Won't Back Down (feat. Pink)

Eminem

(Hook)

You can sound the alarm, you can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard, you can pull all the cards
But I won't back down, oh no I won't back down, oh no

(Verse 1)

Caddillac Sevilles, Coupe Deville's
Brain dead rims, yeah stupid wheels
Girl I'm too for real, lose a tooth and nail
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 a half a pill and a happy meal
Fuck a steak slut, I'll 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?
Summer's eve massingale
Shady's got the mass appeal, baby crank the shit
Cause it's your god damned jam
You said you wanted your punclines a little more compact
Well shorty I'm that man
These other cats ain't metaphorically where I'm at man
I gave Bruce Wayne a valium
And said settle your fucking ass down, I'm ready for combat man
Get it, calm Batman? Nah, ain't nobody who's as bomb and as
Nuts, lines are like mom's cat scans
Cause they fucking don't find nanads
Honey I applaude that ass, swear to god man
These broads can't dance, maa show 'em how it's done
Spaz like a god damn Taz, yeah

(Chorus)

You can sound the alarm, you can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard, you can pull all the cards
But I won't back down, oh no I won't back down, oh no

(Verse 2)

Girl shake that ass like a donkey with parkinsons
Make like Michael J Fox in your drawers playing with an etcha-sketch
Bet ya that you'll never guess who's knockin' at your doors
People's hit the floors, yeah tonight ladies you gon' get divorced
Girl forget remorse, Imma hit you broads with
Chris' force like you pissed him off
Talented with the tongue motherucker, you ain't got a lick in yours
Hittin' licks, like I'm robbin' liquor stores
Making cash registers shit their drawers
Think you spit the rawest?
I'm an uncooked slab of beef laying on your kitchen floor
Otherwords, I'm off the meat rack, bring the beat back
Bring me two extension cords
Imma measure my dick, shit I need six inches more
Fuck my dick's 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 oc? I'm the big shot, get it dick snots?
You're just small bumps, little pricks
Girl you think that other prick's hot?
I'll drink gasoline and eat a lit match
Before I sit back and let him get hot
Better call the cops on him quick fast
Shady'd right back on your bitch ass
White trash with a half a six pack in his hatchback
Trailer hitch at-tached to the back, dispatch

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Bitch am I the reason that your boyfriend stopped rappin'
Does a bird chirp,
does Lil' Wayne slurp syrup til he burps
And smokes purp,
does a wordsearch, get circled wrapped around it
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
Oh you're the kinda girl that I can take a liking to

Psych I'm spiking you, like a football
Been this way since I stood a foot tall
You're a good catch, with a shitty spouse
Got a pretty mouth and a good jaw
Gimmie good brain, watch the woodgrain
Don't want no cum-stain, bitch you listening?
Try to turn me down, slut I'm talking to you
Turn me back up, are you insane
Trying to talk over me in the car, shut the fuck up while my shit's playing
I'm a shit stain on the underwear of life
What's the saying? when there's thunder then 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 seperate occasions?
And you can bet your stinking 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 dancefloor cutie, while I do my duty
On this microphone, shake your booty shorty
I'm the shit, why you think Proof used to call me doodie?

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