

Till I Collapse - 1/2

Interprété par Eminem.

Intro

Sometimes you feel tired, feel weak, / When you feel weak, you feel like you wanna just give up. / But you gotta search within you, 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...and collapse

Verse 1

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/ Cuz when I am not, then I'ma stop pinnin'em and I am not hip-hop and I'm just not Eminem/ subliminal thoughts, when I'ma stop sendin' em, women are caught in webs, spin 'em and hock venom, adrenalin shots of penicillin could not get the illin' to stop, amoxicillin's just not real enough/ The criminal cop killin', hip-hop villain a 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 product of pop fizzin' up?/ Fa shizzel my wizzel, this is the plot listen up, you bizzels forgot, slizzel does not give a fuck

Chorus

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 burns out, / I'ma rip this shit till my bones collapse.

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out, (Until the roof) / till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth (The roof comes off) / Till the smoke clears out and my high burns out, (Until my legs) / I'ma rip this shit till my bones collapse.(Give out from underneath me)

Verse 2

Music is like magic, there's a certain feeling you get when you're real and you spit an people are feelin' ya shit/ This is your moment and every single minute you spend tryin' to hold on to it, cuz 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 its end/ cuz 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 and Biggie, Andre from Outkast, Jada, Kurupt, Nas and then me/ But in this industry, I'm the cause of a lot of envy so when I'm not put on this list, the shit does not offend me/That's why you see me walkin' around like nothin's bothering me, even though half you people gotta fuckin' problem with me/ you hate it but you know respect you got to give me. The press's wet dream like Bobby an Whitney Nate hit me...

Verse 3

Soon as a verse starts I eat it at MC's heart
what is he thinking? I'ma not to go against me, smart.
And its 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 nothing 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 want to go forth and back in constant battles
The fact is I would rather sit back and bump some rappers.

Till I Collapse - 2/2

So this is like a full blown attack I'm launching at them
The track is on some battling raps who want some static
Cause I don't really think that the fact that I'm Slim matters
A plaque of platinum status is whack if I'm not the baddest.