Eminem, Defence

Nah, we ain't done (*echo*)
I love bein hated, it great
It let's me know that I made it
I wouldn't have it no other way
I wouldn't trade it for the world
Only let's me know that I'm loved
by so many other motherfuckers that ain't you
And is bomb, as you keep fuckin with us, we keep fuckin you up
And keep pullin the rug from up under you
And what's even more fucked up, is we enjoy what were doin
so much there ain't nothin that we love more than +Pullin Your Skirts Up+
And exposin you hoes so much, people are startin to wonder
what's up with them fuckin one dough a man under rules
Do on to others as you will have done under you
So who the fuck you motherfuckers gonna run to
When someone runs up with a mask and puts a gun to you (*gun cocks*)
You gonna ask yourself, how come your mans
didn't enter that last round that he had in Curtis Jackson's ass while he had the chance
You keep askin us to keep it on wax but we can't
This is past any rationalization
We have captured national media attention
Conversation is senseless, you can sense the tension start buildin
soon as we enter the '106th & Park' building
Someone's gonna get killed and I swear to God
if someone so much as even touches one of my people
I'll put a million on his head
And you ain't got the funds to match or counteract it
But I'd rather rap than get into this gangsta shit
And it ain't because I'm a bitch
It's because I ain't a bitch, I don't endanger people that I'm with
I'm a general, I ain't Bush, I don't send my soldiers to war
If I ain't there in the middle of the shit with 'em, so when I do get 'em
Orders to storm your headquarters, you'll be fuckin with a ..
[Swifty McVay]
Fuckin with a piece keeper, see you a nigga that greet this lyrical meat cleaver
That'll eat ya, niggaz wanna keep speakin, like it ain't even that deep
I got heat that'll sweep a nigga street (*explosion*)
See I wouldn't fuck with me neither, only heaven can help ya
I'll be searchin for you longer than the "Legend of Zelda"
Without a failure, there's gonna be hell to tell the
captain that a bassett hound couldn't even smell ya
body, when I hide ya, I be on that mob shit
You another Hoffa, under the Renaissance bitch
You get bombed like Lebanon (*explosion*) with my own tactic
I snatch your head like one of Saddam's wigs
[Obie Trice]
Motherfucker, I'll handle you
We can have it out on any Avenue
A +Average Man+ flipped into an animal
Shoot out your mandibles
Cannons and ammunition, reload with precision
Nigga know the mechanicals
Break a pistol down, you should see them handles
The street taught the child, no read up manuals
Pushin crack vows, young Nino Brown
Chasin green is the dream, when your young and brown
Bound to be a problem child, look what I'm involved in now
A 'Dozen Dirty' niggaz and they all get down
Dissolve any problem that enlarge with ours
When revolvers we said "all men get out" (*gunshot*)
(Eminem: c'mon)
[Kuniva]
While your punchin and tacklin punks
I'm handlin chumps, packin a pump

that's longer than the elephant trunk (*gun cocks*)
On the streets I'm a beast, I feast upon the weak
So speak beef, I'll shot you and scream "increase the peace"
A monster, pistol packin pushin niggaz off they Hondas
Stomp ya, get it crackin, yankin bitches for they ganja
Sneaky as fuck, I don't think mama beat me enough
When she was sleep and stuff, I was stealin the keys to the truck
Shut the fuck up, before you end up dead in the dump truck
Or in the streets takin a nap, bleedin and lumped up
+Who Want What+ like M. Bleek, with this heat if you ten deep
Then fuck it, it will be ten sleepin (*gunshots*)
[Proof]
Don't muscle with my a land ski
Don't tustle with my hand speed
Clutch your burner, bust it and watch your man bleed
We ferocious, toast no holsters
Approach us, throw heat straight from the shoulders (c'mon, *gunshot*)
We the soldiers, y'all the youngsters (ha)
Youngsters lungs puncture, dead in a dumpster (*gunshot*)
Upstairs the Munster, hand full of drama
You scared of the drama, bomber the monster (*gun cocks*, boof)
I'm back nigga (Proof), I reappear
Shoot like (*gunshot*), you ain't seein clear
Blackness, carcass covered with cat fish
We murkers with no purpose other than practice (bitch)
[Bizarre]
There's three things I hate: liars, fakes and cheaters
Alcoholics, sluts and fuckin wife beaters
A gat that describes my life (damn)
I don't even know who song this is (scratched - *Obie Trice*)
Bitch, Bizarre don't give a fuck about no hip hop
At my release party in a pink tank top and Reeboks (*laughing*)
This Ja Rule beef I ain't gettin in
I'll need an R & B singer to sing at my wedding
I turn your face into a fuckin meat patty
I'll fuck your mommy and go fishin with your granny
I'll +Shit on You+, I'll pee on R. Kelly too
This is Bizarre, see you "Devil's Night 2"