

## **Eminem,Busta Rhymes,50 Cent, "Patiently Waiting"**

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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' 'gainst 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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