

## EMINEM: CLEANIN OUT MY CLOSET SONGTEXT

Where's my snare?

I have no snare on my headphones

There you 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 as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind

All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'

Tempers flarin' from parents, just blow 'em off and keep goin'

Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'

Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evenin'

Leavin' with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth

See they can trigger me

But they never figure me out

Look at me now

I betcha probably sick of me now

Ain't you, mama?

Imma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama

I never meant to hurt you

I never meant to make you cry

But tonight

I'm cleanin' out my 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

Ah

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

So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it

Imma expose it

I'll take you back to '73

Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD

I was a baby

Maybe I was just a couple of months

My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch

'Cause he split

I wonder if he even kissed me goodbye

No, I don't owe him a second thought

I just fuckin' wished he would die

I look at Hailie

And I couldn't picture leavin' her side

Even if I hated Kim

I'd grit my teeth and I'd try

To make it work with her, at least for Hailie's sake

I maybe made some mistakes but I'm only human

But I'm man enough to face 'em today

What I did was stupid

No doubt it was dumb

But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun

'Cause I'd have killed 'em

Shit, I woulda shot Kim and them both

It's my life

I'd like to welcome ya'll to the Eminem Show

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Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition

Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'

But put yourself in my position

Just try to envision

Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'

Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchhausen's Syndrome

My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't

'Til I grew up, now I blew up, it makes you sick to your stomach, doesn't it?

Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, ma?

So you could try to justify the way you treated me, ma?

But guess what?

You're gettin' older now and it's cold when you're lonely

And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's gonna know that you're phony

And Hailie's getting' so big now

You should see her, she's beautiful

But you'll never see her

She won't even be at your funeral

See, what hurts me the most is you won't admit you was wrong

Bitch, do your song

Keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom

But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get?

You selfish bitch

I hope you fuckin' burn in hell for this shit

Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?

Well, guess what?

I am dead, dead to you as can be!

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