

# 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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