

# Eminem, Walk On Water (ft. Beyoncé)

i walk on water  
but i ain;t no Jesus  
I walk on water  
but only when it freezes (fuck)

who are expectations so high  
is it the bar I set?  
my arms, I stretch, but I can't reach  
a far cry from it  
or it's in my grasp but as  
soon as I grab, squeeze  
I lost my grip like the flyin' trapeze  
into the dark I plummet  
now the sky's blackening  
I know the mark's high butter  
flies rip apart my stomach  
knowing that no matter what bars I come with  
you're gonna harp, grip  
and that's a hard Vicodin to swallow  
so I scrap these  
as pressure increases like khakis  
I feel the ice cracking, because

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isn't the curse of the standard  
that the first of the Mathers disc set  
always in search of the verse that I haven't spit yet  
will this step just be another misstep  
to tamish whatever the legacy  
love or respect  
I've garnered?  
the rhyme has to be perfect  
the delivery flawless  
and it always feels like I'm hitting the mark  
till I go sit in the car  
listen and pick it apart  
like This is a garbage  
god's give me all this  
still I feel no different regardless  
kids look to me as a god  
this is retarded  
if only they knew  
it's a façade and it's exhaustive  
and I try not to listen to nonsense  
but if you bitches are trying to strip me of my confidence  
mission accomplished  
I'm not god sent  
Nas, Rakim, Pac, B.I.G, James, Todd Smith  
and I'm not Prince, so

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it's true  
I'm a Rubik's – a beautiful mess  
At times juvenile  
yes, I goof and I jest  
a flawed human, I guess

but I;m doing my best to not ruin your ex  
pectations and meet them  
but first  
“The “speedom’ verse not Big Sean  
He’s going too fast  
is he gonna shout or curse out his mom?  
There was a time I had the World by the balls  
eating out my palm  
every album song I was spazzing the fuck out on  
and now I’m getting clowned and frowned on  
But the only one whose’s looking down on  
me that matters now is de Shaun  
am I lucky ro be around this long?  
begs the question through  
Especially after the methadone  
as yesterday fades and the Dresden home  
is burnt to the ground  
and all; that’s left of my house is lawn  
the crowds are gone  
and it’s time to wash out the blonde  
sales decline, the curtains drawn  
they’re closing the set  
I’m still poking my head from out behind  
and everyone who has doubt, remind  
now take your best rhyme  
outdo it now do it a thousand times  
now let them tell ya the world no longer cares or gives a fuck about your rhymes  
and as I grow I ever let this mic go without a fight  
when I made a fucking tightrope outta twine?  
but when I do fail from these heights though  
I’ll be fine  
I won’t pout or cry or spiral down or whine  
bur I’ll decide if it’s my final bow this time around, cause

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cause I’m only human, just like you  
I’ve been making my mistake  
if you only knew  
I dint think you should believe in me the way that you do  
cause I am terrified to let you down  
if I walk on water  
I would drown  
cause I’m a man  
but as long as I got mic  
I’m godlike  
so me and you are not alike  
bitch, I wrote :Stan”