

Scooter

"Warrior"

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[Intro: Eminem]

Woo!!! Yeah!!! Remix!!! (50 Cent: Ha Ha!!!)

Lloyd Banks!!! (Lloyd Banks: Uh Huh!!!) Ha Ha!!!

[Verse 1: Eminem]

It's like a throne that he don't even own

He won't sit down give him a crown he just throws it
around

It's like a joke he's like a king but he don't do a thing

He don't want the diamonds, want the gold or want the
jewelry

He don't want the room and he don't want the loot he's
in it for the sport

Runnin circles 'round his competition on the court

He appreciates your support but he ain't beggin for it

And you can love and you can hate it

but you can't ignore it, you can't be that ignorant

But you can try to sell him short

But you can't fuck with his last joint or the one before it

And he was born to raise hell like them country boys

And If I'm frontin then you better come confront me for
it

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

This is the story of a warrior and now you know it

True warriors go ahead and make some noise

It ain't healthy to be makin niggaz paranoid

Hit your corner with my weapon I don't need my boys

I'm doin a hundred twenty in the fast lane

Kick back just relax let me do my thang

Don't give a fuck about you suckers gotta maintain

Money, power and respect in this rap game

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

He's straight outta a neighborhood where niggaz hate

To see you blow and eat your dinner off a bigger plate

There stomachs ache while he's loungin in the big
estate

And he hops in a hundred thousand where the nigga
stay, houses with a bigger gate

Houndin him's a big mistake, he won't surrender he'll

rather give up a rib to break
Cause he remembers when they wouldn't lend a helpin
hand
Till he was sittin on green like a Celtics fan
Created a buzz to where you gotta mention his name
When you discussin the illest playa that's in the game
And he's ridin with Em, 50 Cent, Doc and 'em
G-Unit Records ain't a motherfucker stoppin them

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3: 50 Cent]

He's no magician man the kid does something out of
nothin
So that nigga's from his hood act like he owes him
somethin
They talk crazy till they send niggaz to where to buck
him
Ask him if it's a problem and he'll say nah it's nothin
He was gonna help 'em out but since they funny fuck
'em
He don't care how they feel they can hate him or love
him
He held his own on his own the kid is really thuggin
He's rich now he ain't change so niggaz think he
buggin
He bulletproof everything cause niggaz try and buck
him
Keeps two pistols I'll show you where he tuck 'em
Niggaz say they 'gon get at him but they can't touch
him
Try to catch you slippin then creepin he start bussin

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Outro: Nate Dogg]

I can give you niggaz somethin you can talk about

I can turn your smile upside down

You ain't no G you a fuckin clown

I can take your girl and tu-turn her out

Don't hold it in let it all out

I can give you fuckers somethin to be mad about

Invite her in send her back out

With my DNA all in her mouth

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