and turns and flirts in skirts so bad, it hurts/ it irked me, it made me mad at first/ I lashed out in my songs but what was really going on was that I had developed a crush/ I just didn't know how to tell it to her/ should I cut off one of my ears and mail it to her?/ Send her pictures of my collection of skeletons or/ footage of me impalin' myself on an elephant tusk?/ We'll settle this once and for all I'm a tell her at

dusk/ tonight, tonight is the night and tell her I must, creep up to her mansion in stilettos and just/ climb the gate and ring the bell like hello my love/ I just picked your prescription for Seroquel up/ now would you like to share a pill or two with me?/ I'll share my valium with you cause I'm feeling you Britney/ I'll trade you a blue one for a pink one/ ever since the school girl juvenile delinquent/ I've been feeling you ooh-ooh girl, you sexy little gal you/ hold that pill any longer it'll get sentimental value/ come on toots, give me the valium alley-ooop/ I'll slam dunk it in your mouth 'til you puke/ and just as soon as you pass out in your alphabet soup/ I'm bout to, make a new outfit outta you/ new outfit shit I'll make a suit out of you, shoot, now show me how you move, baby do how'a you do  
**Chorus**

## We Made You

**Intro** Guess who? Did you miss me? Jessica Simpson, sing the chorus... **Chorus** When you walked through the door, it was clear to me (clear to me)/ you're the one they adore who they came to see (who they came to see)/ you're a rockstar (baby), everybody wants you (everybody wants you)/ player, who can really blame you? (who can really blame you)/ we're the ones who made you  
**Verse 1** Back by popular demand, now pop a little Zan-/tac for antacid if you can/ you're ready to tackle any task that is at hand/ how does it feel? Is it fantastic? Is it grand?/ well look at all the massive masses in the stands/ Shady, man, no don't massacre the fans/ damn, I think Kim Kardashians a man/ she stomped him, just cause he asked to put his hands/ on her massive, gluteus maximus again/ squeeze it and squish it and pass it to a friend/ can he come back, as nasty as he can?/ Yes he can-can don't ask me this again/ he does not mean to lesbian offend/ but Lindsay, please come back to seeing men/ Samantha's a two, you're practically a ten/ I know you want me girl, in fact I see you grin/ now come in girl  
**Chorus Verse 2** The enforcer, looking for more women to torture/ walk up to the cutest girl and, Charlie horse her/ sorry Portia but what's Ellen DeGeneres/ have

that I don't? Are you telling me tenderness?/ Well I can be as gentle and as smooth as a gentleman/ give me my Ventolin inhaler, and two Xenadrine/ and I'll invite Sarah Palin out to dinner then/ nail her, baby say hello to my little friend/ Brit forget K-Fed let's cut out the middlemen/ forget him or you're gonna end up in the hospital again/ and this time it won't be for the Ritalin binge/ forget them other men girl, pay them little attention/ and little did I mention, that Jennifer's in/ love with me John Mayer, so sit on the bench/ man I swear them other guys, you give em' an inch/ they take a mile, they got style but it isn't Slim  
**Chorus Bridge** And that's why, my love you'll never live without/ I know you want me girl, cause I can see you checkin' me out/ and baby, you know, you know you want me too/ don't try to deny it baby, I'm the only one for you  
**Verse 3** Damn girl, I'm beginning to sprout an Alfalfa/ why should I wash my filthy mouth out?/ You think that's bad, you should hear the rest of my album/ never has there been such finesse and nostalgia/ man, Cash I don't mean to mess with your gal but/ Jessica Alba, put her breast in my mouth (blup)/ wowzers I just made a mess in my trousers/ and they wonder why I keep dressin' like Elvis/ Lord help, us he's back- in his pink Alf shirt/ lookin' like someone shrank his outfit/ I think he's bout ta flip, Jessica/ rest assured Superman's here to rescue ya/ can ya blame me? You're my Amy, I'm your Blake/ matter fact bake me a birthday cake/ with a saw blade in it to make my jail break/ baby, I think you just met your soul mate/ now break it down, girl  
**Chorus Outro** So baby (baby)/ get down down down, get down down down/ get down down down, get down get down/ ...Oh, Amy! Rehab never looked so good! I can't wait, I'm going back!

## Medicine Ball

**Intro** Oh my goodness! What have I done? Oh no, I can't believe it! It's like I got the whole world in my palm, and I'm ready to drop bombs...  
**Verse 1** Welcome to the Slim Shady Mecca Rebecca/ it's the village in New York, right next to the Tribeca/ that's my sector, homosexual dissector/ come

again, rewind selector/ I said nice rectum, I had a vasectomy Hector/ so you can't get pregnant if I bi-sexually wreck ya/ Hannibal Lecter in the guy section I betcha/ I tantalize ya and in less than five seconds I get ya/ they say once bitten then twice shy well lie next ta/ the guy with nine ecstasy pills and five extra/ boxes of ribbed condoms in quantities why, yes sir/ I took the rest of the Lunesta pills from my dresser/ that's my kinda vibe, what else should I try Lester?/ Drop kick the bitch before her second trimester/ perform the home abortion with Dexter then I guess I'll/ dig her fetus out with a wire hanger then digest her  
**Chorus** I guess it's time for you to hate me again/ let's begin, now hand me the pen/ how should I begin it and where does it all end?/ The world is just my medicine ball you're all in/ I said, I guess it's time for you to hate me again/ let's begin now hand me the pen/ how should I begin it and where does it all end?/ My medicine ball, you're in my medicine ball friends  
**Verse 2** All my Westside bitches throw it up/ put a balloon inside your pussy, queef and blow it up/ man I think that he just fell off the deep end sho' enough/ so ya better change the station to keep from throwing up/ man, you seen it all before you're all too familiar with it/ there's a penis on the floor and two balls so you know who did it/ you know you with it girl don't front, oh no you didn't/ I wont rape all the Pussycat Dolls? Nicole you kidding?/ I'll pee on Rihanna, see man I do what I wanna/ spray perfume in the sauna room crazy gluin' Madonna/ to the Lazy Boy sofa, fold her in two then sit on her/ imagine the visual for that man, who woulda thought I/ could ever be such a relentless prick unleashing his vengeance/ but the chick's so old she looks like she out-lived a life sentence/ I never meant this rhyme to be so offensive/ if you weren't so defensive, it wouldn't be- your so sensitive  
**Chorus Verse 3** Put Christopher Reeves on a unicycle with a kickstand/ kick it up and push him and lead him right into quicksand/ here you need a hand, big man? Grab a hold of this branch/ with both hands man they don't understand, I'm just a sick man/ now everybody's pissed at me/ like its my fault his name rhymes with so many different words, jeez/ so one last time

