

Eminem

"8 Mile Chapter 7 Parking Lot Battle: B Rabbit"

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you're style is generic,
mine's authentic made.
i roll like a renegade,
you need clinic aid.
my technique is bazzare and ill,
i scar and kill,
you were a star until i served you like a bar and grille.
'cause i proceed to grill ya,
thats all it took to kill ya,
you better recognize me like i look familiar.
you wanna battle?
you'll beat around the bush,
like you're scared to lick pussy so you eat around the
tush.
i need someone to push, someone i can bully,
wait a minute, i don't think you understand fully.
ya see, me without a style is like mustard without the
heinz,
i lead the new school, you're a Busta without the
Rhymes,
i'll bust the shit out your lines.

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