

When the Music Stops (feat. D12)

Eminem

Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids
Sike! If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow
Would you feel sorrow or show love
Or would it matter Can never be the lead-off batter of things
Shit for me to feed off
I'm see-saw battling
But there's way too much at stake for me to be fake There's too much on my plate
And I 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 smoking crack?
Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back
I get up 'for I get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out
I'm trying-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark
You all steady trying to drown the shark Ain't gonna do nothing but piss me off
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off
See me leap out, pull the piece out, fuck shooting I'm just trying to knock his teeth out
Fuck with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you're really
feeling froggish, leap
You're slim, you're gonna let him get away with that?
He tried to play you, you can't let him 'scape 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 There ain't no getting rid of
McVeigh
If so you would've tried
The only way I'm leaving this bitch is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with Hennessey,
Got drunk then I finished he
I'm every niggas 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 murder you
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of Sam, bitch, I'm surgical I'll allergic to dying, you
think not? you got balls? We can see how large
When the music stops I was happy having a deal at first,
Thought money would make me happy but
It only made my pain worst,
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on you dawg When you ain't got nothing left

but your word and your balls
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends
Beggin' with they hands out
Checking for your record when its selling When it ain't, that's the end, no laughs
No friends no girl
Just the gin you drink till you car spin you then Damn!
U slam into the wall and you fall
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops Let's see how
many of your men loyal,
When I pull up looking for you,
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust your head would just explode With red stuff I'm
hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon
Braggin about how you shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you
Niggas, if I was you niggas, I'll run while given the chance
Understand I can enhance the spirit of man Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of
dying alone that really
Irks me, you ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark
Hug the floor while we plan tug-o-war with your life, fuck the tour and the mic I'll rather fuck a
whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga your a gonna at night When The Music
Stops Instigators, turn pits in cages
Let loose and bit the neighbours wrist to razors You all don't want war, you want talk
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof
Caved in like reindeer hoofs
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose
The more you all breach, the more I moves
This hill street, this is hardcore blues
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)
Or make the news betcha all you all move
When the Uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop Music's changed my life in so many
ways
Brains confused and fucked since the 5th grade
LL told me to rock the bells
NWA said fuck the police
Now I'm in jail
93 was strictly R&B
Fucked up hair cut
Listen to Jodeci
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike
Ass cheeks painted white
Fucking Presilla at night
Flying down sunset smoking crack
Transvestite in the front
Eddi Murphy in the back
MOP had me grindy and griddy

Marilyn Manson, I dyed my hair blue
And grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls
Now I'm in the hospital
Broken nose and a fractured elbow
Voices in my head, I'm going in shock,
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

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