

8 Mile "U Wanna Be Me"

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Uhh, oh baby, baby, baby, keep it thug
And keep yo' heat, na nah nah nah nah

Now slowly, thinkin' of all the things that oppose me
I think of kings who died and rappers out to dethrone
me
For they crown they head is cut off, bodies is laid
Dead in the street, it's so fuckin' pitiful

First they love you, could be the bitch that even live with
you, hoe
Mad at your riches, now she switched, turned
miserable
'Cause she wanna dress like Bonnie, Robin and Crystal
do
But Crystal's single, Bonnie's broke and her niggaz too,
ha

I can do bad by myself; went from rags to wealth
From Jags to Bentleys to, plenty ass bitches
Can't keep they hands to theyself no more
I'm like, Hugh Hefner, you lesser, you just a

Wanna be me, you can't you faggot, you bitch
You coward, you clown, you just wanna be down
So you wanna be me, you bitch, you phony
You clone me, you wanna be son, I'm the one and only

But you wanna be me, you suckers, you weak
You flunkies, you fake, you couldn't come close on my
worst day
But you wanna be me, I burn you and learn you a
lesson
Concernin' this mic profession, turn your direction

You can't be me, not in your wildest fantasy
It's childish, should I have to resort to violence?
Pay me a half a million, I'll consult your album
And show you how to stay off my dick

That's the thing I hate the most, can't even call you a
man

When you gotta call out my name to get you some fans
No talent, you need direction, you a pussy with a yeast
infection
You unlucky, I'm your fuckin' C-section

Plus I'm the last real nigga alive
Toast glass, Ill Will, the label get high
Realize, how many classics I gave you
Perhaps if you think back you'll realize that I made you

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You can't be me, I'm tryin' to walk a straight line
Why they tryin' to take mine? I'm past 8 Miles of every
state line
Eating, alligators and hummingbird hearts
At the player's ball, Brianni suits, y'all birds watch

As real millionaire, shit'll take place
Evil as Hitler's hate-race people
This is God Son, and I've come
From the God under pure peace to represent the
streets

You'll see that my plan is not to destroy your man
But to bring more to mankind and teach
Every MC reach for your pens and papers
Lesson one be creative, what you made of junior?

'Cause soon you'll be a grown man with the mic in your
hand
And understand, to battle Nas not in your plan
I'm the last real nigga alive, understand that
And you my offspring, the boss sting

A bulletproof Porsche things, hard for you to
understand that
Nas the king, where my bricks, where my band at?
Play me a gangster's theme, while you entertain me
If I ain't cryin' laughin', to the lions, throw your ass in

What the fuck was you niggaz thinkin'?
Guns'll clutch if I get a inklin' that you comin' for the
kingpin
But I laugh at you cowards, ha ha ha
Take me out, try try try, but you

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