

# Never Enough (Featuring 50 Cent and Nate Dogg)

## Eminem

There's not much you could do or say to phase me  
People think I'm a little bit crazy  
I get it from all angles in a while to save me  
To make me stop and think about it 'fore I just say things  
Sometimes I forget what other people just may think  
A lot of rappers finally wouldn't know how to take me  
If they heard some shit, I'd lay the tape 'fore they erase me  
I maybe a little too fast paced and racy  
Sometimes the average listener rewinds and plays me twenty times  
Cause I say so many rhymes, it may seem like I'm goin too fast 'cause my mind is racing  
And I could give a fuck what category you place me  
Long as when I'm pushing up daisies and gone  
As long as you place me amongst one of them greats  
When I hit the heavenly gates I'll be cool beside Jay-Z  
For every single die hard fan who embraced me  
I'm thankful for the talent in which God gave me  
And I'm thankful for the environment that he placed me  
Believe it or not, I thank my mom for how she raised me  
In the neighborhood daily, they jumped and chased me  
It only made me what I am today, see  
Regardless of what anybody believes who hates me  
You ain't gonna make or break me  
Tryna strip me of my credibility and make me look fake, G  
You're only gonna be in for a rude awakening  
Cause sooner or later you haters are all gonna face me  
And when you face me with all the shit you've been saving to say to me  
You had all this time to think about it  
Now don't pussy out and try to wimp out, face me  
Cause I've been patiently waiting for the day  
That we finally meet in the same place to see[Chorus: x2]  
No matter how many battles I been in and won  
No matter how many magazines on my nuts  
No matter how many M-C's I end up  
Ooh ooh, it's never enough My flow's untouchable now you gotta face it  
Uh oh, it gets worse when I go back to the basics  
You go say the wrong shit and get your face split  
The smell of victory, love it so much I can taste it  
The spot my talk, it blaze a direct hit  
Graze it, your peace talk, save it

You shit sounds dated, you're overrated  
I'm obligated to study your moves then crush you mutherfuckers  
If I'm the best and the worst, then God's gift is a curse  
Soldier trained to destroy, you payin' attention boy?  
I spit shit, slick shit, so quick you miss it  
To be specific I go ballistic as hieroglyphic  
My music is a drug, press play, you ain't gotta sniff it  
Chew it or pop it, roll a bag of the chocolate  
Get your high over and over, but you gotta cop it  
When it's hot, it's hot  
Your hatin' is undeniable, stop it[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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