Eminem, Fight Music

Fight Music Lyrics

[Chorus: Eminem]
yo,This kind of music, use it, and you get amped to do shit
Whenever you hear some shit and you can't refuse it
It's just some shit, for these kids, to trash they rooms with
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit
The type of shit that you don't have to ask who produced it
You just know - that's the new shit
The type of shit that causes mass confusion
and drastic movement of people actin stupid

[Kon Artis]
I come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm and smellin like Boone's Farm
Hidin under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own moms
Connivin Kon, Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screamin, "Let's get it on!"
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin a tank
Rollin over a bank, cops see me and faint
It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke
I think I'll up my high by slittin your throat
Push your baby carriage into the street, 'til it's mince meat
Your mens been beat the minute I step onto your street
This is fight music!

[Bizarre]
You know why my hands are so numb? (No)
Cause my grandmother sucked my dick and I didn't cum (oh)
Smacked this whore for talkin crap (bitch)
So what if she's handicapped, the bitch said Bizarre couldn't rap
I f**kin hate you; I'll take your drawers down and rape you
While Dr. Dre videotapes you (hell yeah!)
Satan done got me on this song
Eatin a hot dog readin the Holy Qu'ran, while I'm on the john
Tired of wearin this yellow thong
Take it back Sisqo, you know where it belongs (thong th-thong thong)
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm
Now go over there and blow up Dru Hill's arms
F**k your love songs

[Chorus]

[Proof]
Just bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon' swing on?
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to king-dom come
Show you machine gun funk
Sixteen m-16's and one pump [click-clack]
The snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw
Have you runnin out this f**kin club in your drawers
We lovin the broads, there's nothin to applaud
But f**k it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source
It's fight music

[Swifty McVay]
I'm a nigga that loves scuffles
And won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen knuckles
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps
Blow his head back right in front of the precint sayin, "You hear that?"
I slap your freak, bump you and won't speak
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own drink
I suffocated my shrink just for talkin
Came back and f**ked up his pallbearers and made 'em drop his coffin

It's fight music!

[Kuniva]
These beads I'm swingin is stingin 'em
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm bringin 'em
If any nigga lookin too hard, we Rodney King'n 'em
Malice green to them and gasolinin 'em with premium
Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it at 'em
Hold up a picture of his family and kick it at him
Blast while you right hookin, right when your wife's lookin
F**k fight music, bitch this is losin your life music!

[Eminem]
If I could capture the rage of today's youth and bottle it
Crush the glass from my bare hands and swallow it
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists
and hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say shit
You Liberace's, Versace's, and you nazis
Watch me, cause you thinkin you got me in this hot seat
You motherf**kers wanna JUDGE me cause you're NOT me
You'll never STOP me, I'm TOP speed as you POP me
I came to save these new generations of babies
from parents who failed to raise 'em cause they're lazy
to grow to praise me I'm makin 'em go crazy
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me
And you fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on
And this song is for any kid who gets picked on
A sick song to retaliate to, and it's called..

[Chorus]

It's fight music!