

50 Cent, Luv Me

[Obie Trice]

Yall dont see me in the hood
Its cause Im doing this man

[Obie Trice]

Niggas Im still grinding (yea)
Im still hearing those sirens (whoo whoo)
Im still getting chased by those lights
Only the lights lime and my mics on (unh)
And my time is none
Because Im writing more
And I aint here to meet a soul in this business
Im here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this (fo sho)
And I cant let yall derail me man
I got young Kobe homie, you gotta let go of Obie
Cause Obie be back (We aint going nowhere man)
We get them craps going on and that Yac going on
Soon as a nigga touch down, back from touring
Its whatever (whatever), put that on the cheddah man
But in the meantime its Jimmy lovine time (fo sho)
Chase cheese rhyme till my voice give out (fo sho)
This is it my niggas, this what we boast about
Now Im here, so shut your motherfucking mouth
And show me love bitch

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
[Obie Trice In Background] I dont love you bitch, ha, haha, right
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night
[Obie Trice In Background] We wanna love alcohol,
we wanna love guns, we wanna love money,
we dont wanna love no bitches though
I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night

[Eminem]

Theres a certain mystique, when I speak
That you notice thats sort of unique, cause you know its me
My poetrys deep and Im stillmatic, the way I flow to this beat
You cant sit still, its like trying to smoke crack and go to sleep
Im strapped, its known any minute I could snap
Im the equivalent of what would happen if Bush rapped
I bully these rappers so bad, lyrically
It aint even funny, I aint even hungry, it aint even money
You cant pay me enough, for you to play me, its cockamamie
You just aint zany enough, to rock with Shady
My noodle is cock-a-doodle, my clocks coo-coo
I got screws loose, yeah the whole kit-n-kaboodle
Im just brutal, its no rumor, Im numero uno
Assume it, theres no humor in it no more
You know, Im rolling with a swollen bowling ball in my bag
You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass
You better love me. . . bitch

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night
[Obie Trice In Background] And all the bitches say
I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life
I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night

[50 Cent]

My boys is crazy in the hood, they holla my name
If it aint about the flow its about the stones and the chain (yea)
If I was you, Id love men too, I roll like a boss
911 Porsche same color as cranberry sauce (whoo!)
I aint gonna front, I thought R. Kelly was the shit (uh huh)
Let me find out he fucking round with Bow Wow bitch
Niggas eating popcorn right, rewinding the tape

Now shorty mamma in the precinct hollering rape
Im convinced man, something really wrong with these hoes
I thought Lil Kim was hot, till she start fucking with her nose (goddamn!)
Used to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet
Then the bitch put out a CD, it didnt have no beats (uh huh)
That boy DAngelo, he determined not to fail
That nigga went butt-ass for his record to sell
My back shots to help Ashanti hit them high notes
And Big Ben taught Charli Bmore to deep throat
Yea!

[Chorus]

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life

[50 Cent In Background] I love the burners, the money, the bunnies,

I just wanna hold ya, hahaha

I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night

I just wanna love you, for the rest of my life

[50 Cent In Background] I just wanna love ya

I wanna hold you in the morning, hold you through the night

[50 Cent] Yea!