

Eminem - Rap God

Tom: Bb
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 rapidy 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 duma 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 hell a 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 hurtin' 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 brung 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?

Acordes

