

Elton John % LeAnn Rimes

"6 in the Morning"

Visit "[6 in the Morning](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Eminem]

Good morning! Haha.

Wake your motherfuckin asses up!

Aiyyo, what if so what

Well come on then, you know what time it is

Stop sleepin on my group BITCH! {*gun cocks, BLAM*}

[Eminem]

For whatever it's worth, it's worth me havin my ass
whipped

Cause I'ma have the last lips to ever kiss ass with

I just can't get passed these little piss ants

that wanna be Barney bad asses so bad

And they so mad they can't stand it, cause we can and
they can't spit

And they can't handle it like a man

And that's when it just happens and I snap then it's a
wrap

Then it's a scrap and it isn't rap, is it?

Hip-hop isn't a sport anymore

when you gotta go and resort back into that shit

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but my passion

is to smash anyone rappin without havin to slap him

Believe me, I'd much rather lift a pencil than a pistol

when I'm pissed now, but it all depends on just how
far it gets took on the mic

Cause I'm tellin you right now you're not gonna like it

Cause if I get pushed over the edge then I'm pullin you
with me

You poke a stick at a pitbull you get bit B

Your words stick to you like crazy glue when you diss
me

Cause they just bounce off me, like bullets do 50

I'm the beautiful instinct, and you're gonna miss me

when I'm gone, like Keith Murray when he threw his
stool

and hit a girl accidentally (ahh!)

I do this with Swifty, Kon and Kuniva, Bizzy and Proof -
are you with me?

[Chorus: Eminem]

Well c'mon then, everybody good mornin
Kick your shoes off motherfuckers, come on in
Cause we get it on and, 'til the break of dawnin
Wake your ass up motherfuckers, quit yawnin
Cause we ain't leavin 'til 6 in the mornin
So ever sing along with the words of the song and
If you don't know the words and you can't sing along
then
Fake like you know 'em motherfuckers and join in
Everybody good mornin

[Swift]

They consider me the epitomy of a beef starter
In the party with heat, it's hard to keep me without one
Fuck snubs, I walk in clubs with a shotgun
Constantly poppin slugs, they hot son, better not run
(AHH!)
The bosses of all bosses; a holocaust to whoever ain't
cautious
In a house full of dog shit
I'm a gothic death prophet, you'll stop breathin
You'll die quicker than mach speed without bleedin
It ain't about what you readin
When you meet me better speak like it's Seasons
Greetings
Either that or we'll be beefin frequent
You niggaz need an E just to speak shit
And your heater is a petite bitch
Keep the heater where you can reach quick
I'll snipe you with it and won't even keep it a secret
Nigga I did it from the mind of a mental patient
When glocks sway you can save that conversation for
Satan
You brave?

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

Yo, yo - I heard you niggaz
don't like us but so what, this beef is like what the fuck
did he say in his rap - am I conceded? He just a punk
I mean these niggaz'll squeeze on me pleased when
seein guts
I don't need no enemies cause my family a couple
trucks
And my {?} and a mic, they empty out on them bike
to fight you in front of everyone important that I don't
like
No need for metaphors to get points across when I
write
This emotion's enough to say, "Fuck you bitch and I

don't like you!"

WHAT! I might as well give this up, but that'd be selfish
as fuck

You'll leave D12 in this, but we can't self-destruct

I've never felt it this much, c'mon fellas get up!

We gotta fight like Bugz last night of his life, C'MON!

[Kuniva]

I walk with a limp, pistol hangin off of the hip

I'm awkward and quick enough and sick when sparkin a
fifth

Your carcass is split, even if beef is partially thick

We can't take you serious, you a comedy skit

You probably wish that you could be out, shootin at G's

But the only thing you shoot is the breeze, I can't
believe

you speakin on movin ki's, but every time we hear you
kick it

The only thing that you sellin is woof tickets

I look wicked cause niggaz'll test your nut sack

So when they bust you better bust back or get your guts
clapped

outta your stomach, and when they want it

I'll bring a hundred niggaz from Runyon so get to
gunnin if you comin

[Chorus]

Visit [Elton John % LeAnn Rimes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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