

# Love Me (Cockeyed Pilot Extended Remix)

## Eminem

You don't see me in the hood  
It's 'cause I'm doing this manN\*\*\*\*s, I'm still grinding  
(Yeah)  
I'm still hearing those sirens  
I'm still getting chased by those lightsOnly the light's mine and my mic's on  
And my time is none because I'm writing more  
And I ain't here to meet a soul in this business  
I'm here to eat, speak until these hoes feel this  
(For sure)And I can't let y'all derail me man  
I got young Kobe, homie, you gotta let go of Obie  
'Cause Obie be back  
(Ain't goin' nowhere man)We got them craps going on and that yak going on  
Soon as a n\*\*\*\* touch down back from tourin'  
It's whateva, put that on the chedda man  
But in the meantime, it's Jimmy Lovine timeChase cheese, rhyme till my voice give out  
This is it my n\*\*\*\*, this what we boast about  
Now I'm here so shut your motherf\*\*\*in' mouth  
And show me love b\*\*\*\*I just wanna love you for the rest of my life  
(I don't love you b\*\*\*\*)  
I wanna hold you in the morning  
(Ha)  
Hold you through the night  
(Ha ha ha)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 morning  
(We wanna love money)  
Hold you through the night  
(Ha, we don't wanna love b\*\*\*\*es though)There's a certain mystique when I speak  
That you notice that's sorta unique  
'Cause you know it's me, my poetry's deep  
And I'm still matic the way I flow to this beatYou can't sit still, it's like tryin' to smoke crack  
And go to sleep, I'm strapped  
Just knowing any minute I could snap  
I'm the equivalent of what would happen if Bush rappedI bully these rappers so bad lyrically  
It ain't even funny, I ain't even hungry  
It ain't even money, you can't pay me enough  
For you to play me, it's c\*\*\*amamieYou just ain't Zane enough to rock with Shady  
My noodle is c\*\*\*-a-doodle, my clocks cuckoo  
I got screws loose, yeah, the whole 'Kit and Kaboodle'

I'm just brutal, it's no rumor, I'm numero-uno, assume it  
 There's no humor in it no more, you know  
 I'm rollin' with a swollen bowling ball in my bag  
 You need a fag to come and tear a new hole in my a\*\*  
 You better love me b\*\*\*\*I just wanna love you for the rest of my life  
 I wanna hold you in the morning  
 Hold you through the night  
 (And all the b\*\*\*\*es say)I just wanna love you for the rest of my life  
 I wanna hold you in the morning  
 Hold you through the nightMy buzz is crazy in the hood, they holla my name  
 If it ain't about the flow  
 It's about the stones and the chain  
 If I was you, I'd love me tooI roll like a bus, 9-11 pulse same color as cranberry sauce  
 I ain't gonna front, I thought are-Kelly was tha s\*\*\*  
 Then we find out he f\*\*\*\*ing round with bow wow b\*\*\*\*  
 N\*\*\*\*s eatin' popcorn, right, rewinding the tapeNow shorty momma in the precinct hollerin' rape  
 I'm convinced man something really wrong with these hoes  
 I thought Lil' Kim was hot then she start f\*\*\*\*ing with her nose  
 (Goddamn)Used to listen to Lauren Hill and tap my feet  
 Then the b\*\*\*\* put out a CD that didn't have no beats  
 (Uh, huh)  
 That boy D'Angelo he determined not to failThat n\*\*\*\* went butt-a\*\* for his record to sell  
 My back shot to help Ashanti hit them high notes  
 And Big Ben taught Charlie be more to deep throatI just wanna love you for the rest of my life  
 I wanna hold you in the morning  
 (I love the burners, the monies, the bunnies)  
 Hold you through the night  
 (I just wanna hold you)I just wanna love you for the rest of my life  
 I wanna hold you in the morning  
 (I just wanna love you)  
 Hold you through the night  
 (Yeah)

Songwriters

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