

Eminem

"Rap Game - (D-12 / 50 Cent)"

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[Bizarre]

The rap game, hip hop 101
The hardest nine to five you'll ever have
You can't learn this shit in no history book
You ready to rap motherfucker?
You ready to sell your soul? hahaha
The rap game will fuck you up

[Swiftly McVay]

I'ma disrupted nigga, you made me crazy
You shoulda slayed me as a baby
Behavin' shadier than Wes Craven
And you ain't even gotta pay me
I take pleasure of layin' a nigga down daily
You face me, punk it's over, you'll faint fast
I've never fucked up to where I can't whoop ya ass
You'll neck'll get snapped with bare hands, fuck music
Is he rappin'? It's cool but fools, just don't confuse it
What happens: these dudes get rude then I lose it
I'm scandalous, I blow ya two niggas off the atlas
With a gat that's bigger than Godzilla's back nigga
You are not realer, in fact you're feel the effects
Of a crack dealer, y'all presidents since he smacked
And got a mack 10 with it, so I ain't gotta rap
But I'm thankful for that, don't mistakin' me black
Cuz you'll be stankin' in the back of a fuckin' Cadillac

[Eminem]

I'ma get snuffed, cuz I ain't said enough to pipe down
I pipe down, when the [White House] just wiped out
When I see that little [Cheney] dike get sniped out
Lights out, bitch adios, goodnight {*gunshot*} (AHH!)
Now put that in ya little pipe and bite down
Think for a minute cuz the hype just died down
That I won't go up in the Oval Office right now
And flip whatever ain't tied down upside down
I'm all for America, fuck the government
Tell that C. Delores Tucker slut to suck a dick
Motherfuck ducked, what the fuck? son of a bitch
Take away my gun, I'm gonna tuck some other shit
Can't tell me shit about the tricks of this trade
Switchblade, with a little switch to switch blades

And switch from a six to a sixteen inch blade
Shit's like a samurai sword or sensai
Shit just don't change to this day
I'm this way, still tell that utsl-ay itchb-ay
Ucks-ay my ikcd-ay, 'scuse my igp-ay atinl-ay
But uckf-ay you igp-ay

[Chorus: 50 Cent {*sung*}]
This rap game, this rap game
I ain't sellin' my soul for this rap game
And I ain't diggin' no hole for this rap game
Man, I'm tellin' you, no it ain't happening
This rap game, this rap game
I ain't sellin' my soul for this rap game
I ain't diggin' no hole for this rap game
This rap game, this rap game

[Kon Artist]
I wouldn't wanna be drinkin', drowned in my own
inequity
But fucked that I'ma rap 'til y'all all get sick of me
And clutch my nuts sack and spit all who pick at me
A pitt and rott mix, fuck the dogs you sic on me
I'm sayin' you motherfuckers don't know us, quit playin'
If I'm broke, then I'm breakin' up in the place where you
layin'
You know, same shit every nigga done in his life
I look at this, why speak on when I want when I write
So why should I ever fear another man
If he bleed like I bleed, take a piss and he stand?
OK, you win, you can say we can't rap
But no Source never made me not buy an album when
they say it was whack

[Kuniva]
I walk in that party and just start bussin' {*gunshots
and screaming*}
Right after I hear the last verse of "Self Destruction"
This liquor makes me wanna blast the chrome
To let you know +The Time+ without Morris Day and
Jerome (nigga)
I'm low down and shifty, quickly call Swifty
To do a drive-by on the tenth speed with 50
Ya feelin' lucky? Squeeze
I catch you outside of Chuckie Cheese
With ya seed, you be an unlucky G
My lifestyle is unstable, a partyin' addict
They said no fightin' in the club so I brought me a
'matic
Coughin' the static, I jump niggas, call me a rabbit
Poppin' the tablet and guns that saw you in half

[Chorus: 50 Cent {*sung*}]

Believe me, we run this rap shit, fo sheezy
Make makin' millions look easy
Everywhere you turn you see me, you hear me
Believe me, before you see my pistol in 3-D
No time to call a peace treaty
Dial 911 cuz you need the- police to help you believe
me

[Proof]

I snatch the chalk from the sidewalk and piss on the
curb
This is absurd, these street niggas twistin' my words
We finally could "Say Goodbye to Hollywood"
Cuz Proof and Shyne man shit nothin' in common
The nastiest band with gas in each hand
We never bow down to be a flash in the pan
No remorse, fuck ya stature dog
Nothin' to do with hands when I clap at y'all
Put your jaw on the ground with the four and the pound
Then I'm gone outta town 'fore the law come around
So we can battle with raps, we can battle with gats
Matter of fact, we can battle for plaques (This rap
game)

[Bizarre]

I'm too fuckin' retarded
I don't give a fuck about my dick
That's why I'm datin' Lorraina Bobbet
My crew had an argument, who was the largest
Now they all is dead and I roll as a solo artist
Plus I made all the beats and wrote all the raps
Well I really didn't, but I did accordin' to this contract
I was thrown in the snow with nowhere to go
Freezin' 20 below, forced to join Bel Biv Devoe
My little girl, she shouldn't listen to these lyrics
That's why I glued her headphones to her ear to make
sure she hear it
If rap don't work, I'm startin' a group with Garth Brooks
Hahahaha, 50 sing the hook

[Chorus: 50 Cent {*sung*}]

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