Mr. Christopher Reeves/ won't you break it down for me and just spit the verse please/ "Eminem I'm coming to kill you/ I've always hated you and I still do/ you'll never fill my shoes, my Superman costume/ doesn't even fit you, they don't feel you/ you're taking this shit too far/ who do you think you are? Hang my suit up in the armoire/ everyday I hate you more and more/ throw down the cardboard let's breakdance if you think your hardcore" **Chorus**

## Stay Wide Awake

**Intro** Follow me, come with me to the dark side of the force/ no man would boldly go, to this place/the devil only knows, of this world/ so dark and oh so cold, it's oh so cold, oh so cold... **Chorus** Soon as my flow starts, I compose art like the ghost of Mozart/ even though they all say that they're real I know that most aren't/ boy you think you're clever don't ya? Girl you think you're so smart/ come with me to another side in a world so cold and so dark/ (stay wide awake) a world so dark, a world so cold/ a world where only some will go/ (stay wide awake) but none return when will they learn/ where do they go? God only knows/ (stay wide awake) **Verse 1** Fe-fi-fo-fum, I think I smell the scent of a placenta/ I enter Central Park it's dark it's winter in December/ I see my target put my car in park and approach a tender/ young girl by the name of Brenda and I pretend ta befriend her/ sit down beside her like a spider hi they're girl you mighta/ heard of me before see where you're the kinda' girl that I'd a-/ assault and rape and figure why not try to make your pussy wider/ fuck you with an umbrella then open it up while the shit's inside ya/ I'm the kind of guy that's mild but I might flip and get a little bit wilder/ impregnate a lesbian yeah now lets see her have triplets then I'll de-/ integrate them babies as soon as they're out her with formalde-/ hyde and cyanide girl, you can try and hide you can try to scream louder/ no need for no gun powder that only takes all the fun outta/ murderin' and I'd rather go vin-vin and now you see just how the/ fuck I do just what I do when I cut right through your scalp, uh/ shit wait a minute I mean skull, my knife seems dull pull another one

out uh **Chorus Verse 2** So dark and so cold my friends don't know this other side of me/ there's a monster inside of me its quite ugly and it frightens me/ but they can't see what I can see there's a vacancy in my tummy/ it's makin' me play hide and seek like Jason I'm so hungry/ she's naked see no privacy but I can see she wants me/ so patient see I try to be but gee why does she taunt me/ pull the drapes and she goes right to sleep and I creep right through the front see/ so blatantly but silently cause I know that she's sound 'sleep/ who's wakin' me so violently and why's he on top of me/ he's rapin' me she tries to scream somebody please get him off me/ he's tapin' me he's bitin' me he's laughing like it's funny/ she's scrapin' me, she's fightin' me she's scratching like some dumb freak/ escaping me no dice you see I might just be Ted Bundy/ or Satan gee what a site to see I'm dancing in my red panties/ I'm crazy but its alright with me man life can be so empty/ stay away from me cause I'm dancing to quite a different drum beat **Chorus Verse 3** Better try ta stay wide awake or you might end up found dead by the lake/ soon as you lay me down to sleep it's your soul I'ma try to take/ pray for light of day right away why do they try to fight today?/ I must make them pay twice as much might as well put the knife away/ now I use power tools, how 'bout now are you in the shower/ scour you for six hours 'til outage of power outlets/ how did ya figure out I was down in your basement now ya/ must have just heard the sound of my stomach growlin' from down there/ prowler there's no one fouler, bound ya that's how they found ya/ face down in the tub I drown ya with piles of downers around ya/ such nostalgia and power such prowess look how ya cower/ jump out on you now like I was a jawa from fuckin' Star Wars/ Jabba The Hutt beddy bye-bye beddy bye-bye it's time to die-die/ oughtta not even bother to scream it don't even matta'/ amazing when grazing skin with these razor blades he waves at ya/ not yer everyday Damien bathe me in holy water/ nothing like Son of Sam there's no gun in hand so please understand/ where's the thrill in the hunt, there's no fun in that, here I come with axe/ fun ta act like

lumberjack when I'm hackin' 'em up with that/ what was that? Dial 9-1-1 someone's comin' in from the back **Chorus**

