

# Eminem, Fuel

Smoking trees, I'm ridin' 'round  
Come to my side of town  
Lately, it's been goin', goin', goin', goin', goin' down (Look, uh, look)

All of my niggas gon' ride with it  
In the pocket, the rocket like Kelly mom  
Mama told me the power was in the tongue  
But it probably ain't powerful as a gun  
All of you little cowards get devoured, I'm givin' out flowers to anyone  
I ain't been out the house in a minute 'cause I ain't wit' it if the money is miniature  
I been mindin' my business, I'm business-mindin'  
I been spendin' some time with the minister  
'Cause them niggas spinnin' shit and still sinnin' in the City of God and it's sinister  
Try to pray and repent in a synagogue or a mosque, a temple, a church  
Them brown skin's seen many niggas hurtin'  
And murder's a common courtesy, for certainly  
R.I.P. D on the shirt, search, lurk, murk, squirt, durk, first (Forty-eight)  
My nigga doin' four plus eight without a court date  
Talked the other day, he say he doin' okay  
He good, he gainin' weight, then got a sharp shank  
He made, he say they played, they gotta partake  
Homie got a heart full of hate and a face full of war paint  
Eyes all red, full of rage and it's hard to escape from a dark place  
East side niggas from the A, niggas all ages  
Tryna sell a pound of the dog cage  
All the OGs 'round town was our age  
Danger, sex, and drugs, X and R rated  
Danger, sex, and drugs, shit be outrageous  
But don't get this shit fucked up, my boy  
Ya lucked up once then ya doubled up  
I dribble and pass it to the cup and triple-double it  
Get to the basket, get the cash and cuddle up  
Cover up, bundle up, batter up (Batter up)  
Um, talk a lot of smack and now go back it up  
Shawty wanna shag, wanna shack it up  
I can put a pussy on the platter like a platypus  
Nappy hair, nigga, hair natted up  
I said, "Barbara," nigga tatted up  
I won't argue, nigga mad as fuck  
'Cause I ain't compatible, I'm finna catapult  
But niggas know it's goin'  
Down, down, down, down, do-do-do-

If I run out of fuel  
I won't, what the fuck y'all gon' do  
If I don't run out of fuel?  
Down, down, down, down, do-do-do- (Run out of fuel)  
That scares the fuck out of you

For a couple decades (Brrt)  
Been lettin' this TEC spray (Brrt)  
From that day that I met Dre (Brrt)  
So you liable to catch strays (Brrt)  
From the second you press play (What?)  
I suggest they (What?)  
Do not test like an essay (Why?)  
'Cause like when my homies out west, ayy (Yeah)  
We can just say (What?)  
I'm like a R-A-P-E-R (Yeah)  
Got so many S-As (S-As), S-As (Huh)  
Wait, he didn't just spell the word, "Rapper" and leave out a P, did he? (Yep)  
R.I.P., rest in peace, Biggie  
And Pac, both of y'all should be living (Yep)  
But I ain't tryna beef with him (Nope)

'Cause he might put a hit on me like Keefe D did him  
And that's the only way you're gonna be killing me (Nah)  
Ain't gonna be on no beat, silly (Yeah)  
I beat the beat silly, on the grind like teeth gritting  
Call me, "Obesity" (Why?)  
You think it's over? Wait, it's just beginning  
Diss me and it ain't gonna be pretty (Nah)  
Used to be yea tall then I grew a little each day 'til I became God  
Like James Todd, now your arms are too short to beat K-Rod  
Indeed, they small like DJ Paul (Woo)  
My new Benz better than your truck by far  
Bitch, suck my balls  
You either smoke crack and you're playin' stick ball in the street  
'Cause you must be on base if you thinkin' you can touch my car (Yeah)  
But if the whole world was out to get you (What?)  
It'd turn you to a powder keg too  
Kyle Rittenhouse, spittin' rounds, the TEC shoots (Look out, like, "Brrt")  
And that ain't no sound effect (Woo)  
Neither was that, SIG Sauer let's loose  
I don't condone gun violence at schools (Nah)  
But I can't get these voices out my head (Hey, let's go, one, two)  
They're putting words in my mouth like alphabet soup  
Got the most content on the continent  
And constant compliments give me confidence (I'ma)  
Across the common sense and incompetence (Uh)  
Incognizant, the conflict's are consequence  
Of accomplishments that conference through competitish  
If conquered done conked him into unconsciousness  
Through conscious, I conjure that  
King Kong had just called me, "Kamikaze," I'm gun cocked to this (Woo, my bad)  
Nobodies sixteen's are touching  
These motherfuckin' index fingers fuckin' the nina  
Clutchin' the nine millimeter, tuckin' the heat  
Got the toaster like an English muffin  
No, I mean, "Toast to" like you drink to somethin'  
But it's in a holster, I proceed to bust it  
Fuck around and get popped like Halyna Hutchins  
Like I'm Alec Baldwin, what I mean is buckin' you down, coup de grâce then  
Right between the fuckin'  
I shoot 'em all in if you think you're fuckin' with me  
You're gonna suffer the fuckin' repercussions  
The reaper's comin' to heathen and I need it from me  
I keep replenishing fuel while the beat I'm punishin'

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