

# 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

