Luv Me

Da Hit Squad

[Verse 1]
[Obie Trice]
Ya'll don't see me in the hood
it's 'cause i'm doing this man[Obie Trice]
Nigga's I'm still grindin (yeah...)
I'm still hearin those sirens
I'm still gettin chased by those lights
Only the light's lime and my mic's on
And my time is none because I'm writin more
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business
I'm here to eat, speak untill these hoes feel this {fo sho...}
and I can't let yall de-rail me man
I got young coby, homie, you gotta let go of Obie
cause Obie be back (ain't goin no where man) we got them craps goin on
and that yak going on
soon as a nigga touch down back from tourin,
It's whateva put that on the chedda man
but in the meantime
its Jimmy I-Beam time (fo sho)
chase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out,(fo sho)
this is it my nigga this what we boast about
Now I'm here so shut your motherfuckin mouth...
And show me love bitch..[CHORUS]
[{Obie Trice}]
I just wanna love,
for the rest of my life, {I dont love you bitch}
I wanna hold you in the mornin {Ha}
Hold you thru the night.. {Hahaha}I just wanna love you,
for the rest of my life {We wanna love alcohol, we wanna love guns}
I wanna hold you in the mornin, {we wanna love money}
Hold you thru the night.. {Ha, we dont wanna love bitches though}[Verse 2]
[(Eminem)]
There's a certain mistique when I speak,
that you notice that it's sorta unique,
cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep,
and i'm still matic the way I flow to this beat,
you cant sit still
its like tryin to smoke crack and go to sleep
i'm strap, just knowin any minute I could snap

i'm 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
it's cock-amamie, you just aint zanie enough to rock with Shady,
my noodle is cock-adoodle, my clocks koo-koo,
I got screws loose, yeahhh, the whole kitten-kaboodel
im just brutal, its no rumor, i'm numoro uno
assume it,
there's no humor in it, no more you know
i'm rollin with a swollen bowlin ball in my bag,
you need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my ass..
[Em Saying]
you better love me, bitch...[CHORUS]
I just wanna love, for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning,
Hold you through the night..[Obie Trice]
(and all the bitches say)I just wanna love,for the rest of my life,
I wanna hold you in the morning,
Hold you through the night..[Verse 3]
[(50 Cent) {Obie Trice}]
my buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name,
if it aint about the flow,
its about the stones and the chain,
if I was you, i'd love me too,
I roll like a boss, 9-11 pause same colour as cranberry sauce,
I aint gonna front, I thought R-Kelly was da bomb
then we find out he fuckin round with bow wow bitch
nigga's eatin popcorn, right, rewinding the tape
now shorty momma in the precinct hollar'in "RAPE!"
i'm convinced man something really wrong with these hoe's,
I thought little Kim was hot til she started fuckin wit her nose {God Damn}
use to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet, (Obie Trice)
then the bitch put out a CD that did'nt have no beat, (uh-ha)
that boy De-angelo he determined not to fail,
that nigga whipped butt-ass for his record to sell,
my back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes,
and Big Ben taught Charlie b moore to deep throat...

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