

# Eminem - Rap God

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[Intro:]

Look, I was gonna go easy on you not to hurt your feelings  
But I'm only going to get this one chance  
(Six minutes, six minutes)  
Something's wrong, I can feel it  
(Six minutes, six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on)  
Just a feeling I've got  
Like something's about to happen  
But I don't know what  
If that means, what I think it means, we're in trouble  
Big trouble. And if he is as bananas as you say  
I'm not taking any chances  
You were just what the doctor ordered

[Chorus:]

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap box, slap box?  
They said I rap like a robot, so call me rap-bot

[Verse 1:]

But for me to rap like a computer must be in my genes  
I got a laptop in my back pocket  
My pen'll go off when I half-cock it  
Got a fat knot from that rap profit  
Made a living and a killing off it  
Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office  
With Monica Lewinski feeling on his nutsack  
I'm an MC still as honest  
But as rude and as indecent as all hell  
Syllables, skill-a-holic (Kill 'em all with)  
This flippity, dippity-hippity hip-hop  
You don't really wanna get into a pissing match  
With this rappity-rap  
Packing a mack in the back of the Ac  
backpack rap, crap, yap-yap, yackety-yack  
and at the exact same time  
I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I'm practicing that  
I'll still be able to break a motherfuckin' table  
Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in half  
Only realized it was ironic  
I was signed to Aftermath after the fact  
How could I not blow? All I do is drop "F" bombs  
Feel my wrath of attack  
Rappers are having a rough time period  
Here's a Maxi-Pad  
It's actually disastrously bad  
For the wack while I'm masterfully constructing this masterpiece yeah

[Chorus:]

'Cause I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slap box, slap box?  
Let me show you maintaining this shit ain't that hard, that hard

[Verse 2:]

Everybody want the key and the secret to rap  
Immortality like I have got  
Well, to be truthful the blueprint's  
Simply rage and youthful exuberance  
Everybody loves to root for a nuisance  
Hit the earth like an asteroid  
and did nothing but shoot for the moon since (PPEEYOOM)  
MC's get taken to school with this music  
'Cause I use it as a vehicle to 'bus the rhyme'  
Now I lead a New School full of students  
Me? Me, I'm a product of Rakim  
Lakim Shabazz, 2Pac, N-W-A., Cube, hey, Doc, Ren  
Yella, Eazy, thank you, they got Slim  
Inspired enough to one day grow up  
Blow up and being in a position  
To meet Run-D.M.C. and induct them  
Into the motherfuckin' Rock n'  
Roll Hall of Fame even though I walk in the church  
And burst in a ball of flames  
Only Hall of Fame I'll be inducted in is the alcohol of fame  
On the wall of shame  
You fags think it's all a game  
'Til I walk a flock of flames  
Off a plank and  
Tell me what in the fuck are you thinking?  
Little gay looking boy  
So gay I can barely say it with a 'straight' face looking boy  
You're witnessing a mass-occur like you're watching a church gathering  
And take place looking boy  
Oy vey, that boy's gay  
That's all they say looking boy  
You get a thumbs up, pat on the back  
And a "way to go" from your label every day looking boy  
Hey, looking boy, what d'you say looking boy?  
I get a "hell yeah" from Dre looking boy  
I'mma work for everything I have  
Never asked nobody for shit  
Git out my face looking boy  
Basically boy you're never gonna be capable  
of keeping up with the same pace looking boy, 'cause

[Chorus:]

I'm beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
The way I'm racing around the track, call me Nascar, Nascar  
Dale Earnhardt of the trailer park, the White Trash God  
Kneel before General Zod this planet's Krypton, no Asgard, Asgard

[Verse 3:]

So you'll be Thor and I'll be Odin  
You rodent, I'm omnipotent  
Let off then I'm reloading  
Immediately with these bombs I'm totin'  
And I should not be woken  
I'm the walking dead  
But I'm just a talking head, a zombie floating  
But I got your mom deep throating  
I'm out my Ramen Noodle  
We have nothing in common, poodle  
I'm a Doberman, pinch yourself  
In the arm and pay homage, pupil  
It's me  
My honesty's brutal  
But it's honestly futile if I don't utilize  
What I do though for good  
At least once in a while so I wanna make sure  
Somewhere in this chicken scratch I scribble and doodle  
Enough rhymes to  
Maybe try to help get some people through tough times  
But I gotta keep a few punchlines  
Just in case 'cause even you unsigned  
Rappers are hungry looking at me like it's lunchtime  
I know there was a time where once I  
Was king of the underground  
But I still rap like I'm on my Pharoahe Monch grind  
So I crunch rhymes  
But sometimes when you combine  
Appeal with the skin color of mine  
You get too big and here they come trying to  
Censor you like that one line I said  
On "I'm Back" from the Mathers LP  
One when I tried to say I'll take seven kids from Columbine  
Put 'em all in a line  
Add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine  
See if I get away with it now  
That I ain't as big as I was, but I'm  
Morphin' into an immortal coming through the portal  
You're stuck in a time warp from two thousand four though  
And I don't know what the fuck that you rhyme for  
You're pointless as Rapunzel  
With fucking cornrows  
You write normal, fuck being normal  
And I just bought a new ray gun from the future  
Just to come and shoot ya  
Like when Fabulous made Ray J mad  
'Cause Fab said he looked like a fag  
At Mayweather's pad singin' to a man

While he play piano  
Man, oh man, that was the 24/7 special  
On the cable channel  
So Ray J went straight to radio station the very next day  
"Hey, Fab, I'mma kill you"  
Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)  
Uh, summa lumma dooma lumma you assuming I'm a human  
What I gotta do to get it through to you I'm superhuman  
Innovative and I'm made of rubber, so that anything you say is  
Ricochet in off a me and it'll glue to you  
And I'm devastating more than ever demonstrating  
How to give a motherfuckin' audience a feeling like it's levitating  
Never fading, and I know that haters are forever waiting  
For the day that they can say I fell off, they'll be celebrating  
'Cause I know the way to get 'em motivated  
I make elevating music  
You make elevator music  
"Oh, he's too mainstream."  
Well, that's what they do  
When they get jealous, they confuse it  
"It's not hip hop, it's pop."  
'Cause I found a hell a way to fuse it  
With rock, shock rap with Doc  
Throw on "Lose Yourself" and make 'em lose it  
I don't know how to make songs like that  
I don't know what words to use  
Let me know when it occurs to you  
While I'm ripping any one of these verses that versus you  
It's curtains, I'm inadvertently hurtin' you  
How many verses I gotta murder to  
Prove that if you were half as nice,  
your songs you could sacrifice virgins to  
Unghh, school flunky, pill junky  
But look at the accolades these skills brung me  
Full of myself, but still hungry  
I bully myself 'cause I make me do what I put my mind to  
When I'm a million leagues above you  
Ill when I speak in tongues  
But it's still tongue-and-cheek, fuck you  
I'm drunk so Satan take the fucking wheel  
I'm asleep in the front seat  
Bumping Heavy D and the Boys  
"Still chunky, but funky"  
But in my head there's something  
I can feel tugging and struggling  
Angels fight with devils and  
Here's what they want from me  
They're asking me to eliminate some of the women hate  
But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred I had

Then you may be a little patient and more sympathetic to the situation  
And understand the discrimination  
But fuck it  
Life's handing you lemons  
Make lemonade then  
But if I can't batter the women  
How the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?  
Don't mistake him for Satan  
It's a fatal mistake if you think I need to be overseas  
And take a vacation to trip a broad  
And make her fall on her face and  
Don't be a retard, be a king?  
Think not  
Why be a king when you can be a God?