Eminem, Warrior Part 2

[Intro - Eminem]
[dj whoo kid the hood legend]
Woooo![echoes]
Remix [echoes]
Lloyd Banks! [echoes]
Ha Ha [echoes]

[Verse 1 - Eminem]
It's like a throne that he dont even own
He wont sit down, given the crown he just throws it around
It's like a joke he's like a king, but he dont rule a thing
He dont want the diamonds, want the gold or want the jewelry
He dont want the fame dont want the lute he's in it for a sport
Runnin suckaz where theres competition round the court
He appreciates your support but he aint beggin for it
And you cant love it you can hate it but you cant ignore it
You cant be that ignorant but you can try to sell him short
But you cant f**k with his last joint or the one before it
And he was gonna raise hell like them country boys
And if I'm frontin then you better come confront me for it

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]
This Is The Story Of A Warrior I Kno U Kno It
True Warriors Go Ahead N Make Some Noise
It Ain't Healthy To Be Makin' Niggaz Paranoid
Hit Ur Corner Wit More Weapon I Don't Need My Boyz
Im Doin' 120 In The Fast Lane
Kick Back Just Relax Let Me Do My Thang
Dont Give a F**k About You Suckas Gotta Maintain
Money Power And Respect In This Rap Game

[Verse 2 - Lloyd Banks]
He's straight outta the neighborhood but Niggaz hate
They see you go and eat your dinner off a bigger plate
Your stomachs ache while he's loungin at the big estate
And he hops in a 100 thousand with a Nigga's gate
House with just a bigger gate , houndin him was a big mistake
He wont surrender he'll rather give up a rib to break
'cause he remembers when they wouldnt lend a helpin hand
So he was sittin on green like a Celtic fan
Created a buzz so when you gotta mention his name
When you discussin' the illest playa that's in the game
And he's ridin with Em, 50 cent, Doc and them
G Unit records aint no motherf**kin stoppin them

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]
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[Verse 3 - 50 Cent]
He's no magician man the kid makes somethin' outta nuthin
So now niggaz from this hood act like we owe em somethin
They talk crazy til we send niggas through there to buck em
Ask 'em if theres a problem and they'll say naw its nothin
He was gonna help em out, but since they fronted, f**k em
He dont care how they feel, they can hate him or love him
He hold it down on his own the kid is really thuggin
He's rich now, he aint change so Niggaz think he buggin

He bullet proof everything in case niggaz try and buff him
Keep Two pistols on this hip I show you where he tuck em
Niggaz say they gon' get at him but they cant touch him
Try to catch em slippin, they creepin and he start bustin

[Gun cock, Gun shot]

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]
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[Nate Dogg]
I can give you niggaz' somethin' you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You ain't no G-Unit f**kin' clown
I can take your girl until I turn her out
Don't hold it in, let it all out
I can give you f**kers somethin' to be mad about
Invite her in send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth.