

## Stat Quo f/ Eminem

### "By My Side"

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[Intro: Eminem]

OHH! Stat Quo! Here we go!

C'mon, c'mon! You ready? (heh)

Let's do it man (uh uh uh uh-uhh)

Shady Aftermath

{Sound, without Focus, is just noise}

[Stat Quo] + (Eminem)

Yeah (where you get that thang man) {By my side}

When you do somethin to somebody umm {By my side}

It ain't just you it's somebody next to you {By my side}

Youknow'mtalkinbout and I got my shit right here with me {By my side}

(There isn't everywhere you go that it's) {By my side}

(Okay) So being that that's the case {By my side}

Let me tell you about {By my side}

That place, heh, take you by my side {By my side}

[Stat Quo]

The way I grewed up, sho' nuff, chips on my shoulder

Knew about that cola when I was in a stroller

But came ahold of choppin them boulders gettin older

Wantin a Rover, ducked in them rows meetin quotas

Shorty bipolar, load her by cock I tried to told ya

When movin the wrong direction ain't no flesh and then it's over

You on that doja, G.I. Joe shit but you ain't a soldier

Chopper or fold ya, you not cobra commander, you bozo

I'm the composer, writer of murder, the odor

leakin out of your body, temperature is gettin colder

But you sweatin and dizzy like a person who ain't sober

Realizin your life is comin quickly to a closure

Losin composure, out of breath like you underwater

Twenty seconds in the game, and it's the fourth quarter

Primetime, "Dateline" are the best exposure

Now you're still, on the news and everybody knows ya

Yeahhhh, YEA!

[Chorus]

By, my, side

To all the niggaz tryin to get me it's - by my side  
I'm takin some of y'all with me it's - by my side  
I'm makin sure they won't forget me it's - by my side  
To all the niggaz tryin to get me it's - by my side  
I'm takin some of y'all with me it's - by my side  
I'm makin sure they don't forget me it's - by my side  
Ye-yeah ye-yeah ye-yeahhhh; by my side (ooh)

[Stat Quo]

Go now boy, get your vest, protect yo' neck, kill for fun  
Watch how they run and scatter when I go and pull out  
my gun (gun)  
Call me ignorant and young, psycho sicko negro  
They know that I just fuck and be gone (gone)  
Drivin crazy halfway dumb  
Don't stop even when the law come, believe every word  
out my lungs  
I'm losin it, snappin huh, this ain't just no rappin uh  
Back all the way back when you see that strap cause it  
go dada-da-da  
Are you ready to die tell me why you choose to tell me  
in my  
face, have your body dry, pack that fire, look in my eye  
Have your spirit below me or floatin in the fuckin sky  
All black is my attire, lookin like a umpire  
Toss you in the trash like a bullshit, out fly  
Yeah yeah ye-yeah ye-yeahhhh, YEA!

[Chorus]

[Stat Quo]

The murder capital mo' mayhem, yes it's thriller  
Put four in your head, have you floatin off in a river  
It's cold, you shook, we crooks, your body'll quiver  
These rappers so tough but really they softer than  
pillows  
Or chinchilla or Twinkie filler, hone of a realer  
They turn to serial assassins for some scrilla  
Now me could see I mean him, yes this nigga  
Stays true to what I do cause I keeps it realer  
Be for real, have you ever ever pulled a trigger?  
It's serious business shorty, nothin is more iller  
No discrimination, you could be chocolate or vanilla  
And find yourself in the presence of a fuckin killer  
Oh, oh, oh, oh yeahhhh, YEA!

[Chorus]

By my side, by my side {\*blam\*}

[Eminem]

It's "The Re-Up" {\*echoes\*}

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