

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::: SHAAADDYYYY, (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