## Old Time's Sake

**Intro** Good evening, this is your fucking captain speaking... We will soon be reaching an altitude of 4 million and-a-half feet that's 8 million miles in the sky... please undo your seatbelt for takeoff, you are now free to smoke about the cabin **Verse 1** (Dr. Dre) I'm Dre from back in the day from/ N.W.A. from black and the grey from/ chokin' a bitch to smackin' her face from/ stackin' up bodies to rackin' AK's up from/ rackin' up hits to stackin' them crates up/ I'm still hungry and I'm back with a tape worm/ and we're what's happenin' in rap entertainment/ me and shady far as competition faggot there ain't none (Eminem) Speak of the devil its attack of the Rainman/ chainsaw in hand blood stain on my apron/ soon as the blade spun vuun they run away from/ who wanna play dungeon no one is safe from/ in search of a brain surgeon, a great one/ wait, it ain't funny man its urgent I need one/ 2 boxes of detergent and a paint gun/ and an emergency squirt gun to spray A-1 **Chorus** So one more time for old time's sake/ Dre drop that beat and scratch that break/ and just blow a little bit of that smoke my way/ and lets go, you are now smokin' with the best - best/ I said one more time for old time's sake/ Dre drop that beat and scratch that break/ now just send a little bit of that smoke my way/ and lets go, you are now smokin' with the best - best **Verse 2** (Eminem) Smoke signal in the sky like Verizon Wireless/ a nice environment/ surprise entirely hypnotized by the sound I surround the hydrants/ takin' lives of fireman say goodbye here I am again/ naked wives and Vicodin/ before I begin to get so high pussyboy I could spin/ vinn-vinn fuck the handle I fly off the hinge/ let that boy off the bench coach and throw it to him/ there he goes in his trench coat no clothes again/ baby make us some french toast and show us some skin/ I'll show you every inch grows on my foreskin/ show me nipple I'll pinch both and throw up a ten/ now ya know it's a sin, to tease blow us again/ the sorcerer of intercourse if it's forced, it's

him/ don't fight the feeling if your feeling the force within/ & when ya wake up in the morning next to the porcelain **Chorus Verse 3** (Dr Dre) Now where there's smoke there's fire and where there's fire there's flame/ where there's flames there's chronic, either you high or you ain't/ I got no time for no games... (Eminem) nuh-uh he ain't playin'/ he's gonna get the AK and then aim it right at your brain, I'm slightly insane, vodka and creatine/ Hypnotic and Red Bull it's an incredible energy drink/ and it's givin' me wings I believe I can fly/ while I pee on the girl you won't catch me C.S.I./ it's as easy as pie and as simple as cake/ Dre, get on the mic and make 'em tremble and shake... (Dr. Dre) Now put your smoke up in the air, raise your Henny and Coke/ and if you really wanna get fucked up, just let me know/ we can smoke till there's no more lighter fluid to do it, let's get in to it/ you're smokin' with the triedest and truest/ I got the Midas touch when it comes to rollin' shit up/ you Motherfuckers ain't smokin you just holdin' shit up/ now here we go lets get up, get down hold up a blunt/ I smoke the kinda stuff to make the records go number one/ cause if at first you don't succeed, wont hurt to smoke some weed/ now them words are just a little more personal for me/ seein' as how I blew up off of puffin them trees... (Eminem) Well smoke enough for me fuck yeah, light it up Cheech/ come on smoke me out cuz give me contact buzz/ get me on track, they love me when I'm on that stuff/ but this is earth callin' Shady man, come on back (what)/ man we're losing him he won't even respond back fuck/ now look at all the pretty women in here... (Dr. Dre) Damn Bitches...(Eminem) Dre it's hot, I think we better go check on there temperatures/ I'll get the thermometer, you get the bandages/ now baby just bend over this wont hurt a damn bit just gimme... **Chorus**

## Must Be The Ganja

**Intro** I feel like dancing, I feel like dancing/ I smell something in the air that's making me high/ I said I smell something in the air that's making me high **Verse 1** (Ok here we go) do-re-me-fa-so-fa-so-la-ti-da-so/ lyrical Roscoe kick back a Tabasco/ you

motherfuckers must just not know the tic-tac-so/ time to show you the most kick-ass flow in the cosmos/ Picasso with a pick-axe a sick asshole/ tic-tac-toe 'cross your six-pack with X-acto/ knives, stranglin' wives with thick lasso/ big bags of the grass, Zig Zags, I'm with the Doc, so/ you know how that go- skull and the cross bones/ this is poison to boys and girls who do not know/ you do not wanna try this at home my little vato/ this is neither the time nor the place to get macho/ so crack a six-pack, sit back with some nachos/ maybe some popcorn watch the show, and just rock slow/ it's not what you expected, nor what you thought so/ 'bout time that you wake the fuck up smell the pot smoke **Chorus** It must be the ganja, it's the marijuana/ that's creeping up on me why I'm so high/ maybe it's the Henny that has gotten in me/ whatever's got into me I don't mind/ I said it's the ganja it's the marijuana/ that's creeping up on me why I'm so high/ maybe it's the Henny that has gotten in me/ whatever's got into me I don't mind **Verse 2** Your dreams are getting fulfilled, ooh I'm literally getting a chill/ spitting at will, me and Dre have just finished splitting a pill/ your submitting to skill, sitting still I'm admitting I'm beginning to feel/ like I don't think anyone's real/ faced with a dilemma, I can be Dahli Lama/ and be calm or bring drama step beyond a Jeffery Dahmer/ please don't upset me mamma, yer lookin' sexy mamma/ don't know if it's the la-la or the rum and Pepsi mamma/ don't wanna end up inside my refrigerator freezer/ be used as extra topping next time I make a pizza/ how many people you know who can name every serial killer who ever existed in a row?/ Put 'em in chronological order beginning with Jack the Ripper/ name the time and place from the body the bag the zipper/ location of the woods where the body was dragged and then dumped/ the trunk that they were stuffed in the model the make the plate/ and which model which lake they found her and how they attacked the victim/ say which murder weapon was used to do what in which one?/ Which knife and which gun, what kid what wife and which nun?/ Don't stop I like this it's fun, the fuckin' night's just begun **Chorus Verse 3** When I'm

behind the mic, dynamite's what it's kinda like/ you're stuck with the same stick that your tryin' to light/ behind the boards sits Dre, legends are made this way/ isn't it safe to say, this is the way it should be?/ Maybe you need some lyric serum syrup for your symptoms/ here's a dosage of the antidote now you give him some/ he can give her some, she can give them some, get behind a Linn Drum/ make up a beat and cure the sucker syndrome/ the spinnin' drum when it comes to lyrics and pennin' some/ starting from scratch and then ending up at the endin' of/ capable of winning a Pulitzer so unbelievable it's a/ titanium cranium that's full of sur-/ prizes when the smoke rises right before your very own eyes/ you stare into your stereos high/ good evening, this isn't even a weed thing/ I ain't even smoke anything I aint even drinking **Chorus**

