

Love Me (Eminem, Obie Trice, 50 Cent)

"Mile Soundtrack - Eminem, Obie Trice, 50 Cent - Love Me"

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You don't see me in the hood
It's 'cause I'm doin' this man

Nigga's, I'm still grindin'
I'm still hearin' those sirens
I'm still gettin' chased by those lights
Only the light's mine and my mic's on

And my time is none because I'm writin' more
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business
I'm here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this

And I can't let y'all derail me, man
I got Young Coby, homie, you gotta let go of Obie
'Cause Obie be back, we got them cracks goin' on
And that yak going on

Soon as a nigga touch down back from tourin'
It's whateva put that on the chedda man
But in the meantime it's Jimmy Ivene time

Chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out
This is it my nigga, this what we boast about
Now I'm here so shut your motherfuckin' mouth
And say we love bitch

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the mornin'
Hold you thru the night
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the mornin'
Hold you thru the night

There's a certain mystique when I speak
That you notice that it's sorta unique
'Cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep
And I'm stillmatic the way I flow to this beat

You can't sit still, it's like tryin' to smoke crack and go
to sleep
I'm strap, just knowin' any minute I could snap

I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush
rapped

I bully these rappers so bad lyrically
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry, it ain't even
money
You can't pay me enough for you to play me
It's cock-amamie, you just ain't zany enough to rock
with Shady

My noodle is cock-adoodle, my clocks koo-koo
I got screws loose, yeah, the whole kitten-kaboodle
I'm just brutal, its no rumor, I'm numero uno, assume it
There's no humor in it, no more you know

I'm rollin' with a bowlin' ball in my bag
You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
You better love me, bitch

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I wanna hold you in the mornin'
Hold you thru the night
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the mornin'
Hold you thru the night

My buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name
If it ain't about the flow
It's about the stones and the chain
If I was you, I'd love me too

I roll like a boss, 911 Porsche same color as cranberry
sauce
I ain't gonna front, I was R-Kelly da shit
Let me find out he fuckin' 'round with Bow Wow bitch

Nigga's eatin' popcorn, right, rewinding the tape
Now shorty momma in the precinct hollering rape
I'm convinced man something really wrong with these
hoe's
I thought Lil' Kim was hot til she started fuckin' wit her
nose

Use ta listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet
Then the bitch put out a CD that didn't have no beat
That boy D'Angelo, he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell
My back shots to help Ashanti hit them high notes
And Big Ben taught Charli B'More to deep throat

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life

I wanna hold you in the mornin'
Hold you in the night
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in tha mornin'
Hold you thru the night

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