

8 Mile "Love Me"

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[Obie Trice]

You don't see me in the hood
It's cuz I'm doin this man

[Obie Trice]

Niggaz I'm still grindin'
I'm still hearin' those sirens
I'm still getting chased by those lights
Only the lights lime, and my mics on
And my time is none
Because I'm writing more
And I aint here to meet a soul in this business
I'm here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this
And I can't let y'all derail me man
I got young Kobe hommie, you gotta let go of Obie
Cuz Obie be back, we get them craps going on and that
giach going on
Soon as a nigga touch down backs from tourin
Cuz whatever put that on the cheddar man
But in the meantime its Jimmy Ivean time
Chase cheese rhyme till my voice give out
This is it my nigga's, this what we boast about
Now I'm here, so shut your muthafuckin mouth
And show me love 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
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 sorta unique, cause you know
its me
My poetries 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, just know in any minute I could snap

Iâ€™m the equivalent of what would happen if bush
rapped
I bully these rappers so bad, lyrically
It aint even funny, I aint even hungry, it aint even
money
You canâ€™t pay me enough, for you to play me, its cock-
a-mamy
You just aint zannee enough, to rock with shady
My noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clockâ€™s coo-coo
I got screws loose, yeah the whole kit'n kaboodle
Iâ€™m just brutal, its no rumor, Iâ€™m numero uno
Assume it, thereâ€™s no humor in it
No more you know, Iâ€™m rollin with a swollen bowlinâ€™
ball in my bag
Youâ€™ll need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my
ass
You better love meâ€™... bitch

[Chorus]

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[50 Cent]

My boys is crazy in the hood, they holler my name
If it aint about the flow itâ€™s about the stones and the
chain
If I was you, id love me too, I roll like a boss
911 porsh same color as cranberry sauce
I aint gonna front, I thought R. Kelly was your shit
Let me find out he fuckin round with Bow Wow bitch
Niggaz eatin popcorn right, rewindin the tape
Now Shorty, Momma in the precenct, hollerin rape
Iâ€™m convinced man, sumtin really wrong with these
hoes
I thought Lilâ€™ Kim was hot, till she start fuckin with her
nose
Used to listen to Lauren hill, and tap my feet
Then the bitch put out a CD, didnâ€™t have no beat
That boy Dâ€™Angelo, he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell
My back shots help Ashanti hit them high notes
Then Big Ben taught Charli Bâ€™more to deep throat
Yeaâ€™...

[Chorus]

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