

# Eminem, A Few Different Freestyles (Authentic)

Freestyle 1:

Somebody hold me back  
Im unstoppable  
I got more guns than a mothafuckin arsenal  
Somebody hold my crack  
While I fix my plaque  
For not bein black  
N makin rap  
Well anyways  
I really gotta take a crap  
N maybe get a snack  
But u know ill be back  
To write another track  
Another verbal attack

Freestyle 2:

Yo I get up in the morning and im tired as hell  
stretch out on my bed its already 12  
get a bite to eat nothing too sweet or I be bouncing up and down all over the street  
I put on my stuff and my bling bling and I rap man I dont sing doin my own thing  
like nobody else in the rap game I built myself a rap name and I share in the rap fame  
with all the others who claimed rap as a second language like a home to go to when theyre feelin a  
and sometimes feelin caught in a cartoon its like a fantasy world with cars, cash, n money,  
but it aint even funny  
how real it is and u hav no idea how I feel in it  
I feel so real in it  
my pains from my childhood this is really healin it  
I used to be concealin it  
everything is so clear now  
theres nothing I gotta fear now  
I made my self a career now  
it aint the same no more  
everyday I walk in the door  
and feel like a different man than I was b4  
things hav changed but im still the same,  
inside me ill never rearrange my brains i still fuck like a mofo,  
ballin like a real pro,  
mad hops like uve never seen befo gimme the ball and watch the show  
got range like a black man speed like a track man agility too, ull never see me slack man,  
I make every ball in the rack man, if u thinking of shootin, ill eat u up like pacman

Freestyle 3:

Everyonce in a while I make yo bitch smile  
Cuz I rap so good I can make yo bitch wild  
cuz the chicks dig it and they gotta love the style of the illest rapper from here to the Nile.  
yeah dog fosheezi  
I hope u know yo honey likes to please me I rap till im wheezy  
even when im sneezing u just gotta  
get me the keyzeez to drive me here and all the clothes to cover up thee rear  
u just gotta get me the food when I want it and when I got the urge u gotta get me the Chronic  
better be on it  
as fast as Sonic..  
faster.. for the master  
of the sport  
even all over the court  
and no I dont mean with the law  
I mean bas-ket-ball dogg dont fuck wit me or ill hav to put u in ur cas-ket  
n all thats not all though  
ill come to ur funeral and shoot over and over like Ronaldo  
theyd all go hidin like Waldo (Damn Wheres Waldo)  
Yo ill never stop spittin the rhymes that Ive written over the years publicity like monica and Clinton  
winnin Grammys come wit tears and they dont come easy and if they do damn that shits measly y

Freestyle 4: (FatMan)

I mean this guy can cause an earthquake  
His favorite part of the day is his snack break  
Damn just bake him a cupcake and make him a cookie

He sits around all day and daydreams about nookie  
More cushion for the pushin right?  
well ok, but only if you ever get to pushing, aight?  
At the gym I can find your ass up on the Stairmaster  
But youre on level two shit go a lil faster  
Look man Im not going to lie  
ill tell u how I feel  
They should handcuff your big ass to the treadmill  
Its dont take a genius to figure out you were fed well  
If u go on a diet maybe u can shed a lil  
I see u at the store u buy out the whole aisle  
It take you 20 minutes just to run a whole mile  
Freestyle 5: Shaq (diss)  
#34 LA Lakers Man fuck shaq  
Most Valuable Player? Man fuck that  
Shaq just a black man wit a 6 pack  
He only good cuz he can grab a wall n tear a brick back  
Is he number one? man hell no hova  
He wouldnt be even if hell froze ova  
Kobe rocks that joint up in tinsel town  
When u need an answer he can make the shit go down  
But shaqs got  
No shot and they all think that hes so hot (hes so not)  
Always the same thing hes like a robot  
Just get it into Shaquille so he can dunk it for 2 points  
By the time he gets out of the key youd have smoked up two joints  
He weighs so much (oh! can some-bo-dy hear two oinks)  
He ate so many crunches that now his belly boinks  
Theres a reason the Magic traded away the Shaq pack  
They were getting angry they wanted the sun back  
And for when they went to games  
They wanted the fun back  
And they hope that Shaq never brings his nasty buns back  
Because nobody likes him  
Im sorry, your done Shaq  
I hope u understand no pun to be intended  
I hope ur mama sees the son that shes invented  
Im sorry Mrs O neal  
I understand how you must feel  
This nightmare is so real  
But chill, maybe hell get killed

Freestyle 6: (8 mile)

talk about 7 mile, change your style, I read your bio, u really from Ohio, im vile, this guys so fuckin

Freestyle 7: (8 Mile)

that shit was whack, you aint spittin, as a matter of fact, all of that shit was written

Freestyle 8: (8 Mile)

I can seat her and put her to the test,  
battling this chick,  
with no breasts,  
and why you got me battling a chick,  
especially one thats whack,  
wit a dick,  
I really dont understand,  
why this chick is up here right now,  
but wants to be a man