Eminem, We On Fire(Ja Diss)

[50 Cent]
Hahahaha
G G G G G G G G-Unit

[Eminem]
Here we go again

[50 Cent]
Does it make you mad when I switch my flow?
You can't understand how I get my dough
50 Cent I'm on fire cause Shady said so
I'm on fire

Everybody's in a rush try to get the throne
I just get on the track and try to set the tone
I ain't tryna use nobody as a steppin stone
But don't compare me
I'm better off jus' left alone
And I ain't even tryna go there wit record sales
I'm just tryna keep it humble and respect myself
Say what up, keep steppin, and just rep D-12
Keep my nose clean, stay away from weapons, jail
And livin wreckless
But if you go check my belt
You may see something else I used to protect myself
A vest, to stop a Rueger and deflect the shells
And send 'em back at you faster than they left the barrel
And I don't even carry guns no more, I don't got to
Got undercover cops that'll legally pop you
And I done seen a lot of people cross the line
But this motherf**ker Ja musta lost his mind
That X, got him thinkin' he was DMX
Then he switched to 'Pac now he's tryna be him next
So which one are you? X, Luther, Pac or Michael
Juss keep singin' the same song, recycled
We'd all much rather get along and fight you
Me and Hailie danced to your songs we liked you
And you don't really wanna step inside no mic booth
C'mon now, you know the white boy'll bite you
I hurt your pride dawg and you know I don't like to
But I will if I have to, with syllable after syllable I just slap you
Killin' you fasta than you poppin' pill afta little pill of them tabs of that shit you on

But if you want it you got it you'd bump this shit too, if we ain't diss you on it
But if we lock horns we can charge harder than Busta
We bump heads wit any motherf**ker that wants to
So whats the, deal where was all the tough talk?
When I walked up to you like, Ja what up dawg?
How come you didn't say you had a problem then?
When you was standin' there wit all your men, we coulda solved this then
I'ma grown man dawg come holla
All you did was slapdance, smile and swallow,
another one of them little X pills in front of me
And tell me 50 Cent was everything you wanna be come on

[50 Cent]
[Chorus]
I know you don't want it with me
You know you don't want it with me
You, talk an' you soon will see
You don't wanna bump heads with me
I know you don't want it with me
You, talk an' you soon you will see
You know you don't want it with me

[Tony Yayo]
You couldn't son me if my father helped you
My punchlines is hot, my bars'll melt you
Ja you Stuart Little, shells'll lift you
Every other week I'm buyin a new pistol
I clap at your ass with this chrome 38
And put six thru your hats of seven 3/8
Irv you ain't Suge Knight, you should shook night
I put my knife in ya wind pipe and freeze ya on the turnpike
You know and I know who took ya chain
You got robbed two times so ya ass is laid
I'm down to die for this shit all I need is bail
You betta stick to tha movies with Steven Seigel, bitch

[50 Cent]
[Chorus]
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[Lloyd Banks]
F**k that I'm miles away
And these industry niggas startin' to get outta hand
I'ma find your whereabouts by stompin' 'em out ya man
Tellin' New York, even in Compton they understand
I'm on the block where you was raised doin' chocolate out tha game an'...
They see me more pop a boy for icey 'cause I could
Shootin' guns for money you probably forgot your way around the hood
Bitch when you paranoid it's hard to make a song
Now you want it wit' us, half your artists got to make a point
Every magazine I own your on your knees takin' prayer picture
And you ain't even got shot yet, you scared bitches
You don't know nuttin' about what pain is sucka
I'll put your ass to the ground like a train conductor, muh'f**ker

[50 Cent]
[Chorus]
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[Tony Yayo]
Yeah nigga yeah
Shady Aftermath G-Unit
F**k you think they call us G Unit for
Cause we move units uhha
Don't think we ain't billin you for this motherf**king studio time
A matter a fact keep call it a 50 we'll call it even