When The Music Stops

Eminem

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Bizarre:
MusicÂ .RealityÂ .Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we as entertainers have a responsibility, to these kidsÂ Psyche

Eminem:
If I, were to die, murdered in cold blood tommorrow, would youfeel sorrow, or show love, or would it matter?
Could never be the lead-off batter if there ain't shit for me tofeed off, I'm see-saw battlin'
but there's way too much at stake for me to be fake, there's toomuch on my plate, I done came way
too far in this game, to turn and walk away, and not say what Igot to say
what the fuck you take me for, a joke? You smokin' crack? 'Fore Ido that, I'd beg Mariah to take me back
I'll get up 'fore I get down, gun myself in the ground, 'fore Iput some wack shit out
I'm tryin' to smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark,y'all steady tryin' to drown a shark
ain't gon' do nothin' but piss me off, lid to the can of whipass, just twist me off
see me leap out, pull a piece out, fuck shootin', I'm just tryin'to knock his teeth out
fuck with me now bitch, let's see you freestyle, talk is cheap,motherfucker, if you really feelin' froggish, leap
yo Slim, you gon' let him get away with that? He tried to playyou, you can't let him skate with that
man I hate this crap, this ain't rap, this is crazy the way weact, when we confuse hip hop
with real life when the music stops

Swifty:
Ain't no getting' rid of McVeigh, if so you woulda tried, theonly way I'm leavin' this bitch is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived ride back at my enemies' cribwith Hennessey, got drunk then I finish him
I'm every nigga's favorite arch enemy, physically fitted to bethe most dangerous nigga with beef
I spark willingly, with a dillinger in the dark, dilligently, I'mnot what you think
I appear to be fucked up, mentally endangered, I can't stay awayfrom a razor, I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighborsfor acres
I'll murder you, I gauge have me turn into a mad man, son of sambitch, I'm surgical
I'm allergic to dyin', you think not, you got balls? We can seehow large
when the music stops

Kon Artis:
I was happy havin' a deal at first, thought money would make mehappy, but it only made my pain worse
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on you, dog,and you ain't got nuttin' left but your word and your balls
and you're stressed from the calls of your new friends, beggin'with their hands out, checkin' for your record when it'ssellin'
when it ain't that's the end, no laughs, no friends, no girls,just the gin you drink, till your car spin
you think DAMN! When you slam into the wall, and you fall out thecar and try to crawl with one arm

I'm bout to lose it all, in a pool of alcohol, if my funeral'stomorrow, wonder would they even call
when the music stops

Von:
Let's see how many of your men loyal, when I pull up lookin' foryou with a pistol, sippin' a can of penzoil
I'm revved up, who said what, when lead bust your head justexplode with red stuff, I'm handcuffed
tossed in the paddywagon, braggin' about how you shouted, like acoward, bullets devoured you, showered you
niggas
If I was you niggas, I'd run while given a chance, understand, Ican enhance the spirit of man
Death itself, it can hurt me, just the thought of dyin' alonethat really irks me
you ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk, be smart andstop tryin' to walk how G's walk before we spark
hug the floor while we playin' tug-of-war with your life, fuck atour and a mike, I'd rather fuck a whore with a
knife
deliver that shit that coroner's like, you hype, poppin' shit inbroad daylight, nigga you're a gonner at night
when the music stops

Proof:
Instigators, turn pits in cages, let loose and bit the neighbors,wrist to razors
y'all don't want war, y'all want talk, in the dark, my dogs allbark like woof!
Proof nigga I'ma wolf, get your whole roof, caved in likereindeer hoofs
stomp the booth, shake, the floor tiles loose, the more y'allbreath, shit, the more lose moves
It's Hill Street, this is hardcore blues, put a gun to rap checkin all our dues
nigga, or make the news, betcha all move, when the uzi pop youbetter drop
when the music stop

Bizarre:
Music has changed my life in so many ways, brains confused beenfucked since the fifth grade
LL told me rock the bells, NWA said fuck the police, now I'm injail
'93 was strictly R&B, fucked haircut, listenin' to Jodeci
Michael Jackson who gonna tell me I ain't Mike? Ass cheekspainted white, fuckin' Priscilla tonight
Flyin' down Sunset smokin' crack, transvestite in the front,Eddie Murphy in the back
MOP had grimy and gritty, Marilyn Manson, I died my hair blue,and grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bows, now I'm in the hospital witha broken nose and a fractured elbow
voices in my head I'm goin' in shock, I'm reachin' for the glock,but the music stops...

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