Eminem, Kings Never Die (ft. Gwen Stefani)

[Gwen Stefani:]
Here to stay
Even when I'm gone
When I close my eyes
Through the passage of time
Kings never die

I can hear the drummer drumming
And the trumpets, someone's tryna summon someone, I know something's coming
But I'm running from it to be standing at the summit
And plummet, how come it wasn't what I thought it was
Was it?, too good to be true?
Have nothing, get it all but too much of it
Then lose it again, then I swallow hallucinogens
Cause if not, where the hell did it go?
Cause here I sit in Lucifer’s den by the dutch oven
Just choosing to sin
Even if it means I'm selling my soul, just to be the undisputed again
Do whatever I gotta do just to win
Cause I got this motherfucking cloud over my head
Crown around it, thorns on it
Cracks in it, bet you morons didn't
Think I'd be back, did ya?
How 'bout that I’m somehow now back to the underdog
But no matter how loud that I bark, this sport is something I never bow-wow'd at
I complain about the game, I shout and I pout, it's a love-hate
But I found out that I can move a mountain of doubt
Even when you bitches are counting me out, and I appear to be down for the count
Only time I ever been out and about is driving around town with my fucking whereabouts, in a doub
I been lost tryna think of what I did to get here but I'm not a quitter
Gotta get up, give it all I got or give up
Spit on shit on stepped on but kept going
I'm tryna be headstrong but it feels like I slept on my neck wrong
Cause you're moving onto the next, but is the respect gone?
Cause someone told me that
(Kings never die)

Don't give me that sob story liar, don't preach to the choir
You ain't ever have to reach in the fire to dig deep
Nobody ever handed me shit in life, not even a flyer
Wouldn't even take shit into consideration
Obliterate anyone in the way
I think I see why a lot of rappers get on these features and try to show out on a track with me
But it'd actually have to be a fucking blowout to get me to retire
Tell these new artists that kings never die
I know shit has changed in this age, fuck a Twitter page, did just say I've been upstaged?
Why am I online? It's driving me crazy, I'm riding shotgun tryna get a gauge
Almost hot, but I'm not gonna' conform, with a stage pass and this shit
And opinions sway, I can hear them say, if I stay passionate maybe I can stay Jay miraculous
Comeback as if I went away, but detractors just say so much for the Renegade
Someone's gonna make me blow my composure
Here I go again, center stage and I feel like I'm in a cage
They so want a champion to fall
I still wonder why I laugh at 'em cause why carry when I'm all
So fuck what these cynics say
Just goes to show that when my back's against the wall
And I'm under attack again, I'll act as if I'm posted up
With this pented rage cause saw all these plaques in my office
On the floor stacked against the door
All be just metaphors for the odds of
When you comin' back again cause all the accomplishments, accolades, awards
And trophies just don't mean jack anymore
Cause I'm here today and gone tomorrow
And I'm not gonna be

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I want it, I'm coming to get it, so you son of a bitches don't duck you’re gonna get Riddick Bowe’d
Critics all end up in critical, think your shit is dope all you're gonna get is smoked then
And I'm not stopping until I'm top again, all alone and on a throne
Like a token of respect, or a homage poem, or an ode, I've been on
Tossed in the air by my own arm, and launched so hard I broke my collarbone
And it's my time to go, but I'm still not leaving
Stop for no one, I don't know but I've been told that I should go
Launch a Rover, knock it over, time to go for that pot of gold, cause

They say kings never die
Just ask Jam Master Jay
They just grow wings and they fly
So, hands up, reach for the sky
Try to hold up and prolong these moments
Cause in a blink of an eye
They'll be over

Tryna secure your legacy like Shakur
And ensure that nobody's ever gonna be what you were
So before you're leaving this Earth
You want people to feel the fury of a pure evil cerebral berzerk
Deacon of words, syllable genius at work
Plus I'm think that they're mistaking my kindness for weakness, distill it with meanness
With some kind of back flipping burgers on the grill for some peanuts
Secure us to arenas, call me Gilbert Arenas, still appeal to the dreamers
I made it to the silverscreen where Rocky stepped with the demons
Khalil on the beat cause making the beat ain’t the same feeling to me is killing the beat
It's overfilling to me, what filling a seat is
That sound, vomit, thirst and how common underground commons eat
Outsider stomach growl, throbbing hunger
Out-rhyming everyone, God just give me one shot
I swear that I won't let you down
I'mma be around forever, entertain even in the ground
You ain't ever gonna hear me say I ain't

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