

# Love Me

Eminem

[Obie Trice]

You don't see me in the hood, it's cause I'm doing this man

Niggas, I'm still grinding (yeah), I still hearing those sirens  
I'm still getting chased by those lights  
Only the light's lime, and my mic's on  
And my time is none, because I'm writing more  
I don't hear to meet a soul in this business  
I'm here to eat, speak, until these ho's feel this  
I ain't gonna let you derail me, man  
I got Young Kobe homey, you gotta let go of Obie  
Cause Obie be back, (going nowhere, man) we got them craps going on  
And that yak going on, soon as a nigga touch down, back from town  
It's forever, put that on the cheddar, man  
But in the meantime, it's Jimmy Iovine time  
Chase cheese, rhyme 'til my voice give out  
This is it my niggas, this what we boast about  
Now I'm here, so shut your motherfucking mouth, and show me love, bitch

[Chorus]

I just want to love, for the rest of my life (I don't love you, bitch)  
I want to hold you in the morn, hold you thorough the night  
(Right we want to love alcohol, we want to love guns, we want to love money  
we don't love no bitches, though)  
I just want to love, for the rest of my life  
I want to hold you in the morn, hold you in the night

[Eminem]

There's a certain mystique when I speak, that you notice  
Cause it's sort of unique 'cause you know it's me  
My poetry's deep, and I'm still-matic, the way I flow to this beat  
You can't sit still, it's like trying to smoke crack and go to sleep  
I'm strapped, it's known any minute I could snap  
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush rapped  
I bully these rappers so bad lyrically  
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry, it ain't even money  
You can't pay me enough for you to play me  
It's cockamamie you just ain't zany enough to rock with Shady  
My noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clock's coo-coo  
I got screws loose, yea the whole kit and caboodle, I'm just brutal  
It's no rumor, I'm numero uno, assume it, there's no more humor in it, you k  
now  
I'm rolling with a swollen bowling ball in my bag  
You need a fag and tear a new hole in my ass, you better love me, bitch

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

My buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name  
If it ain't about the flow, it's 'bout the stones and the chain  
If I was you, I'd love men too, I roll like a boss  
Nine eleven Porsche same color as cranberry sauce  
I ain't gon' front, I thought R. Kelly was the shit  
Let me find out he fucking 'round with Bow Wow bitch  
Niggas eating popcorn, right, rewinding the tape  
Now shorty mama in the precinct hollering rape  
I'm convinced, man, something really wrong with these ho's

I thought Lil' Kim was hot, 'til she start fucking with her nose  
I used to listen to Lauryn Hill, and tap my feet  
Then the bitch put out a CD and didn't have no beats  
That nigga D'Angelo, he determined not to fail  
That nigga went butt-ass, for his record to sell  
My back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes  
And Big Ben taught Charlie B 'More to deep throat (yea)

[Chorus]

[50 Cent]

I love the burners, the money, the bunnies, I just want to hold you, ha ha  
I just want to love you, yea