Eminem, 8 Mile Dvd Unseen B-Rabbit Vs. Marv O

[Marv One]
yo yo, yall ready for death
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Marv One that fat killer the game done got ugly, lets go
yo, yo, I seen your type before you think you tough, battle you
Bitch you lucky I dont beat you up
In the game of fist ta cups Ill push your face back
You cant fuck with me man, really just face facts
As he verses me in a battle of ten rounds
Its like Mugsey Boags tryin to bark with Jim Brown
Dumb fuck, Im the type to run a muck, come in the club drunk as fuck
Slap your bitch who even buck, when I walk..
Tell your a man the size of a ?D and D dof?
Tryin to take his ear off, like mike types,
I quite nice on fight night, an why he popped shit
I thought he liked flyin, appearntly not
Im Nickel hairinly hot, and if I meant you
may your parents be shot
You im a bad boy, bitch is on, I pull 44s in your chest
Like your freak mahone
[B-Rabbit]
Hold on faggot, let me turn this mic on
Dont think for a minute Im goin let you get away with that song
Cause that shit was wack, you aint spittin
As a matter of fact all of that shit was written,
And I no it wasnt for me, shorely, you really must adore me,
Now look it,
Yo, you might as well move to Italy
Look this guy is ripped (skkkrr) literally
You dont wanna really fuck wit this,
On this microphone, I aint stuck-a lot-to-kiss
But I dont give a fuck, you can keep that doe rap
And turn your ass back around with your fuckin skull cap,
and your bandana or your mother fuckin sweat band
fuckin with this style youre a dead man,
I aint redman but on this mic yo I pick it up,
Just like your face when I had to rip it up,
You dont wanna see me,
Yo, uh