

## Mary Mary F/ Destiny's Child

### "Doe Rae Me"

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[Tupac Shakur]

Get on your knees nigga

Get on your knees and pray, haha

(\*scratching\*)

[Ja Rule from +Loose Change+]

Em you claim your mother's a crackhead and Kim is a known slut

So what's Hailie gonna be when she grows up

[Intro - Eminem - talking] + (Hailie) (\*echo\*)

A ha

Yeah

C'mon, G-G-G-G-UNIT!

Hailie (what?)

Come here baby

Bring daddy his Oscar (okay)

Where gonna shove up Ja Rule's ass (\*laughing\*)

[Verse 1 - Swifty McVay]

I'm about to get rid of some hoes, it's simple

I'm quick to Murder Inc. with lead and I ain't talkin about a pencil

Look at what the fuck you done got into

I see you found your niche you just a bitch with a menstrual

Claimin you a murderer and spelt it wrong

You put "E" before the "D" because that's all you on

You on Pac's dick (bitch), you a replica guy (\*gunshots fired\*)

If he was still alive, you would never get by (for real)

All you do is cry, bitch keep it real

Life is more than imitatin niggaz and eatin pills

And what kinda motherfucker ruins three deals

That another nigga got you, they didn't see skills

And I ain't playin, you a brother gettin cheated

And Ja Rule be prayin on his color cause he need it

(2Pac: Get on your knees and pray)

And all you niggaz hatin, shut your mouths

It's just the real niggaz ain't buyin that shit y'all put out

[Verse 2 - Obie Trice]

Doe Rae Me, but we don't sing motherfuckers  
So Murder Inc. do your thing motherfuckers  
You unleashed on a team  
Who expects nothin less than R & B comin from that  
regime  
Regime, is a little extreme  
That connect some soldiers, motherfuckin Marines  
Ja sold his soul to sing  
Weave our witness team on the TV screen  
Chased the greed, now that you embraced the green  
Don't fuck with them triple beams  
You's a motherfuckin actor slash Pac impersonatin  
rapper  
Slash Billy Holiday, how it happen?  
Artists and repertoire saw him in action  
Pac assassination, Def Jam grabbed 'em  
Told 'em reenact 'em, you go platinum  
They seen it for sure, I know that Afeni Shakur don't  
enjoy  
Jeffrey Atkins reenactin her boy  
So I'm click clackin the toy, mash and destroy (\*gun  
cocked and fired\*)  
Shady slash Aftermath in Detroit motherfucker  
(\*gunshots\*)

[Chorus - Eminem] - w/ ad libs

Doe ray me, you fly so latte da, don't blame me  
Cause you washed up, lost your spot  
I'm a stay on my side of my crusade  
Ja quit playin, knock it off you're not Tupac  
Don't hate me cause you hot and your not goin at me  
The only shot you got  
Ja quit playin knock it off you're not Tupac  
And get popped like all that shit you pop

C'MON!

[Verse 3 - Kuniva]

Now we can skip past the mean mugs, get to the slugs  
'Til the grievance and the cryin and the intimate hugs  
We don't take you serious nigga, you shook  
You half of a halfway crook  
Get off X's dick go sing a hook nigga  
And you can't replace the late great one  
And when you gone you only gon' be the late fake one  
Nigga please, stick to the script  
Before the guns stick to the clip  
And Benzino you ain't shit but a bitch  
Fuckin old ass ignorant innocent lookin senior citizen

Built up slap you like Grandmas all sensitive  
Wait a minute hold on (what's up?)  
Is it me or do we look like a banana with braids and  
clothes on (\*laughing\*)  
A bitch "Made Man", now how you gonna connect  
With those short ass arms like a Tyrannosaurus Rex  
You niggaz could scream holla and curse  
Go ahead, respond and pull that pen and pad up outta  
your purse

[Verse 4 - Proof]

Slim didn't send Proof to get into +Wankstas+  
He told me to let loose and spit at the gangstas  
What up Gotti and this little war you pushed on  
Put your ear to the ground for stuckin your  
Bridgestones  
What's wrong? Didn't think we strong with real niggaz?  
Roll like a boss in the streets they still feel us  
It's real business, y'all ain't caught the concept (bitch)  
When the talk get nonsense to walk in bomb threats  
Contacts was blown by Benzetta in The Source  
Threatin at the boss you gonna see me on your porch  
Now Irv got the nerve to try to serve on us  
But Detroit niggaz heard and they ain't scurred to bust

[Verse 5 - Kon Artis]

Yo, props to my nigga Bugz, punks like you get beat up  
Stomped unconscious and smacked with the heater  
This rap cookie monster get jabbed in the tonsils with  
dicks  
So much that he should be fixed with a vagina  
Who's behind ya?  
Cadillac Pac or the transvestite that dressed like a Lil'  
Kim fox  
Your chest like a little wooden box  
When I press tight on the trigger of this glock  
That's right all the little shit you got left to help you eat  
Your not Pac's souls, without laws we'll help you sleep  
You got shot in your video tryin to mock Pac  
You Mockaveli, get your own idea (\*gunshots fired\*)

[Chorus]

[Eminem - talking over the Chorus]

Don't you never say my little girl's name in a song  
again  
Fuckin punk, pussy, bitch  
I'll fuck you up boy  
Never, never in your motherfuckin life  
Smack the shit out you little motherfuckin midget  
Hailie will whip your motherfuckin ass

[Outro - Obie Trice - talking]  
Yeah, that's right motherfuckers  
Shady Records, what you know about?  
Fuck Benzino  
Fuck Ja Rule, nigga  
This is Obie Trice right here talkin to you motherfuckers  
Ja Rule punk ass  
Yeah, fuckin Soul 4 Real ass, nigga that's Soul 4 Real  
That's the nigga from Soul 4 Real  
Candy reign ass nigga  
He got a deal now he rappin  
He don't know what's ..  
Faggot ass motherfuckers  
Give money to all my real niggas man  
Obie Trice, D-12, G-Unit  
50 Cent, Hailie Jade (\*echo\*) (\*laughing\*)

[Hailie]  
Daddy is Ja Rule taller than me?

[Eminem]  
No honey you guys are the same size

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