Eminem, 8 Mile B-Rabbit On The Roof Top

Yo, yo
Your style is generic,
mines authentic made,
I roll like a renegade,
you need clinic aid,
My techniques bizarre and ill,
I scar and kill,
You were a star until I served you like a bar and grill,
And I proceed to cook and grill ya,
Thats all it took to kill ya,
You betta recognize me like I look familiar,
You wanna battle?
You beat around the bush,
Like youre scared to lick pussy so you eat around the tush,
I need a clown to push,
someone that I can bully,
Wait a minute,
I dont think you understand fully,
See me without a style like mustard without the Heinz,
I lead the new school,
you' re a 'busta without the 'rhymes',
I'll crush the shit out ya lines,
no nigga sheky
smokin the leak leaky
ten freaky girsl
inside the Chin Tiki
girl when u see me u gots to believe me
this aint a game n
pimp it aint easy
anything goes when it comes to hoes
im the kingpin when it comes to flows
u betta ask someone if u dont know
when u see me girl say, "What up dog''