

# Won't Back Down (Featuring P!nk)

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  
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Oh no I won't back down  
Oh no

Songwriters

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