Eminem, Luv Me

[Verse 1]
[Obie Trice]
You don't see me in the hood
It's cause I'm doing this man
Niggas, I'm still grinding, (yeah...)
I'm still hearing those sirens,
I'm still getting chased by those lights,
Only the light's mine and my mic's on
And my time is none because I'm writing more,
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this buisness,
I'm here to eat, speak, until these hoes feel this, (for sure...)
and I can't let y'all derail me man,
I got young Kobe, homie, you gotta let go of Obie
cause Obie be back, (ain't goin' nowhere man...)
We got them craps going on
and that yak going on,
soon as a nigga touch down back from tourin',
It's whateva, put that on the chedda man,
but in the meantime, it's Jimmy Ivene time,
chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out,
this is it my nigga, this what we boast about,
Now I'm here so shut your motherfuckin mouth
And show me love bitch..
[CHORUS]
[Obie Trice]
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life, (I dont love you bitch)
I wanna hold you in the morning, (Ha)
hold you through the night (Hahaha)
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life,
(We wanna love alcohol, we wanna love guns,)
I wanna hold you in the morning, (we wanna love money)
hold you through the night.. (Ha) (we don't wanna love bitches though)
[Verse 2]
[Eminem]
There's a certain mystique when I speak,
that you notice that it's sorta unique,
cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep,
and I'm still matic the way I flow to this beat,
you can't sit still, it's like tryin to smoke crack
and go to sleep, I'm strapped,
just knowing any minute I could snap,
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush rapped,
I bully these rappers so bad lyrically,
it ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry,
it ain't even money, you can't pay me enough
for you to play me, it's cockamamie,
you just ain't zany enough to rock with Shady,
my noodle is cockadoodle, my clocks cuckoo,
I got screws loose, yeahhh, the whole kitten-kaboodle,
I'm just brutal. It's no rumor, I'm numero uno, assume it,
there's no humor in it no more, you know
I'm rollin with a swollen bowling ball in my bag,
you need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
you better love me bitch
[CHORUS]
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning,
hold you through the night
[Obie Trice]
(and all the bitches say)
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning,
hold you through the night
[Verse 3]

[50 Cent]
my buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name,
if it ain't about the flow,
it's about the stones and the chain,
if I was you, I'd love me too,
I roll like a bus, 9-11 pulse same color as cranberry sauce,
I ain't gonna front, I thought R-Kelly was tha shit,
lemme find out he fucking round with bow wow bitch,
niggas eatin popcorn, right, rewinding the tape,
now shorty momma in the precinct hollerin rape,
i'm convinced man something really wrong with these hoes,
I thought Lil' Kim was hot then she start fucking with her nose, (God Damn)
used to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet,
then the bitch put out a CD that didn't have no beats, (uh-huh)
that boy D'Angelo he determined not to fail,
that nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell,
my back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes,
and Big Ben taught Charlie B'Mor to deepthroat
[CHORUS]
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning, (I luv'a burnish the monies, the bunnies)
hold you through the night(I just wanna hold you
I just wanna love you for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning,
(I just wanna love you)
hold you through the night