

Eminem

"Nail in your Coffin (part 1)"

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Comin up it never mattered what color you was, if you could spit then you could spit, that's it, that's what it was. Back when motherfuckers was straight back packin' syphron fightin' for life in this rap for the mic to get passed, and you phsyiced and your gassin, and you hyped cause you lastin, and you might win some massive, if you lost then you lost, shake hands like a man and you swallowed it. Went on some hype column in the source was like my only source of light when the mics use to mean something, the four was like you was the shit, now it's like the least you get 3 and a half now which means yous a peice of shit, for and a half or five means you Biggie Jigga Naz, or Benzino. See I don't even think you realize you playin with motherfuckers lives. I don't watch Greg get fucked on the chronic probably cause i was on it. Now you fucked me out of my mics twice, I let it slide, I said I wouldn't hold my fuckin breathe to get a five, shit I was right I'd a fuckin died already tryin' I swear to God, I never lied. Tell us why you and that bitch gave me that bullshit review, I sat and took it, and look at the shit we knew, you try to fuck us with obby in 52. hhhkkkk pewww, fuck a relationship we through, no more source with street credit them days is dead, Ray's got AK's to Dave Mays' head.. Every issue there's an 8 page makemen spread. Will someone please tell him whoever braids his head I am not afraid of this fuckin wastin lead on my pencil, for me to write some shit this simple. So listen closely, cause I break it down and proceed, this oj's 'bout to get smoked like row weed. You don't know me or my motherfuckin' mother you motherfuckin' punk. Put me on your fuckin' cover just to sell you little sell out mag., I ain't mad I feel bad, here's an ad here's a poster of Ray Ray and his dad. You want to talk about some shit you don't know about, yeah, let's talk about how your puttin' your own son out there to try to eat off him, cause you missed your boat, cause your never gunna blow bitch, your just too old. No wonder your sore now, lordy your bored now, I'm pushin' 30 your kick 40's door down. Business is war and you'll never beat me, all you do is cheat me, out of cordables, but you know you'll always see me, on your little tv, cause you got to

stay up to 3 in the mornin' to see your video played
once on B.E.T. So, hehe he, who has the last laugh after
mad gas, you won't be half of a whole stack. Kiss her
asshole cracks, you'll never fold or whole back, just
know that. Benzy knows whack, no matter how many
times I say his name, he'll never blow jack. Your better
off tryin to bring R and Soul back, look at your track
record, thats how far it goes back.. It's extortion and
rounds of portion, so half of the staff affair fresh out of
jail from Boston. Bullyin' and bossin', gave like a slave,
they completely brain washed him, and forced him to
stay locked in his own office. Afraid of the softest
vaguest wanna be gangsta in New York. And it's pitiful
cause I would of never said shit if you'd kept your
mouth shut bitch now what. Here da clue, spit it Slain,
new shit, exclusive your landin and yo who get, you
know what to do with this use it, I'm through witdis, this
is stupid, I can't believe I stooped to this bullshit to do
this, and who you callin a bitch...bitch. You owe me.

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