

Where's my snare, I have no snare in my headphones, there ya' go, yeah, yo', yo'...

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against,  
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against,  
picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times,  
sick is the mind of the motherfuckin' kid that's behind,  
all this commotion, emotions run deep as ocean's explodin',  
tempers flaring from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin',  
not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as i'm breathin',  
keep kickin' ass in the mornin', an' takin' names in the evening,  
leave 'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in they mouth,  
see they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out,  
look at me now, I bet ya' probably sick of me now,  
ain't you mama, I'ma make you look so ridiculous now...

[CHORUS]

I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you,  
I never meant to make you cry, but tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet, {one more time}  
I said I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you,  
I never meant to make you cry, but tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet...

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it,  
so before they throw me inside my coffin and close it, I'ma expose it,  
I'll take you back to '73, before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' Cd,  
I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple of months,  
my faggot father must have had his pantie's up in a bunch,  
cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye,  
no I don't on second thought, I just fuckin' wished he would die,  
I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leavin' her side,  
even if I hated Kim, I grit my teeth and I'd try,  
to make it work with her at least for Hailie's sake,  
I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only human,  
but I'm man enough to face them today,  
what I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb,  
but the smartest shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun,  
cause Id'a killed 'em, shit I would have shot Kim and him both,  
it's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show...

[CHORUS]

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition,  
take a second to listen for you think this record is dissin',  
but put yourself in my position, just try to envision witnessin'  
your Mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen, bitchin'  
that someone's always goin' through her purse and shits missin',  
going through public housing systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome,  
my whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't 'til I grew up,  
now I blew up, it makes you sick to ya' stomach, doesn't it,  
wasn't it the reason you made that Cd for me, ma,  
so you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma,  
but guess what, your gettin' older now and it's cold when your lonely,

and Nathan's growing up so quick, he's gonna know that your phoney,  
and Hailie's getting so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful,  
but you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral,  
see what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong, bitch,  
do your song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom, but how dare  
you try to take what you didn't help me to get, you selfish bitch,  
I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit,  
remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me,  
well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be...

[CHORUS]