

50 Cent Feat. Eminem "Patiently Waiting"

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Hey 'em, you know you my favorite white boy, right?
I, I owe you for this one

I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on,
yeah
You can stunt if you want and ya ass'll get rolled on, it's
fifty
If it feels like my flow has been hot for so long, yeah
If you thinking I'm a fucking fall off ya so wrong, it's
fifty

I'm innocent in my head, like a baby born dead
Destination heaven sitting politic passengers from nine
eleven
The Lord's blessings leave me lyrically inclined
Shit I ain't even got to try to shine

God's the seamstress that tailor fitted my pain
I got scriptures in my brain I could spit at yo dame
Straight out the good book, look, niggas is shook
Fifty fear no man, warrior, swinging swords like Conan

Picture me, pen in hand writing lines knowing the
source'll 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 I copped out, does that make me a
quitter?

In this white man's 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'll stop ringing again
These industry niggas ain't friends, they know how to
pretend

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If ya patiently waiting to make it through all the hating
Debating whether or not you can even weather the
storm
Unless you lay on the table they operating to save you
It's like an angel came to you sent from the heavens
above

They think they crazy but they ain't crazy, let's face it
Shit basically they just playing sick
They ain't shit, they ain't saying shit, spray 'em fifty
A to the K get in the way I'll bring Dre and them with me
And turn this day into fucking mayhem, you staying
with me?

Don't let me lose you, I'm not tryna confuse you
When I let loose wit this uzi and just shoot through your
Isuzu
You get the message? Am I getting through to you?
You know what's coming, you motherfuckers don't
even know, do you?

Take some Big and some Pac and you mix 'em up in a
pot
Sprinkle a little Big L on top, what the fuck do you got?
You got the realest and illest killas 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'd die for the
spot
You put ya life in this, nothing like surviving a shot
Y'all know what time it is, soon as fifty signs on this dot
Shit what you know about death threats, 'cause I get a
lot

Shady Records was eighty seconds away from the
towers
Them cowards fucked with the wrong building, they
meant to hit ours
Better evacuate all children, it's nuclear showers
There's nothing spookier
Ya now about to witness the power of fucking fifty

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If the gun spark I'll hear all of the shots go off
It's fifty, they say it's fifty
See a nigga layed out with his fucking top blown off
It's fifty, man that wasn't fifty don't holla my name

You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house
And if you got a glass jaw you should watch yo mouth
'Cause I'll break yo face
Have yo ass running, mumbling to the Jake

You going against me dog, you making a mistake, I'll
split ya
Leave ya looking like the Michael Jackson jackets with
all 'em 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

Yo bitch a regular bitch, you calling her wifey
I fucked and feed her fast food, you keeping her icy
I'm down to sell records but not my soul
Snoop said this in ninety four, "We don't love
them hoes"

I got pennies for my thoughts now I'm rich
See the twenties spinning looking mean on the six
Niggas wearing flags 'cause the colors match they
clothes
They get caught in the wrong hood
They get filled up with holes motherfucker

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