

Eminem

"Rap Name - (Obie Trice)"

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The rap game hip hop 101 the hardest 9 to 5 you'll ever have. you cant learn this shit in no history book you ready to rap mutha fucker you ready to sell your soul hehehehe. the rap game . im a disrupted nigga you mad me crazy u should have slayed me as a baby behaving shadier than Wes Craven and you aint even go to pay me i take pleasure in layin nigga down daily you face me drunk or sober you faint fast i never fucked up to where i cant whoop your ass. you neck will get snapped with bare hands. fuck music is it rap is it cool but fool just dont confuse it. what happens is that these dudes get rude and then i lose it im scatless i'll blow your two kids off the atlas with a gat that bigger than godzillas back nigga. you are not real in fact your fully infective a crack dealer y'all president send me smack then got a mac 10 with it so i aint got to rap but im thank full dont mistake me for black cuz you'll be stankin in the back of a fuckin caddalac.

(Eminem)

Now im gonna get snuffed cuz i aint said enough to pipe down i'll pipe down when a little (blanked) is whiped out when i see that little (blanke)dyke get sniped out lights out bitch adios good night (ahh) now put that in ur pipe and whipe down think for a little for a minute cuz the hype has died down. that i wont go into the oval office right now and flip what ever aint tied down upside down im all for america fuck this goverment tell that seat delouris tuck a slut to suck a dick mutha fucker duck what the fuck son of a bitch take away my gun im gonna tuck some other shit. Cant tell me shit about the tricks of this trade.switch blade with a little switch to switch blades and switch from a 6 to a 16 inch blade. shit like a samari sword to sensay. shit just dont change to this day.this way still tellin ucks-lay, icks-bay my ick-day excuses my ick-pay ademlay uck-fay ick pay.

(50 cent)

Chorus 1

this rap game this rap game i aint selling my soul for
this rap game i aint diggin no hole for this rap
game and im telling you no this it happening this rap
game this rap game i aint selling my soul for this rap
game i aint digging no hole for this rap game this rap
game.

I bet ya lovin me (??), drink and drown in my own
iniquity,
but fuck that, i'm gonna rap till yall get sick of me,
and clutch my last sack, and spit on all who pick on me,
i'm pit a rot mix, fuck the dog who single me,
i'm saying you motherfuckers, dont know'ith, who
playin,
if i'm broke, then i'm brakin open the place where you
layin,
you know, same shit every nigga done in his life,
I livin this why (??), speak long (??), what I blow when I
write,
so why, should I, ever fear another man, if he bleed
like I bleed,
take a piss when he stand, ok you win, you can say we
cant rap
but no shots (??), never me (??), you never (??), and I
dont wanna (??),
when they say it was wack...

I walk in the party and just start bustin,
right after I hear the last verse of self destruction,
this liquer makes me wanna blast the chrome,
to let you know that time without morse dangerom (??),
(nigga)
I low down and shifty, quickly call swiftly,
to do a drive-by on the ten speed with fifty,
you feelin lucky squeeze, I catch you outside of chucky
cheese,
with you see (??) who be 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 nigga's call me a rabbit,
pop in the tavern and guns are so just irratic...

(50 cent)

Chorus 2

believe me, we run this rap shit forchezy,
make makin millions look easy,
everywhere you turn you see me,

you hear me..

believe me, you see my pistol and 3D,
no time to call the peace treaty,
dial 911 cause you need the...,
police to help you, believe me,

I haft to tunnel from the side walk and piss on the
curve,
this is obserde, these street nigga's twistin my words,
we finally could say goodbye to Hollywood,
cause poof and shine men aren't nuthin but con men.
the nasty been with gasoline cans (??),
we never bow down to be a flashin a pen (??),

no one must, fuck this statue dawg,
nothin to do with hands when I clap with yall,
put your job on the ground (??), then the dog in the
pound (??),
then i'm goin out of town, for the law come around,
so we can battle with raps, we can battle gats,
matter a fact we can battle with placks,
(50 cent)
this rap game

i'm too fuckin retarded, I dont give a fuck about my
dick,
thats why i'm date'in largaine Bobbet,
my crew had a arguement who was the largest,
now they all is dead and I roll as a solo artist,
plus I made the beat to all the raps,
well I really didnt but I did according to this contract,
I was thrown in the snow with no where to go,
freezin 20 below forced to join, bail shit, then blow (??),
my little girl, she shouldn't listen to these lyrics,
thats why I glued here headphones to her ears,
to make sure she hear it,
if rap don't work i'm startin a group with Garth Brooks,
Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha,ha
50 sing the hook
(50 cent)
this rap game, this rap game,
I aint sell'in my soul for this rap game,
now I aint digg'in no hole for this rap game,
but i'm tellin ya no it aint happenin..

this rap game, this rap game,
I aint sell'in my soul for this rap game,
I aint digg'in no hole for this rap game,
this rap game, this rap game...

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