

**THE LYRICS USED IN THE ANALYSIS**

1. Lyricist : Marshall Mathers  
 Album : Slim Shady LP  
 Song : Brain Damage

|          |   |    |
|----------|---|----|
| [Doctor] | Scalpel                                   | 1  |
| [Nurse]  | Here                                      |    |
| [Doctor] | Sponge                                    |    |
| [Nurse]  | Here                                      |    |
| [Doctor] | Wait... he's convulsing, he's convulsing! | 5  |
| [Nurse]  | Ah!                                       |    |
| [Doctor] | We're gonna have to shock him!            |    |
| [Nurse]  | Oh my! Oh my God!                         |    |
| [Doctor] | We're gonna have to shock him!            |    |
| [Nurse]  | Oh my God!                                | 10 |

These are the results of a thousand electric volts  
 A neck with bolts, "Nurse we're losin him, check the pulse!"  
 A kid who refused to respect adults  
 Wore spectacles with taped frames and a freckled nose  
 A corny lookin white boy, scrawny and always ornery  
 Cause I was always sick of brawny bullies pickin on me  
 And I might snap, one day just like that  
 I decided to strike back and flatten every tire on the bike rack (Whossssh)  
 My first day in junior high, this kid said,  
 "It's you and I, three o'clock sharp this afternoon you die"  
 I looked at my watch it was one twenty  
 "I already gave you my lunch money what more do you want from me?!?"  
 He said, "Don't try to run from me, you'll just make it worse..."  
 My palms were sweaty, and I started to shake at first  
 Something told me, "Try to fake a stomach ache it works"  
 I screamed, "Owww! My appendix feel like they could burst!  
 Teacher, teacher, quick I need a naked nurse!"  
 "What's the matter?"  
 "I don't know, my leg, it hurts!"  
 "Leg?!? I thought you said it was your tummy?!?"  
 "Oh, I mean it is, but I also got a bum knee!"  
 "Mr. Mathers, the fun and games are over. And just for that stunt, you're gonna get  
 some extra homework."  
 "But don't you wanna give me after school detention?"  
 "Nah, that bully wants to beat your ass and I'ma let him."

Chorus: repeat 2x  
 Brain damage  
 Ever since the day I was born 35  
 drugs is what they used to say I was on  
 They say I never knew which way I was goin  
 But everywhere I go they keep playin my song

Brain damage 40  
 Way before my baby daughter Hailie  
 I was harassed daily by this fat kid named D'Angelo Bailey  
 An eighth grader who acted obnoxious, cause his father boxes  
 so everyday he'd shove me in the lockers  
 One day he came in the bathroom while I was pissin 45  
 And had me in the position to beat me into submission  
 He banged my head against the urinal till he broke my nose,  
 Soaked my clothes in blood, grabbed me and choked my throat  
 I tried to plead and tell him. "We shouldn't beef"  
 But he just wouldn't leave, he kept chokin me and I couldn't breathe 50  
 He looked at me and said, "You gonna die honkey!"  
 The principal walked in (What's going on in here?)  
 and started helpin him stomp me  
 I made them think they beat me to death  
 Holdin my breath for like five minutes before they finally left 55  
 Then I got up and ran to the janitor's storage booth  
 Kicked the door hinge loose and ripped out the four inch screws  
 Grabbed some sharp objects, brooms, and foreign tools  
 "This is for every time you took my orange juice, or stole my seat in the lunchroom  
 and drank my chocolate milk.  
 Every time you tipped my tray and it dropped and spilt. 60  
 I'm getting you back bully! Now once and for good."  
 I cocked the broomstick back and swung hard as I could  
 And beat him over the head with it till I broke the wood  
 Knocked him down, stood on his chest with one foot..

Made it home, later that same day 65  
 Started reading a comic, and suddenly everything became gray  
 I couldn't even see what I was trying to read  
 I went deaf, and my left ear started to bleed  
 My mother started screamin, "What are you on, drugs?!?  
 Look at you, you're gettin blood all over my rug!" (Sorry!) 70  
 She beat me over the head with the remote control  
 opened a hole, and my whole brain fell out of my skull  
 I picked it up and screamed, "Look bitch, what have you done?!?"

“Oh my God, I’m sorry son”  
 “Shut up you cunt!” I said, “Fuck it!” 75  
 Took it and stuck it back in my head  
 then I sewed it shut and put a couple of screws in my neck

Chorus

Brain damage  
 It’s brain damage  
 I got brain damage 80  
 It’s brain damage  
 It’s probably brain damage  
 It’s brain damage  
 Brain damage  
 I got brain damage

2. Lyricist : Marshal Mathers  
 Album : Slim Shady LP  
 Song : Rock Bottom

Ah yeah, Yo! 1  
 This song is dedicated to all the happy people  
 All the happy people who have real nice lives  
 And who have no idea what’s it like to be broke as fuck

Verse One:  
 I feel like I’m walking a tight rope 5  
 Without a circus net  
 I’m popping percasete  
 I’m a nervous wreck  
 I deserve respect  
 But I work a sweat for this worthless check 10  
 Bout to burst this tech,  
 at somebody to reverse this debt  
 Minimum wage got my adrenaline caged  
 Full of venom and rage  
 Especially when I’m engaged 15  
 And my daughter’s down to her last diaper  
 That’s got my ass hyper  
 I pray that god answers, maybe I’ll ask nicer  
 Watching ballers while they flossing in their pathfinders  
 These overnight stars becoming autograph signers 20

