

# We Ride for Shady

Eminem

We run this shit, fo-five on the hip  
Been ridin' for Shady  
Cashis 'n' O, Shady Records  
The dream team

Sittin' in the back of the, all gray Accura  
Gun to the passenger, for acting tough  
Scatter wheel in the passin', harder than assassin  
Plus I'm on the draw-down, quick as fuck

Last move 'fore I give all street shit up  
Put a nigga in the ground, face down, feet up  
This nigga here tried to cuff me for my re-up  
When I went to his crib he called police up

Now you on your way to being pimp paplega  
For sending messages through bitches like, 'You gon' see us'  
Shady, Cash, king of the dope-fiends, plus  
Can move a square mile by blocks 'til I'm creamed up

Take the bullet out of Obie head, put it in my pistol and use it  
As ammunition on the niggas that hit, fam  
I got to war on the regular, man  
'Cause I'm part of the dream team, you a regular man

Force rap, I don't see no competitors, and  
You see things like me, when my metal run hand  
I'm a state case boy with a federal plan  
And huntin' them beats, beatin' the shit out skinheads

I'm the spirit of a G, bringin' lyrics to the street  
I'm Cashis, a real dope boy on the beat  
Slumped in the seat, tucked, clutchin' the heat  
Basically, you niggas can't fuck with me

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
'Bout to ride for Shady  
Y'all niggas ain't hard, y'all niggas ain't real  
Y'all niggas ain't crazy

Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides  
That I've done lately  
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
'Bout to ride for Shady

Yeah, Trice is back on the Alchy track  
With Cashis, capitalizing on this mic, in fact  
We fuckin' with the captain of rap, my nigga with the Nike cap  
Keep the cottonoid in quite exact

So I'm luring you cats into the second class act  
Where maturing's the number uno asset, as yet  
Who's the pastor, driver, O. Trice  
The flow to die for and death blow survive

I echo through your external vibe  
With internal experiences I've acquired

I'm probably the most honest hip-hopper alive  
A victim, depicting images from my own eyes

Never livin' through holmes, why  
Homie got his own set of stand-up cahoonas, stand-up guy  
It's Cashis, O. Tri', rappers we blow by  
This is as accurate as the masses will have it, no lie nigga

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
Been ridin' for Shady  
Y'all niggas ain't dope y'all niggas ain't skilled  
Y'all niggas ain't crazy

Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides  
That I've got lately  
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
Been ridin' for Shady

We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
'Bout to ride for Shady  
Y'all niggas ain't hard, y'all niggas ain't real  
Y'all niggas ain't crazy

Bring it on if you want, you don't know the homicides  
That I've done lately  
We run this shit, fo'-five on the hip  
'Bout to ride for Shady