

Fall

Eminem

You know, everybody's been tellin' me what they think about me for the last few months

It's too loud

Maybe it's time I tell 'em what I think about them

Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot

It's too loud

Freeze my crown all up in it

Slow fire

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Don't fall on my-

Gotta concentrate against the clock I race

Got no time to waste, I'm already late, I got a marathoner's pace

Went from addict to a workaholic, word to Dr. Dre in that first marijuana tape

Guess I got a chronic case

And I ain't just blowin' smoke, 'less it's in your mama's face

I know this time Paul and Dre, they won't tell me what not to say

And though me and my party days have all pretty much parted ways

You'd swear to God I've forgot I'm the guy that made "Not Afraid"

One last time for Charlemagne

If my response is late, it's just how long it takes

To hit my fuckin' radar, I'm so far away These rappers are like Hunger Games

One minute, they're mocking Jay

Next minute, they get they style from Migos, then they copy Drake

Maybe I just don't know when to turn around and walk away

But all the hate I call it "Walk on Water" gate

I've had as much as I can tolerate

I'm sick and tired of waitin', I done lost my patience

I can take all of you motherfuckers on at once

You want it, Shady? You got it!

Don't fall on my fate

Yeah

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Don't fall on my fate

Light him up!

Don't fall on my faith, oh

Rrr

Don't fall on my fate

Look Somebody tell Budden before I snap, he better fasten it

Or have his body baggage zipped

The closest thing he's had to hits is smacking bitches
 And don't make me have to give it back to Akademiks
 Say this shit is trash again, I'll have you twisted like you had it when you thought you had me
 slippin' at the telly
 Even when I'm gettin' brain, you'll never catch me with a thotLacking with it, "he ain't spit like
 this in his last shit"
 Hoe, you better go back and listen
 You know me better, thinkin' I'll slow up, let up
 Call it traps 'cause it's a total setup
 Hopin' that you rappers fall in that
 Dre said, "Hold your head up"
 Kathy Griffin stackin' ammunition, slap the clip and cock it back on competition, this is how I
 shot a head (pew)Gabby Giffords, my attack is viscous, jack the ripper, back in business
 Tyler create nothing, I see why you called yourself a faggot, bitch
 It's not just 'cause you lack attention
 It's 'cause you worship D12's balls, you're sac-rilegious
 If you're gonna critique me, you better at least be as good or betterGet Earl, the Hooded
 Sweater, whatever his name is to help you put together some words, more than two letters
 The fans waited for this moment
 Like the feature when I stole this show
 Sorry if I took foreverDon't fall on my fate
 Yeah
 Don't fall on my faith, oh
 I won't
 Don't fall on my fate
 Light him up!
 Don't fall on my faith, oh
 Ha
 Don't fall on my fate
 It's too easyJust remember-I was here before you
 And I'll be here after you make your run-in for you
 Detract this, I might have to fuck Pitchfork with a corkscrew
 Just what the doctor ordered
 Revenge is the best medicine
 Increase the dose, unleash the monster
 Then tell the Grammys to go and fuck themselves, they suck the blood from all the biggest
 artists like some leeches
 So they nominate 'em, get 'em there, get a name to 'em
 See the show, every parasite needs a hostThen give Album of the Year to somebody that no
 one's ever even heard of
 All I know is I wrote every single word of everything I ever murdered
 Time to separate the sheep from goats
 And I got no faith in your writers, I don't believe in ghosts
 When rap needed it most, I was that wing in the prayer
 A beacon of hope, the B-I-R-D in the air
 Somewhere, some kid is bumping this while he lip-syncs in the mirror
 That's who I'm doin' it for, the rest I don't really even careBut you would think I'm carryin' a
 Oxford dictionary in my pocket how I'm buryin' these artists
 On the scale it turns to minus

Mines is various as hardly and what's scary is you prolly can compare me to your car 'cause I'm
barely gettin' started
And as far as Lord Jamar, you better leave me the hell alone
Or I'll show you an Elvis clone
Walk up in this house you own
Brush my pelvic bone You should tell a phone and go fetch me the remote
Put my feet up and just make myself at home
I belong here, clown!
Don't tell me 'bout the culture
I inspire the Hopsins, the Logics, the Coles, the Seans, the K-Dots, the 5'9"s, and oh
Brought the world 50 Cent, you did squat, pissed and moaned, but I'm not gonna fall... bitch! It's
too loud
Can't hear it coming down the hallway stairs from the parking lot
It's too loud
Freeze my crown all up in it
Slow fire

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>