## Déjà Vu

**Verse 1** As I fall deeper into a manic state/ I'm a prime candidate for the gene to receive the drug addict trait/ blood pressure climbs at a dramatic rate/ I seem to gravitate to the bottle of NyQuil then I salivate/ start off with the NyQuil like I think I'll just have a taste/ couple of sips of that then I gradually graduate/ to a harder prescription drug called Valium like yea that's great/ I go to just take one and I end up like having eight/ now I need something in my stomach cause I haven't ate/ maybe I'll grab a plate of nachos and I'll have a steak/ and you'd think that with all I have at stake/ look at my daughters face, mommy somethin' is wrong with dad I think/ he's acting weird again, he's really beginning to scare me/ won't shave his beard again and he pretends he doesn't hear me/ and all he does is eat Doritos and Cheetos and he just/ fell asleep in his car eating Three Musketeers in the rear seat **Chorus** Sometimes I feel so alone, I just don't know/ it feels like I've been down this road before/ so lonely and cold/ it's like something takes over me as soon as I go home and close the door/ kinda feels like déjà vu/ I wanna get away from this place I do/ but I can't and I won't say I try but I know that's a lie cause I don't/ and why? I just don't know **Verse 2** Maybe just an ice cold brew what's a beer/

that's the devil in my ear I've been sober a fucking year/ and that fucker still talks to me he's all I can fucking hear/ Marshall come on we'll watch the game it's the Cowboys and Buccaneers/ and maybe if I just drink half I'll be half buzzed for half the time/ whose the mastermind behind that little line?/ With that kinda rational, man I got half a mind to/ have another half a glass of wine sounds asinine/ yeah I know, but I never had no problem with alcohol/ ouch, look out for the wall aim for the couch I'm 'bout to fall/ I missed the couch and down I go lookin' like a bouncy ball/ shit musta knocked me out cause I ain't feel the ground at all/ wow, what the fuck happened last night? Where am I? Man fuck am I hung over and God damn I/ got a headache, shit half a Vicodin why can't I?/ All systems ready for take off please stand by **Chorus Verse 3** So I take a Vicodin splash it hits my stomach then- ahhh/ couple of weeks go by, it ain't even like I'm getting' high/ now I need it just to not feel sick, yeah I'm getting by/ wouldn't even be taking this shit if Deshaun didn't die, oh yeah there's an excuse you loose Proof so you use/ there's new rules its cool if its helpin' you to get through/ it's Twelve Noon ain't no harm in self inducin' a snooze/ what else is new, fuck it what would Elvis do in your shoes/ now here I am three months later full blown relapse/ just get high until the kids get home for school, Holmes relax/ and since I'm convinced that I'm an insomniac/ I need these pills to be able to sleep so I take three naps/ just to be able to function throughout the day let's see/ that's an Ambien each nap how many Valium? Three/ and that will average out to about one good hour's sleep/ o.k. so now ya see the reason how come he/ has taken four years to put out an album, B/ see me and you we almost had the same outcome, Heath/ 'cause that Christmas, you know the whole pneumonia thing?/ It was bologna, was it the Methadone ya think?/ or the Hydrocodone ya hide inside your pornos, your VCR tape cases/ with your Ambien CR great places/ to hide 'em ain't it so you can lie to Hailie?/ I'm going beddy bye Whitney baby, good night Alaina/ go in the room and shut the bedroom door/ and wake up in an ambulance they said they found me on the bathroom floor/

damn... **Chorus**

## Beautiful

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**Intro** Lately I've been hard to reach, I've been too long on my own/ everybody has a private world where they can be alone/ are you calling me? Are you trying to get through/ are you reaching out for me, like I'm reaching out for you? **Verse 1** I'm just so fucking depressed, I just can't seem to get out this slump/ If I could just get over this hump but I need something to pull me out this dump/ I took my bruises, took my lumps, fell down and I got right back up/ but I need that spark to get psyched back up in order for me to pick the mic back up/ I don't know how or, why or when, I ended up in this position I'm in/ I'm starting to feel distant again so I decided just to pick this pen/ up and try to make an attempt to vent but I can't admit/ or come to grips with the fact that I may be done with rap, I need a new outlet/ and I know some shit's so hard to swallow but I just can't sit back and wallow/ in my own sorrow, but I know one fact I'll be one tough act to follow/ one tough act to follow I'll be one tough act to follow/ here today gone tomorrow, but you'd have to walk a thousand miles ... **Chorus** In my shoes, just to see what it's like to be me/ I'll be you, lets trade shoes just to see what it'd be like to/ feel your pain, you feel mine, go inside each other's minds/ just to see, what we find, look at shit thru each others eyes/ but don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful/ whoa, they can all get fucked just stay true to you/ so don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful/ whoa, they can all get fucked just stay true to you/ so... **Verse 2** I think I'm startin' to lose my sense of humor, everything's so tense and gloom I/ almost feel like I gotta check the temperature of the room just as soon as I/ walk in it's like all eyes on me, so I try to avoid any eye contact/ cause if I do that then it opens the door for conversation like I want that/ I'm not looking for extra attention I just wanna be just like you/ blend in with the rest of the room maybe just point me to the closest restroom/ I don't need no fucking man servant trying to follow me around and wipe my ass/ laugh at every single joke I crack and half of 'em ain't even funny like/

