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8 Foot Sativa "Freestyle"

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[Lickety Split] This guy's a choke artist Ya catch a bad one Your better off shootin yourself With Papa doc?s handgun Climbin up this mountain your weak Ill leave you lost without a paddle Floatin shits creek

You ain't Detroit, Im the D Your the new kid on the block Bout to get smacked back to the boonedocks Fuckin Nazi, this crowd ain't your type Take some real advice and form a group with Vanilla Ice And what I tell you, you better use it This guy's a hillbilly, this ain't Willie Nelson music

Trailor trash, Ill choke you to your last breath And have you lookin foolish Like Cheddar Bob when he shot himself Silly Rabbit, I know why they call you that Cause you follow Future like you got carrots up his asscrack And when you actin up thats when you got jacked up And left stupid like Tina Turner when she got smacked

up

III crack your shoulder blade i'll smack you so hard Elvis start turnin in his grave I dont know why they let you out in the dark You need to take your white ass back across 8 mile To the trailor park

[Rabbit]

This guy raps like his parents jerkin He sounds like Erick Sermon, the generic version This whole crowd looks suspicious Its all dudes in here, except for these bitches So Im a German, Eh Thats ok, you look like a fuckin worm with braids These Leaders of the Free World rookies Lookie, how can 6 dicks be pussies

Talkin bout shits creek Bitch, you could be up piss creek With paddles this deep Your still gonna sink Your a disgrace Yeah, they call me Rabbit This is a turtle race

He can't get with me spittin this shit Wickedly lickety shot Spick spickety split lickety So Im gonna turn around with a great smile And walk my white ass back across 8 mile

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