

Eminem, Cleaning Out My Closet... (I'm Sorry Ma

Where's my Snare?

I have no snare in my headphones.

There you go.

Yeah, yo, yo.

[Verse1]

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 thats behind.

All this commotion, emotions, run deep as oceans explodin',

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

Not takin nothin' from noone give 'em hell as long as I'm breathin'.

Keep kicking ass in the mornin' and taking names in the evenin'.

Leave 'em with the taste of sourest vinegar in their mouth.

See they can trigger me, but they'll never figure me out.

Look at me now, I'll bet your probably sick of me now.

Aint 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 cleaning 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 cleaning out my closet.

[Verse 2]

I got some skeletons in my closet, and I don't know if noone 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 selling CD.

I was a baby, maybe I was just a couple a months.

My faggot father must had his panties up in a bunch,

'Cause he split. I wonder if he even kissed me good-bye.

No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die.

I look at Hayley, 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 Halie'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 out of that gun,

'Cause I'da killed em, shit I would'a shot kim and 'em both.

Its my life.

I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem Show.

[Chorus]

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[verse 3]

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 invision.

Witnessing your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen,

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

Going through public housing systems, victim of Munchausen Syndrome.

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

Till 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 gettin' older now when it's cold and your lonely.
And Nathan's growing up so quick, he's gonna know that your phony.
And Halie'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 wont 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]

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