Eminem, Its Murda (Cable Guy Remix)

Eminem:

i'll shove a gun in your grill grease it and heat it smother it in hot mustard so when i feed it to you it's easy to eat it you need to be immediately freezen while you breathen and you'll be leavin in the recieven room in the seat of a jesus you hate on this we'll be waiting on eight corners swarming your hood with a thousand angry skateboarders i'll hop in a jeep and slam down on the gas and charge you and bombarde you in the car that your mom bought you fucked around and get choked and found remote floatin around down face down in a boat i'll pile five dudes and a tentor will pull up to a seven mile drive through in mcdonalds and pile drive you i've got the power to snap the driver out of his zeddy bower while he drives by it ninety miles an hour this place is my house i might as well erase my face with white out cause y'all can't see me like mace's eyebrows (where you at?) climbed out of a nice house through the front window and heard this guy shout (Hey!! thats my couch) pulled a nine out during a rhinebout while i'm rippin the shit with a clip and i spit 5 rounds and murder you ho's worse than a convertable flippin vertical nose first with the top off landing upside down. Or get tied down with duct ape,

fuck rape i'd rather just hump a sluts legs with my nuts shaved