

Won't Back Down (feat. P!nk)

Eminem

You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can pull all the cards But I won't back down, oh, no
I won't back down, oh, no Cadillac Seattles, Coupe De Villes
Brain dead rims, yeah, stupid wheels
Girl, I'm too for real, lose your tooth and nails
Try to fight it, try to deny it Stupid you will feel, what I do, I do at will
Shooting from the hip, yeah boy shoot to kill
Half a breath left on my death bed
Screaming F that yeah super III
Baby, what the deal, we can chill
Split half a pill and a happy meal, fuck a stank slut
I cut my toes off and step on the receipt before I foot the bill
Listen garden tool don't me introduce you to my power tool
You know the fucking drill How you douche bags feel knowing you're disposable?
Summers eve Massengill
Shady's got the mass appeal, baby, crank the shit
'Cause it's your God damn jam
You say that you want your punchlines a little more compact
Well, shawty, I'm that man These other cats ain't metaphorically where I'm at man
I gave Bruce Wayne a Valium and said
Settle ya fuckin ass down I'm ready for combat, man
Get it calm Batman?
Nah, ain't nobody whose as bomb and as nuts
Lines are like mum's cat scans
Cause they fucking dope bananas, honey I applaud that ass
Swear to God man these moms can't dance, ma show 'em how it's done
Spazz like a goddamn Tas, yeah You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can pull all the cards But I won't back down, oh, no
I won't back down, oh, no Girl, shake that ass like a donkey with Parkinsons
Make like Michael J Fox in the jaws playin' with a etch a sketch
Betcha that you'll never guess who's knocking at your door
People hit the floors Yeah, tonight ladies, you gon get divorced
Girl, forget remorse, I'ma hit you broads with
Chris's paws like you pissed him off
Talented with the tongue muthfucker You ain't gotta lick in yours
Hittin' licks like I'm robbin' liquor stores
Makin' cash registers shit their draws
Think you spit the raw, I'm an uncut slab of beef

Laying on your kitchen floor
Other words I'm off the meat rack, bring the beat back
Bring me two extension chords
I'mma measure my dick, shit, I need 6 inches more
Fuck, my dick's big, bitch
Need I remind you that I don't need the fucking swine flu
To be a sick pig, you're addicted I'm dope
I'm the longest needle around here
Need a fix up I'm the big shot, get it dicks nuts
Your just small boats little pricks
Girl you think that other pricks hot
I'll drink gasoline and eat a lit match
'Fore I sit back and let 'em get hot
Better call the cops on 'em quick fast
Shady's right back on your bitch ass
White trash with half a six pack in his hatchback
Trailer hitched attached to the back
(Dispatch) You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can pull all the cards
But I won't back down, oh, no
I won't back down, oh, no
Bitch, am I the reason that your boyfriend stopped rapping
Does a bird chirp?
Does Lil Wayne slurps syrup 'til he burps and smokes purp?
Does a word search gets circles wrapped around it like
You do when I come through, I'd like you to remind yourself
Of what the fuck I can do when I'm on the mic
Or your the kind of girl that I can take a liking to
Psych I'm spiking you like a football
Been this way since I've stood a foot tall
Your'e a good catch with a shitty spouse
Pretty mouth and a good jaw
Gimme good brain
Watch the wood grain, don't want no cum stain
Bitch, you listening tryna' turn me down
Slut I'm talking to you, turn me back up
Are you insane tryna talk over me in the car
Shut the fuck up while my shits playin'
I'ma shit stain on the underwear of life
What's the saying? Where there's thunder there's lightning
And they say that it never strikes twice in the same place
Then how the fuck have I been hit six times
In three different locations on four separate occasions?
And you can bet your stanking ass
That I've come to smash everything in my path
Fork was in the road took the psychopath
Poison ivy wouldn't have me thinking rash
So hit the dance floor, cutie
While I do my duty on this microphone
Shake your booty shawty I'm the shit
Why you think Proof used to call me Doodi
You can sound the alarm
You can call out your guards
You can fence in your yard
You can pull all the cards

But I won't back down, oh, no

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>