

Like Toy Soldiers

Eminem

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left

We all fall down,

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We all fall down like toy soldiers

Bit by bit, torn apart

We never win but the battle wages on for toy soldiers I'm suppose to be the soldier, who never blows his
composure

Even though I hold the weight of the whole world on my shoulders

I ain't never suppose to show it, my crew ain't suppose to know it

Even if it means going toe to toe with the Benzino, it don't matter

I never drag 'em in battles that I can handle less I absolutely have to

I'm suppose to set an example, I need to be the leader

My crew looks for me to guide 'em

If some shit ever just pop off I'm suppose to be beside 'em

That Ja shit, I tried to squashed it, it was too late to stop it

There's a certain line, you just don't cross it, and he crossed it

I heard him say Hailie's name on a song and I just lost it

It was crazy, this shit went way beyond some Jay Z and Nas shit

And even though the battle was won, I feel like we lost it

I spent so much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted

I'm so caught it I almost feel like I'm the one who caused it

This ain't what I'm in Hip Hop for, it's not why I got in it

That was never my object for someone to get killed

Why would I want to destroy something I helped build

It wasn't my intentions, my intentions were good

I went through my whole career with out ever mentioning

And that's just outta respect, for not running my mouth

And talking about something that I knew nothing about

Plus Dre told me stay out, just wasn't my beef, So I did

I just fell back, watched and gritted my teeth while he's all over TV

Now I'm talking a man who literally saved my life, like fuck it

I understand, this is business and this shit just isn't none of my business

But still knowing this shit could pop off at any minute cause Step by step, heart to heart, left right left

We all fall down, like toy soldiers

Bit by bit, torn apart

We never win but the battle wages on for toy soldiers It used to be a time when you could just say a rhyme

And wouldn't have to worry about one of your people dying

But now it's elevated cause once you put someone's kids in it

Shit gets escalated, it ain't just words no more, is it

It's a different ball game, call names and you ain't just rapping
We actually tried to stop the 50 and Ja beef from happening
Me and Dre had sat with him, kicked it and had a chat with him
And asked him not to start it, he wasn't gonna go after him
Until Ja' start yappin' in magazines how he stabbed him
Fuck 'em 50, smash him, mash him, and let him have it
Meanwhile my intentions pulled me in other directions
Some receptionist said the source who answers phones at his desk
Has an erection for me and thinks
That I'll be his resurrection
Tries to blow the dust of his mic and make a new record
But now he's fucked the game up cause one of the ways I came up
Was through that publication, the same one that made me famous
Now the owner of it got a grudge against me for nothing but fuck it
That motherfucker can get it too, fuck 'em then
But I'm so busy being pissed off, I don't stop to think
That we just inherited 50's beef with Murder Inc
And he's inherited mine, which is fine, ain't like either of us mind
We still have soldiers that's on the front line that's willing to die for us
As soon as we give the orders, never to extort us
Strictly to show they support us
Maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus to show we love 'em back
And to let 'em know how important it is to have Runyon Avenue soldiers up in our corners
Their loyalty to us is worth more then any award is
But I ain't trying to have none of my people hurt or murdered
It ain't worth it, I can't think of a perfecter way to word it
Then to just say that I love y'all too much to see the verdict
I'll walk away from it all before I'll let it go any further
But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coping
I'm just willing to be the bigger man
If y'all can quit popping off at the jaws with the knocking
'Cause frankly I'm sick of talking
I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin rest on my conscience 'cause
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