

## 8 Mile "Spit Shine"

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I'ma clean this whole shit out like climax  
With words put together better then Sony electronics  
King of the jungle, humbly stay honest  
Eat with the lions, swim with piranhas  
Gasoline the scene, strike the match  
Inferno, I'm to through nigga, so stand back  
I spit shine, get mine and rip rhyme  
And make my career take a incline

I'm strick with knives, straight with razors  
Good with grenades and great with gages  
(Yeah)  
Been around the world on a million stages  
Watch nigga's bitch up and go through changes  
I had gun's before guns was in fashion  
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin'  
I knew terror before the plane started crashin'  
I got punch lines and nigga's ain't laughin'

I'm gon be here after the smoke dye down  
Insomnia style, I won't lye down  
Fight the good, fight, don't need no help  
Keep your hands up defend yourself  
Move like I move and live lifelong  
Can't move up if your heart's not strong  
Get your own shit 'cause this shit's mine  
Every time I spit, I shine

Cock-sucker I preach what I practice  
Back shit up, wrap this, rap shit up  
Still actin' up, get found in the trunk of an Acuva  
Y'all suck like jail in Dracula  
X turn up the heat, increase the hatred  
Straight stone face don't fuck with gay shit  
So I guess that means, I can't fuck with you now

Drew down, let off, facate to new town  
You feel like bishop, induced now  
Gotta flame thrower that will burn  
Great holes till you goose down  
(Yeah)

Rough sound, same strong background  
Bent on black the big boys playin' tips down  
My whole train of thought is the party  
Any motherfucker with problems and not get caught  
I was blessed with life when I cursed to death  
I'm a spit till my very last breath

Fuck y'all

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Let me get a three second look, I hit a million dollar  
target  
You ain't came up yet well nigga, let me show ya  
(Aaa)  
Come across dope like planes and boats  
Like balloons filled with coke, down a Mexican's throat  
You ever seen a man get smoked and shit on himself  
The body shake for a second, then it can't stop a  
second  
The evidence are the weapon and the people involved  
Let one nigga talk, everybody gettin' caught for sure

I say that to say this  
If you can't handle the time then ride the beach  
Might as well touch your tail and jump the fence  
Castrate yourself expose the bitch  
X go head up, the fuck never ran from it  
I got engaged with buck shots that you can't stomach  
You ain't a killer you a album filler  
You ain't a soldier you a rap promoter  
Game over

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