# Eminem, I Remember (Dedication To Whitey Ford

Your mother, you fuckin faggot

La da da, da da da, da da (repeated)

Aiyo, this next song is dedicated to the memory of Erik Shrody
Rest in peace, we aint forget about you, you fuckin homo
We still remember

There once was a man who liked to jump around (jump around)
But he got too old to jump up and down (up and down)
(so then what happened?)
So he put the mic down and picked the guitar up (picked the guitar up)
(and then he what?)
Started singin the blues like there no tomorrow (no tomorrow)
(come on) Left his boys in the house of pain (the house of pain)
It was the wisest decision he ever made (ever made)
But the dumbest thing he could ever do (could ever do)
Was try to buck a 380 on those who act shady
Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]
Cause I remember all those years
How it was when you were here
I remember how it was, how it was when you were young
Yesterday was so long ago (long ago)
Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit came along now
Don't nobody wanna hear your old ass sing no more

I remember back when you had The Knack (had the knack)
And i remember when you had your first heart attack (heart attack)
I was right there laughin when I heard the news (heard the news)
I just wish the cardiac would'a murdered you (would'a murdered you)
Maybe Ice-T's right, you are a bitch (you are a bitch)
You come around when you're broke and you leave when you're rich
But the dumbest thing he could ever do (could ever do)
Was try to buck a 380 on those who act shady
Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]

yo (yo) yo (yo) yo (yo)
Remember back in '94, like right before Ms. Everlast was Whitey Ford
Before his heart attack had him on life support When house of pain was out of fame like someone doused the flame And they became destined to never jump around again
Or even further back, when i first had heard The Knack
And you were down with Syndicate, I went to get your shit, man
I was into it
But then you went and took your style and switched the shit
Now you sound rediculous you dickless piece of shit,
How could you diss me, bitch?
I liked you, thought you was alright for a white dude,
Remember Sway and Tech when I came up and sat beside you
Started rhymin, then you left the room
and didn't say goodbye or nothin?
Like you was mad that someone else was
White and tried to rhyme or somethin
I'm sorry man, I wasn't tryin to steal your light or nothin
But you're a homosexual, white rappin Irish {*faggot*?}
Man I wish I was irish, I could be a {*faggot*?} too
Then I'd be confused as you, and I wouldn't know what to do
What's up with you?
I never fucked with you, why would you fuck with me?
Knowin I could rap circles around you, what, are you as nuts as me?

Plus I can sing better than you and I don't fuckin sing
And probably play guitar better, and I ain't never touched a string
But I ain't mad at you, I'd hate me too if I was you
I'm what you used to be, shit you was me in '92
So everytime I write a lyric, I'mma think of you
And maybe that will help me know what it's like to sing the blues

[chorus]x2

You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin faggot, sissy, fuck
And by the way, a 380's a fuckin sissy gun
If you're gonna shoot somebody use a fuckin real gun
You little bitch
Next time say my fuckin name in a song
Don't be subliminal about it
You wanna fuckin diss me, diss me you fuckin faggot
You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin little bitch, fuckin cunt