

# Syllables

Eminem

It's not about lyrics anymore, it's about a hot beat and a catchy hook

If we gotta dumb down our style and ABC it

Then so be it

.Cause nowadays these kids, jeez

Don't give a shit about lyrics

All they wanna hear is a beat and that's it

Long as they can go to the club and get blitz

Pick up some chicks and get some digits

And the DJ's playing them hits

Oh, this my jam, this my shit

We don't know a word to a verse,

All we know is the chorus

'Cause the chorus repeats the same four words for us

And the songs ginormous, the whole formula's switched

'Cause we don't know anymore, what are hits

Is it the beat, is it the rap?

Is it a finger snap or the same 808 clap?

And how do we adapt and get TRL votes

When 13 year olds control the remote

And Ashley's got a brand new nose

We gotta put some new emphasis on our syllables

If the emphasis on the compact disc isn't the beat

Than I'm gonna feature EM and get rich

And let Dre mix the shit and drive off in the Range Ro

'Cause everywhere I go they love the bling bling flow

Bang bang look at the way my chain glow

The ring on my fing' cost Jermaine a lot of dough, oh

The fuck am I busting my brain for?

It's just the way the game go, oh, it takes 2 to tango

You call this a lame flow

You bought the shit

I guess you to blame too

I just found the angle

No more reality flow

I'm tryna time my album dropping with a reality show

Cock the Mac 11 in front of Hot 97

And call my publicist, tell her, "We're in press heaven"

No one gives a shit except some kids who just got into sex on the Internet

So you want the chat room or the house of Malibu, Em?

Your emphasis is on the wrong syllable

They said 30's the new 20

Funny, must mean 40's the new 30

Interesting 'cause ever since then it's been innocence

An extension for veteran rappers that are better than half

Of the shit coming out right now

It's all trash

The torch is gonna burn out before it gets passed

Jay said it's his last and 50 and Em

Then what? Detox drops what we got then

So now our whole camps is running around scrambling over what to do

Gambling everytime we put a record out

Just looking for that hook

(Wait, Dre, look)

Shorty I love you  
And you love me too  
We were meant to be 'cause shorty  
You love me  
And I love you too  
And I promise I'll be true to you

Go shorty, it's your birthday  
You made it just in time to hear my wordplay  
It's the kid that flip flows who used to flip O's  
And run G for days used to see how I get hoes  
I'm international, I get my dick licked round the globe  
I'm sick right into shows, riding on lolo's  
Puffing on coco, my bitch in Manolo's  
Don't fuck with the dodo's, that's slang for dumb hoes  
I playing, I ain't got time to joke, joke  
You fuck around, you could get your ass smoked lock,  
It's not a game, me B, I ain't playing  
Beat behind me playing, so you ain't hear anyway  
You don't hear what I'm saying  
Me fin-nini-na  
Fee-fi-dididee-yay  
Just give me my check and I'll be on my way  
Sunny bunny money and funny  
You ain't even listening and I just took your money

There once was a time everywhere he turned  
Shady aftermath was all you heard  
But they say 50 sang too much  
And Em got soft  
And they say Dre just fell the fuck off  
Well, fuck the "Fuck off"s  
All y'all eat salt, be mad, we bad fresh up outta the vault, oh!  
New syllables eat ball, you fucks off's  
Your house, your bitch I'm getting sucked off  
East, south, midwest, even up north  
Falling victim to wax, spitting, bring out the white chalk  
All for the gingerbread, we get it and get lost  
Catch me if you can, I'm running past while y'all walk

Shady made me for bringing it back  
For the history of rap  
It's gone with a snap, a sneer and a clap  
What happened to just spitting about living in the motherfucking city you at  
In the grimiest condition, I breath in drama  
King Mathers and Cash me, that's freak karma  
I'm everything, anything, you could never be  
It's a hitting, rhyme in the month deep  
I speak with a piece, no peace on my mind  
I repeat every evil deed done of mine  
No rest contest, contract to sign  
By blood I'm in this squad for life  
Hear out my wind pipes and I just chime  
I'm the reason you guys won't say that line  
I'm crazy renegade like Em and Jay-Z  
I'm Rosemary's baby, I want you to hate me

Shorty I love you  
And you love me too  
We were meant to be cause shorty  
You love me  
And I love you too  
And I promise I'll be true to you

It is not about lyrics anymore,  
It is not about lyrics anymore  
It's about a hot beat, a hot beat  
It's about a hot beat, a hot beat  
A hot, hot, hot beat  
And a catchy hook  
A hot, hot, hot beat  
And a catchy hook  
Nobody gives a damn about them syllables, sillyle-ables, whatever they are  
I don't care if you gotta rhyme smo, joe, toe and glow  
Now get out there and sell some god-damn records