ha! Marshall your so funny man, you should be a comedian God damn/ unfortunately I am, I just hide behind the tears of a clown/ so why don't you all sit down, listen to the tale I'm about to tell/ hell, we don't gotta trade our shoes and you don't gotta walk no thousand miles... **Chorus Verse 3** Nobody asked for life to deal us with these bullshit hands we're dealt/ we gotta take these cards ourselves and flip 'em don't expect no help/ now I could have either just sat on my ass and pissed and moaned/ or take this situation in which I'm placed in and get up and get my own/ I was never the type of kid to wait by the door and pack his bags/ and sat on the porch and hoped and prayed for a dad to show up who never did/ I just wanted to fit in every single place, every school I went/ I dreamed of being that cool kid even if it meant acting stupid/ Aunt Edna always told me keep making that face it'll get stuck like that/ meanwhile I'm just standing there holding my tongue tryin' to talk like this/ 'till I stuck my tongue on that frozen stop sign pole at 8 years old/ I learned my lesson then cause I wasn't tryin' to impress my friends no more/ but I already told you my whole life story, not just based on my description/ cause where you see it from where your sittin' it's probably 110% different/ I guess we would have to walk a mile in each others shoes at least/ what size you wear? I wear 10's, lets see if you can fit your feet... **Chorus Outro** Lately I've been hard to reach, I've been too long on my own/ everybody has a private world where they can be alone/ are you calling me? Are you trying to get through/ are you reaching out for me, like I'm reaching out for you?

## Crack A Bottle

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**Intro** (Eminem) Ohhh! Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for/ in this corner: weighing 175 pounds, with a record of 17 rapes, 400 assaults, and 4 murders/ the undisputed, most diabolical villain in the world: Slim Shady! **Chorus** (Eminem) So crack a bottle, let your body waddle/ don't act like a snobby model you just hit the Lotto/ O-oh o-oh bitches hopping in my Tahoe/ got one ridin'

shotgun and no not one of 'em got clothes/ now where's the rubbers? Whose got the rubbers?/ I noticed there's so many of 'em and there's really not that many of us/ and ladies love us, my posse's kickin' up dust/ it's on till the break of dawn and we're starting this party from dusk...ok ... let's go!

**Verse 1** (Eminem) Back with Andre the Giant mister elephant tusk/ fix your musk, you'll be just another one bit the dust/ just one of, my mothers sons who got thrown under the bus/ kiss my butt, lick fromunda cheese from under my nuts/ it disgusts me to see the game the way that it looks/ it's a must, I redeem my name and haters get mushed/ bitches lust, man they love me when I lay in the cut/ fisticuff, the lady give her eighty-some paper cuts/ now picture us, it's ridiculous you curse at the thought/ cuz when I spit the verse the shit gets worse than Worcestershire sauce/ if I could fit the words, it's picture perfect works every time/ every verse every line as simple as nursery rhymes/ it's elementary, the elephants have entered the room/ I venture to say we're the center of attention it's true/ not to mention back with a vengeance so hence the signal/ of the bat symbol, the platinum trio's back on you hoes **Chorus** (Eminem) Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Dre... **Verse 2** (Dr. Dre) They see that low rider go by they're like "Oh my!"/ You ain't got to tell me why you're sick cuz I know why/ I dip through, in that Six-Trey like "sick 'em Dre!"/ I'm an itch that they can't scratch, they're sick of me/ But hey, what else can I say? I love LA, cuz over and above all, it's just another day/ and this one begins where the last one ends/ pick up where we left off and get smashed, again/ I'll be dammed, just fucked around and crashed my Benz/ drivin' round with a smashed front end/ let's cash that one in, grab another one from out the stable/ The Monte Carlo, El Camino or the El Dorado?/ The hell if I know, do I want leather seats or vinyl?/ Decisions, decisions, garage looks like Precision Collision/ Or Maaco, beats quake like Waco/ just keep the bass low, speakers away from your face though **Chorus** (Eminem) And I take great pleasure in introducing: 50 Cent!

**Verse 3** (50 Cent) It's bottle, after bottle, the money ain't a thang when you party with

me/ its what we into, its simple, we ball out of control like you wouldn't believe/ I'm the napalm the bomb the Don, I'm King Kong, get rolled on/ wrapped up and reigned on/ I'm so calm, through Vietnam ring the alarm/ bring the Chandon burn marijuan do what you want/ nigga, on and on, till the break of what?/ Get the paper man I'm cakin', you know I don't give a fuck/ I spend it like it don't mean nothin', blow it like its supposed to be blown/ motherfucker I'm grown/ I stunt I style I flash the shit/ I do what the fuck I want so what I trick/ fat-ass Birkin bags, classy shit/ Jimmy Choo shoes, I say move a bitch move **Chorus** (Eminem)

