

Eminem

"Get Money"

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[Intro]

Yeah, yeah, I get it

I run this rap shit, now guess who's back

You thought I left you, now why would I do that? (1, 2,
3)

[Verse]

They keep on sayin? the same rappers are the best
Jay-Z and Kanye West, maybe they're just tryna distract
it

From the fact that I'm comin? back

Or maybe it's cause I ain't black, maybe it's because of
that

Maybe it's because I'm the highest sellin? artist in rap
While I'm sittin? back in my office jackin? off to my
plaques

I'm still sick, how can I be sick this long

And I'm still alive, Magic Johnson arise

I thrive on makin? my opponents think that I've died

That's when I just pop up outta nowhere, oh yeah, there
we go there

Damn I forgot how much money he got

On the beach of Saint-Tropez, but your man don't lay

In the sun cause I don't tan, I burn, blood clot

When you gonna learn how much money we've earned

How does it feel to know I came in this game at 25

And coulda retired at 29 in my 20?s still

And Fif? here to lick on that Coca-Cola shit

And he ain't even gotta look at coke to even hold a
brick

No more, oh boy, goddamn did he score

To go from sellin? bags to bottles right out the store

And Shady hit the box office man, he knocked the
socks off us

My ex-wife is set for life, you profitless cocksuckers

So stay the fuck off us, we make pay

I'm just a super easy modest MC, okay?

Til I hear the word has been, that's when I start
spazzin?

Smart asses, kiss a smarter ass then

I'm the best thing that ever happened to rap, bastards

I'm a blonde Dre, now gimme Kanye's glasses!

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