Our House

Tara Busch

[Hook 1: Eminem]I wanna be the best who ever did it
Don't know if that goal is feasible, or it isn't
But if it is then God, if you're listenin'
Please give me the strength to crush all competition
You can't blame me for dreaming, I'm a dreamer
And if I'm coming off brash please forgive me
But, that's all I want
[Verse 1: Royce Da 5'9"]I just wanna be the illest MC (That's all I want)
The same time being as real as can be
Mayhem, sickness, murder, horror
These are the kind of words that describe my aura
G Rap, Ras Kass, Kurupt
Redman I am cut from that cloth
Write a rhyme about me, you a dead man
Cool J, I'm Bad video
Learn the whole routine and perform it for my father's friends
While they smoked and drank
Symphony, D.O.C. inspired me to write what
Would eventually put me on airplanes like B.o.B
Canibus, Wu-Tang, you know our history but hats off
When we rap this Jack Frost we outline the track chalk
Thank God for the one-two cadence
Thank God for the lunchroom tables
I'm trying to be the sickest n*gga, dead or alive
And if I happen to fall short, it's been one hell of a ride
Chronic 1 and 2, looking up at the sky at the sun
Up until the day the sun is you
You listening to hip-hop, you in Jay's house
Wayne's house, Nas' house
Em's house, Our House
[Hook 2: Skylar Grey]So welcome, to our house
Where no one, comes back out
You won't find, comfort
In here, in here, in here
[Verse 2: Joell Ortiz]When I was a little boy I wanted to be a rapper
Wanted to be on the radio and snapping pictures after
And so I grabbed my pen and pad and scribbled chitter chatter
It started off whack
But in the words of a ten year old, my sh*t was getting phatter

I hit the studio at 16, stupid ill
Not knowing how the booth would feel, what's ADAT's and two inch reel
How you ad-lib? What's a punch? I ain't a boxer
But I sure enough learned the ropes, look D and Mike you made a monster
Now everyday's a game of Contra, I got 99 men
An infinite amount of rounds inside this mighty fine pen
This is my dream, don't f*ck with it, I'm telling you
Cause anyone can get dusted as long as production is available
I'm disgusted as a fan, look how n*ggas sounding, damn
Weak head, ya'll suck bad, f*ck swag and your kicks from South Japan
I'm finna to be the best in this profession
I've been invested all my life, so wipe your feet before you step in
Our house
[Hook 1: Eminem]I wanna be the best who ever did it
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[Hook 2: Skylar Grey]So welcome, to our house
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In here, in here, in here
[Interlude: Joe Budden]I just wanna be the illest MC (That's all I want)
The same time being as real as can be
[Verse 3: Crooked I]Yo, in my house, the lights out
No utilities in the facilities
Feeling my life's 'bout, to wipe out
These feelings I'm feeling be killing me
I pull the mic out, can't strike out
Cause if winning is really my enemy
I pull a nine out, blow my mind out
Is the end of me really serenity?
Man in my house, it's rap or die
Get a piece of that apple pie
Life is a Pharcyde song, and that b*tch just passes by
So I, got lyrically complex, that way I could clock checks
Get my moms out the projects, with these concepts, competition can't digest
And then I stress cause the road is rough
I start feeling like sh*t's sour
The electricity in my will power, could still power, the twin towers
For ten hours so send cowards
The message from Crooked I

Royce Da 5, Joe Budden, Em Yaowa
[Verse 4: Eminem]In our, house we spit like Sig Sauers
The way I feel now I could spit for six hours
Straight, only way to be great is to dig down,
If you can hear this sound in
Side my head sounds like a f*cking drive-by
That's what the inside of my mind's like
Looking back on, my career even, hindsights, tunnel vision, 5 mics
Never wanted that so bad well I got-ta go mad
Nomad with a notepad
Go Taz, spaz on these ho bags
That bother me, but I never wanna show that
Just don't act like it ever does
Even though you know that there will never come
A day someone blows past you, never was
Someone who's as dope as you ever was
And you hope that's, true cause the competitor in you
Couldn't let someone be better than you
And you know that, so you don't ever hold back
What you gonna go back, to working a regular job?
F*ck that, I'm gonna go hard grab on my, gonads
Tell them f*ck theyselves
They call me a wigger like Renee Zell
But I raised hell like a stay-at-home dad
Rap is the only thing that I was ever really, bad to the bone at
Guess I'm similar to, gangrene when I'm, angry then I'm
Hulk Smash, so much passion but no compassion
If eyes are the windows to the soul
Then it's, broken glass and there's no trespassing
Alright now here we go
Dre stamped me now I'm stamping Yelawolf
Be ready for the most competitive
Clique in the world it's like Clash Of The Titans
I released the cracker it's time to set it again
And when it's said and it's all done
None shall ever f*ck with this squadron
So come on in, at your own risk
This is (our house) B*tch!
[Hook 2: Skylar Grey]So welcome, to our house
Where no one, comes back out
You won't find, comfort
In here, in here, in here

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