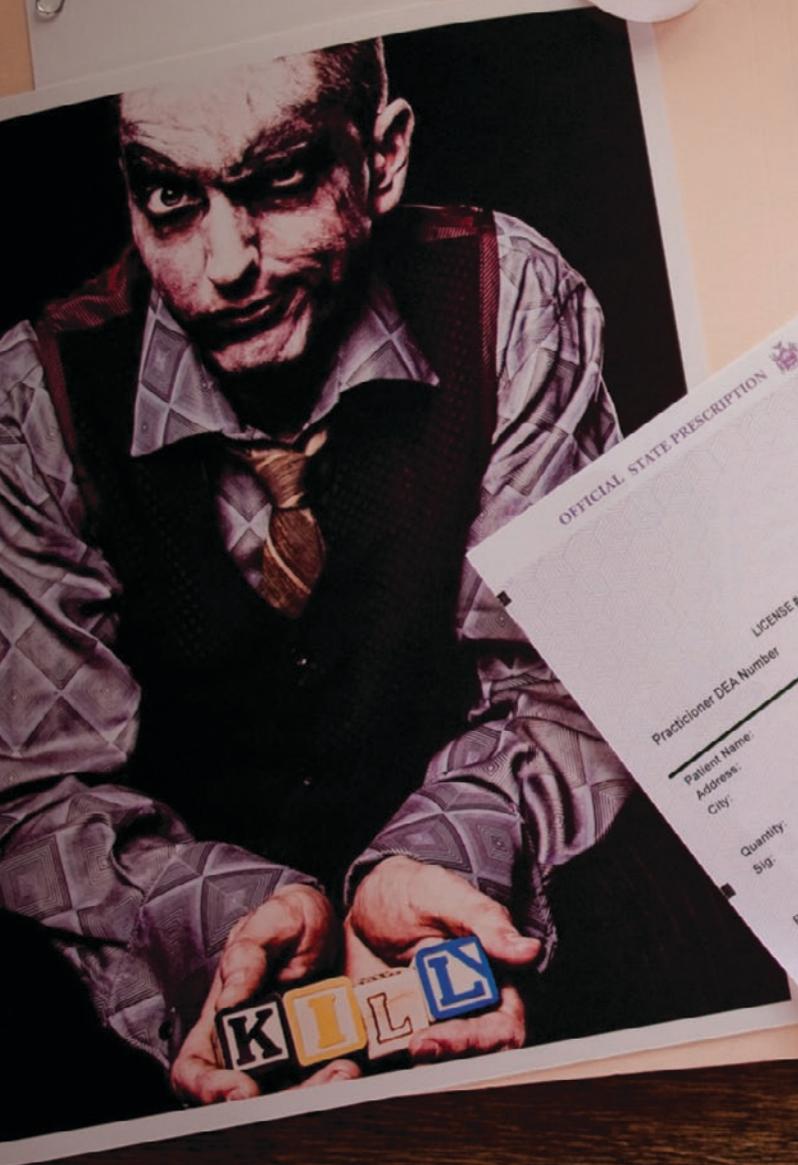
## Underground

A lot of people ask me... where the fuck I've been at the last few years?/ Shit, I don't know.. but I do know, I'm back now ha-ha!

**Chorus** Here comes the rain and thunder now/ nowhere to run, to run to now/ I've disappeared, don't wonder how/ looking for me? I'm underground/ here comes the rain and thunder now/ nowhere to run, to run to now/ I disappeared, don't wonder how, looking for me? I'm underground **Verse 1** Dre I'm down here, under the ground dig me up/ broken tibias, fibula's yeah fix me up/ 60 sluts all of 'em dying from asphyxia/ after they sip piss through a Christopher Reeves sippy cup/ Dixie cups, toxins boxes of Oxy pads/ enough Oxycontin to send a fuckin' ox to rehab/ wack job in the back in a black stockin' cap, jacking off to a hockey mask, at a boxing match/ "he cant say that!" Yes he can, I just did faggot, now guess again/ better text message your next of kin/ tell 'em shit's about to get extra messy especially when/ I flex again, and throw a fucking lesbian in wet cement/ faggoty-faggoty-faggoty Raggedy Ann and Andy/ no Raggedy Andy and Andy/ no it can't be, it can't be, yes it can be/ the fucking Anti-Christ is back, Danny, it's Satan in black satin panties/ this is Amityville calamity/ God damn it, insanity pills fanny pack filled with Xanies/ through every nook and cranny, looking for trannies, milk and cookies/ spilt on my silk negligee lookie/ razor bl-ades with me to make you bl-eed/ cases of Maybelline makeup lay on a table

of weed/ Slim Shady shit sounds like a fable to me/ 'till he jumps out the fucking toilet when your taking a pee **Chorus Verse 2** Six semen samples, seventeen strands of hair/ found in the back of a van after the shoot with Vanity Fair/ Hannah Montana prepare/ to elope with a can opener or be cut open like cantaloupe on canopy beds/ and Glad bags, yeah glad to be back/ cause last year was a tragedy that landed me smack dab in rehab/ fuckin' doctor, I ain't understand a damn word he said/ I planned to relapse the second I walked out of that bitch/ two weeks in Brighton, I ain't enlightened/ bitin' into a fuckin' Vicodin like a I'm a Viking/ oh lightning is striking, might be a fucking sign that I need a psychic/ evaluation, fuck Jason it's Friday the 19th/ that means it's just a regular day/ and this is the kind of shit I think of regularly/ fuckin' lesbian shouldn't of had her legs in the way/ now she's pregnant and gay, missing both legs and begging to stay **Chorus Verse 3** Tell the critics I'm back and I'm comin', to spit it back in abundance/ hit a fag with onions then split a bag of Funyuns/ mad at me? Understandable/ cannibal, shoot an animal out of a cannon and have him catapult at an adult/ Captain of a cult with an elite following/ to turn Halloween back to a trick-or-treat holiday/ have Michael Myers lookin' like a liar/ swipe his powers, replace his knife with flowers and a stack of flyers/ hit Jason Voorhees with a 40/ stuck a suppository up his ass, and made him tell me a story/ gave Hannibal Lecter a fuckin' nectar-/ ine and sat him in the fuckin' fruit and vegetable section and gave him a lecture/ walked up Elm Street with a fuckin' whiffle bat drew/ fought Freddy Krueger and Edward Scissorhands, too/ and came out with a little scratch, ooh/ lookin' like I got in a fuckin' pillow fight with a Triple Fat Goose/ insanity can it be vanity? Where's the humanity/ in having a twisted fantasy with an arm and leg amputee/ Straight jacket with 108 brackets/ and a strap that wraps twice around my back, then they latch it/ cut your fuckin' head off and ask where you headed off too?/ get it, headed off too? Medic this headaches awful/ this anesthetic's pathetic so's this diabetic waffle/ and this prosthetic arm keeps crushing my hard taco **Chorus**

From the pen of  
Marshall



OFFICIAL STATE PRESCRIPTION

LICENSE # \_\_\_\_\_

Practitioner DEA Number \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Patient Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

