

Eminem

"Wut Kolore Izz Sole"

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(Rare snippet from an unreleased song by Soul Intent in '92, this is Eminem's verse)

(Chorus)

Close ya eyes and try to guess my pig(ment)
Close ya eyes and try to guess my pig(ment)
Close ya eyes and try to guess my pig(ment)
Now open 'em up, even the best shocked

(Eminem)

Sick when hurry idiots batta-battle the skinny-skinniest
little rapper to neva battle,piddle, or paddle the
prettiest
Dumb fuck, lookin' for the hats off for the numba,
jackin' jeans keep your hangin' nuts tucked
And I'm about to take my look up it, up in a book
Plus i'm almost on the top of the booty pull that coppin'
a district shit
See you're just barkin up tha wrong tree cuzz i got
diarrhea myamia, I'a be a fuckin Honkey
So bad on the mic gotta make ya titterid kid retell what
tha fuck i'm saying
Niggas talk, but neva the type babbadababa they think
they shits so poppa hipty
I'd imagine if I were to put up a zipper to the mic i'd be
able to do a lip-sync
Because I rap in this muthafucker there's gotta be a
certain rhyme this microphone stick, what the fuck i'll
hoist it around inside my home
And the dj better stick up like a rocket
Cuzz he could scratch up a pooltable with 27 pockets
Buttafingaz scratches like a girly fight
But if i call up Manix, open up the pearly whites
But i'm hardcore like bustin' at the mayor
Gettin' kids like i was boxin' up a sale
I wouldn't suck on the mic if it was shaped like a nipple
I done made lots'a money so i'm good if i make like a
nickle
But i'm out cold like a salt wound
So I got nuts so fat, it'll keep my toes warm(hit me!)

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