

Eminem, Busta Rhymes, 50 Cent, "Patiently Waiting (50 Cent Jumped Into Crowd)"

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

I've been patiently waiting for a track to explode on
(Yeah!)
You can stun if you want and your ass will get rolled on
(It's 50!)

It feels like my flowz been hot for so long
(Yeah!)
If you thinkin', I'm fuckin' fall off your so wrong
(It's 50!)

I'm innocent in my head, like a baby born dead
Destination heaven, sittin' politic with passengers from
nine eleven
The Lord's blessin's 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
50 fear no man, Warrior, swingin' swords like Conan

Picture me, pen in hand writin', lines knowin' 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
Lookin' for a slut wit a nice butt to get a nut
If I get shot today, my phone'll stop ringin' again
These industry niggas ain't friends, they know how to
pretend

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If ya patiently waitin' to make it through all the hatin'
Debatin' whether or not you can even weather the
storm
Unless you lay on the table they operatin' 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 playin' sick
They ain't shit, they ain't sayin' shit, spray 'em 50
A to the K, get in the way, I'll bring Dre and them wit me

And turn this day into fuckin' mayhem, you stayin' wit
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 messege? Am I gettin' through to you?

You know what's comin', 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 50

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, nothin' like survivin' a shot
Y'all know what time it is, soon as 50 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 wit the wrong building, they
meant to hit ours
Better evacuate all children, it's nuclear showers,
there's nothin' spookier
Ya now about to witness the power of fuckin' 50

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If the gun spark, I'll hear all of the shots go off
It's 50, they say it's 50
See a nigga layed out wit his fuckin' top blown off
It's 50, man that wasn't 50
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 runnin', mumblin' to the jake

You goin' against me dog, you makin' a mistake,
I'll split ya
Leave ya lookin' like the Michael Jackson jackets wit all
them 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 callin' 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 spinnin' lookin' mean on the six
Niggas wearin' flags 'cause the colors match their
clothes
They get caught in the wrong hood, they get filled up
wit holes

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