

8 Mile "Spitshine"

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I'ma clean this whole shit out like colonics,
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 thorough 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 gades, (yeah)
been around the world on a million stages,
watch niggas bitch up and go through changes,
I had guns before thugs was in fashion,
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin,
I knew terror before the plane started crashin,
I got punch lines and niggas aint laughin...

I'm gon' be here after the smoke die down,
Insomnia style I won't lie down,
fight the good fight don't need no help,
keep your hands up defend yourself,
move like I move and live life long ,
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 practise,
back shit up, wrap this, rap shit up,
still actin up, get found in the trunk of an Acura,
yall 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 cant 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 but I curse 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,
(aaaa)
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 cant handle the time then ride the bench,
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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