

Wont Back Down (Prod. By DJ Kahlil)

Eminem

You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can hold all the cards
But I won't back down
Oh no I won't back down
Oh no Cadillac's Seville's, coupe Deville's
Brain dead rims yeah stupid wheels
Girl I'm too for real
Lose your tooth and nails
Try to fight it, try to deny it
Stupid you will feel
What I do, I do at will
Shooting from the hip, yeah boy I shoot to kill
Half a breath left on my death bed
Screaming F that yeah super ill
Baby what the deal
We can chill, split half a pill and a happy meal
Fuck a stank slut
I cut my toes off and step on the receipt before I foot the bill
Listen garden tool don't make me introduce you to my power tool
You know the fucking drill
How you douche bags feel knowing you're disposable?
Summers eve Massengill
Shady's got the mass appeal baby crank the shit
'Cause it's your God-damn jam
You say that you want your punchlines a little more compact
Well shawty I'm that man
These other cats ain't metaphorically where I'm at man
I gave Bruce Wayne a Valium and said
Settle ya fuckin' ass down I'm ready for combat-man
Get it calm Batman?
Nah, ain't nobody whose as bomb and as nuts
Lines are like mom's cat scans
'Cause they fucking go bananas
Honey I applaud that ass
Swear to God man these mobs can't dance
Ma show 'em how it's done
Spazz like a God Damn Taz', yeah You can sound the alarm

You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can hold all the cards
But I won't back down
Oh no I won't back down
Oh no Girl shake that ass like a Donkey with Parkinson's
Make like Michael J. Fox in the jaws playin' with a etch-a-sketch
Betcha that you'll never guess who's knocking at your door
People hit the floors,
Yeah tonight ladies you gon' get divorced
Girl forget remorse, I'm a hit you broads with
Chris's paws like you pissed him off
Talented with the tongue motherfucker
You ain't gotta lick in yours
Hittin' licks like I'm robbin' liquor stores
Makin' cash registers shit their draws
Think you spit the raw
I'm an uncut slab of beef
Laying on your kitchen floor
Other words I'm off the meat rack
Bring the beat back
Bring me two extension chords
I'm a measure my dick shit I need 6 inches more
Fuck my dicks big bitch
Need I remind you that I don't need the fucking swine flu to be a sick pig
You're addicted I'm dope
I'm the longest needle around here
Need a fix up I'm the big shot
Get it dicks nuts
Your just small boats little pricks
Girl you think that other pricks hot
I'll drink gasoline and eat a lit match
'fore I sit back and let 'em get hot
Better call the cops on 'em quick fast
Shady's right back on your bitch ass
White trash with half a six pack in his hatchback
Trailer hitched a-ttached to the back (dispatch) You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can hold all the cards
But I won't back down
Oh no I won't back down
Oh no Bitch am I the reason that your boyfriend stopped rapping
Does a bird chirp, Lil' Wayne slurps syrup til he burps
And smokes purp' does a word search gets circles wrapped around him like

You do when I come through, I'd like you to remind yourself
Of what the fuck I can do when I'm on the mic
Or your the kind of girl that I can take a liking to
Sike I'm spiking you like a football
Been this way since I've stood a foot tall
You're a good catch with a shitty spouse
Gotta pretty mouth and a good jaw
Gimme good brain
Watch the wood grain, don't want no cum stain
Bitch you listening tryna' turn me down
Slut I'm talking to you, turn me back up
Are you insane tryna talk over me in the car
Shut the fuck up while my shits playin'
I'm a shit stain on the underwear of life
Whats the saying? where there's thunder there's light-ening
And they say that it never strikes twice in the same place
Then how the fuck have I been hit six times
In three different locations
On four separate occasions?
And you can bet your stanking ass
That I've come to smash everything in my path
Fork was in the road took the psychopath
Poison ivy wouldn't have me thinking rash
So hit the dance floor cutie while I do my duty on this microphone
Shake your booty shawty I'm the shit
Why you think Proof used to call me doodi You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can hold all the cards
But I won't back down
Oh no I won't back down
Oh no

Songwriters

MCGREGOR, STEPHEN / GARDNER, RICARDO / SMITH, CLIFFORD /Published by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>