

Eminem, Eminem- Lotto Vs. Rabbit (8-Mile Frees

(Lotto)

We rollin muthafuckaz

What's goin on baby?

Yo, it's time to get rid of this coward right here once and for all

Sick of this muthafucka

Check this shit out (Rip it Lotto rip it baby it, yeah)

Huhhh, huhhh

Yo

I'll spit a racial slur, honkey sue me

This shit is a horror flick, but a black guy doesn't die in this movie

Fuckin wit Lotto dog you got to be kiddin

That makes me believe you really don't have an interest in livin

You think these niggas gone feel the shit you say?

I got a better chance joinin the KKK

On some real shit though, I like you

That's why I didn't wanna have to be the one you commit suicide to

Fuck Lotto? Call me a leada

I feel bad that I gotta murder that dude from Leave It To Beaver

I used to like that show

Now you got me in fight-back mode

But oh well if you gotta go then you gotta go

I hate to do this

I would love for this shit to last so I'll take pictures of my rear end so you won't forget my ass

And all's well that ends ok

So I'll end this shit wit a fuck you, but have a nice day

(Crowd cheers)

(Rabbit)

Ward

I think you were a little hard on the Beaver

So was Eddie Haskal

Wally and Ms. Cleaver

This guy keeps screamin, he's paranoid!

Quick, someone get his ass another steroid!

Blabbedy bloom blah blum blabbedy bloo blah

I ain't hear a word you said

Humitit hupla

Is that a tank top, or a new bra?

Look Snoop Dogg just got a fuckin boot job

Did you listen to the last round Meathead

Pay attention your sayin the same shit that he said (I'ma fuck you up)

Matta fact dog, here's a pencil

Go home write some shit, make it suspenseful

And don't come back until somethin dope hits you

Fuck it, you can take the Mic home wich you

Lookin like a cyclone hit you

Tanktop screamin Lotto "I don't fit you"

You see how far them white jokes gets you

Boys like, how Vanilla Ice gone diss you?

My motto

Fuck Lotto

I'll get the 7 digits from your mother for a dollar tomorrow

(Crowd cheers)