

# Eminem, We

:::EMINEM:::

Nothing can stop and nothing can change  
and you better just make new livin' arrangements  
if you think, you the top and king of the castle  
you about to be thrown off the throne and ripped a new asshole  
all I hear is I'm the best at this and I'm best at that  
but I don't hear my name, no not brought up in rap  
and I don't usually trip or damn get caught up in that  
but when they say one of the best, I'm nowhere thought up as that  
not even the same league as Jay-Z, Nas, Pac, Biggie or maybe  
the name me somewhere down at the bottom, right after AZ  
or say he ripped that Biggie verse, or that Jay-Z  
yo his verses were crazy, on that Renegade beat  
but I ain't never bought no whole CD of shady  
and all I hear is pop tunes come on the Radi-O  
and they play em 20 times in a row daily  
and they very well maybe  
the same reason they don't say me  
when they speak on hip-hop legends which is amaze me  
cause I thought the formula was to hit mainstream  
and make it big ba big big bay ba baby

:::OBIE TRICE:::

So maybe the eighties made me crazy  
I've been tryin to get my weight up since the ace Slim Shady  
gave me the gate key, paved the way  
so lately, my stakes get better each day  
replay my relay race, when I was chasin the afee at eighteen  
eight years later his voice in Beijing  
no choice I chase cream, so

:::EMINEM::: SHAAADDYYYY, (STAT QUO!) we're back!

:::STAT QUO:::

This is what I eat, sleep and breath and feed my kids  
would it fulfill all my family needs (c'mon)  
I treat the mic like the block  
f\*\*k with my rocks, and squeeze  
critics expecting me to underachieve  
I just deal with the hate I receive  
by rolling back my sleeves  
sure was a breeze, I bring him right to his knees  
and tell him "suck my dick"  
I take a bow and leave  
with a sack full of unmarked cheese  
I find it hard to believe  
who to pull or proceed  
to be G's and claim they runnin shit  
nigga I run me  
as a kid, teacher said I had a mouth on me  
the same mouth got me the deal with Dre and E  
folk in the hood be askin, where I be  
dogg, I'm out in Hawaii  
don't like it? drink my pee  
record song for the Detox LP  
feet don't fail he

niggas got me bent like Cranberry and Belvee  
I'ma die wealthy  
boss in the game, what the f\*\*k they gon tell me?  
A towns auntre, Aftermath, Shaady!

:::EMINEM::: SHAAADDYYYY, (BOBBY CREEK!) we're back!

::::BOBBY CREEKWATER::::

Y'all market y'all block, they sent me to corner that  
rap game's an old flame, my nigga I want 'em back  
like mic check,  
pimp for what it's worth I got the right net  
sittin' here excited by some shit that aint right yet  
no regret, live by a code you don't know bout  
y'all niggas won't be certified till I show I  
go out on a limb with Em cause I'm wid him  
put a barrel to the apparel of you and some of them  
stand a chance, at the dance, without a Bow tie  
Shady Records re-introduce you niggas to Mow-ti  
so high, of the light that they have given me  
and the haters like a shofurr because it's driven me  
to a view with a vendetta I am the apitomee  
I don't give a f\*\*k about ya nigga I'm just livin me  
We the reason for the season so I'm breezin through the track  
nigga

:::EMINEM::: SHAAADDYYY, (CASHIS!)

::::CASHIS::::

I can prove I'm here to do something you never do  
from hand to hand coke sales, from my revenue  
I aint been toa function, where I ain't snuck a weapon through  
cause my background reveals a one eight seven too  
to the block, I'm the truth  
to the cops, I'm the proof of this  
and niggas still out there, you just gotta shoot  
I carry over my street ethics, to the booth  
and the shady crime fam, Al Capone in his youth  
the difference between me and you, I already done it  
and lived the street life, niggas run away from if  
you follow my life, in a midwest blunted  
Pitchforks held high, four fifth by the stomach  
you can find me right now, on the C.A. streets  
I'm on the roof, of the building, shooting at police  
some of the homies feel opposition can't kill me  
I'm a walking obituary, death live in me  
I take life through the pen, by the way I'ma see  
or have you raped in the pen, like American meat  
I'm connected gettin weight from MS 13  
with S.K's, A.R's and Mini fourteens  
I'm Cashis, the last of the real, with a strap  
on Pro-sac, D's and E-Pills, it's a rap  
get the block on tip, two for tens of crack  
I'm in a lifetime contract, Shady's back  
nigga