

Boo-Yaa TRIBE**"911"**

Visit ["911"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[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]

Visit [Boo-Yaa TRIBE](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.