

## 8 Mile "Rottweiler"

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(Chorus)

I'm a rottweiller  
Spillin it  
And gettin higher  
Chillin it  
And gettin fired  
Pimpin it  
And clippin wire's  
Spillin it  
And gettin higher  
Chillin it  
And gettin fired  
Pimpin it  
And clippin wire's

1 2 3 into the 4  
Get ready to party  
When Dirt dog and Shoondig  
Come nockin at your door  
We'll be out of there on the dubble  
When your parents get home  
Don't blame it on us when you get in trubble  
Yo my man Travis  
I'd like you to have this  
7 series BM  
6 series Benz  
24 inches  
Giovoni rims  
You think it's funny i aint Vanilla ice  
So when i grab the mic you betta think twice  
cuz i'll diss so bad i'll end your life  
better yet you see me you better commit suicide  
Sometimes I just get so angry I feel like killin the bride  
You think you can mess around and fool around but not  
in my tribe  
I'm the best rapper in the world  
I give you diamands and perls  
Every bling on me is real  
B, just flee  
I'll leave you dead on the seen  
Cut out your insides

And split your spleen  
It will be the worst crime  
Ever since you were thirteen  
I bet you can't even read  
I'm the king with the baggy pants  
I've got the coolest shoes and the coolest hats  
You see me thug now  
you see me thug not  
You see me fall down  
Because I got shot  
I've been prayin  
That I won't get shot again  
But it happened today  
Those punk asses are goin to pay  
No one shoots me and then gets away  
You need to follow along  
With the words of this song

(Chorus)

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Pimpin it  
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I blow  
When I'm on the microphone  
I can't control my temper  
I turn into a sicolone  
I'm a visious dog  
Tryin to break out of the cage  
When I get out  
You better run  
I'll put back in the grave  
Dig my teeth into your chest  
Don't worry, you'l go to a happy place  
Cuddled up in heavens nest  
No one lives forever  
It was just your time  
Now whose turn is it to die  
Hopefully not mine  
I told you before

I'm a rottweiler  
I'll cut you like freakin barbwire  
I told you I'm not tired  
I never get tired  
Whatch out I'll prie your jaw open with plires

My names shoondig Slash  
So just gimme the cash  
I'm a straght up skater  
So just let me skate  
We'll hang out later  
I'm goin at a rate  
Of 38  
You think you can beat that  
No way  
I'm a real emcee  
Goin on and off mtv  
Sometimes I act strange  
Act like I'm at the wrong age  
But don't think I wont kill you  
Kill you and your friend too  
You play me at cards  
Get ready to be charged  
I'ts just my game  
Everything goes the same way  
I'm part of the mob  
And i'ts time to pay  
Dude, i'ts just my job  
Now I have to say  
No cadillac no perms u can't see  
That I'm a muckerf\*\*\*\*\*n pimp

(Chorus)

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My names Jaytee  
Come and wrestle me  
I'll meat you down hear at 3:30

If you don't come down  
I'll come trace you down  
Tie you to a tree and beat you to the ground  
Just give me the crown  
Now that I'm king of the town

My reals J Thar  
You can find me at the bar  
Talken to Kristy  
Drinkin some whisky  
So just gimme a call  
Cuz I'm havin a ball  
And my number is 666  
And watch out for my fist

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