Eminem "What's The Difference"

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What's the difference between me and you? What's the difference between me and you?

Back when Cube was rollin' wit Lorenzo in a Benzo I was bangin' wit a gang of instrumentals Got the pens and pencils, got down to business, but sometimes

The business end of this shit can turn your friends against you

But you was a real nigga, I could sense it in you I still remember the window of the car that you went through

That's fucked up, but I'll never forget the shit we been through

And I'm a do whatever it takes to convince you

'Cuz you my nigga Doc, and Eazy I'm still wit you Fuck the beef, nigga I miss you, and that's just bein real wit you

You see the truth is everybody wanna know how close Me and Snoop is and who I'm still cool wit Then I got these fake-ass niggaz I first drew with Claimin that they non-violent, talkin like they Spit venom in interviews, speakin on reunions Move units, then talk shit and we can do this

Until then I ain't even speakin your name
Just keep my name outta yo' mouth
And we can keep it the same
Nigga, it ain't that I'm too big to listen to the rumors
It's just that I'm too damn big
To pay attention to 'em, that's the difference

What's the difference between me and you? You talk a good one but you don't do what you supposed to do I act on what I feel and never deal with emotions

I'm used to livin big dog style and straight coastin'

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Yo I stay with it while you try to perpetrate, play with it Never knew about the next level until Dre did it I stay committed while you motherfuckers baby-sitted I smash you critics like a overhand right from Riddick Come and get it, shitted on villains by the millions I be catchin' bitches while bitches be catchin' feelings So what the fuck am I supposed to do? I pop bottles and hot hollow-points at each and all of you

A heartless bastard, high and plastered
My style is like the reaction from too much acid
Never come down, pass it around if you can't handle it
Hang Hollywood niggaz by they Soul Train laminates
What's the difference between me and you?
About five bank accounts, three ounces and two
vehicles
Until my death, I'm Bangladesh
I suggest you hold yo' breath til ain't none left, yo that's

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the difference

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Aight, hold up hold up stop the beat a minute, I got somethin' to say

Dre, I wanna tell you this shit right now while this fuckin' weed is in me

I don't know if I ever told you this, but I love you dawg I got your motherfuckin back, just know this shit Right, Slim, I don't know if you noticed it But I've had your back from day one, nigga let's blow this bitch

I mean it dawg, you ever need somebody offed, who's throat is it?

Well if you ever kill that Kim bitch, I'll show you where the ocean is

Well that's cool, and I appreciate the offer

But if I do decide to really murder my daughter's momma

I'm a sit her up in the front seat and put sunglasses on her

And cruise around with her for seven hours through California

And have her wavin at people, then drop her off on the corner

At the police station and drive off honkin' the horn for her

Raw dawg, get your arm gnawed off, drop the sawed off

And beat you with the piece it was sawed off of

Fuck blood, I wanna see some lungs coughed up Get shot up in the hot tub til the bubbles pop up And they nose and cough snot up, mucus in hot water That's for tryin' to talk like the Chronic was lost product That's for even thinkin' of havin' them thoughts thought up

You better show some respect whenever the Doc's brought up

So what's the difference between us? We can start at the penis

Or we can scream, "I just don't give a fuck," and see who means it

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