

Eminem

"Diss"

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[EMINEM]

Yo! Turn that click offâ€¦!

My music is theraputic
But its also provin
That it can put you in the mood to
jump out your car while it's movin
You been waitin' on this moment
My sermon is like a omen
I'm servin' I'm Erick Sermon
I saw the window was open
And I jumped through it
My shit if you don't get pumped to it
I quit, here's my rhyme book
Go ahead and thumb through it
And pick what you want from it
Rummage, and find something
you can use to jump someone
And roll up bumpin
I'm constantly copin' over you
Squattin', shit has gotten to the point
Where I ain't even writin' no more, I'm just jottin'
This is chicken scratch, shit is sickenin'
I've been kickin' ass off bullshit
Throwaway rhymes, pick a batch
I live for the love of rap, you crazy
Ive made beats for Jay-Z for free
Page me, you need a beat, you Cannabis
Then it's Dre's fee, you Kay Slay the fees waved
I stay beefin' with JD, till the day Dre 2-ways me
That it's okay to stop blazin' him
Oops! I put it out, I apologize now
It's too late G, it's on tape
And the tape leaped, "Say What You Say" mothafucka
Drama King, Kay Slay, mothafucka, We dictate these
mixtapes mothafucka
Xzibit blaze little gay midget cocksucka

[Xzibit]

Ladies and Gentlemen!

This is dedicated to the man we all love to hate
Tattoo a.k.a The Leprechaun a.k.a. Mr. Jermaine Dupri
Come on ladies and gentlemen, sing a long

{Randy Newman - Short People Sample}
(Short people got) What! (no reason) Yeah!
(Short people got) What! (no reason) Come On!
(Short people got no reason to live)
Haha fuckin' faggot...

[Xzibit]

If ya So So Def than bitch get a hearing aid
Ain't worth ya gauge ya heart pumping lemonade
Hook, line and sinker ya took the bait
Act ya age, not ya size, not ya weight
Every time you professional making hits
Why it always gotta sound like the next men shit?
Went from Big to Puff to Snoop to Jay
Hey Jermaine who's dick you gon' ride today?
Couldn't wait to get the green light from Dr. Dre
Never liked ya fuckin' ass any goddamn way
And I could care less if we label mates
Your style been dead Columbians should drop the
weight
I got love for Da Brat get off Bow Wow back
Fuck you, fuck ya niggas that's writing ya raps
What up lo get ya L.A. pass revoked
Don't get me wrong Papa Smurf you won't get smoked
But ya might get robbed and choked
Or you might disappear, kidnapped with no ransom
note
Off the leash, off the hook, off the chain
Fuck Jermaine you ain't gotta say my name
Speak now or forever hold a dick in ya mouth
You ain't the mayor, you don't run shit in the South
Scarface run the South motherfucker you will be on
The underage bitch in the Kelly tape getting pee'd on
Cock-eyed midget with a Napoleon complex
Nickelodeon fetish you represent nonsense
Harlem Shake to that, high jump to hell
You the best in the business, I can't tell
Too late to apologize kiss my ass
We about to cut your whole sound scan in half
Got to keep your hands up homie protect yo'self
Stop fucking with the West nigga respect yo'self
It's a short ride to the top and a long way down
Look Man vs. Machine about to drop now
This ain't no beef it's more like lunch meat
Loss caliber heat let's take it to the street muh'fucker

Ha ha...ha ha....ha ha.....ha ha ha ha ha ha....haaaa ha

ha ha ha ha
Oh my god...yeah, yeah

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