

# Eminem, Don't Push Me

[50 Cent]

I need you to pray for me (and)  
I need you to care for me (and)  
I need you to want me to win  
I need to know where I'm heading, 'cause I know where I've been

Flows, bones, crushin', it's nothin'  
I come up with somethin'  
Come through your strip, frontin', stuntin'  
It's something you want, 745 chrome spinnin'  
Haters hate that I'm winnin'  
Man I've been hot from the beginnin'  
Motherfuckers envy the kid, control your jealousy  
'Cause I can't control my temper, I'm fittin' to catch a felony  
Pistol in hand homie, I'm down to get it poppin'  
Once I squeeze the first shot (gun shot), you know I ain't stoppin'  
Till my clip is empty, I'm simply  
Not that nigga you should try your luck with, or fuck with  
Hollow-tip shells struck you with your bones broken, gun smokin', still locin'  
what nigga, lay your ass down paramedics get you up feeling

[Chorus 50 Cent]

Right now I'm on the edge, so don't push me  
I aim straight for your head, so don't push me  
Fill your ass up with lead, so don't push me  
I got somethin' for your ass, keep thinkin' I'm pussy

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[Lloyd Banks]

I cross my bigger nigga, and I didn't cry  
To young to understand, the consequences of a man  
Livin' a lie, I gotta get that money  
I'll be damned if I'm bummy  
Gotta watch my back around these niggas  
'Cause they funny 20 years, of watching my mama's tears  
Got my heated, heavily weeded  
Smoking that bong, cause I need it  
These niggas don't want me ballin', they want me buried  
balled in the dirt, from shots flurry  
Layin' with bugs all under my shirt  
I got plans to hop up in that Hummer  
'Cause I'm a stunner, I sit back and wonder

When them angels, gonna call my number  
Under my chest is a heart of a lion  
I ain't lying, bounty hunters got me flyin'  
With my iron, high as a giant  
I'm runnin' from nothin', my stomach is touchin'  
What I'm clutchin', to give you more than a concussion, end of discussion  
My blood is colder, so I'm bolder  
And it's either soda, hood on my shoulder  
Look in the mirror, I see a soldier

[Chorus X2 50 Cent]

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[Eminem]

These are my ideas  
This is my sweat and tears  
This is shit that I saw, with my balls, my ears  
This is me, who's got to be  
What you see on TV, what you hear on CD, what appears easy  
Man these teenie boopers see me on these magazine covers  
In these beanies and these rags, living fantasies  
Frontin' like it's all fun and games, 'til they shoot em up bang  
When you see your brains hang and you see we ain't playin'  
Ain't sayin' we ain't layin' down at night and ain't prayin'  
I bullied my way in this game, man I'm done playin'  
Man I'm done sayin' that I'm done playin'  
I'm a start layin' into these motherfuckering cocksuckers  
There's no way I'm back down, like a god damn coward  
I can't, how would I look as man, bowing to his knees  
Like the mad cow disease, let somebody lash out at me  
And not lash back out at 'em, please  
Oh, whoa, yo, ho, hold up, oh no, not me, not Marshall  
You want to see Marshall? I'll show you Marshall  
I try to show you art, but you just pick it apart  
So I see I have to start, showing you fuckin' old farts,  
A whole other side, I wanted to not show you  
So you know you're not dealing with some fuckin' marshmallow, little soft yellow punk pussy, who's

[Chorus 2X]

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