

## Cry Now

Eminem

Shady  
Old mix  
Back nigga  
Second rounds on me  
Kuniva  
Cashis  
Stat Quo  
Bobby Creekwater  
Obie Trice  
What

Niggas didn't kill me  
Now a niggas gon' get  
Peel my cap back  
I'm never at home  
I'm somewhere  
With my shaft restin' on a ho's tongue  
Sippin' on some Don Perignon  
While she's sippin' up them newborns  
Yeah bet you hate the news holmes  
You probably somewhere  
Sittin' on the stoop huh  
Sippin' on the brew  
Plottin' to pop me later huh  
When will a hater learn  
I'm too great on a song  
I push weight on the corner  
Send weight to the coroner  
When courage make 'em turn performer  
I transform into Uma Thurman  
A dude's virgin  
Verses lettin' superfulious  
With no purpose nigga  
Continue to walk this earth's surface  
I was birthed for hip-hop  
Branch out my services  
Ya try to murder this nigga  
That's comin' from the same turf as yas  
What nerves have yas  
Pissed because your hussles ain't worth a shit  
I'm gettin' rich  
I'm on my way to Hugh Hefner's  
Dig?  
With a bitch  
You in the trenches tryin' to reach it big  
On another rapper's dick  
Go on represent where you live  
Know you annoyed  
But don't make the mistake  
I'm state to state in that Honda nigga  
Not an Accord  
I'm in that Honda G4 you will never afford  
And yup it's probably easy when a nigga is on board

I know  
Cry now  
I know

Cry now  
I know  
Cry now  
Nigga cry now

I'll be damned if I let a nigga lay his hands on me  
I'll lay his ass out  
And park a Grand Am on him  
The city where the weak survive  
And the strong die  
Where beef collides  
Shootouts happen and hit the wrong guy  
I done seen the worst of the worst  
And what can be worse  
Than a verse about bullets  
Dispersed up in your shirt  
The streets is like a curse  
Niggas frontin' for a bitch  
It's like you beggin' to die  
Like bear huntin' with a switch  
A part of my heart is gone  
I could never smile the same  
Trigger finger is itchy  
It'll take awhile to tame  
Detroit is hella dirty  
But the dozen can fix it  
Resist and the biscuit will exceed the distance  
And bounce off one's home  
Hit and ricochet off a kid's trombone  
Right to where you niggas lay  
Obie can tell you that death is just a few inches away  
Y'all shed tears  
But y'all can get your feel of it today

I know  
Cry now  
I know  
Cry now  
I know  
Cry now  
Nigga cry now

Obie they gotta fuck with us this time nigga  
Bobby Creek  
Nigga

Laugh now  
Cry never  
My Beretta is a body part  
Hit him with just enough shots  
To make his body hard  
Now I feel like we even  
See Creek is here to shine a light on you niggas  
Diseasin'  
Soon as I get my karma right on Lindsay Rose  
I'm leavin'  
Load up a clip  
And make it dark on them heroes cheesin'  
Shit they got snitches on the clock  
Gotta watch what I'm sayin'  
Me buy a bitch a couple rocks  
And the watch quit playin'  
Back on my greasy

My neezy  
Nobody bread whippin'  
And for them fuckin' spectators  
I brought the band with me  
Halftime niggas  
And grab pine  
You will never grab mine nigga  
The dolli's was lyin'  
When he said you was gon' be fine nigga

CASHIS!

Witness art of war  
In the physical  
Since raw coke was rushed through my umbilical  
And no words from Cash mouth is fixin'  
Ready with dope clips  
I'm ever dissin'  
My aura of war is raw to the core  
The surface of the street  
When I walk through the door  
My purpose is to move up  
Pull tools  
You perpin'  
Watch me overthrow the government  
In my turban  
Plot up and line up  
Solo mia  
Prayin' to proof  
I'm searchin for Cherry Garcia  
Talk to my brother  
Gone in the streets of the D  
I'm talkin' to K  
And hopin' niggas waitin' on me  
Take the first shot then  
The second rounds on me  
And when the wars on the other side  
Me and my brother ride  
I don't rap for the plaques  
My contracts signed just for scraps  
To get you whack nigga  
With a gun with a with a bat  
Take a slug through the lung  
Get you right what you rappin' nigga  
I'm born crazy raised in more fame  
It's the clappin' down bang  
It's for entertainment

I know  
Cry now  
I know  
Cry now  
I know  
Cry now  
Nigga cry now  
Young Stat keep the gat  
On tuck  
Want war  
I don't give a fuck  
Shot till you kiss  
Pucker up  
It'll lift 'em up  
Believe me you'll flow

The result is your family heart broke  
Lookin' like an artichoke  
Vegetable  
Ho's stiff  
Nigga paralyzed from the neck down  
My goon stick niggas  
Turn soldiers to stick figures  
Hand on triggers  
Real life born killers  
We roll out like four wheelers  
God sent us  
From backstabbers and gold diggers  
Tipsy off brown liquor  
Watch me  
Obnoxious  
Broad call me cocky  
Poppin' long dick  
Stabbed it out the box like hockey  
Especially when a bitch ride it like jockey  
From the Benz to the Range to the black Jalopy  
I'm the shit  
The only one who ain't heard is Foxy  
Formalize a plan  
No man can stop me  
Balls all  
Stat Quo  
Understand  
Ya copy?

I know  
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I know  
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Nigga cry now

It's the Re-Up!