

## Eye Kyu "313"

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Eye-Kyu: Now what you know about a sweet MC, from  
the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you gotta become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

Eminem: Man what you know about a sweet MC, in the  
313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

Verse 1: Eye-Kyu

Yo some people say I'm whack, now if that's right  
I'm the freshest whack MC that you ever heard, in your  
lifetime

My slick accapella sounds clever with the beats  
Boy I'm the deepest thing since potholes to ever hit the  
streets

Forgot a gold digger's succubus , my souls thick with  
ruggedness

With the mic I'm like a dyke, can't no nigga fuck with  
this

I got more Different Strokes than Philip Drummound  
On open mic I bone your women just to keep my lyrics  
coming (bitch)

We elevated to new heights premeditated  
Let it be that I stated they hate it now that they see that  
I made it

The escalated can be put to the test of greatness  
Snatch the heart from MC's and I ate it

So I take it that's the reason I'm hated  
To represent my temperment

If rap was a dick all you so called hard MC's would not  
be impitant

But pimping it, and acting like you could rock a show  
(so)

Harder than LL's Rock the Bells, but you is a ho (now)  
Everything that you collaborate I lacerate

My rhymes they keep coming like nympho maniacs that  
masturbate

At a faster rate, yeah I got something for your ass to

hate

I blasterate, and have you all running master gates  
And as for face clutching and touching the flows  
I got them open like marijuana smoke up in your nose  
Bucking these hoes, I got that shit down to a science  
Leaving them hot and bothered, turned on like an  
appliance  
Defiance, no we won't have that  
You want your shit to blow up?  
Well I'ma stuff some dynamite in your ass crack  
And blast that shit to kingdom come  
Then bring them some of this real hip-hop  
I drop beats and you ain't singing or gonna do a thing  
about  
And you all knew from Meeko  
That you couldn't hold your own with the strength of  
Lou Forigno  
So stop that bullshit and flow  
Yo, you need to come with the real skills, and act like  
you know

Chorus: Eminem

So what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

Eye-Kyu: Now what you know about a sweet MC, from  
the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be the sweet MC, you gotta become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

Verse 2: Eminem

So what, you know about a sweet MC, in the 313  
You don't know shit so when you see one flee  
You can be Run-D, you'll never beat the MC  
I'll stop the alphabet at S and got it down to a T  
I'm sure your bound to agree, a sweet MC crashes the  
spot  
I'll make the roof hot like I was Rock Master Scott  
Your ass forgot, so just in case you don't remember me  
I'll run your brain around the block to jog your fucking  
memory  
It's either them or me man, kill or be killed  
You will and be sealed your casket closed you still  
gonna be billed  
My facilities filled with fans, packed to capacity  
I'll send a rapper back with the crack of his ass shitty  
If he's acting soft and he cowers

He better come cleaner than Jay Rue jacking off when  
he showers  
You flowers got no clout with a thing  
You could date a stick of dynamite and wouldn't go out  
with a bang  
I showered the slang, simple as A,B,C's  
Skip over the D's and rock the microphone with E's  
Dethrone MC's and I'ma max alone  
Relax your dome like a solo from a saxophone  
So facts are known, writers get treated with shocks  
I rock a beat harder than you could beat it with rocks  
I'm greeted with flocks, of fellow follower's singers  
You couldn't make the fans throw up their hands if they  
swallowed their  
fingers  
But you can bring yours let's see what you got  
But don't front and never try to be what you're not  
Cause you can be quick, jump the candlestick, burn  
your back  
And fuck Jill on a hill, but you still ain't Jack

Chorus: Eye-Kyu

So what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313  
None of these skills you just seen come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you'll never become me  
So you ain't ever gonna be one see  
Eminem: So what you know about a sweet MC, in the  
313  
None of these skills that you just seen come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you'll never become me  
So you ain't ever gonna be one see

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