Eminem, We Ain't

Hahahaha, ladies and gentlemen
You are now about to witness the strength, Aftermath
Straight out the motherf**kin streets of Compton
Put yo' hands together.. The Game.. BITCH!
HAHAHAHA..

(Yeah! Yeah motherf**kers! Compton's back on the motherf**kin map!)
(Aftermath in that ass bitch! Game, let's go!)

[The Game]
Me and Marshall ain't start shit, they listen to our shit
and talk shit about us, but that shit is foul
when I'm tryin to feed my son and drop multi-platinum albums
Make my mother proud that her son made it out
But it's hard when they hate us, and think Em a racist
They say shit, but f**k them, Shady one of the greatest
Like Biggie and 'Pac was, we saw the throne was empty
and decided to chase it, me him and 50 racin
This rap shit is basic, I followed that Jay shit
Think of what I wanna say, step in the booth, and one take it
How could I not sell a million when I'm rappin on Dre hit
Then spit that classical L.A. N.W.A. shit
The media is bullshit, now we can't even say bitch
They accusin Michael of touchin kids in the wrong places
At first they embraced him, had a couple of facelifts
Now people wanna place him with murderers and rapists
They comin I can taste this, swear to God I erase 'em
Put the clip in and waste 'em before I go out on that fake shit
I'm so sick and tired of this black shit, this white shit
So I sit here and write shit, Em they ain't gon' like this
So they callin us

[Chorus]
(We ain't, goin, nowhere, so f**k you)
(We ain't, goin, nowhere, so f**k you)
[Em] This day, The Game, will never be the same
[Dr] Things just ain't the same for gangsters
[Em] The Game just isn't the same, it's changin
[Em] It's a new Game! You're now about to witness the power

[Eminem]
Only Dre can, judge me for the mistakes I'm makin
If I'm fakin, I'm Clay Aiken {*blam*}
You ain't 50 and you ain't Game, you lame you tame bitch
Your mind's lost, you ain't ready to make that flame switch

You'll end up in the same situation, same shit
Different day, just with different gangsters in your face, which
way do you wanna face when your brains hit pavement
Think of what you'll say to Pastor Ma$e and save it
for the day that they got them affadavits wavin
in my face lookin for answers, rap senssation
Eminem battles to ward off, accusations
That he had somebody blasted, the mask of Jason
was found at the scene of the task with masking tape
And the victim's penis up his ass, a basket case
And they ask him to clean up his act, you bastards wastin
too much time, me no kiss ass, and if that's the case
Then we ain't goin

[Chorus]

The Game..

[The Game]
Lo, get Dre on the phone quick
Tell him Em just killed me on my own shit
I'm walkin through 8 Mile, startin to get homesick
I'ma do Shady numbers, I'm ridin my own dick
Yeah the chrome sick, the windows tinted
If Eminem is in it, body armor under the panel
Ten these niggaz is killin it, take a minute to listen
Turn down my Jimi Hendrix, I throw your demo out the window
For tellin me it's hot when it's not and you got
what you got from them rocks on the block you can stop
tellin Dre you got shot with a glock that don't fade me
I'm crazy, why the f**k you think I'm rhymin with Shady?
I don't care if the radio don't play me; I say
what I say when I feel like I'm Phil-in-the-Day
And get hard when these bitches see my car in the streets
I can't even take my son to cop them G-Unit sneaks
So I'm gone bitch

[Chorus]

The Game..

(Yeahhhhhhhhhh! Oh!!)
(Shut yo' ass up, Aftermath motherf**ker)
(Haha, Game, things changin, Dr. Dre, G-Unit!)
(G-G-G-G-G-Unit!)