

Rabbit

"Song: 8 Mile Battles - Split"

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(Lickety Split)

This guy's a choke artist
You catch a bad one
Your better off shootin yourself
With Papa Doc's handgun
Climbin up this mountain your weak
I'll leave you lost without a paddle
Floatin shits creek

You ain't Detroit, Im the D
Your the new kid on the block
Bout to get smacked back to the boonedocks
Fuckin' Nazi, this crowd ain't your type Take some
real advice and form a group with Vanilla Ice And what
I tell you, you better use it
This guy's a hillbilly, this ain't Willie Nelson music

Trailor trash, I'll choke you to your last breath
And have you lookin foolish
Like Cheddar Bob when he shot himself
Silly Rabbit, I know why they call you that
Cause you follow Future like you got carrots up his
asscrack
And when you actin up thats when you got jacked up
And left stupid like Tina Turner when she got smacked
up

I'll crack your shoulder blade
Youll get dropped so hard
Elvis will start turnin in his grave
I dont know why they let you out in the dark
You need to take your white ass back across 8 mile
To the trailor park

(Rabbit)

This guy raps like his parents jerkin
He sounds like Eric Sermon, the generic version
This whole crowd looks suspicious
Its all dudes in here, except for these bitches

So Im a German, Eh
Thats ok, you look like a fuckin' worm with braids
These Leaders of the Free World rookies
Lookie, how can 6 dicks be pussies

Talkin' bout shits creek
Bitch, you could be up piss creek
With paddles this deep
Your still gonna sink
Your a disgrace
Yeah, they call me Rabbit
This is a turtle race

He can't get with me spittin this shit
Wickedly lickety shot
Spickety spickety split lickety
So im gonna Turn around with a great smile
And walk my white ass back across 8 Mile

Thanks to Yasha

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