

Eminem, 8 Mile Road - Remix (Feat. 50 Cent And

[50 Cent]

Yeah..50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

G-UNIT!

[Lloyd Banks]

This rap shit plays a major part of my life

So if you jeopardize it I got the right

To send a mothafucka at you tonight

G-Unit! And I ain't stoppin' to my clique poppin'

Swimmin' in barrels of money

Ma could walk around wit' a head up and challenge you dummy

It's funny, niggas rather see you sufferin' and hungry

I'm hungry as hell, skatin' with another nigga's money

Take your hats off, you know you ain't that tough

I'm callin' your bets off as soon as you act up

You know what I came for, it isn't the game ball

Artillery that's about as long as a chainsaw (Lloyd Banks!)

By the way, this feels like I'm dreamin'

Forty cal. under my pillow, condom feelin' my semen

The physical presence of a female, form of a demon

That's why, I fuck 'em and leave 'em

Get my nut while I'm breathin'

'Cause they thought they'd catch me slippin', now I'm duckin' and trippin'

That's a thousand dollar outfit what the fuck is you rippin'?

You trippin', more records could get my ass in position

Death wish for no religion whether Catholic or Christian

Listen, I went through my ambition in and out the kitchen

With probable cause, it's probably sendin' out to prison

You got soldiers, but you still gotta respect ours

We got more four five's and nines than a deck of cards

[Tony Yayo]

You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me ('Cause what?)

'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto

Niggas hate when you do good

But when you broke, your friends and your enemies

They love you, they love you

"Cheche, get the llello"

Picture me being crack, out of town, trips on the trail

"Cheche, get the llello"

Picture me being crack (Tony Yayo!)

You can sift me, cut me, I'll turn you to a junkie

I'm the number one seller in the whole fuckin' country

Wallstreet niggas, they cop me on the low

White boys don't call me coke, they call me blow

It's time to go, on the bus, the train, the plane

I'll smuggle, I'm nothin' but trouble

I'll make your money double

Cook me in baking soda

I'll turn your Hooprock into a new Range Rover

I'll pay all your bills and fill your 'frigerator

Feed your family, turn your man into a hater

Put me in your doorpanels or your stashbox

Put me in your Nik's, Timbs or Reeboks

If you cop three and a half you hustlin' backwards

Cop a hundred grams, you movin' forwards

You tryin' to move more birds

...In PA all day, on the corner of Third

[Chorus - Eminem]

I'm a man

I'ma make a new plan

Time for me to stand up and travel new land

Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands

Once I'm over these tracks man

I'ma never look back

(8 Mile Road)

And I'm gone
I don't like where I'm goin
Sorry mama I've grown
I must travel alone
Ain't no followin no footsteps
I'm makin my own
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road
[50 Cent]
You can take me out the 'hood, but can't take the 'hood out me (what?)
'Cause I'm ghetto, I'm ghetto
Picture me polishin' pistols, I'm comin' to get you
The shells hit you, you screamin'
Think I'm playin'? I mean it
Man, I done bought all these pistols
Lets get it poppin'
Start wavin' my emboies shell cases get the droppin' (C'mon)
Like if it's down the corner, I got too much pride to hide
I'm outside, gun in my pocket just stunnin' I'm stoppin'
I'm dyin' to pop it, I'm young and I'm restless, you know my contestants
As the world turns, there's lessons to be learned
Count all my blessin's, clean up my weapons
I'm ready for war, the strong survive, the weak will parish
I told you before, hoes they compliment me now like "50 nice chain"
Malasio, twenty grand in chips at a dice game
Burn out, can't stop gotta watch MTV, BET
Nigga you see me!
I wonder if you mad, 'cause I'm doin' good
or 'cause niggas feelin' me more than you in your own 'hood
And it hurts 'cause you love 'em and they don't love you back
'cause they know you just rappin' and you don't bust a gat
You pussy
[Chorus - Eminem]
I'm a man
I'ma make a new plan
Time for me to stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks man
I'ma never look back
(8 Mile Road)
And I'm gone
I don't like where I'm goin
Sorry mama I've grown
I must travel alone
Ain't no followin no footsteps
I'm makin my own
Only way I know how to escape from this 8 Mile Road
[Eminem]
Ya gotta live it to feel it
If you didn't you wouldn't get it
We'll see what the big deal is
Why it wasn't, it still is
To be walkin this border line of Detroit city's limit
It's different, it's a certain significant certificate of authenticity
You'd never even see
But it's everything to me
It's my credibility
You've never seen, heard, smell, or met an MC
Who's incredible and on the same pedistool as me
But check
Still unsigned
Havin a rough time
Sit on the porch with all my friend's who kick dumb rhymes
Go to work
And servin MC's in the lunch line
But when it come's crunch time

Where do my punch lines go?
Who must I show?
To bust my flow?
Where must I go?
Who must I know?
Or am I just another crab in the bucket
Cuz I ain't havin no luck with this little rabbit so fuck it
Maybe I need a new outlit
I'm startin to doubt shit
I'm feelin a little scepticle
Of who I hang out with
I look like a bum
Yo my clothes ain't about shit
At the Salvation Army
Tryin to salvage and outfit
And it's cold
Tryin to travel this road
Plus I feel like I'm only stuck in this battlin mode
My defenses are so up
And one thing I don't want
Is pity from no one
The city is no fun
There is no sun
And it's so dark
Sometimes I feel like I'm just being pulled apart
Being torn in my limbs
By each one of my friends
Enough to just make me wanna jump outta my skin
Sometimes I feel like a robot
Sometimes I just know not what I'm doin
I just blow
My head is a stove top
I just explode
The kettle gets so hot
Sometimes my mouth just overloads the acid I don't got
But I've learned
It's time for me to U-Turn
Yo it only takes one time for me to get burnt
Ain't no fallin
No next time
I meet a new girl
I can no longer play stupid
Or be immature
I've got every ingredient
All I need is the courage
Like I already got to beat
All I need is the words
Got the urge
Suddenly its a search
Suddenly a new verse of energy has occured
Time to show these free world leaders
Three in the third
I am no longer scared now
I'm free as a bird
And I turn and cross over
The median curb
Hit the burbs and all you see is a blur on 8 mile road
[Chorus - Eminem]
I'm a man
I'ma make a new plan
Time for me to stand up and travel new land
Time for me to just to take matters into my own hands
Once I'm over these tracks man
I'ma never look back
(8 Mile Road)

And I'm gone
I don't like where I'm goin
Sorry mama I've grown
I must travel alone
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[50 Cent] G-Unit!