

8 Mile Soundtrack

"Love Me"

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You won't see me in the hood
It's 'cause I'm doing this, man

Niggas, I'm still grinding here
I'm still hearing those sirens
I'm still getting chased by those lights
Only the light's lime and my mic's on

And my time is none because I'm writing more
And I ain't 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, homie, you gotta let go of Obie
'Cause Obie be back
(Ain't goin' nowhere man)
We got them craps going on and that yak going on

Soon as a nigga touch down back from tourin'
It's whateva, put that on the chedda man
But in the meantime, it's Jimmy lovine time
Chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out

This is it my niggas, this what we boast about
Now I'm here so shut your motherfuckin' mouth
And show me love bitch

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
(I don't love you bitch)
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
(We wanna love alcohol, we wanna love guns
we wanna love money)
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night
(We don't wanna love bitches, though)

There's a certain mystique when I speak
That you notice that's sorta unique
'Cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep

And I'm still matic the way I flow to this beat

You can't sit still, it's like tryin' to smoke crack
And go to sleep, I'm strapped
Just knowing any minute I could snap
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush
rapped

I bully these rappers so bad lyrically
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry
It ain't even money, you can't pay me enough
For you to play me, it's cockamamie

You just ain't zany enough to rock with Shady
My noodle is cockadoodle, my clocks cuckoo
I got screws loose, yeah, the whole kit 'n' kaboodle
I'm just brutal

It's no rumor, I'm numero uno, assume it
There's no humor in it no more, you know
I'm rollin' with a swollen bowling ball in my bag
You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
You better love me, bitch

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night
And all the bitches say

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
Hold you through the night

My buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name
If it ain't about the flow
It's about the stones and the chain
If I was you, I'd love me too, I roll like a bus

9-11 Porsche same color as cranberry sauce
I ain't gonna front, I thought R-Kelly was tha shit
Then we find out he fucking round with bow wow bitch

Niggas eatin' popcorn, right, rewinding the tape
Now shorty momma in the precinct hollerin' rape
I'm convinced man something really wrong with these
hoes
I thought L'il Kim was hot then she start fucking with her
nose

Used to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet
Then the bitch put out a CD that didn't have no beats

That boy D'Angelo he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell
My back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes
And Big Ben taught Charlie B'More to Deep Throat

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
(I luv'a burnish the monies the bunnies I just wanna
hold you)
Hold you through the night

I just wanna love ya for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning
(I just wanna love you)
Hold you through the night

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