

50 Cent "Luv Me"

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[Obie Trice]

Ya'll don't see me in the hood
It's 'cause I'm doing this man

[Obie Trice]

Niggas I'm still grinding (yea)
I'm still hearing those sirens (whoa whoa)
I'm still getting chased by those lights
Only the lights lime and my mic's on (unh)
And my time is none
Because I'm writing more
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business
I'm here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this (fo' sho)
And I can't let ya'll derail me man
I got young Kobe homie, you gotta let go of Obie
'Cause Obie be back (We ain't going nowhere man)
We get them craps going on and that "Yac" going on
Soon as a nigga touch down, back from touring
It's whatever (whatever), put that on the cheddah man
But in the meantime it's Jimmy lovine time (fo' sho)
Chase cheese rhyme till my voice give out (fo' sho)
This is it my niggas, this what we boast about
Now I'm here, so shut your motherfucking mouth
And show me love bitch

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
[Obie Trice In Background] I don't love you bitch, ha,
haha, right
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night
[Obie Trice In Background] We wanna love alcohol,
we wanna love guns, we wanna love money,
we don't wanna love no bitches though
I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night

[Eminem]

There's a certain mystique, when I speak
That you notice that's sort of unique, 'cause you know
it's me

My poetry's deep and I'm stillmatic, the way I flow to
this beat
You can't sit still, its like trying to smoke crack and go
to sleep
I'm strapped, it's known any minute I could snap
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush
rapped
I bully these rappers so bad, lyrically
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry, it ain't even
money
You can't pay me enough, for you to play me, it's
cockamamie
You just ain't zany enough, to rock with Shady
My noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clock's coo-coo
I got screws loose, yeah the whole kit-n-kaboodle
I'm just brutal, its no rumor, I'm numero uno
Assume it, there's no humor in it no more
You know, I'm rolling with a swollen bowling ball in my
bag
You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
You better love me. . . bitch

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night
[Obie Trice In Background] And all the bitches say
I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night

[50 Cent]

My boys is crazy in the hood, they holla my name
If it ain't about the flow it's about the stones and the
chain (yea)
If I was you, I'd love men too, I roll like a boss
911 Porsche same color as cranberry sauce (whoo!)
I ain't gonna front, I thought R. Kelly was the shit (uh
huh)
Let me find out he fucking 'round with Bow Wow bitch
Niggas eating popcorn right, rewinding the tape
Now shorty' momma in the precinct hollering rape
I'm convinced man, something really wrong with these
hoes
I thought Lil' Kim was hot, till she start fucking with her
nose (goddamn!)
Used to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet
Then the bitch put out a CD, it didn't have no beats (uh
huh)
That boy D'Angelo, he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell

My back shots to help Ashanti hit them high notes
And Big Ben taught Charli B'more to deep throat
Yea!

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
[50 Cent In Background] I love the burners, the money,
the bunnies,
I just wanna hold ya, hahaha
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night
I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
[50 Cent In Background] I just wanna love ya
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the
night
[50 Cent] Yea!

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