

Miilkbone

"Dear Slim"

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"You!" - repeat 4X

[Miilkbone]

Dear Slim -

Dear Slim, before we start, I ain't a fan

They call me Miilkbone, my nickname ain't +Stan+

I'm writin this to tell you dog, I just bought your album

I threw it out the window and my kid started poutin

He didn't hear what I heard, the words of a nerd flirtin
with birds

Dissin me, I'm on the street like curbs

You say you'll crush Miilkbone, you never kept the
Serch

I stay right out in Jersey, you act like I left the earth

I made it easy for you and I found you

At the Sound Factory I'm solo while your whole crew
surround you

I just wanted to battle Em, it's win or lose

After yo' whack show, we'll go out and switch crews

Your crew said no, your ex said no

Only reason that I chill is cause Flex said so

So write me back soon, we'll meet up all alone

And we'll see who moans and groans, signed Miilkbone

[Chorus]

Now who's the one that said they don't really 'Give a
Fuck' - You!

And who's the one swingin guns but you never buck -
You!

And who's the one that said they was out lookin for me?
- You!

You killin my dog, I'll kill your cat, that's TRUE!

And this is for my whole crew, but I do it for me - Who?

Me, Miilk-B-O-N-E and I'm lookin for YOU!

Need it love it leave it live it and breathe it repeat it

I mean it I'm out lookin for YOU, Dear Slim

[Miilkbone]

I don't understand why you never wrote back dawg

What happened? The "Chronic 2000" broke your back?

I didn't want to insult you it's supposed to be all funny

Let's say without Dre that woulda all been my money
You like the color pink, so this time I think
I'm a Boy from Backstreets with rhymes N'Sync
Christina looks better, Britney looks better
Kim she ain't bad I just wish she'd cook better
Take this letter and love me cause it's not hate mail
If you got dropped from your label you're a "Single
White Female"
By the way, my son wants to know how can you dance
On stage on droppin your pants with an empty glock in
your hands
I told him you're a good actor, told him you're a good
rapper
Told him I can relate you know white boy in the hood
rapper
Please Slim, write me back, call me on the phone
1-800-Eminem-Killer, Miilkbone

[Chorus]

[Miilkbone]

Dear fuck dear, Mr. Mathers, Mr. Nothin Matter
You dissin me on your second LP and I fuckin had it
Add it and multiply, Beavis, copycat
Bring yo' ass to Jersey Drive, Redman ain't got'cha back
I got no beef wit'cha crew, just you, let it be quoted
Comin at me with a gun dunn in the club better be
loaded
So bring it back, sing or rap, you ain't the king of jack
You the best CUSTOMER, when all your boys slingin
crack
I'm eatin all the fat kids with dreams of bein Slim
All the magazines you own with the magazines I put in
I ain't jealous, in fact I like you, we could be mans
Probably had a change of plans, I'm sayin, you could
be +Stan+

[short instrumental pause]

[Chorus]

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