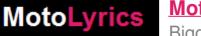
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"I'm Gone"

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[Eminem] + (Obie Trice) KaySlay! (Yeah) Yo.. Drama King! (Yeah!) Check it out, check it out - O. Trice! (Shady Records nigga, it's goin down once again boy) It's just a scratch man (Let's go Em)

[Eminem]

I +Murder+ this +Inc+ as soon as I touch the page You ain't gon' have no other choice but to rush the stage and charge the mic, and I hope you got the heart to fight Cause you gon' have to, cause you ain't got the smarts to write somethin that good, to try to come back at me with What you gon' do, try to out-rap me with that happy shit? You motherfuckers crack me up Talkin bout you gonna smack me up, y'all won't even back me up Throw up your paws, you pussies can't even scratch me hard

It's like fuckin Castor Claw tryna jack me off

You think I'm afraid? What you tryna throw some fear in me?

You think I'm dumb enough to roll with no security? {*gun clicks*}

I'm doin my best to try to show maturity

But don't sit there and stare at me like hoes and sneer at me

like it's supposed to be scarin me

Like I won't leap clean over this fuckin V.I.P. rope and throw this chair

at anyone close or near me tryna approach me physically

cause he don't spit lyrically

And he knows that my flow's so sick, this hoe's on my dick

and he's so sick of hearin me, my posters is starin at him

But I don't think he knows the severity of what it could escalate to or that it could grow so seriously if I go hysterically; cause I guarantee there's no one in here that would resort like a childhood any quicker than I would, or hit you with plywood Especially when I'm sippin on this liquor and tonic One swig of this bottle I'ma go upside your head so hard with it the mark from it'll be so dark that it'll leave a scar so big you'll be able to read a label from the motherfuckin sticker that's on it; I'm sick of the nonsense Shit is ridiculous and I refuse to let it get to this point where I'ma let you sit on my conscience - I'm gone bitch, YEAH! [Obie Trice] + (Eminem) I'm gone bitch Shady Records motherfucker, we gone bitch I said we gone bitch, so long bitch Catch up if you can (whoo!) we movin on bitch (UHH!) [Obie Trice] Now who you know been to Kyoto, Tokyo off of one debut, screamin, "I'm in Janai yo!" Obie Trice, sho' you right He done seen overseas, he's not a prototype (nah) Nobody's protégé, Em only showed O. the way Fuck what the media say If you listen to music then you should know that O. Trice fused it in a matter where he speaks how the streets views it Choose, to translate it through the art of music and started usin it reachin the youth influenced by the truth in it (truth!) And as a boy, a man, I ran from boys in vans Do the knowledge, acknowledge and try to comprehend Hand full of contraband A product of my environment, narcotics and violence Inspires the content, but my intent is to retire these tired-ass writers in si-lence (yeah!) Cause haters they hate us cause Shady became famous and claimed the rap game when they thought he'd be nameless (hah!) But racist accusations won't change us Let the truth be told, you think O. will be over here like, "Massa, show 'em you got soul" - no!

Anybody knows us know this not how we roll So, I still push the bucket If I ain't trust it I wouldn't fuck with it But fuck it, I'm gone bitch! {*two gunshots*}

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