

Eminem

"Rap Poets"

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[intro:]

as soon as hip hop came out it was a music that i could grasp and identify with the millennium.

chorus:

all round and round!

from the first to the last, it is in the€; passionate

clear shit! all my nigger want my..

the hip pop is dying out!

..my rap poem.

[eminem:]

there's a certain mystique when i speak that you notice
cause it's sort of unique, cause you know it's me,
my poetry is deep and i'm still mad at the way i flow his
beat!

i can't stand still, it's like trying smoke crap and go to
sleep,

i'm strapped it's known any minute i could snap,

i'm the equivalent of what would happen if bush rapped

i bully these rappers so bad lyrically

it ain't even funny, i ain't even hungry, it ain't even
money

you can't pay me enough for you to play me

it's cockamamie you just ain't zany enough to rock with
shady

my noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clock's coo-coo

i got screws loose, yea the whole kitten caboodle, i'm
just brutal

it's no rumor, i'm numero uno, assume it

there's no more humor in it, you know

i'm rolling with a swollen bowling ball in my bag

you need a fag and tear a near hole in my ass!

chorus:

[jay-z]

young hov got the game in a frenzy

twenty million sold all independently,

so when you mention me

make sure you got together your 'semblies

like, "he's the games j.f.kennedy"

i started out, i ain't have no chimney

my ma was santa claus, well, at least she pretended to be

'til one night, well, that's if memory serves me correct
i caught her under the christmas tree.

young hov ain't have no pops

thank god, man, i had the block

ya'll hear me though

you young fucks got the game all wrong

this is my life, man, this ain't no song!

you ain't livin' your rhymes out, you live at your mom's house

in that tight-ass room, pullin' the cars out

and the mirror pointin' at your reflection, killing

yourself

you american pie, stop feeling yourself!

chorus:

[nas :]

i woke up early on my born day, i'm twenty years of blessing

the essence of adolescent leaves my body now i'm fresh in

my physical frame is celebrated cause i made it one quarter through life
some god-ly like thing created got rhymes 365 days annual plus some

load up the mic and bust one, cuss while i puffs from my skull
cause it's pain in my brain vein money maintain

don't go against the grain simple and plain!

when i was young at this i used to do my thing hard robbin'
foreigners take they wallets they jewels and rip they green cards

dipped to the projects flashin' my quick cash and got my first piece of ass smokin'
blunts with hash now it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz i used to run with

is rich or doin years in the hundreds

i switched my motto -- instead of sayin fuck tomorrow that buck that bought a bottle
could've struck the lotto.

once i stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks i cooked up and cut small pieces
to get my loot back

time is illmatic keep static like wool fabric

pack a four-matic that crack your whole cabbage!

chorus:

