Soundtracks "Obie Trice/Eminem/50 Cent - Luv Me"

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(Obie Trice)
You don't see me in the hood it's cause I'm doing this man

Verse 1

(Obie Trice)

Nigga's I'm still grinding, (yeah...)

I'm still hearing those sirens,

I'm still getting chased by those lights,

Only the light's mine and my mic's on

And my time is none because I'm writing more,

And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business,

I'm here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this, (for sure...)

and I can't let yall de-rail me man,

I got young coby, homie, you gotta let go of Obie cause Obie be back on, we got them cracks going on and that yak going on,

soon as a nigga touch down back from tour,

It's whateva, put that on the chedda man,

but in the meantime, its Jimmy ivene time,

chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out,

this is it my niggas this what we boast about,

Now I'm here so shut your motherfucking mouth...

And show me love bitch!

CHORUS

(Obie Trice)

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, (I dont love you bitch)

wanna hold you in the morning, (Ha)

hold you through in the night.. (Hahaha)

(Obie Trice)

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, (We wanna love alchohol, we wanna love guns,)

wanna hold you in the morning, (we wanna love money) hold you through in the night.. (Ha) (we dont wanna

love bitches though)

Verse 2

(Eminem)

There's a cirtain mistique when I speak, that you notice that its order unique, cause you know its me, my poetry's deep, and i'm still matic the way I flow to this beat, you cant sit still, its like tryin to smoke crack and go to sleep, i'm strap, just knowing any minute I could snap, i'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush rapped,

I bully these rappers so bad lyrically, it aint even funny, I aint even hungry, it aint even money, you cant pay me enough for you to play me, it's cock-amamie, you just aint zanie enough to rock with Shady, my noodle is cock-adoodle, my clocks koo-koo, I got screws loose, yeahhh, the whole kitten-kaboodel, there's no room and i'm numiro uno, assuming, there's no humor in it, you know i'm rollin with a bowling ball in my bag, you need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass.. (Em Saying)

CHORUS

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, wanna hold you in the morning, wanna hold you in the night..

(Obie Trice) (and all the bitches say)

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, wanna hold you in the morning, wanna hold you in the night..

Verse 3 (50 Cent)

my buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name, if it aint about the flow, its about the stones and the chain, if I were you, i'd love me too, I roll like a boss, 9-11 po same colour as cranberry sauce,

I aint gonna front, I thrown R-Kelly with this shit, let me find out he fucking round with bow wow bitch, nigga's eatin popcorn right, rewinding the tape, now shorty momma in the precent hollar'in rape, i'm convinced man something really wrong with these hoe's, (Obie Trice)

I thought lil-kim was hot before she started fucking with her nose, (God Damh) you to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet, (Obie Trice) then the bitch put out a CD that didn't have no beat, (uh-ha)

that poor De-angelo he determined not to fail, that nigga went butt-ass for his recoard to sell, my back shots to help Ashyonti hit them high notes, and Big Ben taught Charlie abit more then deep throat...

CHORUS

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, (Obie Trice) wanna hold you in the morning, (I luv'a burnish the monies, the bunnies) wanna hold you in the night.. (I just wanna hold you

I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, (Obie Trice) wanna hold you in the morning, (I just wanna hold you) wanna hold you in the night..

(50 Cent) (YEAH)

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