

Fuel

Eminem

Smokin' trees, I'm ridin' 'round
Come to my side of town
Lately, it's been goin', goin', goin', goin', goin' down (Look, uh, look)

All of my niggas gon' ride with it
In the pocket, the rocket like Kellen Mond
Mama told me the power was in the tongue
But it probably ain't powerful as a gun
All of you little cowards get devoured, I'm givin' out flowers to anyone
I ain't been out the house in a minute 'cause I ain't wit' it if the money i
s miniature
I been mindin' my business, I'm business-minded
I been spendin' some time with the minister
'Cause them niggas spinnin' shit and still sinnin' in the City of God and it
's sinister
Try to pray and repent in a synagogue or a mosque, a temple, a church
Them brown skin's sentiment niggas hurtin'
And murder's a common courtesy, for certainly
R.I.P. be on the shirt, search, lurk, murk, squirt, dirt, first (Forty-
eight)
My nigga doin' four plus eight without a court date
Talked the other day, he say he doin' okay
He good, he gainin' weight, then got a sharp shank
He made, he say they play, they gotta partake
Homie got a heart full of hate and a face full of war paint
Eyes all red, full of rage and it's hard to escape from a dark place
East side niggas from the A, niggas all ages
Tryna sell a pound of the dog cage
All the OGs 'round town was our age
Danger, sex, and drugs, X and R rated
Danger, sex, and drugs, shit be outrageous
But don't get this shit fucked up, my boy
Ya lucked up once, then ya doubled up
I dribble and pass it to the cup and triple-double it
Get to the basket, get the cash and cuddle up
Cover up, bundle up, batter up (Batter up)
Um, talk a lot of smack and I could back it up
Shawty wanna shag, wanna shack it up
I can put her pussy on the platter like a platypus
Nappy-head nigga, hair natted up
I said, "Barbara," a nigga tatted up
I won't argue, nigga mad as fuck
'Cause they ain't compatible, I'm finna catapult
But niggas know it's goin'
(Down, down, down, down, do-do-do-do-)

If I run out of fuel, I won't
What the fuck y'all gon' do if I don't
Run out of fuel? (Down, down, down, down, do-do-do-do-)
That scares the fuck out of you

For a couple decades (Brrt)
Been lettin' this TEC spray (Brrt)
From that day that I met Dre (Brrt)
So you liable to catch strays (Brrt)
From the second you press play (What?)
I suggest they (What?)

Do not test like an essay (Why?)
 'Cause like where my homies out west stay (Yeah)
 We can just say (What?)
 I'm like an R-A-P-E-R (Yeah)
 Got so many S-As (S-As), S-As (Huh)
 Wait, he didn't just spell the word "rapper" and leave out a P, did he? (Yep)
)
 R.I.P., rest in peace, Biggie
 And Pac, both of y'all should be living (Yep)
 But I ain't tryna beef with him (Nope)
 'Cause he might put a hit on me like, "Keefe D, get him"
 And that's the only way you're gonna be killing me (Nah)
 Ain't gonna be on no beat, silly (Yeah)
 I beat the beat silly, on the grind like teeth gritting
 Call me "obesity" (Why?)
 You think it's over? Wait, it's just beginning
 Diss me and it ain't gonna be pretty (Nah)
 Used to be yea tall, then I grew a little each day 'til I became God
 Like James Todd, now your arms are too short to BK brawl
 Indeed, they small like DJ Paul (Woo)
 My new Benz better than your truck by far
 Bitch, suck my balls
 You either smoke crack or you're playin' stickball in the street
 'Cause you must be on base if you thinkin' you can touch my car (Yeah)
 But if the whole world was out to get you (What?)
 It'd turn you to a powder keg too
 Kyle Rittenhouse, spittin' rounds, the TEC shoots like (Look out, brrt)
 And that ain't no sound effect (Woo)
 Neither was that, SIG Sauer lets loose
 I don't condone gun violence at schools (Nah)
 But I can't get these voices out my head (Hey, let's go, one, two)
 They're putting words in my mouth like alphabet soup
 Got the most content on the continent
 And constant compliments give me confidence (I'm a)
 A cross of common sense and incompetence (Uh)
 I'm cognizant that conflicts are consequence (What?)
 Of accomplishments accomplished through competition
 If Kon coulda conked him into unconsciousness
 Though conscious, I conjure this King Kong and just
 Call me "Kamikaze," I'm concoctin' this (Woo, my bad)
 Nobody's sixteens are touching
 These motherfuckin' index fingers fuckin' the nina
 Clutchin' the nine millimeter, tuckin' the heat
 Got the toaster like an English muffin
 No, I mean "toast to" like you drink to somethin'
 But it's in a holster, I proceed to bust and
 Fuck around and get popped like Halyna Hutchins
 Like I'm Alec Baldwin, what I mean is buckin' you down
 Coup de grâce then, right between the fuckin' eyes
 Shoot 'em all then, if you think you're fuckin' with me
 You're gonna suffer the fuckin' repercussions
 The reaper's comin' to heathen, I need it from me
 I keep replenishing fuel while the beat I'm punishing

 If I run out of fuel, I won't
 What the fuck y'all gon' do if I don't
 Run out of fuel? (Down, down, down, down, do-do-do-do-)
 That scares the fuck out of you