

**Rap God**

**Eminem**

[Intro] **Gm**

**Gm**

Look, I was gonna go easy on you and not to hurt your feelings

**Gm**

But I m only going to get this one chance

**Gm**

Something s wrong, I can feel it (Six minutes, Slim Shady, you re on)

**Gm**

Just a feeling I ve got, like something s about to happen, but I don t know what

**Gm**

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

**Gm**

You were just what the doctor ordered

**Gm**

I m beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God

**Gm**

All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod

**Gm**

Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slapbox, slapbox?

**Gm**

They said I rap like a robot, so call me Rapbot

**Gm**

But for me to rap like a computer must be in my genes

**Gm**

I got a laptop in my back pocket

**Gm**

My pen ll go off when I half-cock it

**Gm**

Got a fat knot from that rap profit

**Gm**

Made a living and a killing off it

**Gm**

Ever since Bill Clinton was still in office

**Gm**

With Monica Lewinsky feeling on his nut-sack

**Gm**

I m an MC still as honest

**Gm**

But as rude and as indecent as all hell

**Gm**

Syllables, killaholic (Kill em all with)

**Gm**

This slickety, gibbedy, hibbedy hip-hop

**Gm**

You don t really wanna get into a pissing match with this rappidy rap

**Gm**

Packing a Mac in the back of the Ac, backpack rap crap, yep, yep, yackity-yak

**Gm**

Now at the exact same time

**Gm**

I attempt these lyrical acrobat stunts while I m practicing that

**Gm**

I ll still be able to break a motherfuckin table

**Gm**

Over the back of a couple of faggots and crack it in half

**Gm**

Only realized it was ironic I was signed to Aftermath after the fact

**Gm**

How could I not blow? All I do is drop F-bombs, feel my wrath of attack

**Gm**

Rappers are having a rough time period, here s a maxipad

**Gm**

It s actually disastrously bad for the wack

**Gm**

While I m masterfully constructing this masterpiece as

**Gm**

I m beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God

**Gm**

All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod

**Gm**

Now who thinks their arms are long enough to slapbox, slapbox?

**Gm**

Let me show you maintaining this shit ain t that hard, that hard

**Gm**

Everybody want the key and the secret to rap immortality like I have got

**Gm**

Well, to be truthful the blueprint s simply rage and youthful exuberance

**Gm**

Everybody loves to root for a nuisance

**Gm**

Hit the earth like an asteroid, did nothing but shoot for the moon since

**Gm**

MC s get taken to school with this music

**Gm**

Cause I use it as a vehicle to bust a rhyme

**Gm**

Now I lead a new school full of students

**Gm**

Me? I m a product of Rakim, Lakim Shabazz, 2Pac N-

**Gm**

-W.A, Cube, Hey Doc, Ren, Yella, Eazy, thank you, they got Slim

**Gm**  
Inspired enough to one day grow up, blow up and be in a position  
**Gm**  
To meet Run DMC, induct them, into the motherfuckin Rock n  
**Gm**  
Roll Hall of Fame  
**Gm**  
Even though I walk in the church and burst in a ball of flames  
**Gm**  
Only Hall of Fame I be inducted in is the alcohol of fame  
**Gm**  
On the wall of shame  
**Gm**  
You fags think it s all a game til I walk a flock of flames  
**Gm**  
Off a plank, and tell me what in the fuck are you thinking?  
**Gm**  
Little gay looking boy  
**Gm**  
So gay I can barely say it with a straight face looking boy  
**Gm**  
You witnessing a massacre  
**Gm**  
Like you watching a church gathering take place looking boy  
**Gm**  
Oy vey, that boy s gay, that s all they say looking boy  
**Gm**  
You get a thumbs up, pat on the back  
**Gm**  
And a way to go from your label everyday looking boy  
**Gm**  
Hey, looking boy, what you say looking boy?  
**Gm**  
I get a hell yeah from Dre looking boy  
**Gm**  
I mma work for everything I have  
**Gm**  
Never ask nobody for shit, get outta my face looking boy  
**Gm**  
Basically boy you re never gonna be capable  
**Gm**  
To keeping up with the same pace looking boy  
  
**Gm**  
I m beginning to feel like a Rap God, Rap God  
**Gm**  
All my people from the front to the back nod, back nod  
**Gm**  
The way I m racing around the track, call me Nascar, Nascar  
**Gm**  
Dale Earnhardt of the trailer park, the White Trash God  
**Gm**  
Kneel before General Zod this planet s Krypton, no Asgard, Asgard

