

Eminem, Rhymin' Wordz Freestyle

First word, excrement

Exclimate, is that what you said?

My next defense, against these extra men

Who try to step to me and wanna have sex again

(Vaseline)

You little sickass, I'll spray em with gasoline

They try to jack me off with Vaseline

My ass is mean, I smash your spleen

When I crash the scene

(Cell phone)

With a cell phone, now who the hell is home?

Y'all can't tell Paul how to throw me words

(Animal crackers)

Cause animal crackers is what I do when I eat MC's like a cannibal backwards

Ha ha, I got it, that's not it

Fake rappers been spotted

(Broken headphones)

Like broken headphones, you head home, you sped home

You get your head blown, rappers try to step, they speak in the dead tones

So I ain't trying to hear them, give me another, word for your mother

(Stretch Armstrong)

Stretch Armstrong, my brother, coming with rhymes every time that I be drumming

Running with this shit when I kick a bitch in the stomach

And star wars, this car's a Taurus

Yo, how many bars we hit tonight, cause I'm drunk off

(Peanut butter)

Off peanut butter, you see my dick and you start to stutter

Start to utter, words that you shouldn't utter

(Mark Whalberg)

Cause Mark Whalberg is a small turd, and I'ma step on him like dogshit

A fore fist, so rappers just get off it, I come across with

(Pulp fiction)

With pulp fiction, yo I'll eat you like a big gulp addiction

Like slurpees, got herpes, got a hair piece, rest my anises(?)

Got brain damage, I'm dumber than rain man is

There's mayonnaise on this, I need a plain sandwich

Hurry up, give me one, rappers try to step to this static they wanna give me none

(Fresh vegetables)

With fresh vegetables, my testicles are hanging off to the left of you

You're bisexual, and there's a guy next to you, standing, rappers know that I

be-

(Preparation H)

Preparation H, you didn't even let me finish my rhyme

Just shut up for one more time, while I just shine, on this

Microphone, cause I'ma be honest, any MC who tries to step to this

I'm making you a promise, that what? Give me a word

(Nostradamus)

That Nostradamus is blowing up your house, killing your foster mammas

And coming back to get your parents, well I have it

These rhymes are fourteen karat, solid gold

Rappers step to me, you get your wallet stole

(Times Square)

In Times Square, I got blonde hair, I'm higher than con air

Rappers don't want to see me, I'll butt f**k Goldie Hawn bare

In a lawn chair, cause I'm there

(Kurt Russell)

With Kurt Russell, saying come here Goldie, you want my love muscle?

I know you want it, I get blunted, then I

Kick these, freestyles just like whipped knees

(Taxicab)

With a taxicab, I'll smack a bitch with a maxi pad

Where we going? Don't ask me dad

Leave me alone, I'm not trying, to even hear you

Dad, I hope you're f**king dying, off this porno mag

Yo, did you see my ad? Yo, wait a minute, did you see my ass?
Is what I meant to say, I meant to say a rhyme that goes this way is elementary
For the century, Slim Shady's is gonna be the illest
(Flamingos)
What? Flamingos? My mother goes out and plays bingo
Every single day, at the bingo hall, that's why my dick is single, small
Didn't blow up, just don't give a what? A cuff?
Didn't blow up, just don't give a what? A cuff?
(DT's fired)
But DT's fired, he's retired, he's not hired, yo plus I'm tired
Of busting and spitting this rhyme nonstop, I'm on top
Taking records to the pawnshop, stretch
Damn, see my big ick? Catch
Put a D in front of it, rappers don't want none of it
Coming with a ton of shit to spill, Slim Shady out, I get ill with the skill
Baby, aight baby, Slim Shady
Kick eighty million rhymes, till I'm older than Grady
Spilled gravy, all over my damn navy blue avi
Bye bye