|   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| We'll all gone blow up and leave the past behind us<br>Along with the small fry's and average half painters<br>While playa haters turn bitch like they have vaginas<br>Cause we see them dollar signs and let the cash blind us<br>Money will brainwash you and leave your ass mindless<br>Snakes slither in the grass spineless  | 25                   |
| Chorus: repeat 2X<br>That's Rock Bottom<br>When this life makes you mad enough to kill<br>That's Rock Bottom<br>When you want something bad enough you'll steal<br>That's Rock Bottom<br>When you feel you have had it up to here<br>When you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear   | 30                   |
| Verse Two:<br>My life is full of empty promises<br>And broken dreams<br>I'm hoping things will look up<br>But there ain't no job openings<br>I feel discouraged hungry and malnourished<br>Living in this house with no furnace, unfurnished<br>And I'm sick of working dead end jobs with lame pay<br>And I'm tired of being hired and fired the same day<br>But fuck it, if you know the rules to the game play<br>Cause when we die we know were all going the same way<br>It's cool to be player, but it sucks to be the fan<br>When all you need is bucks to be the man<br>Plus a luxury sedan<br>Too comfortable and roomy in a six<br>They threw me in the mix<br>With all these gloomy lunatics<br>Walk around depressed<br>And smoke a pound of ses a day<br>And yesterday went by so quick it seems like it was just today<br>My daughter wants to throw the ball but I'm too stressed to play<br>Live half my life and throw the rest away | 35<br>40<br>45<br>50 |
| Chorus<br><br>There's people that love me and people that hate me<br>But it's the evil that made me this backstabbing, deceitful, and shady   | 55                   |

I want the money, the women, the fortune, and the fame  
 That means I'll end up burning in hell scorching in flames  
 That means I'm stealing your checkbook and forging your name  
 Lifetime bliss for eternal torture and pain 60  
 Right now I feel like just hit the rock bottom

I got problems now everybody on my blocks got 'em  
 I'm screaming like those two cops when 2pac shot 'em  
 Holding two glocks, I hope your doors got new locks on 'em  
 My daughter's feet ain't got no shoes or socks on 'em 65  
 And them rings you wearing look like they got a few rocks on 'em  
 And while you flaunting them I could be taking them to shops to pawn them  
 I got a couple of rings and a brand new watch, you want 'em?  
 Cause I never went gold of one song  
 I'm running up on someone's lawns with guns drawn 70

**3. Lyricist** : Marshall Mathers  
**Album** : Slim Shady LP  
**Song** : Just Don't Give A Fuck

The only difference is that the album version censors the line "raped the women's swim team" in the third verse

Intro: Frogg 1  
 Whoah!  
 A get your hands in the air, and get to clappin 'em  
 And like, back and forth because ah  
 This is.. what you thought it wasn't 5  
 It beez.. the brothers representin' the Dirty Dozen  
 I be the Contour e F-R-O the double G \*couching in background\*  
 And check out the man he goes by the name of er...

Verse One:  
 Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady  
 I'm a M80, you Lil' like that Kim Lady 10  
 I'm buzzin, Dirty Dozen, naughty rotten rhymer  
 Cursin at you players worse than Marty Scottenheimer  
 You wackier than the motherfucker you bit your style from  
 You ain't gonna sell two copies if you press a double album  
 Admit it, fuck it, while we comin out in the open 15  
 I'm doin acid, crack, smack, coke and smokin dope then  
 My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic (Hi Marshall)

I'm convinced I'm a fiend, shootin up while this record is spinnin  
 Clinically brain dead, I don't need a second opinion  
 Fuck droppin the jaw, I'm flippin the sacred treasure 55  
 I'll bite your motherfuckin style, just to make it fresher  
 I can't take the pressure,  
 I'm sick of bitches  
 Sick of naggin bosses bitchin while I'm washin dishes  
 In school I never said much, too busy havin a headrush 60  
 Doin too much rush had my face flushed like red blush  
 Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face grayed  
 Went to gym in eighth grade, raped the women's swim team  
 Don't take me for a joke I'm no comedian  
 Too many mental problems got me snortin coke and smokin weed again 65  
 I'm goin up over the curb, drivin on the median  
 Finally made it home, but I don't got the key to get in

Chorus

Outro:  
 Hey, fuck that!  
 Outsidad..  
 Pace One.. 70  
 Young Zee..

I have a disease and they don't know what to call it  
 Better hide your wallet cause I'm comin up quick to strip your cash  
 Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and whip your ass 20  
 Bitch, I'm comin out swingin, so fast it'll make your eyes spin  
 You getting knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson  
 The proof is in the puddin, just ask the Shawn Holman  
 I'll slit your motherfuckin throat worse than Ron Goldman

Chorus:

So when you see me on your block with two glocks 25  
 Screamin \_Fuck the World\_ like Tupac  
 I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!  
 Talkin that shit behind my back, dirty mackin  
 Tellin your boys that I'm on crack  
 I just don't give a fuuuuuck!! 30  
 But see me on the street and duck  
 Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed  
 Cause I just don't give a fuuuuuck!!

Verse Two:

I'm Nicer than Pete, but I'm on a Search to crush a Milkbone  
 I'm Everlasting, I melt Vanilla Ice like silicone 35  
 I'm ill enough to just straight up diss you for no reason  
 I'm colder than snow season when it's twenty below freezin  
 Flavor with no seasonin, this is the sneak preview  
 I'll diss your magazine and still won't get a weak review  
 I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers crystals 40  
 This is a lyrical combat, gentlemen hold your pistols  
 But I form like Voltron and blast you with my shoulder missiles  
 Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials (Bye-bye!)  
 Extortion, snortin, supportin abortion  
 Pathological liar, blowin shit out of proportion 45  
 The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic  
 Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict  
 Half animal, half man  
 Dumpin on your dead body inside of a fuckin trash can  
 With more holes than an Afghan 50

Chorus

Verse Three:

Somebody let me out this limousine (hey, let me out!)  
 I'm a caged demon, on stage screamin like Rage against the Machine