

# 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 Hennessy,  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>