The best exposure

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 growed 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

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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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
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 fuckin' 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 fuckin' sky All black is my attire Lookin' like an umpire Toss you in the trash Like a bullshit album fly 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 fuckin' 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