Eminem, 911 - feat. Boo Yaa TRIBE & B-Real

Woo-hoo!
Guess who's back?!
Mommy, we're home!
Say hello to my little friends
DJ Muggs, Soul Assassins, Cypress Hill
Everybody, put your hands where my eyes can see!

Yo
Everywhere we go people know we roll deep as fuck
Forty, fifty Samoans, they knowin' when D-Bo was
50, Tweezy, Obie, there won't be no ho in us
They pop shit like they gonna do shit but no one does
From New York down to Texas, back up to Los Angeles
We changed the way we move, so man up if you can't adjust
You may end up getting rushed by too many to handle us (Ha)
It's funny, I guess money does have its advantages
And it isn't that we just think that we can't be touched
It's not like we're just feeling ourselves that much, it's just
That if someone ever does put us in the clutch
We just know that y'all ain't gon' be the one who's gon' do it
'Cause first of all you're pussy and everybody can see that
You fuck around, get caught in a spot that you shouldn't be at
That you got no business being in, we ain't even gon' be in it
No one's gonna hear nothing, no one's gonna see this shit
And they'll be in and up out of it, them boys is 'bout it, 'bout it
The noise from clips and rounds be drowned out by the crowd
And you'll be laying on the ground getting trampled by people dancing
'Til the club closes, and clears out, and that's when they see you flattened
Nobody saw it happen, all 'cause your jaws are flapping
And you couldn't stop yapping and took it past rapping
It ain't about the music no more, it's 'bout trying to show off
And it feels like any minute the bomb is about to go off

Shit's about to change, 'cause we ain't playin' no games
We ain't budgin', neither are they, we ain't sayin' no names
Shit just ain't the same when AK's get to sprayin'
"Hip-hop is in a state of 9-1-1"
It ain't about hip-hop, 'cause those days are gone
It ain't about tryna rip shots to get props no more
It's about trying not to get popped, and get dropped to the floor
'Cause "Hip-hop is in a state of 9-1-1"

Took my strap off my holster, 'cause shit is getting serious
All theses drugs you be fucking with make you delirious
Thinking you coming with heat, yo son, I'm curious
How long are you gonna hate us and judge us and jury us?
Some people can never fade us, that make us so furious
Mistake us for fakers, homie we greater and glorious
We living for real and others just making the stories up
Illusions are broken, so live it up, you corny fucks
If you take a fucking minute to think about what you done
When you stood against the gangster who live and die by the gun
Caught a hot one, sprayin' you bitches 'til there was none
I'm like a rolling stone homie, I got you under my thumb
You silly little bitches can end up right up in ditches
We cut you and give you stitches for envyin' all our riches
The game's just like a midget, you clockin' a small digit
Dealing with the Giant Goliath, people that's how we live it, c'mon

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Uh, Ganxsta, Ganxsta who come to pay you a visit
On the shit you call hip-hop, this function is where did it
When I put it in motion, my focus is getting branded
My appetite for destruction is blasted because I said it
Got you stumbling for cover, this music dying in numbers
But you wouldn't pause and wonder, admitting it's all glamour
When you enter the business you thinking you running shit
You witness that funny shit, your bitches they ain't shit!
We gangstas we blast first, ask questions later
All these imitators parading like they some players
Tryna save hip-hop the task is something greater
'Cause we old fashioned coded with loyalty motivators
Get caught, I'm not telling, or more like killing not caring
I'm riding a gangsta feeling, no fearing when gangstas dying
I'm in a full circle with homies that's s'posed to bleed
On an 8 Mile mission with Cypress and O.G.'s

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