Eminem, When The Music Stops

(feat. D-12)

[Bizzare:]
[Echo]
Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids
Sike!

[Eminem:]
If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow
Would you feel sorrow or show love
Or would it matter
Can never be the lead-off batter of things
Shit for me to feed off
I'm see-saw battlin
But theres way too much at stake for me to be fake
There's too much on my plate
And I came way too far in this game to turn and walk away
And not say what I got to say
What the fuck you take me for? a joke? you smokin crack?
Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back
I get up 'for i get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out
I'm tryin-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark
Ya'll steady tryin to drown the shark
Ain't gonna do nothin but piss me off
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off
See me leap out, pull the piece out, fuck shootin i'm just trying to knock his teeth out
Fuck with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle
Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you're really feeling froggish, leap
Yo slim, you gonna let him get away with that?
He tried to play you, you can't let him skate with that
Man I hate this crap, this ain't rap,
This is crazy the way we act
When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music stops

[Swift:]
There ain't no getting rid of McVeigh
If so you woulda tried
The only way I'm leavin this bitch is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with hennesy,
Got drunk then I finished he
I'm every nigga's favorite arch-enemy.
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef
I spark willingly with a dillinger in the dark dilligently
I'm not what you think
I appear to be fucked up
Mentally endangered
I can't stay away from a razor
I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighbors for acres
I murder you
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of sam, bitch, I'm surgical
I'l allergic to dyin, you think not? you got balls? We can see how large
When the music stops

[Kon Artist:]
I was happy having a deal at first,
Thought money would make me happy but
It only made my pain worst,
It hurts when u see ur friends turn their back on u dawg
When u ain't got nothing left but ur word and ur balls
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends
Beggin' with they hands out
Checking for ur record when its selling

When it aint, that's the end, no laughs
No friends no girl
Just the gin u drink till u car spin u then
[Screech]
Damn!
[Crash]
U slam into the wall and u fall
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm
About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops

[Kuniva:]
Let's see how many of your men loyal,
When i pull up looking for you,
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust ur head would just explode
With red stuff i'm hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon
Braggin about how u shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you
Niggars, if i was u niggas, i'll run while given the chance
Understand i can enchance the spirit of man
Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of dying alone that really
Irks me, u ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark
Hug the floor while we plan to the war with ur life, fuck the tour and the mic
I'll rather fuck a whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga ur a gonna at night

When The Music Stops

[Proof:]
Instigators, turn pits in cages
Let loose and bit the neighbours
wrist to razors
Ya'll don't want war, you want talk
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof
Caved in like reindeer hoofs
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose
The more ya'll breach, the more I moves
This hill street, this is hardcore blues
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)
Or make the news betcha all ya'll move
When the uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop

[Bizzare:]
Music's changed my life in so many ways
Brains confused and fucked since the 5th grade
LL told me to rock the bells
NWA said fuck the police
Now i'm in jail
93 was strictly R&B
Fucked up hair cut
Listen to Jodeci
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike
Ass cheeks painted white
Fucking Presilla at night
Flying down sunset smoking crack
Transvestite in the front
Eddi Murphy in the back
MOP had me grindy and griddy
Marilyn Manson, i dyed my hair blue
And grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls
Now i'm in the hospital
Broken nose and a fractured elbow

Voices in my head, i'm going in shock,
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

[Bang]