

# Eminem, When To Stand Up

Artist: dj jazzy jeff f/ eminem and parl yams

(scratched) (3x):

&amp;quot;no...you hear me! you go to hell&amp;quot; -&amp;gt; mr. garrison

[eminem]

Yo

At birth I was born with the biggest middle finger on earth

The first time I went to stick it up the shit hurt

Moms wouldn't take it, the bitch still hates me

One day she said, &amp;quot;go rake leaves,&amp;quot; I said, &amp;quot;make n

I'm proud to announce I was probably the first kid

Who was kicked out of his house for making fart sounds with his mouth

Arguing with me and mom was on-going

She called law enforcement when I broke the law mower

The slut gave me a truck when I turned sixteen

I went to start it and it screamed, &amp;quot;please fix me!&amp;quot;

Back then, when will smith was still the fresh prince

And him and jeff were still best friends, I guess then

I decided to cut class to rap full time

And get the f\*\*k outta the fake school and rhyme

Anybody who thinks this f\*\*kin attitude is a gimmick

Come and see me, see if I don't live up to this image

Break shit!

(scratched) (4x):

&amp;quot;no...you hear me! you go to hell!&amp;quot;

[parl yams]

Yo, y'all rappers have never learned

That's why I'm f\*\*kin wit y'all

Run around telling niggas they can f\*\*k wit parl

I bring it to your high school, smoke the prom

Put your brother in an air lock, choke your mom

Cause any horror like a play off loss in game seven

Walk around ripping on niggas madder than james evans

My left hand's sharp it moves freestyle ultra

Slap my dick like kool keith

F\*\*k like you stole from me, and rules the streets

I don't wanna have to f\*\*k you up, so cool cease

Parl yams be the chosen thug

What I spit be cold juice like a fruitful hug

Run the streets while you're stuck at home

My temper life bushwick bill f\*\*ker leave me the f\*\*k alone

I've been jealous since niggas was windmillin'

These cats just started to rhyme, my pen's spillin'

And moms just told me to act, I've been wheelin'

So boy just slow your deck, I've been stealin'

I wet rappers cause it's me and em

I guess I just ain't give a f\*\*k like eminem

Burglarize take busts with the slugs

Come in your window like ( ? ? ? ) and bustin' your club

Put the heat up I teach them niggaz what to suck

And my young lords, when to stand up and light the dutch

(scratched) (4x):

&amp;quot;no...you hear me! you go to hell!&amp;quot;

[eminem]

I ended my last show with a horse swingin' a lasso

Drunk with the asshole ripped out of an old bathrobe

Cause I don't give a f\*\*k, you better understand that

Two zantacs I give a f\*\*k if I sound whack

Billboard, drugs is what I kill for  
I'm happy gilmore, you slip me anything in pill form  
I'm in to mingle but I plan to stay single  
Play bingo and drink, get old and watch my face wrinkle  
Sike, I'm 24 thursday; six more birthdays  
And I'm blowin my brains out when I'm thirty  
As long as my heart beats i'ma keep tryin to see  
How much speed I can eat before I fall the f\*\*k asleep  
So &&quot;i'm the rapper, he's the dj&&quot;  
I'm the one thats got the six year old nephew screamin &&quot;f/u/c/k&&quot;  
So jeff, give me a scratch (scratched: &&quot;no!&&quot;)  
Y'all can kiss my ass until your lips stick to my pants

(scratched) (5x):

&&quot;no...you hear me! you go to hell!&&quot;