

# Eminem

## "Patiently Waiting"

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Featuring: 50 Cent

Hey 'em, you know you my favorite white boy, right?  
I, I owe you for this one

I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on,  
yeah  
You can stunt if you want and ya ass'll get rolled on, it's  
fifty  
If it feels like my flow has been hot for so long, yeah  
If you thinking I'm a fucking fall off ya so wrong, it's  
fifty

I'm innocent in my head, like a baby born dead  
Destination heaven sitting politic passengers from nine  
eleven  
The Lord's blessings leave me lyrically inclined  
Shit I ain't even got to try to shine

God's the seamstress that tailor fitted my pain  
I got scriptures in my brain I could spit at yo dame  
Straight out the good book, look, niggas is shook  
Fifty fear no man, warrior, swinging swords like Conan

Picture me, pen in hand writing lines knowing the  
source'll quote it  
When I die, they'll read this and say a genius wrote it  
I grew up without my pops, should that make me bitter?  
I caught cases I copped out, does that make me a  
quitter?

In this white man's world, I'm similar to a squirrel  
Looking for a slut wit a nice butt to get a nut  
If I get shot today my phone'll stop ringing again  
These industry niggas ain't friends, they know how to  
pretend

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If ya patiently waiting to make it through all the hating  
Debating whether or not you can even weather the  
storm  
Unless you lay on the table they operating to save you  
It's like an angel came to you sent from the heavens  
above

They think they crazy but they ain't crazy, let's face it  
Shit basically they just playing sick  
They ain't shit, they ain't saying shit, spray 'em fifty  
A to the K get in the way I'll bring Dre and them with me  
And turn this day into fucking mayhem, you staying  
with me?

Don't let me lose you, I'm not tryna confuse you  
When I let loose wit this uzi and just shoot through your  
Isuzu  
You get the message? Am I getting through to you?  
You know what's coming, you motherfuckers don't  
even know, do you?

Take some Big and some Pac and you mix 'em up in a  
pot  
Sprinkle a little Big L on top, what the fuck do you got?  
You got the realest and illest killas tied up in a knot  
The juggernauts of this rap shit, like it or not

It's like a fight to the top just to see who'd die for the  
spot  
You put ya life in this, nothing like surviving a shot  
Y'all know what time it is, soon as fifty signs on this dot  
Shit what you know about death threats, 'cause I get a  
lot

Shady Records was eighty seconds away from the  
towers  
Them cowards fucked with the wrong building, they  
meant to hit ours  
Better evacuate all children, it's nuclear showers  
There's nothing spookier

Ya now about to witness the power of fucking fifty

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If the gun spark I'll hear all of the shots go off

It's fifty, they say it's fifty

See a nigga layed out with his fucking top blown off  
It's fifty, man that wasn't fifty don't holla my name

You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house  
And if you got a glass jaw you should watch yo mouth  
'Cause I'll break yo face

Have yo ass running, mumbling to the Jake

You going against me dog, you making a mistake, I'll  
split ya

Leave ya looking like the Michael Jackson jackets with  
all 'em zippers

I'm the boss on this boat, you can call me skipper

The way I turn the money over, you should call me  
flipper

Yo bitch a regular bitch, you calling her wifey

I fucked and feed her fast food, you keeping her icey

I'm down to sell records but not my soul

Snoop said this in ninety four, ?We don't love them  
hoes?

I got pennies for my thoughts now I'm rich

See the twenties spinning looking mean on the six  
Niggas wearing flags 'cause the colors match they  
clothes

They get caught in the wrong hood

They get filled up with holes motherfucker

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