Eminem, Go To Sleep Bitch... Die!!!

[Eminem]
I ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep
Ain't gonna breathe, til I see, what I wanna see
And what I wanna see, is you go to sleep, in the dirt
Permanently, you just being hurt, this ain't gonna work
For me, it just wouldn't be, sufficient enough
'cause we, are just gonna be, enemies
As long as we breathe, I don't ever see, either of us
Coming to terms, where we can agree
There ain't gonna be, no reason, speakin wit me
You speak on my seed, then me, no speakin Englais
So we gonna beef, and keep on beefin, unless
You're gonna agree, to meet with me in the flesh
And settle this face to face, and you're gonna see
A demon unleashed in me, that you've never seen
And you're gonna see, this gangsta beyond himself
I see you D-12, and thanks, but me need no help
Me do this one all by my lonely, I don't need fifteen of my homies
When I see you, I'm seeing you, me and you only
We never met, but best believe you gon' know me
When I'm this close, to see you exposed as phony
Come on, bitch, show me, pick me up, throw me
Lift me up, hold me, just like you told me
You was gonna do, that's what I thought, you're pitiful
I'm rid of you, all you, Ja, you'll get it too!

[Chorus]
Now go to sleep bitch!
Die, motherf**ker, die! Ugh, time's up, bitch, close ya eyes
Go to sleep, bitch! (what?)
Why are you still alive? How many times I gotta tell ya, close ya eyes?
And go to sleep bitch! (what?)
Die motherf**ker die, bye, bye, motherf**ker, bye, bye!
Go to sleep bitch! (what?)
Why are you still alive? Why, die motherf**ker, ah, ah, ah...
...Go to sleep bitch!

[Obie Trice]
We got you niggaz, nervous
On purpose, to hurt your focus, you'se not MC's, you'se worthless
You'se not them G's, you'se a circus, you'se no appeal, please
You'se curtains, you use words, cool heard, slurred in two thousand third
You'se purpin, you'se no threat, who's ya servin?
We lyrically oughta bury you beneath the dirt when

You f**k with a label overseein the Earth
Shady muthaf**ka, O. Trice's birth
And as I mold, I become a curse
So we can put down the verse, take it to the turf
Cock and squeeze, and he who reach the hearse is he who
Depicts fiction in his verse
And as I breathe, and you be deceased
The world believe you deceived just to speak
You'se not the streets, you'se the desk
Use not your chest nigga, use a vest
Before two's choose ya rest, you chose death
Six feet deep, nigga, that's the depth

[Chorus]

[DMX]
Hey dog, I'ma walk like a beast, talk like the streets
I'ma stay blazin New York wit the heat

Stalk on the beat, walk wit my feet
Understand my pain, the rain ain't sweet
Peep how I'm moving, peep where I'm going
Shit don't seep, then sleep not knowin
But I'ma keep growing, getting larger than life
Easy-going with the same one that started the fight
He be knowing how dog get, when dog gone bite
Tried to show him the dog shit, it's dog for life
Grand champ, and my Blood Line is tight
'cause it's all good, it's all right
Niggas tried to holla, but couldn't holla back
Now they gots to swallow, everything in the sac
Blood Line, and, we can go track for track
Damn dog, why'd you have to do them niggas like that?

[Chorus]

[Eminem]
All you motherf**kers! take that!
Here, take this too, bitch! Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh, Waaaaaahoo!
We're killin all you motherf**kers dead, all you!
Fake ass gangsters! No more press! No more press!
Rot, motherf**kers, rot! Decay, in the dirt, bitch, in the motherf**king dirt!
Die nameless, bitch, die nameless! No more fame!
Ahhhhhhhhhh! Hahahaha
Yo X, come on man, Obie, let's go, haha