Eminem, Don't Push Me

[50 Cent]
I need you to pray for me (and)
I need you to care for me (and)
I need you to want me to win
I need to know where I'm heading, 'cause I know where I've been

Flows, bones, crushin', it's nothin'
I come up with somethin'
Come through your strip, frontin', stuntin'
It's something you want, 745 chrome spinnin'
Haters hate that I'm winnin'
Man I've been hot from the beginnin'
Motherfuckers envy the kid, control your jealousy
'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fittin' to catch a felony
Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it poppin'
Once I squeeze the first shot (gun shot), you know I ain't stoppin'
Till my clip is empty, I'm simply
Not that nigga you should try your luck with, or fuck with
Hollow-tip shells struck you with your bones broken, gun smokin', still locin'
what nigga, lay your ass down paramedics get you up feeling

[Chorus 50 Cent]
Right now I'm on the edge, so don't push me
I aim straight for your head, so don't push me
Fill your ass up with lead, so don't push me
I got somethin' for your ass, keep thinkin' I'm pussy

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[Lloyd Banks]
I cross my bigger nigga, and I didn't cry
To young to understand, the consequences of a man
Livin' a lie, I gotta get that money
I'll be damned if I'm bummy
Gotta watch my back around these niggas
'Cause they funny 20 years, of watching my mama's tears
Got my heated, heavily weeded
Smoking that bong, cause I need it
These niggas don't want me ballin', they want me buried
balled in the dirt, from shots flurry
Layin' with bugs all under my shirt
I got plans to hop up in that Hummer
'Cause I'm a stunner, I sit back and wonder

When them angels, gonna call my number
Under my chest is a heart of a lion
I ain't lying, bounty hunters got me flyin'
With my iron, high as a giant
I'm runnin' from nothin', my stomach is touchin'
What I'm clutchin', to give you more than a concussion, end of discussion
My blood is colder, so I'm bolder
And it's either soda, hood on my shoulder
Look in the mirror, I see a soldier

[Chorus X2 50 Cent]

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[Eminem]
These are my ideas
This is my sweat and tears
This is shit that I saw, with my balls, my ears
This is me, who's got to be
What you see on TV, what you hear on CD, what appears easy
Man these teenie boopers see me on these magazine covers
In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies
Frontin' like it's all fun and games, 'til they shoot em up bang
When you see your brains hang and you see we ain't playin'
Ain't sayin' we ain't layin' down at night and ain't prayin'
I bullied my way in this game, man I'm done playin'
Man I'm done sayin' that I'm done playin'
I'm a start layin' into these motherfuckering cocksuckers
There's no way I'm back down, like a god damn coward
I can't, how would I look as man, bowing to his knees
Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me
And not lash back out at 'em, please
Oh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me, not Marshall
You want to see Marshall? I'll show you Marshall
I try to show you art, but you just pick it apart
So I see I have to start, showing you fuckin' old farts,
A whole other side, I wanted to not show you
So you know you're not dealing with some fuckin' marshmallow, little soft yellow punk pussy, who's

[Chorus 2X]

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