

Eminem

"B-Rabbit Freestyle On The Roof"

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Yo, yo

Your style is generic, mines authentic made,
I roll like a renegade, you need clinic aid,
My techniques bizarre and ill, I scar and kill,
You were a star until I served you like a bar and grill,
Then I proceed on to cook and grill ya,
Thats all it took to kill ya,
You betta recognize me like I look familiar,
You wanna battle? I beat around the bush,
Like youre scared to lick pussy so you eat around the
tush,
I need a clown to push, someone I can bully,
Wait a minute, I dont think you understand fully,
See me without a style like mustard without the Heinz,
I lead the new school, you' re a *Busta* without the
Rhymes,
I'll crush the shit out ya lines,

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