

8 Mile

"8 Mile - 313 Freestyle"

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[Rabbit]

Your style is generic

Mines authentic made

I roll like a renegade

You need clinicaid

My technique is bizarre n ill

I scar and kill

You were a star until I served you like a bar and grill

As I proceed to cook and grill ya

That's all that took to kill ya

You better recognize me like I look familiar

You want to battle

You beat around the bush

Like your scared to lick pussy so you eat around the tush

I need a clown to push

Someone that I can bully

Wait a minute I don't think you understand fully

See me without a style

Is like mustard without the Hienz's

I lead the new school

You a BUSTA without the RHYMES

I crush the shit out your lines

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