

## Proclaimers

### "Love Me"

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[Obie Trice]

You don't see me in the hood, it's cause I'm doing this man

Niggas, I'm still grinding (yeah), I still hearing those sirens

I'm still getting chased by those lights

Only the light's lime, and my mic's on

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

I don't hear to meet a soul in this business

I'm here to eat, speak, until these ho's feel this

I ain't gonna let you derail me, man

I got Young Kobe homey, you gotta let go of Obie

'Cause Obie be back, (going nowhere, man) we got them craps going on

And that rap going on, soon as a nigga touch down, back from town

It's forever, put that on the cheddar, man

But in the meantime, it's Jimmy lovine time

Chase cheese, rhyme 'til 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]

I just wanna love, for the rest of my life (I don't love you, bitch)

I wanna hold you in the morn, hold you in the night

(Right we wanna love alcohol, we wanna love guns, we wanna love money

we don't love no bitches, though)

I just wanna love, for the rest of my life

I wanna hold you in the morn, hold you in the night

[Eminem]

There's a certain mystique when I speak, that you notice

'Cause it's sort of 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 trying to smoke crack and go

to sleep  
I'm strapped, it's known 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 cockamamey you just ain't zany enough to rock with  
Shady  
My noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clock's coo-coo  
I got screws loose, yea the whole kitten caboodle, I'm  
just brutal  
It's no rumor, I'm numero uno, assume it  
There's no more humor in it, you know  
I'm rolling with a swollen bowling ball in my bag  
You need a fag and tear a near hole in my ass, you  
better love me, bitch

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

And all the bitches say  
My buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name  
If it ain't about the flow, it's 'bout the stones and the  
chain  
If I was you, I'd love me too, I roll like a boss  
Nine eleven Porsche same color as cranberry sauce  
I ain't gon' front, I thought R. Kelly was the shit  
Let me find out he fucking 'round with Bow Wow bitch  
Niggas eating popcorn right, rewinding the tape  
Now shorty mama in precinct, hollering rape  
I'm convinced, man, something really wrong with these  
ho's  
I thought Lil' Kim was hot, 'til she start fucking with her  
nose  
I used to listen to Lauryn Hill, and tap my feet  
Then the bitch put out a CD and didn't have no beats  
That boy D'Angelo, he determined not to fail  
That nigga went butt-ass, for his record to sell  
My back shots 'll help Ashanti hit them high notes  
And Big Ben taught Charli B'More to deep throat (yea)

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

I love the burners, the money, the bunnies, I just wanna  
hold you, ha ha  
I just wanna love you, yea