Gm

So you be Thor and I ll be Odin, you rodent, I m omnipotent

Gm

Let off then I m reloading immediately with these bombs I m totin

Gm

And I should not be woken

Gm

I m the walking dead, but I m just a talking head, a zombie floating

Gm

But I got your mom deep throating

Gm

I m out my ramen noodle, we have nothing in common, poodle

Gm

I m a doberman, pinch yourself in the arm and pay homage, pupil

Gm

It s me, my honesty s brutal

Gm

But it s honestly futile if I don t utilize what I do though

Gm

For good at least once in a while

Gm

So I wanna make sure somewhere in this chicken scratch I scribble and doodle

Gm

Enough rhymes to maybe try to help get some people through tough times

Gm

But I gotta keep a few punchlines just in case cause even you unsigned

Gm

Rappers are hungry looking at me like it s lunchtime

Gm

I know there was a time where once I

Gm

Was king of the underground, but I still rap like I m on my Pharoahe Monch grind

Gm

So I crunch rhymes, but sometimes when you combine

Gm

Appeal with the skin color of mine

Gm

You get too big and here they come trying to censor you

Gm

Like that one line I said on I m Back from the Mathers LP1

Gm

Where I tried to say I take seven kids from Columbine

Gm

Put em all in a line, add an AK-47, a revolver and a nine

Gm

See if I get away with it now that I ain t as big as I was

Gm

But I ve morphed into an immortal coming through the portal

Gm

You re stuck in a timewarp from 2004 though

Gm

And I don t know what the fuck that you rhyme for

Gm

You re pointless as Rapunzel with fucking cornrows

Gm

You re like normal, fuck being normal

Gm

And I just bought a new Raygun from the future

Gm

To just come and shoot ya like when Fabolous made Ray J mad

Gm

Cause Fab said he looked like a fag at Mayweather s pad

Gm

Singin to a man while they played piano

Gm

Man, oh man, that was a 24/7 special on the cable channel

Gm

So Ray J went straight to the radio station the very next day

Gm

Hey, Fab, I mma kill you

Gm

Lyrics coming at you at supersonic speed, (JJ Fad)

Gm

Uh, sama lamaa дума lamaa you assuming I m a human

Gm

What I gotta do to get it through to you I m superhuman

Gm

Innovative and I m made of rubber

Gm

So that anything you say is ricocheting off of me and it ll glue to you

Gm

I m devastating, more than ever demonstrating

Gm

How to give a motherfuckin audience a feeling like it s levitating

Gm

Never fading, and I know the haters are forever waiting

Gm

For the day that they can say I fell off, they d be celebrating

Gm

Cause I know the way to get em motivated

Gm

I make elevating music, you make elevator music

Gm

Oh, he s too mainstream

Gm

Well, that s what they do when they get jealous, they confuse it

Gm

It s not hip hop, it s pop, cause I found a hella way to fuse it

Gm

With rock, shock rap with Doc

Gm

Throw on Lose Yourself and make em lose it

Gm

I don t know how to make songs like that

Gm

I don't know what words to use

Gm

Let me know when it occurs to you

Gm

While I'm ripping any one of these verses, that versus you

Gm

It's curtains, I'm inadvertently hurting you

Gm

How many verses I gotta murder to prove

Gm

That if you were half as nice at songs, you can sacrifice virgins too (ughhh)

Gm

School flunkie, pill junky

Gm

But look at the accolades the skills brought me

Gm

Full of myself, but still hungry

Gm

I bully myself cause I make me do what I put my mind to

Gm

And I'm a million leagues above you, ill when I speak in tongues

Gm

But it's still tongue in cheek, fuck you

Gm

I'm drunk so Satan take the fucking wheel, I'm asleep in the front seat

Gm

Bumping Heavy D and the Boys, still chunky, but funky

Gm

But in my head there's something I can feel tugging and struggling

Gm

Angels fight with devils and here's what they want from me

Gm

They're asking me to eliminate some of the women hate

Gm

But if you take into consideration the bitter hatred I had

Gm

Then you may be a little patient and more sympathetic to the situation

Gm

And understand the discrimination

Gm

But fuck it, life's handing you lemons, make lemonade then

Gm

But if I can't batter the women how the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?

Gm

Don't mistake it for Satan

Gm

It's a fatal mistake if you think I need to be overseas

Gm

And take a vacation to trip abroad

Gm

And make her fall on her face and don't be a retard

Gm

Be a king? Think not - why be a king when you can be a God?