

# Eminem, Survival (ft. Liz Rodrigues)

[Liz Rodrigues:]

This is survival of the fittest  
This is do or die  
This is the winner takes it all  
So take it all  
So take it all, o, o, o!

Wasn't ready to be no millionaire, I was ill-prepared  
I was prepared to be ill though, the skill was there  
From the beginning, it wasn't 'bout the ends  
It was 'bout busting raps and standing for something, fuck an acronym  
Cut the fucking act like you're happy, I'm fucking back again  
With another anthem, why stop when it doesn't have to end?  
It ain't over 'til I say it's over ? enough when I say enough  
Throw me to them wolves and close the gate up  
I'm afraid of what'll happen to them wolves  
When the thought of being thrown into an alligator pit, I salivate at it  
Weight is up, hands up like it's 12 noon, nah, homie  
Hold them bitches straighter up, wave 'em 'til you dislocate a rotator cuff  
Came up rough, came to ruffle feathers, nah, egos  
I ain't deflate enough, last chance to make this whole stadium erupt

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I can see the finish line with each line that I finish  
I'm so close to my goals I can almost pole vault over the goal post  
And if I don't got enough in the tank, maybe I can just siphon enough  
To fill up this last can, man will I survive in this climate or what?  
They said I was washed up, and got a blood bath  
I'm not a rapper, I'm an adapter, I can adjust  
Plus I can just walk up to a mic and just bust  
So floor's open if you'd like to discuss  
Top 5 in this mothafucka and if I don't make the cut  
What, like I give a fuck, I'mma light this bitch up like I'm driving a truck  
To the side of a pump, 0 to 60 hop in and gun it  
Like G-Unit without the hyphen, I'm hyping 'em up  
And if there should ever come a time where my life's in a rut  
And I look like I might just give up, eh you might've mistook  
Me for bowing out I ain't taking a bow, I'm stabbing myself  
With a fucking knife in the gut, while I'm wiping my butt!  
Cause I just shitted on the mic, and I like getting cut  
I get excited at the sight of my blood, you're in a fight with a nut  
Cause I'mma fight 'til I die or win  
Biting the dust it'll just make me angrier, wait  
Let me remind you of what got me this far, picture me quitting  
Now draw a circle around it and put a line through it, slut  
It's survival of what?

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So get your ideas, stack your ammo  
But don't come unless you come to battle, I'm mad now jump in the saddle  
This is it, it's what you eat, sleep, piss and shit  
Live, breathe, your whole existence just consists of this  
Refuse to quit, fuse is lit, can't diffuse the wick

I don't do this music shit, I lose my shit  
Ain't got shit to lose, it's the moment of truth  
It's all I know how to do, as soon as I get thrown in the booth, I spit  
But my respect is overdue, I'm showing you the flow no one do  
Cause I don't own no diploma for school, I quit!  
So there's nothing for me to fall back on, I know no other trades  
So you'd better trade your fucking mics in for some tool-box-es  
Cause you'll never take my pride from me  
It'll have to be pried from me, so pull out your pliers and your screwdrivers  
But I want you to doubt me, I don't want you to buh-lieve  
Cause this is something that I must use to suc-ceed  
And if you don't like me then fuck you!  
Self es-teem must be fucking shooting through-the-roof cause trust me  
My skin is too thick and bul-let proof to touch me  
I can see why the fuck I disgust you  
I must be a-llergic to failure cause everytime I come close to it  
I just sneeze, but I just go atchoo then achieve!

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