

# Eminem, We All Die One Day

Eminem:

S-S-Shady Records, you better believe the HYPE is real...

'Yeah! Yeah! Shots to Soul Assassins! DJ MUGZ... Alchemist...

Chorus:

Niggas know what i'm about out here  
I don't toot my own horn cuz i don't have to  
You can run your own mouth, i don't care  
If you get too close i'm gon' clap you  
it's too real out here, to be scared  
A real nigga gon' do whatever he has to  
A man is the last thing you should fear  
it aint considered a crim unless they catch you  
We all die 1 day...

Obie Trice:

Niggas, when i step up in the bar, faggots's wanna look  
Like you muthafuckas got Obie Trice shook  
Like i'ma stand here as a man  
and let some queer-ass funny lookin nigga get the upper hand  
I got issues... got no time  
Got guns than more niggas moms  
Shoot up clubs and destroy niggas rides  
Everybody runnin' for they muthafuckin lives  
Tough Club niggas? we leave early  
Cock back shirley, open up ya fade  
your gray brain needs motor city paid  
Your nervous system still twitch on days; these  
ho's and animals ?'s get merked  
don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt  
don't ever let a nigga tell you 'play the ball hard'  
Trust in God cuz you's about to have a bullet scar  
I give a fuck where you from, who you be with  
Keep this a secret, right by the nuts  
a .45 that'll lite niggas up  
and this .45 high make me not give a fuck

Chorus:

Lloyd Banks:

But as long as i'm here i'm gon' grab checks  
And make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks  
Poverty'll make ya ass bet  
My words touch niggas in jail, make them wanna finish they last bet  
They say you live by the gun, you die by the next nigga gun  
if thats the case, then get a bigger one  
You dont think i pack the 'bump' cuz i'm out the hood  
that's a stereotype, like everybody that's black can jump  
i'm in a white mink, the fabric is done  
got rings like Mike, Bird, Magic and them  
I'm out in dallas in a palace where the Mavericks is from  
Living lavish i'm established 'til the cabbage'll come  
I'm in the clouds, you don't see me on a train  
I travel first class, you aint ever got a TV on your plane  
ssh, be easy on my name  
cuz i aint goin bank n forth  
your boss and ya captains's soft

Chorus:

Eminem:

We gon' bring it to anybody who want it  
you want it? you gon' get it  
Man when we gon' hit 'em  
chew 'em up and spit 'em out  
&lt;spit> too much venom  
and if you roll wit em  
we gon' fuck you up wit 'em  
i got too much momentum  
movin in my direction to lose  
my shoes'll explode as soon as you go to step in 'em \*BOOM!\*

You know how we do it when we do how we do it  
and we come through, g-unit d one two (D12) and Obie we all move  
like assassins, ski masks and gloves  
consider this as a warning, disaster comes  
faster than you can react to it, just ask Marx  
we are fizzast, fuck your little bitch as up  
We are not killas, my vato will have you shot though  
drag the little body on fuck like kim osario's  
little sorry-o ass, go ask B-Real  
We burn Source coovers like fuckin Cyrpress Hill  
then in the Ninties when you was in diapers still  
Shady Records, you better believe the hype is real  
This is no joke, i don't smoke, but i toke  
enough second hand to make my fuckin P.O. choke  
I'm an O.G. you're fuckin wit a G.I. Joe  
BIA BIA, MIA-MIA you livin la vida a loc?  
i'm a psyhco, mariah aint got shit on me  
when i retire i'll be spittin baby food on peep-  
le it at San Ceedrow Ranch huddled up next to a em with hello kitty on slippers on humpin her  
legs  
you ever had your cap peeled back? or your shit pushed in?  
I'll put my blade in you like a fuckin pin cushin  
slice your ear clear off, Schmirnoff and Hen dawg (hennessy)  
I'll show you how to fuckin kill a man like Sin-dog  
Nobody told you that i'm loco esse?  
I lack every sane chemical in my membrane  
I'm Slim Sha.. DY and it is for dees nuts  
and you can get each one for free so feast up  
i pee in a cup for 3 months, i'm having a E party  
for easter, please come

50 Cent:

We gon' bring it to anybody who want it  
you want it? you gon' get it  
your name up over him, chew him up  
and spit him out &lt;spit noise>  
too much venom  
and if you roll wit' him we gon' fuck you up wit' him  
you can do all them push ups to pump up ya chest  
i got a 12 gauge Marksberg to pump up ya chest  
have you gaspin for air after that shell hit ya vest  
fear me like you fear God cuz i bring death  
silver back gorilla in the concrete jungle  
i'm the strongest around, you know how i get down  
i watch gangsta flicks and root for the bad guy  
turn it off before it ends because the bad guy dies  
if you tryin' to buy guns from the nigga that look to  
so what they got bodies on 'em they still look new  
you can raise your voice like you finna touch somethin'  
when i raise my knife, shit i'm finna cut somethin'  
they say i walk like Ron O'neil and talk like obie (obie trice)  
if the bitch think i love her, well then the bitch don't know me  
haha, sorry KIM (eminem's ex wife)