

**Etta James****"When the Music Stops"**

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[Bizarre]

Music.. reality..

Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference

But we as entertainers.. have a responsibility  
to these kids.. psyche!

[Eminem]

If I, were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow

Would you feel sorrow or show love, or would it matter?

Could never be the lead-off batter

if there ain't shit for me to feed off, I'm see-saw battlin

But there's way too much at stake for me to be fake

There's too much on my plate, I done came way

too far in this game to turn and walk away

And not say what I got to say

What the fuck you take me for a joke? You smokin  
crack?

'Fore I do that, I'd beg Mariah to take me back

I'll get up 'fore I get down, run myself in the ground

'Fore I put some wack shit out

I'm tryin to smack this one out the park, five-thousand  
mark

Y'all steady tryin to drown a shark

Ain't gon' do nothin but piss me off, lid to the can of  
whip-ass

Just twist me off, see me leap out, pull a piece out

Fuck shootin I'm just tryin to knock his teeth out

Fuck with me now bitch, let's see you freestyle

Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you really feelin froggish  
leap

Yo Slim, you gon' let him get away with that?

He tried to play you, you can't let him skate with that

Man I hate this crap

This ain't rap, this is crazy the way we act

When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music  
stops

[Swiftly McVay]

Ain't no gettin rid of McVay, if so you woulda tried

The only way I'm leavin this bitch is suicide

I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemies' crib

with Hennessey, got drunk then I finished it { \*BLAM\* }  
I'm every nigga's favorite arch enemy  
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with  
beef  
I spark willingly, with a dillinger in the dark dilligently  
I'm not what you think  
I appear to be fucked up, mentally endangered  
I can't stay away from a razor  
I just want my face in a paper  
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight  
to awake neighbors for acres  
I'll murder you, I gauge and have me turn into a mad  
man  
Son of sam bitch, I'm surgical  
I'm allergic to dyin, you think not?  
You got balls? We can see how large, when the music  
stops

[Kon Artis]

I was happy havin a deal at first  
Thought money would make me happy but it only made  
my pain worse  
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on  
you dog  
And you ain't got nuttin left but your word and your  
balls  
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends  
Begg in with their hands out, checkin for your record  
when it's sellin  
When it ain't that's the end, no laughs, no friends  
No girls, just the gin you drink, till your car spin you  
think  
DAMN! When you slam into the wall  
and you fall out the car and try to crawl with one arm  
I'm bout to lose it all in a pool of alcohol  
If my funeral's tomorrow wonder would they even call?  
When the music stops

[Kuniva]

Let's see how many of your men loyal  
When I pull up lookin for you with a pistol, sippin a can  
of penzoil  
I'm revved up, who said what, when lead bust  
your head just explode with red stuff, I'm handcuffed  
Tossed in the paddywagon; braggin about how you  
shouted  
like a coward, bullets devoured you, showered you  
niggaz  
If I was you niggaz, I'd run while given a chance  
Understand, I can enhance the spirit of man  
Death itself it can hurt me

Just the thought of dyin alone that really irks me  
You ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk  
Be smart and stop tryin to walk how G's walk before we  
spark  
Hug the floor while we playin tug-of-war with your life  
Fuck a tour and a mike, I'd rather fuck a whore with a  
knife {AHH!}  
Deliver that shit that coroner's like  
You hype poppin shit in broad daylight  
Nigga you're a goner at night - when the music stops

[Proof]

Instigators, turn pits in cages  
Let loose and bit the neighbors, wrist to razors  
Y'all don't want war, y'all want talk  
In the dark my dogs all bark like WOOF!  
Proof nigga I'ma wolf, get your whole roof  
caved in like reindeer hoofs  
Stomp the booth, shake the floor tiles loose  
The more y'all breathe shit the more I moves  
It's \_Hill Street\_, this is hardcore \_Blues\_  
Put a gun to rap, check in all our dues (nigga)  
Or make the news, betcha all y'all move  
When the uzi pop you better drop, when the music stop

[Bizarre]

Music has changed my life in so many ways  
Brain's confused, been fucked since the 5th grade  
LL told me to "Rock the Bells"  
NWA said "Fuck the Police," now I'm in jail  
Ninety-three was strictly R&B  
Fucked up haircut, listened to Jodeci  
Michael Jackson - who gon' tell me I ain't Mike?  
Ass cheeks painted white, fuckin Priscilla tonight  
Flyin down Sunset smokin crack  
Transvestite in the front, Eddie Murphy in the back  
M.O.P. had grimey and gritty  
Marilyn Manson I dyed my hair blue, and grew some  
titties  
Ludacris told me to throw them bows  
Now I'm in the hospital with a broken nose and a  
fractured elbow  
Voices in my head, I'm goin in shock  
I'm reachin for the glock but the music stops {\*blam\*}

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