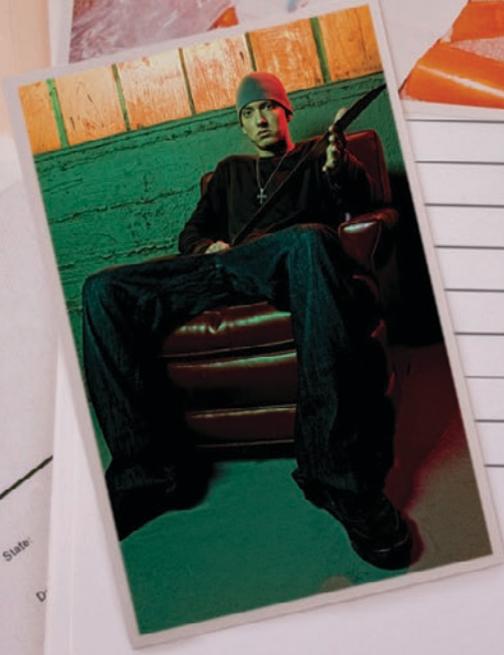
Quantity: \_\_\_\_\_

Sig: \_\_\_\_\_

Prescribers Sign \_\_\_\_\_

THIS PRESCRIPTION IS VALID FOR \_\_\_\_\_

# PATIENT ADMISSION FORM



CASE NO: \_\_\_\_\_

ADMISSION DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS I \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS II \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS III \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS IV \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS V \_\_\_\_\_

AXIS VI \_\_\_\_\_

COURT SITE: \_\_\_\_\_

INITIAL TRIAL DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

Vicodin ES

Xanax

**AFTERMATH DRUGS**

Relapset

250MG CAPSULES

Matthers, Marshall

8 Mile Road, Detroit MI

Take 1 tablet(s) one time(s) daily at 3am.

RELAPSE

Relapse before 05/18/08

312-488-9879

Prescribed by Dr. Use

CITY 303

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA



### Dr. West (Skit)

PERFORMED BY: Dominic West & Eminem / PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Eminem / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr.

### 3 a.m.

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & KDS Music Studios in Orlando, FL / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker, Trevor Lawrence, Jr. & Mike Elizondo / INTRO BASS & GUITAR BY: Mike Elizondo

### My Mom

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/Bud John Songs (ASCAP) Administered by EMI CMG Publishing

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & KDS Music Studios in Orlando, FL / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes, Joe Strange & Tommy Hicks, Jr. / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / GUITAR BY: Eric "Jesus" Coomes

### Insane

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & KDS Music Studios in Orlando, FL /

ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes, Joe Strange & Tommy Hicks, Jr. MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker, Trevor Lawrence, Jr. & Mike Elizondo / SCRATCHES BY: Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / GUITAR BY: Mike Elizondo

Contains interpolations from the composition "Jock Box" (written by R. Bush) published by Tonk Music o/b/o itself and Ke Mark Music and originally performed by The Skinny Boys published by Tonk Music o/b/o itself and Ke Mark Music. Used by permission.

### Bagpipes From Baghdad

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo, S. Cruse) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP)/Eclectic Effect (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker, Trevor Lawrence, Jr. & Mike Elizondo / GUITAR BY: Sean Cruse

### Hello

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Mark Batson / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Record One Studios in Sherman Oaks, CA, Studio At The Palms in Las Vegas, NV & Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes, Mark Gray & Conor Gilligan / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Studio At The Palms in Las Vegas, NV / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr.

### Tonya (Skit)

TONYA'S VOICE PERFORMED BY: Elizabeth Keener / PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Eminem / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri @ Studio At The Palms in Las Vegas, NV / ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Robert Reyes / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Studio At The Palms in Las Vegas, NV / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson & Dawaun Parker

### Same Song & Dance

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Dawaun Parker / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / GUITAR BY: Mike Elizondo

### We Made You

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, W. Egan) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music Inc./Swell Sounds Music/Seldak Music/Melody Deluxe Music (ASCAP))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Eminem / ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY: Doc Ish for In Ya Head Productions / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson / CHORUS VOCALS BY: Charmagne Tripp

Contains an interpolation of "Hot Summer Nights" (Walter Egan) published by EMI April Music Inc./Swell Sounds Music/Seldak Music/Melody Deluxe Music (ASCAP)

### Medicine Ball

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Mark Batson / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson & Dawaun Parker

### Paul (Skit)

RECORDED BY: Paul D. Rosenberg, Esq.

### Stay Wide Awake

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, M. Elizondo) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/EMI April Music, Inc. o/b/o Rincon Ave. Music (ASCAP))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / GUITAR BY: Mike Elizondo

### Old Time's Sake feat. Dr. Dre

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/WB Music Corp./Ain't Nothing Going on but F\*\*\*\*n (ASCAP)/Future Music (BMI)/Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp./Alien Status Music (BMI)/PSALM 144:1 (BMI)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Mark Batson / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Tommy Hicks, Jr. / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / BASS & GUITAR BY: Erick "Jesus" Coomes

### Must Be The Ganja

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Mark Batson / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios & KDS Music Studios in Orlando, FL / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Tommy Hicks, Jr. / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson, Dawaun Parker & Trevor Lawrence, Jr. / BASS & GUITAR BY: Erick "Jesus" Coomes / BACKGROUND VOCALS BY: Traci Nelson

### Mr. Mathers (Skit)

E.M.T VOCALS BY: Elizabeth Keener & Matthew St. Patrick / PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre & Eminem / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri, Mike Strange & Paul Foley @ Record One

Studios in Sherman Oaks, CA & Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson & Dawaun Parker / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / E.M.T. Consultant: Amelia Owens

### Déjà Vu

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, S. Cruse) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/Eclectic Effect (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson & Dawaun Parker / GUITAR BY: Sean Cruse

### Beautiful \*

(M. Mathers, L. Resto, J. Bass, D. Black, A. Hill) (Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/Resto World Music (ASCAP)/Eight Mile Style (BMI)/Universal PolyGram & Sony/ATV Music Publishing (PRS))

