

Garth Brooks F/ George Jones "Patiently Waiting"

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Hey Em, you know you my favorite white boy, right?
I, I owe you for this one

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I been patiently waiting for a track to explode on
(Yeah!)
You can stunt if you want and ya ass'll get rolled on (It's
Fifty!)
If it feels like my flow has been hot for so long (Yeah!)
If you thinking I'm a fuckin fall off ya so wrong (It's
Fifty!)

[50 Cent]

I'm innocent in my head, like a baby born dead
Destination heaven
Sittin politic with passengers from nine eleven
The Lord's blessins leave me lyrically inclined
Shit I ain't even got to try to shine
God's the seamstress that tailor fitted my pain
I got scriptures in my brain I could spit at yo dame
Straight out the good book, look, niggas is shook
Fifty fear no man, Warrior, swingin swords like Conan
Picture me, pen in hand writin lines knowin the Source'll
quote it
When I die, they'll read this and say a genius wrote it
I grew up without my pops, should that make me bitter?
I caught cases I copped out, does that make me a
quitter?
In this white man's world, I'm similar to a squirrel
Lookin for a slut wit a nice butt to get a nut
If I get shot today my phone'll stop ringin again
These industry niggas ain't friends, they know how to
pretend

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Eminem]

If ya patiently waitin to make it through all the hatin
Debatin whether or not you can even weather the storm
Unless you lay on the table they operatin to save you
It's like an angel came to you sent from the heavens

above

They think they crazy but they ain't crazy, let's face it
Shit basically they just playin sick
They ain't shit, they ain't sayin shit, spray em' fifty
A to the K get in the way I'll bring Dre and them wit me
And turn this day into fuckin mayhem, you stayin wit
me?
Don't let me lose you, I'm not tryna confuse you
When I let loose wit this uzi and just shoot through your
Isuzu
You get the messege? Am I gettin through to you?
You know what's comin, you motherfuckers don't even
know, do you?
Take some Big and some Pac and you mix em' up in a
pot
Sprinkle a little Big L on top, what the fuck do you got?
You got the realest and illest killas tied up in a knot
The juggernauts of this rap shit, like it or not
It's like a fight to the top just to see who'd die for the
spot
You put ya life in this, nothin like survivin a shot
Y'all know what time it is, soon as fifty signs on this dot
Shit what you know about death threats, cause I get a
lot
Shady Records was eighty seconds away from the
towers
Them cowards fucked wit the wrong building, they
meant to hit ours
Better evacuate all children, its nuclear showers
There's nothin spookier
Ya now about to witness the power of fuckin fifty

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

If the gun spark I'll hear all of the shots go off
It's fifty, they say it's fifty
See a nigga layed out wit his fuckin top blown off
It's fifty, man that wasn't fifty
Don't holla my name

You shouldn't throw stones if you live in a glass house
And if you got a glass jaw you should watch yo mouth
Cause I'll break yo face
Have yo ass runnin, mumblin to the jake
You goin 'gainst me dog, you makin a mistake, I'll split
ya
Leave ya lookin like the Michael Jackson jackets wit all
them zippers
I'm the boss on this boat, you can call me skipper

The way I turn the money over, you should call me
flipper
Yo bitch a regular bitch, you callin her wifey
I fucked and feed her fast food, you keeping her icey
I'm down to sell records but not my soul
Snoop said this in ninety four, "We don't love them
hoes"
I got pennies for my thoughts now I'm rich
See the twenties spinnin lookin mean on the six
Niggas wearin flags cause the colors match they
clothes
They get caught in the wrong hood, they get filled up
wit holes

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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