

# Eminem, Like Toy Soldiers

Step by step... heart to heart... left right left  
We all fall down

## CHORUS

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left  
We all fall down, like toy soldiers  
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win  
But the battle wages on, for toy soldiers

I'm supposed to be the soldier who never blows his composure  
Even though I hold the weight of the whole world on my shoulders  
I ain't never supposed to show it, my crew ain't supposed to know it  
But if it means going toe to toe with the Benzino, it don't matter  
I'd never drag 'em in battles that I can handle 'less I absolutely have to  
I'm supposed to set an example, I need to be the leader  
My crew looks for me to guide 'em  
If some shit ever just pop off I'm suppose to be beside 'em  
Now Ja said I tried to squash it, it was too late to stop it  
There's a certain line you just don't cross and he crossed it  
I heard him say Hailie's name on a song and I just lost it  
It was crazy, this shit be way beyond some Jay-Z and Nas shit  
And even though the battle was won, I feel like we lost it  
I spent too much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted  
And I'm so caught in it I almost feel I'm the one who caused it  
This ain't what I'm in hip hop for, it's not why I got in it  
That was never my object for someone to get killed  
Why would I wanna destroy something I help build  
It wasn't my intentions, my intentions were good  
I went through my whole career without ever mentionin' [Suge]  
Now it's just out of respect, for not runnin' my mouth  
And talkin' about something that I knew nothing about  
Plus Dre told me stay out, this just wasn't my beef  
So I did, I just fell back, watched and gritted my teeth  
While he's all over TV, down talkin' a man who literally saved my life  
Like "fuck it I understand" this is business  
And this shit just isn't none of my business  
But still knowin' this shit could pop off at any minute 'cause...

## Chorus

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left  
We all fall down, like toy soldiers  
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win  
But the battle wages on, for toy soldiers

There used to be a time when, you could just say a rhyme  
And wouldn't have to worry about one of your people dyin'  
But now it's elevated 'cause once you put someone's kids in it  
The shit gets escalated, it ain't just words no more is it?  
It's a different ball game, callin' names and you ain't just rappin'  
We actually tried to stop 50 and Ja beef from happenin'  
Me and Dre had sat with him, kicked it and had a chat with him  
And asked him not to start it he wasn't gonna go after him  
Until Ja started yappin' in magazines how we stabbed him  
Fuck it 50 smash 'em, mash 'em and let him have it  
Meanwhile my attention is pullin' in other directions  
Some receptionist at The Source who answers phones at his desk  
has an erection for me and thinks that I'll be his resurrection  
Tries to blow the dust off his mic and make a new record  
But now he's fucked the game up 'cause one of the ways I came up  
Was through that publication the same one that made me famous  
Now the owner of it has got a grudge against me for nothin'  
Well fuck it, that motherfucker could get it too, fuck him then  
But I'm so busy being pissed off I don't stop to think  
That we just inherited 50's beef with Murder Inc.

And he's inherited mine which is fine ain't like either of us mind  
We still have soldiers that's on the front line  
That's willing to die for us, as soon as we give the orders  
Never to extort us, strictly to show they support us  
We'll maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus  
To show them we love 'em back and let 'em know how important it is  
to have Runyon Avenue soldiers up in our corners  
Their loyalty to us is worth more than any award is  
But I ain't tryna have none of my people hurt and murdered, it ain't worth it  
I can't think of a perfecter way to work it  
Then to just say that I love y'all too much to see the verdict  
I'll walk away from it all 'fore I let it go any further  
But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coppin'  
I'm just willin' to be the bigger man  
If y'all can quit poppin' off at your jaws with the knockin'  
'cause frankly I'm sick of talkin'  
I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin rest on my conscience 'cause...

#### Chorus

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left  
We all fall down, like toy soldiers  
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win  
But the battle wages on, for toy soldiers