Eminem, Hail Mary

[Intro: Eminem]
Makaveli, rest in peace
Irv Gotti, too much Bacardi in his body
Mouth like a 12 gauge shotty (feel me!)
{*starts singing chorus in background*}
And this bitch said he should be
The lost forgotten seed of Tupac
To lead this industry into the ways of the man
Follow me...!
[Chorus: Eminem]
Come get me
If you motherfuckas want Shady
If Pac was still here now
He would never ride with Ja
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
[Verse 1: Eminem]
You ain't no killa, you a pussy
That ecstasy done got you all emotional and mushy
Bitch is wearin' rags in photos, Ja's words bein' quoted
In The Source stealin' Pac's shit like he just wrote it
You loudmouths, pray to God hopin' no one's listenin'
See 50 comin' for me I'ma guard my, my position
No one'll pay attention to me, please Gotti
Here I go, give me this pill
Ecstasy done got me feelin' so invincible
Now all a sudden I'm a fuckin' mad man who screams like I'm Pac
But I'm not, enemies, Hennessy
Actin' like I'm great, but I'm fake, I'm crazy
Sweat drip get me off this trip, someone stop this train
Some say my brain is all corrupted fuckin' with this shit
I'm suck, I'm addicted to these drugs, I'ma quit
sayin' motherfuckas names before somebody fucks me up
Ain't no pussies over here partner, see you in hell, fucka
[Chorus: Eminem]
Come get me
Motherfucka, if you want Shady
If Pac was still here now
He would never ride with Ja
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Get off that E
'Fore you try to come and fuck with me
It's Aftermath gettin' down, Shady Records got it locked
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
[Verse 2: 50 Cent]
Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers
Never realize the precious time that bitch niggaz is wastin'
Institutionalize my bitchez bring me product by the bundle
Hustle hard for my sale, G-Unit motherfucka, we ballin'
Catch me countin' cheese and when I'm callin', do you accept my calls?
Still let me sip on Hennessy, can I sip some more?
Hell, I done been to jail, I ain't scared
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there
I got a head with no screws in it
Motherfuckas thinkin' they can stop 50, they losin' it
Lil' nigga named Ja think he live like me
Talkin' about he left the hospital took nine like me
You livin' fantasies nigga, I been checkin' deposit
When your lil' sweet ass gon' come out of the closet?
Now he wonderin' why DMX blowed him out
Next time grown folks talkin', bitch, close yo mouth
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real niggaz ball to let these bitch niggaz beat me
Black Child, you's a motherfuckin' punk and you'll see me with gloves
Quit scarin' them fuckin' kids with yo ugly ass mug

And you can tell them niggaz you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Nigga payback, Tah, I know yo bitch ass from way back
Witness me strap the mac, knew I don't play that
All these old rappers tryina advance
It's all over now, take it like a man [haha!]
Irv lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryina playa hate on my shit
Man, eat a fat dick!
Lovin' this shit, that's how you made me
Feelin' like I got you niggaz crazy
Uh huh, against all odds
Hopin' my thug motherfuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds
Up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]
Ay yo, I been one of the most humble
Reppin' streets to the core
Ay Jeffrey, what the fuck you come and bother me for?
It's been a long time comin', like a blessing to check you
See, 106 & Park fans don't even fuckin' respect you
It's kinda funny, wanna be Pac, wanna fake like he thug
Runnin' around talkin' shit that he ain't capable of
Now let me off this cock sucka, watch me handle you nigga
If I recall, Violator used to manage you nigga
They took a closer look and realized you wasn't impostured
There's never been a Violator on the Murder Inc. roster, dumbass
Now, who shootin'? Awww, made you look!
You said Bust' singin' the same old hook? You stupid!
If y'all shootin', I take a look at yo man
The bitch shot himself in front of Def Jam
Chedda bob ass niggaz, start adjustin' yo plan
You let the streets down nigga, apologize to yo fans
Watched you pull a lil' stunt like we ain't know what it was
Lil' faggot, desperate tryina reestablish a buzz
I know the shit is drivin' you crazy, you wonderin' how
The streets ain't never want you, Beatrice, whachu gonna do now?
Now if you wanna beef with me, then I'm beefin' with you
I think about the game and what it's like and
{*imitating Ja Rule*} "What would it be without you?"
You finished, I ain't tryina repeat this
Just 'cause I'm cool, you shouldn't take my kindness for weakness
[Busta Rhymes talking]
Oh shit... it was fun...
Next time you got a problem man...
Address me before you try to make the shit a public issue homey...
Now I'ma return back to my regular self...
And have fun again... one!