

Eminem

"WE'RE STILL 1 FREESTYLE"

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Teats and Thurston Howell, and yelling Wordsworth
My mother smoked crack I had a premature birth
I'm just a nerve purse with badly disturbed nerves
You wanna be the one to step up and get served first
99% of aliens prefer Earth
Come here to rule the planet, storm on your turf
I hid a secret message inside of a word search
With smeared letters, runnin together and blurs spurts
Hang with male shovenest pigs and perverts
I point water pistols at women and squirt shirts
Been a bad boy since diapers and Gerbers
My first words were bleep bleep and curse curse
Never had shit and I still don't deserve dirt
My breath still stinks, and I'm on my third cert
Digging out my stitches, and hollering nurse nurse!
You said this shot would numb me this shit just hurts
worse!

Slim Shady
Cali Kings
Baka Boys

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