

# Eminem, Lucky You (Feat. Joyner Lucas)

I done did a lot of things in my day  
I admitted it  
I don't take back what I say  
if I said it then I meant it

on my life I want a Grammy  
but I prolly never get it  
I ain't never had no trophy  
or no mothafucking ribbon

fuck the system  
I'm that nigga  
bend the law  
cut the rules  
I'm about to risk it all

oi ain;t got too much to lose  
y'all been eating lang enough

it's my turn to cut the food  
pass the plate where my drank?  
this my day, lucky day  
fuck you too, woah!

y'all gotta move  
y'all gotta move  
y'all gotta move  
give me some room  
give me some room  
give me the juice  
hop out the couple  
hop out the couple  
how about I shoot?  
y'all gotta move  
y'all gotta move  
give me the juice

back on my bullshit  
my back to the wall  
turn back ob you  
all of you finished  
back to these bullets  
it's back to the job  
pull my MAC out and all of you running  
back on my hood shit  
it's back to the pushing  
these packs and I'm actually pumping  
can't fuck with you rappers  
you practically sucking  
you might went platinum  
but that don't mean mothin'  
I'm actually buzzin' this time  
straight out the kitchen  
I told them the oven is mine  
I do not fuck witch you guys  
if I don't kill you just know tat you gonna suffer this time

I ain't no gangster but I got some bangers  
some chains and some blades anf a couple of knives  
choppers and jammies, partridge, pa pear tree  
my 12 days of Christmas was nothing but lies,  
I run at you harsd like sumo  
they say I talk like a chulo  
I live in Mars, I'm not Bruno

Bitch, I'm a dog, call me Cujo  
you play your cards, I reverse on you all  
and I might just drop 4 like on Uno

callate boca major  
mariconb, little puto  
and all of you culo

they've invented a level off in the ghetto to ghetto  
looking for something I prolly can never find now  
shit get relevamt until the beef die down  
in truth a nigga just really want me tied down  
I've been alone and I never need nobody  
just only me and my shotty  
I'll tell these niggas to lie down

keep all of the money  
I never wanted the lifestyle  
I just pray to God that my son be alright now  
I said ain't no love for the other side  
or anyone who ever want smoke  
when I die I;m going out as the underdog  
who never lost hope

you in the wrong cab down the wrong path  
nigga Wrong way, wrong road  
sneakes in the grass, tryna slither fast  
I just bought a motherfucking lawn mower

I have said a lotta things in my day  
I admit it, this is packback in a way  
I regret it that I did it  
I done won a couple Grammyys but I sold my soul to get them  
wasn't in it for the trophies  
just the fucking recognition  
fuck's the difference?

I;m the cracker  
bend the low  
fukc the rules  
man I used to risk it all  
now I got too much to lose  
I been eating long enough  
man my stomach should be full  
I just ate, lick the plate  
my buffet, lucky me, fuck you think?

I got a couple of mansions  
still I don't have any manners  
you got a couple of ghost writers  
but to these kids it don't actually matter  
they're asking me: what the fuck happened to hip=-hop  
I said" I don't have any answers"  
cause u took an L when I dropped my last album  
it hurt me like hell  
but I'm back on thee rappers  
and actually coming from humble beginnings  
I'm somewhat of uncomfortable winning  
I wish I could say what a wonderful feeling  
we're on the upswing like we're punching the ceiling  
but nothing is stealing  
like anyone has any fucking ability  
to even stick to a subject  
it's killin' me  
the inability to pin humility

hatata batata, why don't we make a bunch of fucking  
songs about nothin' and mumble  
and fuck it, I'm going for the jugular  
shit is a circus, you clowns that are coming up  
don't give an ounce of a mother\*  
about the ones who were here before you to make raps, it's recap  
way back  
MC's the recap and tape decks  
ASAT's with the G raps and Kane's hat  
we need 3 stacks ASAP, and bring Ma-sta Ace back  
since half of these rappers have brain damage  
all rrrhe lean rappin'  
face tats  
syruped out like tree sap  
I don't hate trap  
and I don't wanna seem mad  
but intact  
whit a old-me at the same cat that would take that  
feedback and aim back, I need that  
but I think it's inevitable  
yhey know a button to press or a lever to pull  
they gibe me the snap tho  
and if I payin' attention I'd probably makin' it bigger  
but you've been taking the dicks on the fucking back hoe  
on the brink in a minut  
got me thinking of finisfing everything  
weth aceromenophin then reapin the benefits  
I'mma sleep at the ar the wheel again  
as I peak into thinking about an evil intent  
of another beat I'ma kill again'  
cause even if I gotta ebd uo eating pill again  
even katemine or methamohetamine with the Mini Thin  
it beetr be at least 70 to 300 milligram  
I might as well because imam end up being a villain again

levels to this shit  
I got an elevator  
you could never say to me I'm not a fuckin record breaker  
I sound like a brekne record revery time I break a record  
nobody could ever take away the legacy  
I made a navigator  
a motherfucker never got a right to be ths way  
I got spite inside my DNA  
but I work till the wheels fall off  
I'm working tirelessly, aye

it's a moment y'all been waiting for  
like California wishin' rain would pour  
and that drought y'all have been prayin' for  
my downfall from the 8 Mile oto the Southpaw  
still the same marshal that outlow  
that they say is a writer might've fell off  
but back on that bull like the cowboys

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