

## 50 Cent "Patiently Waiting"

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**(feat. Eminem)**

*[50 Cent talking]*

Ay Em you know my favorite white boy right...  
I.. I owe you for this one

*[Chorus]*

I've been patiently waiting  
For a track to explode on (yea)  
You can stun if you want  
And yo ass'll get rolled on (It's 50)  
It feels like my flows  
Been hot for so long (yea)  
If you thinking I'ma fucking  
Fall off your so wrong

*[50 Cent]*

I'm innocent in my head  
Like a baby born dead  
Destination heaven  
Sitting political passengers from 9-11 (yea)  
The Lords blessing left me lyrically incline (uh huh)  
Shit I ain't even got to try to shine  
God's a seamstress who tailorfitted my pain  
I got scriptures in my brain  
I can spit at your thang  
Straight out the good book  
Look niggaz is shook  
50 fear no man warrior  
Swing swords like Conan  
Picture me pen in hand  
Write lines knowin' THE SOURCE will quote it  
When I die they'll read this  
And say a genius wrote it  
I grew up without my Pops  
Should that make me bitter  
I caught cases and got out  
Does that make me a quitter  
In this white mans world  
I'm similar to a squirrel  
Looking for a slut  
Wit a nice butt to get a nut

If I get shot today my phone  
Will stop ringing again  
These industry niggaz ain't friends  
They know how to pretend

*[Chorus (2x)]*

I've been patiently waiting  
For a track to explode on (yea)  
You can stun if you want  
And yo ass'll get rolled on (It's 50)  
It feels like my flows  
Been hot for so long (yea)  
If you thinking I'ma fucking  
Fall off your so wrong  
(It's 50!!)

*[Eminem]*

You've been patiently waiting  
To make it through all the hate  
Debating whether or not  
You can even weather the storm  
As you lay on the table  
They operating to save you  
It's like a Angel came to you  
Sent from the heavens above  
They think they crazy  
But they ain't crazy lets face it  
Shit basically they just playing sick  
They ain't shit they ain't saying shit  
Spray umh 50 *[gun shots]*  
A to K get in the way  
I bring Dre and them wit me  
And turn this day into fucking mayhem  
You staying wit me  
Don't let me lose you  
I'm not trying to confuse you  
When I let lose wit this uzi  
And just shoot through your Izuzu  
You get the message  
Am I getting through to you  
You know it's coming  
You motherfuckers don't even know do you  
Take some BIG and some PAC

And you mix them up in a pot  
Sprinkle a lil "BIG L" on top  
What the fuck do you got?  
You got the realest and illest killers  
Tied up in a knot  
The Juggernauts of this rap shit

Like it or not it's like a fight to the top  
Just to see who die for the spot  
You put your life in this  
Nothing like surviving a shot  
Y'all know what time it is  
Soon as 50 signs on this dot  
Shit what you know about death threats  
Cause I get a lot  
Shady Records was 80 seconds  
Away from the towers  
Some cowards fucked with the wrong building  
They meant to hit ours  
Better evacuate all children  
Nuclear showers theres nothing spookier  
Your now about to witness the power of fuckin' 50!

*[Chorus]*

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For a track to explode on (yea)  
You can stun if you want  
And yo ass'll get rolled on (It's 50)  
It feels like my flows  
Been hot for so long (yea)  
If you thinking I'ma fucking  
Fall off your so wrong  
(It's 50!!)  
It's the Gun Squad here  
And you hear the shots go off  
(It's 50, They say It's 50)  
You see a nigga laid out  
Wit his fucking top blown off  
(It's 50, Man that wasn't 50)  
They don't holla my name

*[50 Cent]*

You shouldn't throw stones  
If you live in a glass house  
And if you got a glass jaw  
You should watch your mouth  
Cause I'll break your face  
Have you ass running  
Mumblin' to the J  
Your going against me dogg  
You making a mistake  
I split yo lip  
You looking like them  
Michael Jackson Jackets  
Wit all them zippers  
I'm the boss on this boat  
You can call me Skipper  
The way I turn the money over

You should call me Flipper  
Your Bitch a regular Bitch  
Your calling her Wifey  
I fucked her feed her fast food  
You keepin' her Icey  
I'm down to sell records  
But not my soul  
Snoop said this in '94  
"We don't love them ho's"  
I got pennies for my thoughts  
Now I'm rich  
See the 20's spinnin'  
Looking mean on the 6  
Nigga's wearing flags  
Cause the colors match they clothes  
The get caught in the wrong hood  
And filled up with holes  
Motherfucka'

*[Chorus (2x)]*

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For a track to explode on (yea)  
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If you thinking I'ma fucking  
Fall off your so wrong  
(It's 50!!)

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