

# Eminem, 8 Mile Road - Remix (Feat. 50 Cent And G-Unit)

[50 Cent]

Yeah..50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

G-UNIT!

[Lloyd Banks]

This rap shit plays a major part of my life  
So if you jeopardize it I got the right  
To send a mothafucka at you tonight  
G-Unit! And I ain't stoppin' to my clique poppin'  
Swimmin' in barrels of money  
Ma could walk around wit' a head up and challenge you dummy  
It's funny, niggas rather see you sufferin' and hungry  
I'm hungry as hell, skatin' with another nigga's money  
Take your hats off, you know you ain't that tough  
I'm callin' your bets off as soon as you act up  
You know what I came for, it isn't the game ball  
Artillary that's about as long as a chainsaw (Lloyd Banks!)  
By the way, this feels like I'm dreamin'  
Forty cal. under my pillow, condom feelin' my semen  
The physical presence of a female, form of a demon  
That's why, I fuck 'em and leave 'em  
Get my nut while I'm breathin'  
'Cause they thought they'd catch me slippin', now I'm duckin' and trippin'  
That's a thousand dollar outfit what the fuck is you rippin'?  
You trippin', more records could get my ass in position  
Death wish for no religion whether Catholic or Christian  
Listen, I went through my ambition in and out the kitchen  
With probable cause, it's probably sendin' out to prison  
You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours  
We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards

[Tony Yayo]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me ('Cause what?)

'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Niggas hate when you do good

But when you broke, your friends and your enemies

They love you, they love you

"Cheche, get the llello"

Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail

"Cheche, get the llello"

Picture me being crack (Tony Yayo!)

You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie

I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country

Wallstreet niggas, they cop me on the low

White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow

It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane

I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble

I'll make your money double

Cook me in baking soda

I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover

I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator

Feed your family, turn your man into a hater

Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox

Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks

If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards

Cop a hundred grams, you movin' forwards

You tryin' to move more birds

...In PA all day, on the corner of Third

[Chorus - Eminem]

I'm a man

I'ma make a new plan

Time for me to stand up and travel new land

Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands

Once I'm over these tracks man

I'ma never look back

(8 Mile Road)

And I'm gone  
I don't like where I'm goin  
Sorry mama I've grown  
I must travel alone  
Ain't no followin no footsteps  
I'm makin my own  
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road

[50 Cent]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me (what?)  
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto  
Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you  
The shells hit you, you screamin'  
Think I'm playin'? I mean it  
Man, I done bought all these pistols  
Lets get it poppin'

Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin' (C'mon)  
Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide  
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin' I'm stoppin'  
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless, you know my contestants  
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned  
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons  
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will parish

I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like "50 nice chain"  
Malasio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game  
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET  
Nigga you see me!

I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good  
or 'cause niggas feelin' me more than you in your own 'hood  
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love you back  
'cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a gat

You pussy

[Chorus - Eminem]

I'm a man  
I'm make a new plan  
Time for me to stand up and travel new land  
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands  
Once I'm over these tracks man  
I'm never look back  
(8 Mile Road)

And I'm gone  
I don't like where I'm goin  
Sorry mama I've grown  
I must travel alone  
Ain't no followin no footsteps  
I'm makin my own  
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road

[Eminem]

Ya gotta live it to feel it  
If you didn't you wouldn't get it  
We'll see what the big deal is  
Why it wasn't, it still is  
To be walkin this border line of Detroit city's limit  
It's different, it's a certain significant certificate of authenticity  
You'd never even see  
But it's everything to me  
It's my credibility  
You've never seen, heard, smell, or met an MC  
Who's incredible and on the same pedestool as me  
But check  
Still unsigned  
Havin a rough time  
Sit on the porch with all my friend's who kick dumb rhymes  
Go to work  
And servin MC's in the lunch line  
But when it come's crunch time

Where do my punch lines go?  
Who must I show?  
To bust my flow?  
Where must I go?  
Who must I know?  
Or am I just another crab in the bucket  
Cuz I ain't havin no luck with this little rabbit so fuck it  
Maybe I need a new outfit  
I'm startin to doubt shit  
I'm feelin a little scepticle  
Of who I hang out with  
I look like a bum  
Yo my clothes ain't about shit  
At the Salvation Army  
Tryin to salvage and outfit  
And it's cold  
Tryin to travel this road  
Plus I feel like I'm only stuck in this battlin mode  
My defenses are so up  
And one thing I don't want  
Is pity from no one  
The city is no fun  
There is no sun  
And it's so dark  
Sometimes I feel like I'm just being pulled apart  
Being torn in my limbs  
By each one of my friends  
Enough to just make me wanna jump outta my skin  
Sometimes I feel like a robot  
Sometimes I just know not what I'm doin  
I just blow  
My head is a stove top  
I just explode  
The kettle gets so hot  
Sometimes my mouth just overloads the acid I don't got  
But I've learned  
It's time for me to U-Turn  
Yo it only takes one time for me to get burnt  
Ain't no fallin  
No next time  
Imeet a new girl  
I can no longer play stupid  
Or be immature  
I've got every ingredient  
All I need is the courage  
Like I already got to beat  
All I need is the words  
Got the urge  
Suddenly its a search  
Suddenly a new verse of energy has occured  
Time to show these free world leaders  
Three in the third  
I am no longer scared now  
I'm free as a bird  
And I turn and cross over  
The median curb  
Hit the burbs and all you see is a blur on 8 mile road  
[Chorus - Eminem]  
I'm a man  
I'ma make a new plan  
Time for me to stand up and travel new land  
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands  
Once I'm over these tracks man  
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[50 Cent] G-Unit!