

# Eminem, KillShot [MGK Diss]

you sound like a bitch, bitch  
shut the fuck up  
when your fans become your haters  
you done?  
alright  
you yellin' at mic  
you weird beard  
we doin' this once  
you yellin' at mic  
your beard;s weird  
why you yelling; at the mic?

rihanna just hit me on the text  
last night I left hickeys on her neck  
wait, you just diss me?  
I;m perplexed  
insult mi In a line  
compliment me on the next  
damn, I'm really sorry you want me to have a heart attack  
was watching 8 Mile on my NordicTrack  
Realized I forgot to call you back  
here's that autograph for your daughter  
I wrote in on a starter cap  
Stan, Stan son, listen, man, Dad isn't mad  
but how you gonna name yourself after a damn gun  
and have a manbun?  
the igant's woke eyes open, undeniable  
supplying smoke, got the fire stoked  
say you got me in a scope, but yo're Swayze  
you reply got the crowd yelling Woo!  
so before you die let's see who can out-petty who

with your corny lines (slim, you're old) oh, Kelly, oh  
but I;m 45 and I'm still outselling you  
by 29 I had 3 albums that had blew  
now let's talk about somethin' I don't relally do  
go in someone's daughter's mouth stealing food  
but you're a fucking mole hill  
now I'ma make a mountain out of you  
ho, chill acting like yiu put the chrome barrel to my bone marrow  
gunner?  
bitch, you ain;t a bow and arrow  
say you'll run up on me like a phone bill  
spraying lead  
playin' dead that;s the only time you hold still  
are you eating cereal or oatmeal?  
what the fuck's in the bowl, milk?  
wheatlies or Cheerios?  
cause I'm taking a shit them, Kelly  
I need reading material

yo, Slim, your last 4 albums sucked  
go back to Recovery  
oh shoot, that was 3 albums ago  
what do you know, oops  
know your facts before you come at me, lil goof  
luxury, you broke bitch?  
yes, I had enough money in '02  
tu burn in in front of you  
ho, youner me  
no, you're the wack me  
it's funny but so true  
I'd rather be 80 year old mean, than 20 yers old you  
till I am hitting old dge

still can fill a whole page with a 10 years old rage  
got more fans than you in your own city  
lil kiddy, go play  
feel like I'm babysitting Lil Tay  
got the diddy ok so you spent your whole day  
shooting a video just to fucking dig your own grave  
got you at your own wake, I'm the billy goat  
you ain't never made a list next to no Biggie, no Jay  
next to Taylor Swift and and that Iggy ho  
you about to really blow  
Kelly, they'll be putting your name  
next to Ja, next to Benzino – die mother\*\*

like the last motherfuc\* sayin' Hailie in vain  
alien brain, you Satanist  
my biggest flops are you the greatest hits  
the game's mine agine and ain't nothing changed but the locks  
so before I slay this bitch, I awah give Jade a kiss  
gotta wake up Labor Day to this  
bein rich shamed by some prick usin' my name for clickbait  
in a state of bliss cause I said his goddamn nam  
now I gotta cock back, aim  
yeah bitch, pop champagne to this  
it's your moment  
this it as big as you're gonna get, so enjoy it  
had to give you a career to destroy it  
lethal injection  
go to sleep 6 feet deep  
I'll give you a B for the effort  
but if I was 3 to 11  
you'd look up to me  
and for the record  
you would suck a dick to fucking be me for a second  
lick a ballsack to get on my channel  
give your life to be as solidified  
this smother\* shit is like Rambo when he's out of bullets  
so what good is a fuckin' machine gun when it's out of ammo? :)))

had enough of this tatted-up mumble raper  
how the fuck can him and I battle?  
he'll have to fuck Kim in my flanne;  
I'll give him my sandals  
cause he knows long as I'm Shady  
he's gon' have to live in my shadow  
exhausting, letting off on my offspring  
like a gun barrel, bitch, get off me!  
you dance around it like a sombrero  
we can all see  
you're fucking' salty  
cause Young Gerald's balls-deep inside of Halsey  
your red sweater, your black leather  
you dress better, I rp better  
that a death treat or a love letter?  
little while toothpick  
thinks it's over a pic  
I just don't like you, prick  
thanks for dissing me  
now I had an excuse on the mic to write Not Alike  
bur really, I don't care who's in the right  
but you're losing the fight ypu pcked  
who else want it, Kelly?  
attempt fails, Buddesn, L's  
fucking nails in these coffins as soft as Cottonelle  
killshot, I will not fail, I'm ith the Doc still  
But this idiot's boss pops pills and tells him he's got skills

but, Kelly, the day you put out a hit's the day Diddy admits  
that he put the hit out that got Pac killed!  
I'm sick of you being whack  
and still using the mother\* auto-tune  
so let's talk about it /2x  
I'm sick of your mumble rap mouth  
need to get the cock up out it  
before we can even talk about it  
I'm sick of your blonde hair and earrings  
just cause you lookin in the mirror and think  
that you're Marshall Mathers  
don't mean you are, and you're not about it  
so just leave my dick in your mouth and keep my daughter out it

You fuckin'.. oh  
and I'm just playing, Diddy  
you know I love you