

Till I Collapse

Eminem

Sometimes you just feel tired, feel weak
When you feel weak, you feel like you just wanna just give up
But you gotta search within you, try and find that inner strength
And just pull that shit out of you, and get that motivation not to give up
And not be a quitter no matter how bad you wanna just fall flat on your face
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Till I collapse I'm spillin' these raps long as you feel 'em
Till the day that I drop you'll never say that I'm not killin' 'em
Cause when I am not, then I'm a stop pinnin' 'em and
I am not hip-hop and I'm just not Eminem
Subliminal thoughts, when I'm a stop sendin'
'em, women are caught in webs, spin 'em and hock venom
Adrenaline shots of penicillin could not
Get the illin' to stop, amoxicillin's just not real enough

Now don't think I won't hit you, cause I'm popular
I got a P-90-Roog that'll pop at ya
Catch you slippin' I'm a give ya what I got for ya
My clip loaded for 16 shots for ya
Ya'never had a hot gun on ya waist or blood on ya shoes
Cause a nigga went and said the wrong shit to you
Homie you ain't been through
What I been through
You not like me
And I'm not like you
I'm like a animal when I spit it's crazy
Got semi-autos that put wholes in niggas tryna play me
One shot is not enough, you need at least an oozie to move me
After 4 bottles of don
The kid start feelin' woozie
I write my life
You write what you've seen in gangsta movies
I'm gangsta to the core, nigga you can't move me
I find my space at the top
I got this rap shit locked
I've never heard of you
You've heard of me, I'll murder you
Spit shells at your convertable
As long as you notice
Richard Poor hallows still go through ya door
This is war
You scared of me
Your not prepared for me
The Kid is back
50 Cent I know you like that

The criminal cop killin' hip-hop villiana
Minimal swap to cop millions of Pac listeners
Your comin' with me, feel it or not you're gonna fear it
Like I showed ya the spirit of God lives in us
You hear it a lot lyrics to shock,
Is it a miracle
Or am I just a product of pop fizzin' up?
Fa shizzel my wizzel, this is the plot
Listen up,
You bizzels forgot slizzel does not give a fuck

Till the roof comes off,
Till the lights go out
Till my legs give out
Can't shut my mouth
Till the smoke clears out
And my high burn out
I'm a rip this shit till my bones collapse
Till the roof comes off
Till the lights go out
Till my legs give out
Can't shut my mouth
Till the smoke clears out
Am I high, perhaps?
I'm a rip this shit till my bones collapse

Music is like magic, there's a certain feelin'
You get when you're real, and you spit and people are feelin' ya shit
This is your moment,
And every single minute you get try'n hold on to it
'cause you may never get it again
So while you're in it try to get as much shit as you can
And when your run is over
Just admit when it's at it's end
'Cause I'm at the end of my wits with half the shit gets in
I got a list
Here's the order of my list that it's in -
It goes Reggie, Jay-Z, Tupac... [Echoes]

Where my thugs at
Huh, increase the doses, bustin whoever closest
Thug livin, hell or prison, never losin my focus
I'm makin money moves manditory
In a discussion my past records tell a story
Picture niggaz we rushin and still bustin
Til the cops come runnin, duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legit list
So I laugh til I cry, when the law come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga miss me, why plant seeds
In a dirty bitch, waitin to trick me, not the life for me
Livin carefree, til I'm buried - and if they dare me
I'm bustin on niggaz until they scurry, I'm clearly
A man of military means in my artillery
Watchin over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past, in vain
Never knowin if this game'll last, feelin ashamed
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin my soul?
Got tired of small time livin, niggaz tellin me no
I got MINE, FUCK THEM OTHER SUCKERS, that's the mentality
Jealous-ass bustaz (2x)
I know you niggas been waiting for this shit for a long time
Well here it is nigga here it is

No insanity plea for me, I ride the beef til I burn
Sensimilla bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile guess you could call me anti-social
Niggaz shakin like they caught the holy ghost when I approach em
Try to politic, before I smoke em, like Sun Zu
Niggaz do unto these snitches, before it's done to you

And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin for my dogs in the mornin
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggaz mourn me? Gettin blowed out
High, watch me murder the bird, before he testify
Strikes, walkin close to my third, I live a trouble life
And if you dream be a part of my team
From Long Beach to Queens, drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo' eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustaz

Soon as a verse starts I eat at an MCs heart, what is he thinkin'
About to go against me?, smart
And it's absurd how people hang on every word
I'll probably never get the props I feel I ever deserve
But I'll never be served, my
Spot is forever reserved
If I ever leave Earth
That would be the death of me first
'cause in my heart of hearts I know nothin' could
Ever be worse that's why I'm
Clever when I put together every verse
My thoughts are sporadic, I act like
I'm an addict
I rap like I'm addicted to smack,
Like I'm Kim Mathers
But I don't wanna go forth and back in constant battles
The fact is I would rather sit back and bomb some rappers
So this is like a full blown attack I'm launchin'
At them, the track is on some
Battlin' rap who wants some static
'Cause I don't really think that the fact that
I'm Slim matters
A plaque and platinum status is wack if I'm not the baddest

Until the roof, (Until the roof)
The roof comes off (The roof comes off)
Until my legs, (Until my legs)
Give out from underneath me,
I, I will not fall,
I will stand tall
Feels like no one can
Beat me