

# Oskar Cymy, The Real Slim Shady (Eminem, Two

May I have your attention, please?  
May I have your attention, please?  
Will the real Slim Shady please stand up?  
I repeat, will the real Slim Shady please stand up?  
We're gonna have a problem here?  
Y'all act like you never seen a white person before  
Jaws all on the floor like Pam, like Tommy just burst in the door  
And started whoopin' her ass worse than before  
They first were divorced, throwin' her over furniture (ah!)  
It's the return of the-, oh, wait, no way, you're kidding  
He didn't just say what I think he did, did he?  
And Dr. Dre said-, nothing you idiots  
Dr. Dre's dead, he's locked in my basement (haha)  
Feminist women love Eminem  
Chicka-chicka-chicka Slim Shady, I'm sick of him  
Look at him, walkin' around, grabbin' his you-know-what  
Flippin' the you-know-who, yeah, but he's so cute though  
Yeah, I probably got a couple of screws up in my head loose  
But no worse, than what's goin' on in your parents bedrooms  
Sometimes I wanna get on TV and just let loose, but can't  
But it's cool for Tom Green to hump a dead moose  
My bum is on your lips, my bum is on your lips  
And if I'm lucky you might just give it a little kiss  
And that's the message that we deliver to little kids  
And expect them not to know what a woman's clitoris is  
Of course, they're gonna know what intercourse is  
By the time they hit fourth grade  
They got the Discovery Channel, don't they?  
We ain't nothin' but mammals  
Well, some of us are cannibals  
Who cut other people open like cantaloupes  
But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes  
Then there's no reason that a man and another man can't elope  
But if you feel like I feel, I got the antidote  
Women wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus and it goes...  
I'm Slim Shady, yes, I'm the real Shady  
All you other Slim Shadys, are just imitating  
So won't the real Slim Shady, please stand up?  
Please stand up, please stand up  
'Cause I'm Slim Shady, yes, I'm the real Shady  
All you other Slim Shadys, are just imitating  
So won't the real Slim Shady, please stand up?  
Please stand up, please stand up  
Will Smith don't gotta cuss in his raps to sell records  
Well I do, so fuck him and fuck you too  
You think I give a damn about a Grammy  
Half of you critics can't even stomach me  
Let alone stand me  
But Slim, what if you win, wouldn't it be weird?  
Why, so you guys can just lie to get me here  
So you can sit me here next to Britney Spears?  
Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs  
So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst  
And hear 'em argue over who she gave head to first  
Little bitch put me on blast on MTV  
Yeah, he's cute, but I think he's married to Kim, hehe!  
I should download her audio on mp3  
And show the whole world, how you gave Eminem VD (ahh!)  
I'm sick of you little girl and boy groups, all you do is annoy me  
So I have been sent here to destroy you  
And there's a million of us just like me  
Who cuss like me, who just don't give a fuck like me  
Who dress like me, walk talk and act like me  
And just might be, the next best thing, but not quite me

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Please stand up, please stand up  
I'm like a head trip to listen to, 'cause I'm only givin' you  
Things you joke about with your friends inside your livin' room  
The only difference is I got the balls to say it in front of y'all  
And I don't gotta be false or sugar-coat it at all  
I just get on the mic and spit it  
And whether you like to admit it, I just shit it  
Better than ninety percent of you rappers out can  
Then you wonder, how can kids eat up these albums like Valiums?  
It's funny 'cause at the rate I'm goin' when I'm thirty  
I'll be the only person in the nursin' home flirting  
Pinchin' nurses asses while I'm jackin' off with Jergens  
And I'm jerkin' but this whole bag of Viagra isn't workin'  
In every single person there's a Slim Shady lurkin'  
He could be workin' at Burger King, spittin' on your onion rings  
Or in the parkin' lot circling, screamin' I don't give a fuck  
With his windows down and his system up  
So will the real Shady, please stand up?  
And put one of those fingers, on each hand up  
And be proud to be outta your mind and outta control  
And one more time loud as you can, how does it go?  
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So won't the real Slim Shady, please stand up?  
Please stand up, please stand up  
Haha, guess there's a Slim Shady in all of us  
Fuck it, let's all stand up