# Eminem, We Ride For Shady

[Obie Trice]
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Been ridin for Shady, Shady {*echoes*}

[Ca]
Geah, Ca know
Shady Records, the dream team, uh

Sittin' in the back of the, all-gray Acura
Gun to the passenger for actin' tough
Turn the wheel in the passin', heart of an assassin
Plus I'm on the draw down, quick as fuck
Last move 'fore I give all street shit up
Put a nigga in the ground face down, feet up
This nigga here tried to cuff me for my re-up
When I went to his crib he called police up
Now you on the way to bein' paraplegic
For sendin' messages through bitches like you go see us
Shady, Ca king of the dope fiends plus
Give 'em a square mile by blocks and I'm creamed up
Took the bullet out of Obie head, put it in my pistol
And use it, ammunition on the niggaz they hit
Damn, I go to war on the regular man
'Cause I'm part of the dream team, you a regular man
Far as rap I don't see no competitors and
You see things like me, with my medal in hand
I'm a state case boy with a federal plan
A hundred in beats, beatin' the shit out skinheads
I'm the spirit of a G bringin' lyrics of the street
I'm Ca, a real dope boy on the beat (beat)
Slumped in the seat tucked clutchin' the heat
Basically, you niggaz can't fuck with me, ha!

CHORUS [Ca]
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Out to ride for Shady (yeah)
Y'all niggaz ain't hard, y'all niggaz ain't real
Y'all niggaz ain't crazy
Bring it on if you want, you don't know
The homicides that I've done lately
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Out to ride for Shady

[Obie Trice]
Yeah, Trice is back on the Alche' track
With Ca, capitalizin' on this mic in fact
We fuckin' with the captain of rap
My nigga with the Nike cap keep the continuity quite exact
So allure your cats into the second classic
We're mature as the number uno aspect, as yet
Who's to pass the driver?
O tries to flow to die fo' and the death blow survive (woo!)
I echo through your external vibe
With internal experiences I've acquired (uhh)
I'm probably the most honest hip-hopper alive
A victim depictin' images from my own eyes (yeah!)
Never livin' through homes, why?
Homie got his own set of cajones, stand up guy
It's Ca, O. Tri', rappers we blow by
This is as accurate as the masses will have it, no lie
Nigga!

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Been ridin for Shady (Shady, Shady)

Y'all niggaz ain't G. O. A. T., y'all niggaz ain't skill
Y'all niggaz ain't crazy (crazy)
Bring it on if you want, you don't know
The homicides that I got lately (nigga!)
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip
Been ridin for Shady (Shady)

Chorus

"A-A-A-A-A-A-A-Alchemist"