When The Music Stops

Eminem

Music, reality
Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we, as entertainers, have a responsibility
To these kids, psyche
If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow
Would you feel sorrow or show love
Or would it matter? Could never be the lead-off batter
If there ain't shit for me to feed off, I'm seesaw battlin'
But there's way too much at stake for me to be fake
There's too much on my plate, I done came way
Too far in this game to turn and walk away
And not say what I got to say
What the fuck you take me for, a joke? You smokin' crack?
'Fore I do that, I'd beg Mariah to take me back
I'll get up 'fore I get down, run myself in the ground
'Fore I put 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 whip ass
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 play you, you can't let him skate with that
Man, I hate this crap
This ain't rap, this is crazy the way we act
When we confuse hip-hop with real life, when the music stops
Ain't no gettin' rid of McVeigh, if so you woulda tried
The only way I'm leavin' this bitch, is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemies' crib
With Hennessey, got drunk then I finish you
I'm every nigga's favorite arch enemy
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef
I spark willingly, with a Dillinger in the dark diligently
I'm not what you think
I appear to be fucked up, mentally endangered
I can't stay away from a razor, I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight

To awake neighbors for acres
I'd murder you, I'd gauge and have me turn into a mad man
Son of Sam bitch, I'm surgical
I'm allergic to dyin', you think not?
You got balls? We can see how large, when the music stops
I was happy havin' a deal at first
Thought money would make me happy 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's sellin'
When it ain't, that's the end, no laughs, no friends

No girls, just the gin you drink, 'til your car spin you think
Damn, when you slam into the wall
And you fall out the car and try to crawl with one arm
I'm 'bout to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow wonder would they even call? When the music stops
Let's see, how many of your men loyal
When I pull up lookin' for you with a pistol, sippin' a can of Pennzoil
I'm revved up, who said what, when lead bust
Your head just explode with red stuff, I'm handcuffed
Tossed in the paddy wagon, braggin' about how you shouted
Like a coward, bullets devoured you, showered you niggas
If I was you niggas, I'd run while given a chance
Understand, I can enhance the spirit of man
Death itself, it can hurt me
Just the thought of dyin' alone that really irks me
You ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk
Be smart and stop tryin' to walk how G's walk before we spark
Hug the floor while we playin' tug of war with your life
Fuck a tour and a mike, I'd rather fuck a whore with a knife
Deliver that shit that coroner's like
You hype poppin' shit in broad daylight, nigga, you're a goner at night when the music stops
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 all bark like woof
Proof nigga I'ma wolf, get your whole roof
Caved in like reindeer hoofs
Stomp the booth, shake the floor tiles loose
The more y'all breathe shit the more I moves
It's Hill Street, this is hardcore blues
Put a gun to rap, check in all our dues, nigga
Or make the news, betcha all y'all move

When the Uzi pop you better drop, when the music stop
Music has changed my life in so many ways
Brain's confused, been fucked since the fifth grade
L.L. told me to, "Rock the Bells"
NWA said, "Fuck the Police," now I'm in jail
Ninety three was strictly R and B
Fucked up haircut, listened to Jodeci
Michael Jackson, who gon' tell me I ain't Mike?
Ass cheeks painted white, fuckin' Priscilla tonight
Flyin' down Sunset smokin' crack
Transvestite in the front, Eddie Murphy in the back
M.O.P. had me grimy and gritty
Marilyn Manson, I dyed my hair blue and grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bows
Now I'm in the hospital with a 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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