

Difficult (Proof Tribute . Unfinished)

Eminem

They ask me am I ok?
They ask me if I'm happy
Are they asking me that because of the shit that's been thrown at me?
Or am I just a little snappy
And they genuinely care
Doody, most of my life it's just been me and you there
And I continuously stare at pictures of you
I never got to say I love you as much as I wanted to but I do
Yeah I say it now and you can't hear me
What the fuck good does that do me now?
But somehow I know you're near me in presence
Oh I went and drop some presents off to ease it to them
Two little beautiful boys of yours to try to ease their minds a little
And dawg you'll never believe this
But Sharonda actually talks to me now
Jesus and everyone else is just tryna pick up the pieces
Man how you touch so many fucking lives and just leave us
They say grievance has a way of affecting everyone different
If it's true, how the fuck am I supposed to get over you
Difficult as it sounds...
Doody, that's what we call each other
I don't know where it came from but it just stuck with us
We was always brothers
Never thought about each others' skin colors
Til' one day we was walking up the block in the summer
It was like 90 degrees, I was catching a sun burn
Tryna walk under the trees
Just to give me some comfort
I'm moaning I just wanna get home
When I look over and your shirt is off
I'm like you gonna fry and like
"No I won't, I'm black stupid
And black people they got melatonin
In their skin, we don't burn"
Meanwhile, my face is glowing and I felt
Like I'm on fire
And the entire time you're just laughing at me
And snapping at me with your shirt, bastard
And I still have to get you back for that shit

And by the way them playboy rings
My mother stole from you
Well Nate finally got 'em back
Shit it must have been at least 16 years ago
Well I put 'em in your cask - ahhh
Moving past it, it still ain't registered yet
But you can bet your legacy they'll never forget
The motor city motownHip hop vet, hip hop shop, dreadsIt don't stop there
Yeah, as difficult as it sounds...And this may sound a little strange but I'ma tell it
I found that jacket that you left at my wedding
And I picked it up to smell it
I wrapped it up in plastic until I put it in glass
And hang it up in the hallway so I can always look at it
And as for all of me and D12 we feel like fuck rap
It feels like our General just fucking died in our lap
We shut off all our pages
All our cell numbers has changed
Our two-ways are in the trash
So some cats will have to find a new way
And I know that it feels like the dreams will die with you today
But the truth is there all still here and you ain't
Purple Gang, you gotta keep pressing on
Don't ever give up the dream dawg
I got love for you all
And Doody, it's true you bought people together who never
Woulda been in the same room if it wasn't for you
You were the peacemaker Doody
I know sometimes you were moody
But you hated confrontation
And truly hated the feuding
But you were down for yours whenever it came to scrapping
If it had to happen, it had to happen
Believe me, I know you're the one who taught me to
Throw them balls back on Dresden
From making cars to paintballing
Getting arrested
To sitting across from each other in cells laughing and jesting
They tried to hit us for 5 years for that, no question
I guess them hookers and bums that we shot up
Didn't show up for court
So we got off on a technicality, left sweating
Me, you and what's his face
I forgot his fucking name
Shame he even came to your funeral
He betrayed our team

And if I see him again I'ma punch him in the fucking face
And that's on Hailie Jade, Whitney Lane and Alaina's name
I let the pistol bang once just to leak a shot in the air
For you and pour some liquor out for you with Obie in the parking lot of 54
Just before we were supposed to get in cars
To come and see you once more
Difficult as it sounds...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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