Eminem, 8 Mile- All Freestyles With Free World

(First Battle)
(Lickety Split)
Check this out
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Yo, this guys a choke-artist
Ya catch a bad one
Ya better off shootin ya-self wit Popa Doc's handgun
Climbin up this mountain, ya weak
I leave ya lost witout a paddle, floatin shit's creek
You ain't Detroit, I'm the D
You tha new kid on the block, bout to get smacked back to the boone-docks
Fuckin Nazi, this crowd ain't ya type
Take some real advice
And form a group with Vanilla Ice
And what I tell ya
Ya better use it
This guy's a hillbilly this ain't Willie Nelson music
Trailer trash
I choke ya till ya last breath
And have ya lookin foolish like Cheddar Bob when he shot his-self
Silly Rabbit, I know why they call you that
Cuz you follow Future, like he got carrots up his asscrack
And when you act it up, that's when you got jacked up
And left stupid like Tina Turner when she got smacked up
I crack ya shoulderblade
You'll get dropped so hard that Elvis will start turnin in his grave
I don't know why they left you out in the dark
Ya need to take your white ass back across 8 Mile to the trailer park
(Crowd Cheers)
(Rabbit/Eminem)
This guy raps like his parents jerked him
He sounds like Eric Sermon
The generic version
This whole crowd looks suspicious
It's all dudes in here
Except for these bitches
So I'm a German ay?
That's ok, you look like a fuckin worm with braids
These leaders of the Free World rookies
Lookie, how can 6 dicks be pussies
Talkin bout shit's creek, bitch you can be a piss creek
Wit paddles this deep
Ya still gonna sink
Your a disgrace
Ya they call me Rabbit
This is a turtle race
He can't get wit me spittin this shit
Wickedy Lickety shot
Spicious spickety split Lickety
So I'ma turn around wit a great smile
And walk my white ass back across 8 Mile
(Crowd cheers)
(2nd Battle)
(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
(Rip it Lotto, rip it baby rip it, yeah) Check this shit out
Huhhh huhhh
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 gotta 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 ya leader
I feel bad that I gotta murder that dude from Leave It To Beaver
I used to like that show
Noe you got me in fightback mode
But oh well if ya gotta go then ya 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 alls well that ends ok
So I'll end this shit
Wit a fuck you, but, have a nice day
(Crowd cheers)
(Rabbit/Eminem)
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 bloom blah
I ain't hear a word you said, hibitit hoopla!
Is that a tanktop or a new bra?
Look, Snoop Dogg, just got a fuckin boob job
Did you listen to the last round meathead?
Pay attention, ya 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 get you
Boys like, how Vanilla Ice gone diss you?
My motto:
Fuck Lotto
I get the 7 digits from ya mother for a dollar tomorrow
(3rd Battle)
(Rabbit/Eminem)
Now everybody from the 3-1-3
Put ya muthafuckin hands up and follow me
Everybody from the 3-1-3
Put ya muthafuckin hands up
Look look
Now while he stands tough
Notice that this man did not have his hands up
This Free World's got ya gased up
Now who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf
1, 2, 3 and to the 4
1pac, 2pac, 3pac, 4
4pac, 3pac, 2pac's, 1
Your Pac, he's Pac, No Pac's, None
This guy aint no muthafuckin MC
I know everything he's got to say against me
I am white
I am a fuckin bum
I do live in the trailer wit my mom
My boy future is an Uncle Tom
I do got a dumb friend named Cheddar Bob who shoots himself in his leg with his own gun
I did get jumped

By all 6 of you chumps
And Wink did fuck my girl
I'm still standin here screamin fuck the Free World!
Don't ever try to judge me dude
Cuz you don't know what the fuck I been through
But I know somethin about you
You went to Cranbrook, that's a private school
What's the matter dog you embarrassed?
This guys a gangster? His real name's Clarence
And Clarence lives at home with both parents
And Clarence parents have a real good marriage
This guy don't wanna battle, he's shook
Cuz ain't no such things as Half Way Crooks!
He's scared to death
He's scared to look
At his fuckin yearbook
Fuck Cranbook
Fuck a beat, I go acapella
Fuck a Popa Doc, fuck a clock, fuck a trailer fuck everybody
Fuck yall if you doubt me, I'ma piece of fuckin white trash I say it proudly
And fuck this battle I don't wanna win, I'm outtie
Here, tell these people somethin they don't know about me
(Crowd cheers)
(Papa Doc)
(Hands mic to Future...nothing comes to mind for Doc to say back at Rabbit.)