

Eminem F/ 50 Cent, Obie Trice

"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 men 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 nigga D'Angelo, he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass, for his record to sell
My back shot to 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

