Eminem, Invasion (We The Reales Lablel)

lets get down to business
i don't got no time to play around
what is this?...
what is this?
the invasion
green lantern
the infiltration ... be comin'
i got 50 cent
i got g unit
d-twizzy in this bitch
wit obie trice
so watch what u say
'fore u call our name
cuz u say one more thing
it won't be nice
woah, here we go
i shoulda known
i was bound to get pulled
into some bullshit
sooner or later you little haters
are too jealous of us to love us
you hate it g unit made it
and obie's coming
d-twizzy's coming
you're sick to your stomach
50 percent of it's 50 cent
the other 50 percent of it's
who's color of skin it is
but if you even considerin taking our label down
you better find our building and fly a fucking plane into it
but i ain't trying to get too intricate into it
i'm just trying to you give you a little hint
for your own benefit
cuz then it's gonna get to the point
where it escalates into some other shit
then i'ma flip
then i'ma get to
stompin in my err ferze wunz (air force ones)
you won't be able to tell if it's two perrz er it's wun
(two pairs or its one)
it's just gonna feel like so many feet kicking you
you think
nike just made these into cleats in this shoe
i don't know what it is or what it could be
but i get a woody when these pussies try to push me
thinking they gonna put me in a position to pickle me
y'all tickle me pink
i think i'd rather just have pink tickle me
hickory dickory dock
tickety tock tickety
a little bit of the diggedy doc diggedy
mixed with a little bit of the jigga-ja-jigga
what is more a pinch of biggie
look at me
i'm just the bomb diggedy
we the realest label
don't try to act like you don't feel our label
cuz we gon' fuck around and kill your label
obie d-twizzy g unit 50 shady records
we the label fo sho!
we the realest label
don't try to act like you don't feel our label
cuz we gon' fuck around and steal your people
obie d-twizzy g unit 50

we gunna kill your fuckin label fo sho!
shady in the place to be, see
and i got what it takes to rock the mic right
still watch what you say to me punk
cuz i'm off probation in less than six months
haha
shady records
still aftermath
and don't think we don't hear you motherfuckers talking
cuz we do
and we see y'all
but we just gon' sit back for a minute
and watch what the fuck y'all do
{*gunshot*}
[Verse: B.I.G.]
Back up chump, you know Biggie Smalls grips it quick
And kicks it quick, you know how black niggas get
With the hoods fatigues with the boots with trees
Smokin weed, flippin ki's, makin crazy G's
Hittin' buckshots at niggas that open spots
On the avenue, take my loot, and I'm baggin you
Pimpin hoes that drive Volvo's and Rodeos
Flash the Roll, make her wet, in her pantyhose
Damn, a nigga style is unorthodox
Grip the glock, when I walk down the crowded blocks
Just in case a nigga wanna act out
I just black out, and blow they motherfuckin back out
That's a real nigga for ya
[Chorus: 50 Cent] (2x)
We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga
Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!
[Verse: B.I.G.]
When we smoke spliffs, we pack four-fifths
Just in case dread wanna riff
He get a free lift to the cemetary, rough very
Not your ordinary, we watch you get buried
That's a real nigga for ya
Get mad do a quarter flip the script, and rip your lawyer
Spit at the D.A. cause fuck what she say
She don't give a fuck about your ass anyway
Up North found first stop for the town
of fist-skill, where the hand skills are real ill
You'll be a super Hoover doo-doo stain remover
Ha hahhh, yo G, pass the ruler
[Chorus] (2x)
We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga
Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!
[Verse: 50 Cent]
When I was young my M.O. was to go hail the Henny
And even my P.O. she called me the Ginger Bread Man
I cut ya new case, and tell her ass "catch me if you can"
Don't let your people feel your awkward
I tame I'm not lame
Get gassed up to get blast up
Real B.I.G. style watch the kid break it down
Check it, thou shalt not fuck wit North Seed Papa
50 Cent, I'll break yo ass off propa'
This new place like home, New York - New York
I run this city, I don't dance around like Diddy

Niggas is giddy, till they act smack silly
Or spray wit the Mack Milly, they don't want drama really
Pushy niggas get hard lip syncing my lyrics like Milly Vanilly
Even the hood they feel me {*gun cocked*} hah! I'm on fire!
Niggas out in Philly they feel me, they bump my shit
Even bootlegged you know, bump my shit, bitch!
[Chorus] (2x)
We the realest nigga
50 Cent and B.I.G. my nigga
Don't try to act like you don't feel a nigga
Biggie yo nigga, 50 yo nigga
Squeeze the trigga' leave a nigga fa' sho!