

## Eminem

### "Off The Dome"

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Uh, uh, uh, play that shit  
What the fuck you doing Stretch  
Gotta stretch your neck  
You better protect it  
I'mma inspect today  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho

Where's my words at  
Yo see Slim Shady yo, where the birds at  
Me and Flip the middle ones  
Rappers get these little ones in they mouth  
These little nuts, yeah  
Shit, I don't care I ain't afraid to admit it  
I got a little dick yeah, but so do you  
You scared to admit it  
You won't spit it on this mother friggen mic  
Cause I will strike and smack your ass like a friggen  
fag  
And I don't care if you get offended  
I never pretended to rock this microphone beef  
You wanna start it now we'll end it  
Cause when I slip in the zone up on this microphone  
People want me to do a written rap but fuck that go  
home  
I don't really give a damn I'll kick right off of the top  
And everything that I drop always gonna remain hot  
Let on the spot, Slim, I mean woops, Grim it's when im  
dim  
Yo, I'm in affect mode  
Rappers get they neck sewed  
Get they whole threshold fucked up  
Get they game presto  
Ha, ha  
I busted, I kill it, I crush it, I do it, the fluid, I spill it, I'm  
ill wit  
These motherfucking rhymes that I be coming with  
there running with me  
Kick you in the motherfucking stomach shit  
Cause you don't want none of it  
Rappers always try but they always die  
And rappers always stuck to me and tried to lie

(Arf, Arf)  
Yo, where my dogs at  
Yo (err, ribbit) where my frogs at  
In the house, It really doesn't matter cause I still turn it  
out  
When I step on this mic, smacking your spouse  
Ha, Ha  
The illest MC to come off the top  
When I get this drum off  
Yo Stretch give me a break, let me catch my friggen  
breath  
And till' the death, bust rhymes till' there's none left  
I'm wanted for theft and robbery  
And probably smack a bitch up in the lobby G  
Cause she don't want none of me  
I'm the illest MC to ever hold a cordless on the planet  
earth and you'll see  
That I'm from the friggen D  
Ya'll don't get my point I'm from Detroit  
Smoking fake grass like a joint  
That's the first simplest rhyme I ever said in my life  
But, at the end of the night I'll still be fucking your wife  
Shit, I really don't care your style needs to switch  
Cause you ain't rich, that's why you ain't rich  
Remain underground, can't come off the top  
You can't drop rhymes nonstop like this  
I might twist my friggen dick up in your ear  
Rappers always wanna stand clear  
I'm a motherfucking landmine  
Ya'll don't understand mine  
I'm Slim Shady showing out like my tan line  
Ha, ha  
The illest MC to rhyme  
Every time the illest MC of our time  
I rhyme time and time twice but I'm nice  
With this mic device I slice right through your Adams  
apple  
I had a Snapple and a motherfriggen syringe  
Up in the bathroom I shouldn't have but yo I boinked  
To any MC up in this shit who want some  
To any MC who wanna step up and get some  
Get done, fuck competition  
Let me catch my breath one more time  
Yo, I'm on a mission  
To stomp any MC comp I just trunked  
And swamp is this truamp unheard, no its not  
Yo, but here I go with this lyrical, lyricols, spiritual  
flows, that I slow  
Driving MC's crazy, Slim Shady, up in your  
motherfucking radio baby

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