

Eminem

"Luv Me"

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[Intro Obie Trice]

You dont see me in the hood
its because im doin this man

[Obie Trice]

Niggas im still grindin
im still hearin those sirens
im still gettin chased by those lights
only the lights lime, and my mics on
and my time is none, because im writing more
and i aint here to meet a soul in this business
im here to eat, speak until these ho's feel this
and i cant let ya'll derail me man
i got young coby homie, you gotta let go of obie
because obie be back(i dont know man)
we got them craps goin on, and that yack goin on
soon as a nigga touch down, back from tourin
its whatever, put that on the cheddar man
but in the mean time, its jimmy iovine time
chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out
this is it my niggaz, this what we boast about
now im here, so shut your mother fuckin mouth
and show me love bitch

Chorus X2

I just wanna love ya
for the rest of my life(i dont love you bitch)
i wanna hold you in the morn'
hold you through the night

[Eminem]

Theres a certain mystique, when i speak
that you notice that sort of unique
cause you know its me, my poetry's deep
and im stillmatic the way i flow to this beat
you cant sit still
its like trying to smoke crack and go to sleep
im strapped, just knowin any minute, i could snap
im the equivelent if 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 cant pay me enough
for you to play me, its cacamamy
you just aint zaney enough, to rock with shady
my noodle is cockadoodle, my clock is cookoo
i got screws loose, yeh the whole kit n caboodle
im just brutal, its not rumour, im numeral uno
assume it, theres no humour in it, no more you know
im 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

Chorus X2
(and all the bitches say)

[50 Cent]

My boys is crazy in the hood,
they holler my name
if it aint about the flow its bout the stones and the
chain(yea)
if i was you, i'd love me too, i roll like a boss
911 porsche, same color as cranberry sauce
i aint goin front, i thought r kelly was the shit
let me find out, he fucked around with bow wow bitch
niggaz eatin popcorn, right rewinding and the tape
now shorty momma in the precinct, hollerin rape
im convinced man, something really wrong with these
hos
i thought lil kim was hot till she started fuckin with her
nose(got damn)
i used to listen to lauren hill, and tap my feet
then the bitch put out a cd that didnt have no beat
that boy d'angelo, hes determined not to fail
that nigga went buttass for his record to sell
my back shots are help ashanti hit them high notes
and big ben taught charlie b moore to deep throat

Chorus X2

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