

# Never Enough

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, even occasionally Doc Drezy'll  
Have to step in every once 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 probably wouldn't know how to take me  
If they heard some shit I layed to tape 'fore they erase me  
I may be 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 going too fast cause my mind is racing  
And I could give a fuck what category you place me  
Long as when I'm pushin' up daisies and gone  
As long as you place me amongst one of them greats  
When I the heavenly gates, I'd be cool beside Jay-Z  
For every single die-hard fan who embrace 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, far as she raised me  
In a neighborhood daily that 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  
Tryin' to strip me of my credibility or 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 savin'  
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 waitin' for the day  
That we finally meet, in the same place to see  
No matter how many battles I been in and won  
No matter how many magazines on my nuts  
No matter how many MC's I eat up  
Oh, it's never enough  
No matter how many battles I been in and won  
No matter how many magazines on my nuts  
No matter how many MC's I eat up  
Oh, 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 gon', say the wrong shit and get your whole face split  
The smell of victory love it so much I can taste it  
I spot my target, blaze it, direct hit, graze it  
Your peace talk, save it, your shit sounds, dated  
You're over-rated, I'm obli-gated  
To study your moves then crush you motherfuckers  
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 shit

To be specific I go ballistic, it's hieroglyphic  
My music is a drug, press play you ain't gotta sniff it  
Shoot it or pop it, roll it bag it or chop it  
It get you high over and over but you gotta cop it  
When it's hot it's hot, your hatin' is undeniable, stop it  
No matter how many battles I been in and won  
No matter how many magazines on my nuts  
No matter how many MC's I eat up  
Oh, it's never enough  
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