

Eminemmylou

"L.I.M.P."

Visit "[L.I.M.P.](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't know what you heard about me
But I ain't no cheapskate like Fiddy
My chains have more brains than you
see
I can swear, I'm not L.I.M.P

You got fiddy cells in your brain
And your raps are always so lame
You got a fifty millimetre dick
You're a P.R.I.C.K. (Prick)

Hey, wimp, you've not heard of me yet,
but you're gonna
You think you're so fucking great,
but you are nada
With your dead animals, crap trainers
and havanas
You make bling bling look like some out
of date bananas

Don't like your style, Fiddy Cells,
I'll tell you why
You say something in fifty words,
instead of ten, why?
Your raps make me ashamed to be a rapper
They just don't cut the mustard and
they're getting crapper

You'd think with Eminem and Dr Dre
You would really have something
big to say
But your words are lil, like your lil dick
You're all mouth, no trousers and
you give the appearance of being a little thick

Which is a shame 'cause I really wanna
like ya
With your hood background and all,
don't wanna fight ya
But I gotta get this shit right
on the table
The girls you diss are worth more than

your sable

Your dead chincilla, I pity it man
There's more class in my dad's
fish and chip van
You keep repeating that you're VIP
But from you here, you look a little L.I.M.P.

You got fiddy cells in your brain
And your raps are always so lame
You got a fifty millimetre dick
You've a P.R.I.C.K. (Prick).

Yeah, you're a monster and a gangster
and a wanksta
Despite what you say, your raps are really ranksta
If this rap shit is so easy, why
canstya

It's a God given gift, so God thankstya

'Cause you ain't got it like Eminemmylou
I can spit these flames ten times hotter
than you
There's no question that I can rap better
Richer, smarter, bigger,
quicker and fitter

So you're amoral, you want power at
any cost
Those women in bikinis look to me a trifle lost
Why can't they say motherfucking
fuck you
I don't like pimps and I don't like you

You think women like your style and gushing smile
If I saw you coming, I would run
eight mile
I'd get my own money and buy me
ten benz
Like J Lo and Christina Aguilera
need no menz

Not saying don't get rich cause rich is wicked
'Cause I'm the richest bitch in business,
got you licked
We both make our riches making raps
Only difference is mine are great and yours are....

I don't know what you heard about me
But I ain't no cheapskate like you Fiddy

My chains have more brains than you, see
I can swear, I'm not L.I.M.P.

You got fiddy cells in your brain
And your raps are always so lame
You've got a fifty millimetre dick
You're a P.R.I.C.K. (Prick).

I tell you my idea of P.I.M.P.
A slave-owner with an IQ of 50p
So if you wanna get friendly back with me
You've gonna have to stop being L.I.M.P.

I don't know what you heard about me
But I ain't no cheapskate like you Fiddy
My chains have more brains than you, see
I can swear, I'm not L.I.M.P.

You got fiddy cells in your brain
And your raps are always so lame
You've got a fifty millimetre dick
You're a P.R.I.C.K. (Prick).

You're just 50 p brain, that's
what you are...

Visit [Eminemmylou](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.