

## John Travolta % Olivia Newton-John "Whitey's Revenge"

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What?

Did I hurt your feelings?

Uh...I'm supposed to be scared now, right?

Yo...I'd like to dedicate this record right here

To Mr. Marshall Mathers' mother, yeah

This one's for your moms

Here come the mighty

One they call Whitey

All you sons of Whitey

Are all dickbiters

So won't that bitch Slim Shady please act up?

Get smacked up, get your eyes blacked up

With your candy-ass name you're a candy-ass rapper

I'll smack you up, shut you off like the Clapper

Whoever said you was raw, son, they lied

I know that shit I spit on Dilated hurt your pride

Screamin' on a record how you wish I died

But you don't wanna see me on this physical side

You're just a big tough guy, tryin' to act hard

But you won't walk a lobby without your bodyguard

You ain't pullin' my card, you ain't ridin' the train

Back in the day, kids like you got robbed for they chain

Step to me like a man, with the hands, and get slain

Matter of fact, when you see me, bitch, gimme some  
brain

Yo, it's like that, we could fight, Jack

Let's put the mics down, you'll catch a beatdown

I get love in New York, got fam in L.A.

And I heard you might be the MC that's gay

With your platinum blonde Caesar, you look like a ho

Like M and M stands for Marilyn Monroe

Talkin' 'bout killin' sprees, you ain't like that, yo

Makin' lots of enemies, but that's all for show

You punk ecstasy junkie, you waste of skills

Stop ridin' my tails, stay high on pills

Yo, I hope you OD, don't come playin' with me

Little bitch, better watch what you're sayin' to me

Talkin' shit for shock value, boy, you ain't real

Turned hard the day Dre gave you a record deal

Went and sold your soul for some acid pills

Servin' up that hors d'oeuvre, man, now eat this meal  
Instead of worryin' about who you should be dissin'  
You need to worry about who your wifey been kissin'  
Or if you go to prison while you're doin' your bid  
I'll look in on your lady and do things for your kid  
Make her write you lots of letters about the things that  
we did  
And send you pictures of me chillin' all up in your crib  
That shit about Sway n' Tek? That was a fib  
First time you met me I showed you love in D.C.  
But you were scared like a pussy with your eyes on the  
floor  
While your crew showed me love outside the front door  
Talkin' 'bout "Yo, whassup, ain't you Whitey Ford?  
I love that song 'What It's Like' and that jam 'Praise the  
Lord'"  
I don't do this for the money, yo, I do it for fun  
You may hang around some gangstas, but you ain't  
one  
And you won't be slappin' me with no empty gun  
Talkin' 'bout a [ ] but you a one in drag  
And you can't keep your woman from goin' astray  
Better run and check your kid for your DNA  
I take care of my moms, you get sued by yours  
With your corny metaphors about drugs and crack  
whores  
You're a sucker

Word up, real  
You wanna talk shit with Whitey, come talkin' with the  
hands, B  
I ain't wastin' no more time with you, man, fuck this,  
man, that's it

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