PRODUCED BY: Eminem / RECORDED BY: Mike Strange @ 54 Sound in Ferndale, MI / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Tony Campana @ 54 Sound in Ferndale, MI / MIXED BY: Eminem & Mike Strange @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Jeff Bass & Luis Resto / BASS & GUITAR BY: Jeff Bass

Contains excerpts from "Reaching Out" written by Don Black & Andy Hill, published by Universal PolyGram and Sony/ATV Music Publishing (PRS) Used by Permission. All rights reserved. "Reaching Out" performed by Queen & Paul Rogers courtesy of Hollywood Records and EMI Records Ltd. UK. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

### Crack A Bottle feat. Dr. Dre & 50 Cent

(M. Mathers, C. Jackson, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence, J. Renard\*) (Songs of Universal, Inc./Shroom Shady Music (BMI)/50 Cent Music Publishing, admin by Universal Music Publishing (ASCAP)/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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI)/Amplitude Publishing France and Sony/ATV Music (SACEM))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri & Mike Strange @ Record One Studios in Sherman Oaks, CA, KDS Music Studios in Orlando, FL & Effigy Studios

/ ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert "Roomio" Reyes, Tommy Hicks, Jr. & Joe Strange / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Dawaun Parker & Mark Batson / BASS & GUITAR BY: Erick "Jesus" Coomes / SAMPLE SUBMITTED BY: Eric Danchick

Contains interpolations from the composition "Mais Dans Ma Lumiere" written by Jean Renard published by Amplitude Publishing France and Sony/ATV Music (SACEM). Used by permission. All rights reserved.

### Steve Berman (Skit)

PERFORMED BY: Eminem, Steve Berman & Angela Yee

### Underground

(M. Mathers, A. Young, M. Batson, D. Parker, T. Lawrence) (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)/Songs of So Fab Music (BMI))

PRODUCED BY: Dr. Dre / RECORDED BY: Mauricio "Veto" Iragorri, Mike Strange, Paul Foley & Ruben Rivera @ Record One Studios in Sherman Oaks, CA & Effigy Studios / ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Robert Reyes, Joe Strange & Lizette Rangel / MIXED BY: Dr. Dre @ Effigy Studios / KEYBOARDS BY: Mark Batson & Dawaun Parker / CHORUS VOCALS PRODUCED BY: Sauce / CHORUS VOCALS BY: Kip Blackshire, Tamara Powell, Tavia Ivey & Lisa Ivey

### MAXIMUM DAILY DOSAGE

THIS PRESCRIPTION WILL BE FILLED GENERICALLY UNLESS PRESCRIBER WRITES "daw" IN BOX



# OFFICIAL PRESCRIPTION



## **Executive Producer: Dr. Dre**

Eminem Management: Paul D. Rosenberg Esq.,  
Tracy McNew and Marc LaBelle for Goliath Artists, Inc.  
Eminem and Shady Records Legal: Theo Sedlmayr, Esq.  
& Lisa Donini, Esq. for Sedlmayr and Associates, P.C.

Eminem A&R: Tracy McNew  
Eminem Marketing: Christian Clancy  
Effigy Studios Coordinator: John Fisher

## **Aftermath**

Aftermath Legal: Peter Paterno, Esq.  
for King, Holmes, Paterno & Berliner LLP  
Aftermath Project Coordinators: Larry Chatman  
& Kirdis Postelle  
Aftermath Coordinating Assistant: Damon "Bing" Chatman

## **Interscope**

Interscope Marketing & Publicity: Dennis Dennehy  
Interscope Marketing Director: Andrew Flad  
Interscope Production Coordinator: Les Scurry  
Interscope International: Don Robinson

Booking (US): Cara Lewis for William Morris Agency  
Booking (Europe): Steve Strange for X-Ray Touring

Art Direction and Design: Julian Alexander  
for SLANG, Inc.

Pill Collage Cover Design: Art Machine  
Photography: Karin Catt  
Additional Photography: Julian Alexander  
for SLANG, Inc.

All Songs Produced & Mixed by: Dr. Dre (except \*)  
All Skits Written by: Eminem & Paul Rosenberg

Sample Clearances: Deborah Mannis-Gardner for DMG Clearances, Inc.  
Mastered By: Brian "Big Bass" Gardner at Bernie Grundman Mastering

Special Thanks to Pete, Tony & Elton

**Practitioner Number:**

---

**Days Supply: 7**

**Patient Name: Mathers, Marshall**

**Date: 05/19/2009**

**Address: 8 Mile Road, Detroit MI, 48201**

**Quantity: 313**

**Take 1 tablet(s) one time(s) daily at 3am.**

**Refill:**

**Prescribers Signature:**

Dispense As Written

Pharmacist Test Area



This drug may cause black-outs,  
fits of rage, delusional thinking,  
ultraviolence, impaired motor  
functions, dizziness, fatigue and  
anterograde amnesia.



PICK-UP TIME:  YES  NO

Please Supply All of Your Prescription Information Below so That We May Better Serve You

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_ First Name: \_\_\_\_\_  Male  Female



# AFTERMATH DRUGS

**Mathers, Marshall**  
 8 Mile Road, Detroit MI  
 Take 1 tablet(s) one time(s) daily at 3am.

Current Medications? (please check all that apply)

- 1. Dr. West (skit)
- 2. 3 a.m.
- 3. My Mom
- 4. Insane
- 5. Bagpipes from Baghdad
- 6. Hello
- 7. Tonya (skit)
- 8. Same Song & Dance
- 9. We Made You
- 10. Medicine Ball
- 11. Paul (skit)
- 12. Stay Wide Awake
- 13. Old Time's Sake feat. Dr. Dre
- 14. Must Be The Ganja
- 15. Mr. Mathers (skit)
- 16. Déjà Vu
- 17. Beautiful
- 18. Crack A Bottle feat. Dr. Dre & 50 Cent
- 19. Steve Berman (skit)
- 20. Underground

Rx: 05-192009



**Executive Producer: Dr. Dre**

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Have you asked your doctor about