

# Dudey (Difficult Remix) (Proof Tribute)

## Eminem

They ask me am i okay, they ask me if im happy  
Are they asking me that because of the shit thats been thrown at me  
Or am i just a little snappy and they genuinely care  
Dudey, most of my life its just been me and you there  
And i continuously stare at pictures of you  
I never got to say i love you as much as i wanted to  
But i do  
Yeah, i say it now when you can't hear me  
What the fuck good does that do me now  
But somehow i know youre near me, your presence  
Oh i went and dropped some presents off at easter to them  
Two little beautiful boy of yours to try to ease their minds a little  
And dog youll never believe this  
But Sheronda actually talks to me now, jesus  
And everyone else is just trying to pick up the pieces  
Man, how could you touch so many fucking lives and just leave us  
They say grievance has its way of affecting everyone different  
If its true  
How the fuck im supposed to get over you  
Difficult as it sounds, dudey  
I drop a tear in the rhyme  
The day you find it is the day i stop missing Deshan  
Halting, it was written, it was woven for a soldier to leave so suddenly  
Got me wide open  
I could die, take a soul so dope and  
Turn around leave us all heartbroken  
Know that youre saying, keep going, be a man, no emotion  
Its your dudey, till we meet again, dudeyDudey, thats what we called each other  
I dont know where it came from but it just stuck with us  
We was always brothers  
Never thought about each others skin colours  
Till one day we was walking up the block in the summer  
It was like 90 degress, i was catching a sunburn  
Tryna walk under the trees just to get me some comfort  
Im moaning i just wanna get home and i look over and your shirt is off  
Im like youre gonna fry, youre like no i won't im black stupid  
And black people they got melatonin, in their skin  
We dont burn, meanwhile my face is glowing, and i feel like im on fire  
And the entire time youre laughing at me

And snapping at me with your shirt bastard  
And i still have to get you back for that shit  
And by the way them playboy rings me mother stole from you, well nate finally got them back  
Shit, that mustve been at least 16 years ago  
Well ill put them in your cask-ah moving past it  
It still ain't registered yet  
But you can bet, your legacy theyll never forget  
The motor-city motown, hiphop vet, hiphop shop dreads, it dont stop there  
Yeah, as difficult as it sounds  
Dudey  
I drop a tear in the rhyme  
The day you find it is the day i stop missing Deshan  
Halting, it was written, it was weoven for a soldier to leave so suddenly  
Got me wide open  
I could die, take a soul so dope and  
Turn around leave us all heartbroken  
Know that youre saying, keep going, be a man, no emotion  
Its your dudey, till we meet again, dudey And this may sounds a little strange but I'mma tell it  
I found a jacket that you left at my wedding, i picked it up to smell it  
I wrapped it up in plastic, until i put it in glass, and hang it up in the hallway so i can always look at it  
And as for all and me in D-12 we feel like fuck rap  
It feels like our general just fucking died in our lap  
We shut off all our pages, all our cell numbers, our chains, our 2-ways  
Are in the trash, so some cats'll have to find a new way  
And i know that it feels like the dreams will die with you today  
But the truth is, theyre all still here and you ain't  
Purple gang, you gotta keep pressing on, dont ever give up your dream dog  
I got love for you all  
And dudey, its true you brought people together who never would of been in the same room if it wasn't for you  
You were the peace maker dudey, i know sometimes you were moody  
But you hated confrontation and truly hated the fueding  
But you were down for yours whenever it came to scrapping  
If it had to happen it had to happen  
Believe me i know youre the one who taught me to throw them bones back on dresden  
From nicking cars to paintballing getting arrested  
To sitting across from each other in cells laughing and jesting  
They tried to hit us for 5 years for that no question  
I guess them hookers and bums thats we shot up didn't show up for court  
So we got off on a technicality, left sweating  
Me you and whats his face, i forgot his fucking name  
Shame he even came to your funeral, he betrayed our team  
And if i seem him again I'mma punch him in the fucking face  
And thats on Hayley-Jade, Whitney-lane and Alainas name  
I let the pistol bang once, just to lick a shot in the air for you  
And pour some liquor out with Obie in the parking lot

At 54 just before we were supposed to get in cars to come and see you and smalls

Difficult as it soundsDudey

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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