

# Eminem, By My Side

OH!  
Stat quo  
Here we go  
Come on come on

You ready?  
Let's do it man  
Shady aftermath  
Yeah  
Where you keep that thing man  
By my side  
When you do somethin' to somebody  
It ain't just you  
It's someone next to you  
By my side  
Everywhere I go  
By my side  
That bein' the case  
Let me tell you  
Tell you bout by my side  
By my side

The way I grewed up  
Showin' up  
Chips on my shoulder  
Knew about that cola  
When I was in a stroller  
Became a hauler  
Choppin' them boulders  
Gettin' older  
Wantin' a rover  
Duckin' them rollers  
Meetin' quotas  
Short and bipolar  
Load up and cock it  
I told ya  
One move in the wrong direction  
Ain't no flexin'  
And it's over  
You want a doge a g  
But you ain't a soldier  
Chopper afford  
You ain't cobra commander  
You bolzer  
I'm the composer  
Writer of murder  
The order  
Leakin' out of  
Your body temperature is gettin' colder  
But you sweatin' like a person who ain't sober  
Realizin' your life is comin' quickly to a closure  
Losin' composure  
Out of breath like you underwater  
20 seconds in the game  
And it's the 4th quarter  
Primetime dateline  
The best exposure  
Now you still on the news  
And everybody knows ya  
Yeah

By my side  
To all them niggas tryin' to get me  
It's by my side

I'm takin' some of yall with me  
It's by my side  
I'm makin' sure they don't forget me  
It's by my side  
By my side  
To all them niggas tryin' to get me  
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Juh juh juh yeah

Go on boy  
Get yo vest  
Protect your neck  
Kill for fun  
Watch how they run and scatter  
When I go and pull out my gun  
Call me ignorant and young  
Psycho sicko negro  
They know that I just f\*\*kin' be gone  
Drivin' crazy halfway dumb  
Don't stop even when the law come  
Believe every word out my lung  
I'm losin' it  
Snappin' huh  
This ain't just no rappin' huh  
Back all the way  
Back when you see that strap  
Cause it go duh duh duh da da  
Are you ready to die  
Tell me why you choose to tempt me  
Am I  
Face have your body drop  
Pack that five  
Look at my eye  
Have your spirit below me  
I'm floatin' in the f\*\*kin' sky  
All black is my attire  
Lookin' like an umpire  
Toss you in the trash  
Like a bullshit album fly  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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The murder capitol moment  
Yeah it's thrilla  
Put four in ya head  
Have you floatin' off in a river

It's cold you shook  
We crooks  
Your body'll quiver  
These rappers are tough  
But really they softer than pillows  
Or chinchilla  
Get filled up  
For realla  
They turn into serial assassins for some scrilla  
Not me cause see I mean him yes this nigga  
Stays true to what I do  
Cause I keeps it realla  
Be for real  
Have you ever ever pulled a trigger  
It's serious business  
Yall  
There's nothin' that's more illa  
No discrimination  
You can be chocolate or vanilla  
Can find yourself in the presence of a f\*\*kin' killa

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[Gunshot]  
Eminem: "It's the re-up"; (He sounds a little like  
Everlast trying to sing the blues- In other