Eminem, We All Die 1 Day

THAT WAS THE WORST YOUR A F**KING MORON HERE IS HOW THE SONG GOES

Eminem:
S-S-Shady Records, you better believe the HYPE is real...

'Yeah! Yeah! Shots to Soul Assasins! DJ MUGZ... Alchemist...

Chorus:
Niggas know what i'm about out here
I don't toot my own horn 'cause i don't have to
You can run your own mouth, i don't care
If you get too close i'm gon' clap you
it's too real out here, to be scared
A real nigga gon' do whatever he has to
A man is the last thing you should fear
it aint considered a crim unless they catch you
We all die 1 day...

Obie Trice:
Niggas, when i step up in the bar, faggots's wanna look
Like you muthaf**kas got Obie Trice shook
Like i'ma stand here as a man
and let some queer-ass funny lookin nigga get the upper hand
I got issues... got no time
Got guns than more niggas moms
Shoot up clubs and destroy niggas rides
Everybody runnin' for they muthaf**kin lives
Tough Club niggas? we leave early
Cock back shirley, open up ya fade
your gray brain needs motor city paid
Your nervous system still twitch on days; these
ho's and animals ?'s get merked
don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt
don't ever let a nigga tell you 'play the ball hard'
Trust in God 'cause you's about to have a bullet scar
I give a f**k where you from, who you be with
Keep this a secret, right by the nuts
a .45 that'll lite niggas up
and this .45 high make me not give a f**k

Chorus:

Lloyd Banks:
But as long as i'm here i'm gon' grab checks
And make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks
Poverty'll make ya ass bet
My words touch niggas in jail, make them wanna finish they last bet
They say you live by the gun, you die by the next nigga gun
if thats the case, then get a bigger one
You dont think i pack the 'bump' 'cause i'm out the hood
that's a stereotype, like everybody that's black can jump
i'm in a white mink, the fabric is done
got rings like Mike, Bird, Magic and them
I'm out in dallas in a palace where the Mavericks is from
Living lavish i'm established 'til the cabbage'll come
I'm in the clouds, you don't see me on a train
I travel first class, you aint ever got a TV on your plane
ssh, be easy on my name
'cause i aint goin bank n forth
your boss and ya captains's soft

Chorus:

Eminem:

We gon' bring it to anybody who want it
you want it? you gon' get it
Man when we gon' hit 'em
chew 'em up and spit 'em out
<spit> too much venom
and if you roll wit em
we gon' f**k you up wit 'em
i got too much momentum
movin in my direction to lose
my shoes'll explode as soon as you go to step in 'em *BOOM!*
You know how we do it when we do how we do it
and we come through, g-unit d one two (D12) and Obie we all move
like assasins, ski masks and gloves
consider this as a warning, disaster comes
faster than you can react to it, just ask Marx
we are fizzast, f**k your little bitch as up
We are not killas, my vato will have you shot though
drag the little body on f**k like kim osario's
little sorry-o ass, go ask B-Real
We burn Source coovers like f**kin Cyrpress Hill
then in the Ninties when you was in diapers still
Shady Records, you better believe the hype is real
This is no joke, i don't smoke, but i toke
enough second hand to make my f**kin P.O. choke
I'm an O.G. you're f**kin wit a G.I. Joe
BIA BIA, MIA-MIA you livin la vida a loc?
i'm a psyhco, mariah aint got shit on me
when i retire i'll be spittin baby food on peep-
le it at San Ceedrow Ranch huddled up next to a em with hello kitty on slippers on humpin her legs
you ever had your cap peeled back? or your shit pushed in?
I'll put my blade in you like a f**kin pin cushin
slice your ear clear off, Schmirnoff and Hen dawg (hennessy)
I'll show you how to f**kin kill a man like Sin-dog
Nobody told you that i'm loco esse?
I lack every sane chemical in my membrane
I'm Slim Sha.. DY and the D's for dees nuts
and you can get each one for free so feast up
i pee in a cup for 3 months, i'm having a E party
for easter, please come

50 Cent:
We gon' bring it to anybody who want it
you want it? you gon' get it
your name up over him, chew him up
and spit him out <spit noise>
too much venom
and if you roll wit' him we gon' f**k you up wit' him
you can do all them push ups to pump up ya chest
i got a 12 gauge Marksberg to pump up ya chest
have you gaspin for air after that shell hit ya vest
fear me like you fear God 'cause i bring death
silver back gorilla in the concrete jungle
i'm the strongest around, you know how i get down
i watch gangsta flicks and root for the bad guy
turn it off before it ends because the bad guy dies
if you tryin' to buy guns from the nigga that look to
so what they got bodies on 'em they still look new
you can raise your voice like you finna touch somethin'
when i raise my knife, shit i'm finna cut somethin
they say i walk like Ron O'neil and talk like obie (obie trice)
if the bitch think i love her, well then the bitch don't know me
haha, sorry KIM (eminem's ex wife)