

Boo-Yaa TRIBE**"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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