

# Lucky You (feat. Joyner Lucas)

## Eminem

[Intro: Joyner Lucas]

Whoa, Joyner, Joyner, yeah, yeah, yeah [Chorus 1: Joyner Lucas]

Yeah, I done did a lot of things in my day, I admit it

I don't take back what I say, if I said it then I meant it

All my life I want a Grammy, but I'll prolly never get it

I ain't never had no trophy or no motherfuckin' ribbon (Yah I said it)

Fuck the system, I'm that nigga, bend the law, cut the rules

I'm about to risk it all, I ain't got too much to lose

Y'all been eatin' long enough, it's my turn to cut the food

Pass the plate! Where my drink? This my day, lucky you

Fuck you too, woo! [Chorus 2: Joyner Lucas]

Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move

Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice

Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, hop out and shoot

Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice

[Verse 1: Joyner Lucas]

Back on my bullshit, my back to the wall

Turn my back on you, all of you finished

Back to these bullets, it's back to the job

Pull my MAC out and all of you runnin'

Back on my hood shit, it's back to the pushin'

These packs and I'm actually pumpin'

Can't fuck with you rappers, you practically suckin'

You mighta went platinum but that don't mean nothin'

I'm actually buzzin' this time

Straight out the kitchen, I told 'em the oven is mine

I do not fuck with you guys

If I don't kill you, just know you gon' suffer this time

I ain't no gangster but I got some bangers

Some chains and some blades and a couple of knives

Choppers and jammies, a partridge, a pear tree

My twelve days of Christmas was nothin' but lies (Ayy)

I run at you hard like a sumo (Sumo)

They say I talk like a chulo (Chulo)

I live in Mars, I'm not Bruno (Woo)

Bitch I'm a dog, call me "Cujo" (Rah)

You play your cards, I reverse on you all

And I might just draw 4 like a Uno (Bup)

Cállate boca mejor, maricón, little puto, and all of you culo (Joyner)

They've invented a level up in the ghetto to get old

Lookin' for somethin' I prolly can never find now

Shit get relevant 'til the beef die down

In truth a nigga just really want me tied down  
I've been alone and I never needed nobody  
Just only me and my shotty, I'll tell these niggas to lie down  
Keep all the money, I never wanted the lifestyle  
I just pray to God that my son'll be alright now  
I said ain't no love for the other side  
Or anyone who ever want smoke (Joyner)  
When I die I'm goin' out as a underdog who never lost hope (Yeah)  
You in the wrong cab down the wrong path  
Nigga, wrong way, wrong road (Woo, woo)  
Snakes in the grass tryna slither fast  
I just bought a fuckin' lawn mower (Vroom!)  
[Chorus 3: Eminem]  
I done said a lotta things in my day, I admit it  
This is payback in a way, I regret it that I did it  
I done won a couple Grammys, but I sold my soul to get 'em  
Wasn't in it for the trophies, just the fuckin' recognition  
Fuck's the difference?  
I'm that cracker, bend the law, fuck the rules  
Man I used to risk it all, now I got too much to lose  
I've been eatin' long enough, man my stomach should be full  
I just ate, licked the plate, my buffet, lucky me  
Fuck you think? (Woo!)[Verse 2: Eminem]  
I got a couple of mansions  
Still I don't have any manners  
You got a couple of ghost writers  
But to these kids it don't actually matter  
They're askin' me, "What the fuck happened to hip-hop?"  
I said, "I don't have any answers"  
'Cause I took an L when I dropped my last album  
It hurt me like hell but I'm back on these rappers  
And actually comin' from humble beginnings  
I'm somewhat uncomfortable winning  
I wish I could say, "What a wonderful feeling!"  
"We're on the upswing like we're punchin' the ceiling!"  
But nothin' is feeling like anyone has any fuckin' ability  
To even stick to a subject, it's killin' me  
The inability to pen humility  
Ha-ta-ta ba-ta-ta, why don't we make a bunch of  
Fuckin' songs about nothin' and mumble 'em?  
Fuck it, I'm goin' for the jugular  
Shit is a circus, you clowns that are comin' up  
Don't give an ounce of a motherfuck  
About the ones that were here before you that made rap  
Let's recap, way back, MC's that wreak havoc on tape decks  
ADAT's, where the G Raps and Kanes at?  
We need 3 Stacks ASAP and bring Masta Ace back  
'Cause half of these rappers have brain damage  
All the lean rappin', face tats, syruped out like tree sap

I don't hate trap, and I don't wanna seem mad  
But in fact, where the old me at? The same cat  
That would take that feedback and aim back, I need that  
But I think it's inevitable  
They know what button to press or what lever to pull  
To get me to snap though (Lil' bitch)  
And if I pay it attention I'm probably makin' it bigger  
But you've been takin' ya dicks in the fuckin' back, ho (Get it?)  
On the brink, any minute got me thinkin' of finishin'  
Everything with acetaminophen and reapin' the benefits  
I'm asleep at the wheel again  
As I peak into thinkin' about an evil intent  
Of another beat I'ma kill again  
'Cause even if I gotta end up eatin' a pill again  
Even ketamine or methamphetamine with the minithin  
It better be at least 70 to 300 milligram  
And I might as well 'cause I'ma end up bein' a villain again  
Levels to this shit, I got an elevator  
You could never say to me I'm not a fuckin' record breaker  
I sound like a broken record every time I break a record  
Nobody could ever take away the legacy I made, I never cater  
Motherfucker, now I got a right to be this way  
I got spite inside my DNA  
But I wrote 'til the wheels fall off, I'm workin' tirelessly, ayy  
It's the moment y'all been waitin' for  
Like California wishin' rain to pour  
In that drought, y'all been prayin' for  
My downfall from the 8 Mile to the Southpaw  
Still the same Marshall, that outlaw  
That they say as a writer might've fell off  
I'm back on that bull like the cowboy [Chorus 2: Joyner Lucas & Eminem]  
So y'all gotta move (Yeah), y'all gotta move (Yeah), y'all gotta move  
Give me some room, give me some room, give me the juice  
Hop out the coupe, hop out the coupe, hop out and shoot  
Y'all gotta move, y'all gotta move, give me the juice

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