

## Honeyz

### "Real 911"

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[Intro - Eminem]

WAAAAHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOO!!! {\*laughs\*}

Guess who's back?!?!?

Mommy! We're home!!

Say hello to my little friends

DJ Muggs, Soul Assassins, Cypress Hill

Everybody! Put your hands where my eyes can see!!!

[Verse - Eminem]

Everywhere we go people know that we roll deep as fuck

Fourty fifty Samoans, they knowing when D-Bo was

50, Tweezy, Obie there won't be no hoe in us

They pop shit like they gon do shit but no one does

From New York down to Texas, back up to Los Angeles

We've changed the way we move so man up if you can't adjust

You may end up getting rushed by too many to handle us

It's funny, I guess money does have its advantages

And it isn't that we just think that we can't be touched

It's not like we're just feeling ourselves that much

It's just, that if someone ever does put us in the clutch

We just know that y'all ain't gon be the one who's gon do it

Cause first of all you're pussy and everybody can see that

You fuck around, get caught in a spot that you shouldn't be at

That you got no business being in, we ain't even gon be in it

No one's gunna hear nothing, no one's gunna see this shit

And they'll be in and up out of it, them boys is bout it, bout it

The noise from (?) be drowned out by the crowd

And you'll be laying on the ground getting trampled by people dancing

Till the club closes, and clears out

And that's when they see you flatened

Nobody saw it happen, all cause your jaws are flapping

And you couldn't stop yapping and took it past rapping  
It ain't about the music no more, it's bout trying to show  
off  
And it feels like any minute the bomb is bout to go off

[Chorus - Eminem]

Shit's about to change, cause we ain't playing no  
games  
We ain't budging neither are they, we ain't saying no  
names  
Shit just ain't the same, when the K's get to scream  
Hip-hop is in a state of 911  
It ain't about hip-hop, cause those days are gone  
It ain't about trying rip shots, to get props no more  
It's about trying not to get popped, and get dropped to  
the floor  
Cause hip-hop is in a state of 911

[Verse - B-Real]

Step off my holster cause shit it's getting serious  
All these drugs you be fucking with make you  
delirious  
Thinking you coming with heat, yo son, I'm curious  
How long are you gunna hate us and judge us and jury  
us?  
Some people can never fade us, that make us so  
furious  
Mistake us for fakers, homie we greater and glorious  
We living for real and others just making the stories up  
Allusions are broken, so live it up, you corny fucks  
If you take a fucking minute to think about what you've  
done  
When you stood against a gangsta who live and die by  
the gun  
Got a hot one, spraying you bitches til there is none  
I'm like a rolling stone homie, I got you under my  
thumb  
Silly little bitches can end up right up in ditches  
We cut you and give you stitches, for envy and all my  
riches  
Your game's just like a midget, you're clocking a small  
digit  
Dealing with the Giant Goliath, people that's how we  
live it, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Verse - Ganxsta Ridd]

Uh, gangsta Ganxsta who come to pay you a visit  
On this shit you call hip-hop, this function is where did it  
When I - put it in motion, my focus is getting branded

My appetite for destruction is blasted because I said it  
Got you - stumbling for cover, this music dying in  
numbers  
But you wouldn't pause and wonder, admitting it's all  
glamour  
When you - enter the business you thinking you running  
shit  
You witness that funny shit, your bitches they ain't shit!  
We gangstas we blast first, ask questions later  
All these - imitators parading like they some playas  
Trying to - save hip-hop the task is something greater  
Cause we old fashioned coded with loyalty motivaters  
Get caught, I'm not telling, or more like killing not  
caring  
I'm riding a - gangsta feeling, no fearing when  
gangstas dying  
I'm in a - full circle with homies that's supposed to  
bleed  
On an 8 Mile mission with Cypress and O.G.'s

[Chorus]

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