

Eminem

"Hit Em' Up III"

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Aiyyo Head, that's why I fucked your mother you fat motherfucker!

{*beat changes to 2Pac's "Hit 'Em Up"*}

Kill Whitey! - Hahaha
Kill Whitey! - Detroit! What? What?
Kill Whitey! - .. yo, yo
Kill Whitey! - Haha! Look

First off, fuck your songs and the shit you say
Diss my wife, but at least I got a bitch, you gay
You claim to be a Muslim but you Irish White
So fuck you fat boy, drop the mic, let's fight
Plus I punch you in the chest, weak hearts I rip
Whitey Ford, forty and white, lethargic ass dickhead
I keep 'em comin while you runnin out of breath
Steady duckin while I'm punchin at your chest, you
need to rest
Dilated, go ask your people how I leave ya
with your three CD's, nobody sees, when they released
Evidence, don't fuck around with
real
MC's
who ain't ready for no underground beef, so fuck
geeks
I let you faggots know it's on for life
but Everlast might die tonight, haha
Fat boy murdered on wax and killed
Fuck with me and take a heart pill, you know!

[Chorus: Eminem]
Grab 380's when you see Slim Shady
Call the doctor to heal your heart
They shocked you back to life at the clinic
but you 'bout to get relapsed any minute
Honkey, I hit 'em up!

Hahaha, yo
check
this out

You faggots ain't even on my level
I'ma let D-12 ride on you bitch-made ass faggots!

[Kon Artis]

Yo! Get out the way yo, get out the way yo
Whitey Ford's heart just stopped
Eminem shocked him back, he had another heart
attack
Whitey Ford's gettin his ass floored for talkin back
Little faggot Hamburgular, I show you where the
burgers are
At your own restaraunt, while I'm servin ya
Drop and stomp your whole heart 'til it stops
Call the cops, I'ma beat your ass while they watch

[Kuniva]

Ha ha, now we got the whole industry makin fun of you
Erik
Where's your House of Pain now? There's only one of
you Erik
You a petty coward, you ain't ready to steady go a
round
with some killers from 7 Mile to the motherfuckin Belle
Isle Bridge

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

Got in his ass and now this faggot wanna mention me
still
this ain't no freestyle battle Everlast gettin killed
with his chest open
Tryin to throw a fuckin punch, but you just chokin
Havin a stroke and now you learn why crackers never
earned a dime
cause you SUCK motherfucker you should learn to
rhyme
Talkin 'bout you packin pistols but it's funny to me
You ain't never been in trouble, you just wanna be me
I'm a paleface killer whale
on his way to fuckin prison, pistol whippin tail, ha
Erik remember when I passed you in the lobby that
day?
That shit was obvious you probably was gay, ha
Now it's all about country, you gave up hip-hop
Forty-nine thousand copies, the week your shit drop
while my
sales
makin records break
Two and a half million scanned by the second week
Motherfucker I hit 'em up!

[Proof]

I'm from Detroit's Pemberton Ave., where bullets tear
you in half
Fuck the music, we got an uzi for all you fags
Get the shit out of our stereo, Dilated you violated
Now you 'bout to get annihilated, we gon' bury you
Iriscience get choked up and yoked up
All you underground bitches get your throats cut

[Swift]

What the fuck?! Is you stupid?
I choke Whitey Ford with his fuckin guitar cord
and
stuff
him in cardboard, chopped up in a box
with sixteen parts, I stomped on his heart
D-12, Amityville, fuck your mother while you watch
Keep your restaraunt locked and block your door
Cause we "Hit 'Em Up" like motherfuckin Tupac Shakur

[Eminem]

You a, "Black Jesus," heart attack seizures
Too many cheeseburgers McDonald's Big Mac greases
White devil, washed up honkey
Mixed up cracker who crossed over to country

{*laughing*}

Yo, ayyo cut this shit off

{*needle drags, beat stops*}

Fuck him, that's it, I'm done, I promise, I'm done, that's
it

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I promise

I just believe in kickin a man while he's down

God damn! I quit

Mention my daughter's name in a song again you
fuckin punk

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