

Cleaning Out My Closet - 1/2

Interprété par Eminem.

Verse 1 :

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 motha fuckin' kid that's behind

all this commotion. Emotion 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.

Leav'em with a taste as sour as vinegar in the mouth. See, they can trigger me but they 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 - 2x

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.

Verse 2 :

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one know it.

So before they thrown me inside my coffin and close it,

I'ma expose it. Ill take you back 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 panties up in a bunch,

Cuz 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 dump, but the smartest shit I did was take them bullets out of that gun.

Cuz I'da killed 'em, shit I would have shot kim an' him both. It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to The Eminem Show.

Chorus - 2x

Verse 3 :

Now I would never dis 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 housing syndrom, victim of Munchausen's syndrome.

My whole life I was mad 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

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you treated me, Ma?

But guess what, yer gettin' older now and it's cold when you're lonely. An' Nathan's growin' up so quick, he's gonna know that you're phoney.

And Hailie's gettin' 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 ya song. Keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom. But how dare you try to take wat 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 - 4x