

# Eminem, Rhyme Or Reason

What's your name?) Marshall  
(Who's your daddy?) I don't have one

My mother reproduced like a komodo dragon  
And had me on the back of a motorcycle  
Then crashed in the side of loco-motive with rap, I'm loco  
It's like handing a psycho a loaded handgun  
Michelangelo with a paint gun in a tantrum  
About to explode all over the canvas  
Back with the Yoda of rap in a spasm

(Your music usually has them)  
(But waned for the game your enthusiasm it hasn't  
Follow you must, Rick Rubin my little Padawan)

A Jedi in training, colossal brain and, thoughts of entertaining  
But docile and impossible to explain and, I'm also vain and  
Probably find a way to complain about a Picasso painting  
(puke) Skywalker, but sound like Chewbacca when I talk  
Full of such blind rage I need a seeing eye dog  
Can't even find the page, I was writing this rhyme on, (oh..)  
Its on a rampage, couldn't see what I wrote I write small  
(It says) Ever since I drove a 79 Lincoln with white walls  
Had a fire in my heart, and a dire desire to aspire, to DIE HARD  
So as long as I'm on the clock punching this time card  
Hip hop ain't dying on my watch

But sometimes, when I'm sleeping, she comes to me in my dreams  
Is she taken? Is she mine? Don't got, I don't care, don't have two shits to give  
Let me take you by the hand, to promise land, and threaten everyone  
Cause there's no rhyme or no reason for nothing  
Nah, (Whats your name?) Marshall  
(Who's your daddy?) I don't know him, but I wonder  
(Is he rich like me?) Haha  
(Has he taken, any time, to show to show you what you need to live?)

No, If he had, he wouldn't have ended up in these rhymes on my pad  
I wouldn't be so mad, my attitude wouldn't be so bad, yeah, dad  
Uh, The epitome and the prime example of what happens  
When the power of the rhyme falls into the wrong hands, and  
Makes you want to get up and start dancing  
Even if it is Charles Manson who just happens, To be rapping  
Blue lights flashing, laughing all the way to the bank  
Lamping in my K-Mart mansion, I'm in the style department  
With a pile in my car, ripping the isle apart  
With great power comes absolutely no responsibility, for content  
Completely, despondent, and conde-scen-ding  
The king of nonsense and contro-versy in on, a  
Beat killing spree, your honor, I must, plea  
Guil-ty, cause I sparked a, Revolution  
Rebel without a cause, who caused the evolution of rap  
To take it to the next level, boost it  
But several rebuked it, and whoever produced it?  
(Hip hop is the devil's music) Is that me? It belongs to me?  
Cuz I just happen to be, a white honky devil with two horns  
That don't honk but every time I speak you, hear a beep?  
But lyrically I never hear a peep, not even a whisper  
Rappers better stay clear of me, bitch  
Cause its the?

It's the time of the season, when hate runs high  
And this time, give it to you easy, when I take back what's mine  
With pleased hands, and torture everyone, that is my plan  
My job here isn't done, cause there's no rhyme or no reason for nothing

(What's your name?) Shady  
(Who's your daddy?) I don't give a fuck, but I wonder  
(Is he rich like me?) Doubt it, ha  
(Has he taken, any time, to show you what you need to live?)

So yeah dad let's walk  
Let's have us a father and son talk  
But I bet we probably wouldn't get one block  
Without me knocking your block off  
This is all your fault  
Maybe that's why I'm always so bananas  
I appeal to all those walks of like  
Whoever had strife  
Maybe that's what dad and son talks are like  
Cause I related to the struggles of [young] America  
When their fucking parents were unaware of their troubles  
Now they're ripping out their fucking hair again  
It's a stare ruckle, I chuckle  
Cause everybody bloodies their bare knuckles  
Yeah, uh oh, better beware knuckleheads  
The sound of my hustle says don't knock  
The doors broken, it won't lock  
It might just fly open, get cold cocked  
You critics come pay me a visit  
Misery loves company, please stay a minute  
Kryptonite to a hypocrite  
Zip your lip if you dish it but can't take it  
Too busy getting stoned in your glass house  
To kick rocks, then you wonder why I lash out  
Mister Mathers as advertised on the flyers  
So spread the word cause I'm promoting my passion til I'm passed out  
A completely brain dead Rainman  
Doing a bankhead in a restraint chair  
So bitch, if you shoot me a look it better be a blank stare  
Or get shanked in the pancreas, I'm angrier than  
All 8 of the reindeer put together with Chief Keef  
Cause I hate every fucking thing, yeah  
Even this rhyme bitch, and quit tryna look  
For a fucking reason for it that ain't there  
But I still am a CRIMINAL  
Ten year old degenerate grabbing on my genitals  
The last Mathers LP that went diamond  
This time I'm predicting this one will go emerald  
When will the madness end, how can it when  
There's no method the pad and pen  
The only message that I have to sing is:  
Dad, I'm back at it again  
Bitch