

Eminem

"Doe Rae Me"

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[Tupac Shakur]

Get on your knees nigga

Get on your knees and pray, haha

(*scratching*)

[Ja Rule from +Loose Change+]

Em you claim your mother's a crackhead and Kim is a known slut

So what's Hailie gonna be when she grows up

[Intro - Eminem - talking] + (Hailie) (*echo*)

A ha

Yeah

C'mon, G-G-G-G-UNIT!

Hailie (what?)

Come here baby

Bring daddy his Oscar (okay)

Where gonna shove up Ja Rule's ass (*laughing*)

[Verse 1 - Swifty McVay]

I'm about to get rid of some hoes, it's simple

I'm quick to Murder Inc. with lead and I ain't talkin about a pencil

Look at what the fuck you done got into

I see you found your niche you just a bitch with a menstrual

Claimin you a murderer and spelt it wrong

You put "E" before the "D" because that's all you on

You on Pac's dick (bitch), you a replica guy (*gunshots fired*)

If he was still alive, you would never get by (for real)

All you do is cry, bitch keep it real

Life is more than imitatin niggaz and eatin pills

And what kinda motherfucker ruins three deals

That another nigga got you, they didn't see skills

And I ain't playin, you a brother gettin cheated

And Ja Rule be prayin on his color cause he need it

(2Pac: Get on your knees and pray)

And all you niggaz hatin, shut your mouths

It's just the real niggaz ain't buyin that shit y'all put out

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

Doe Rae Me, but we don't sing motherfuckers
So Murder Inc. do your thing motherfuckers
You unleashed on a team
Who expects nothin less than R & B comin from that
regime
Regime, is a little extreme
That connect some soldiers, motherfuckin Marines
Ja sold his soul to sing
Weave our witness team on the TV screen
Chased the greed, now that you embraced the green
Don't fuck with them triple beams
You's a motherfuckin actor slash Pac impersonatin
rapper
Slash Billy Holiday, how it happen?
Artists and repertoire saw him in action
Pac assassination, Def Jam grabbed 'em
Told 'em reenact 'em, you go platinum
They seen it for sure, I know that Afeni Shakur don't
enjoy
Jeffrey Atkins reenactin her boy
So I'm click clackin the toy, mash and destroy (*gun
cocked and fired*)
Shady slash Aftermath in Detroit motherfucker
(*gunshots*)

[Chorus - Eminem] - w/ ad libs

Doe ray me, you fly so latte da, don't blame me
Cause you washed up, lost your spot
I'm a stay on my side of my crusade
Ja quit playin, knock it off you're not Tupac
Don't hate me cause you hot and your not goin at me
The only shot you got
Ja quit playin knock it off you're not Tupac
And get popped like all that shit you pop

C'MON!

[Verse 3 - Kuniva]

Now we can skip past the mean mugs, get to the slugs
'Til the grievance and the cryin and the intimate hugs
We don't take you serious nigga, you shook
You half of a halfway crook
Get off X's dick go sing a hook nigga
And you can't replace the late great one
And when you gone you only gon' be the late fake one

Nigga please, stick to the script
Before the guns stick to the clip
And Benzino you ain't shit but a bitch
Fuckin old ass ignorant innocent lookin senior citizen

Built up slap you like Grandmas all sensitive
Wait a minute hold on (what's up?)
Is it me or do we look like a banana with braids and
clothes on (*laughing*)
A bitch "Made Man", now how you gonna connect
With those short ass arms like a Tyrannosaurus Rex
You niggaz could scream holla and curse
Go ahead, respond and pull that pen and pad up outta
your purse

[Verse 4 - Proof]

Slim didn't send Proof to get into +Wankstas+
He told me to let loose and spit at the gangstas
What up Gotti and this little war you pushed on
Put your ear to the ground for stuckin your
Bridgestones
What's wrong? Didn't think we strong with real niggaz?
Roll like a boss in the streets they still feel us
It's real business, y'all ain't caught the concept (bitch)
When the talk get nonsense to walk in bomb threats
Contacts was blown by Benzetta in The Source
Threatin at the boss you gonna see me on your porch
Now Irv got the nerve to try to serve on us
But Detroit niggaz heard and they ain't scurred to bust

[Verse 5 - Kon Artis]

Yo, props to my nigga Bugz, punks like you get beat up
Stomped unconscious and smacked with the heater
This rap cookie monster get jabbed in the tonsils with
dicks
So much that he should be fixed with a vagina
Who's behind ya?
Cadillac Pac or the transvestite that dressed like a Lil'
Kim fox
Your chest like a little wooden box
When I press tight on the trigger of this glock
That's right all the little shit you got left to help you eat
Your not Pac's souls, without laws we'll help you sleep
You got shot in your video tryin to mock Pac
You Mockaveli, get your own idea (*gunshots fired*)

[Chorus]

[Eminem - talking over the Chorus]

Don't you never say my little girl's name in a song
again
Fuckin punk, pussy, bitch
I'll fuck you up boy
Never, never in your motherfuckin life
Smack the shit out you little motherfuckin midget
Hailie will whip your motherfuckin ass

[Outro - Obie Trice - talking]
Yeah, that's right motherfuckers
Shady Records, what you know about?
Fuck Benzino
Fuck Ja Rule, nigga
This is Obie Trice right here talkin to you motherfuckers
Ja Rule punk ass
Yeah, fuckin Soul 4 Real ass, nigga that's Soul 4 Real
That's the nigga from Soul 4 Real
Candy reign ass nigga
He got a deal now he rappin
He don't know what's ..
Faggot ass motherfuckers
Give money to all my real niggas man
Obie Trice, D-12, G-Unit
50 Cent, Hailie Jade (*echo*) (*laughing*)

[Hailie]
Daddy is Ja Rule taller than me?

[Eminem]
No honey you guys are the same size

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