Eminem, Benzino Diss--Nail In The Coffin

I dont wanna be like this
I don' really wanna hurt-no-feelings
But I'm only being real when I say
Nobody wants to hear their grandfather rap (nope)
Old men have heart attacks
And i don' wanna be responsible for that, so
Put the mic down and walk away
You can still have a little bit of dignity
(verse 1)
I would never claim to be no
Ray Benzino
An 83 year old, fake pacheno
So how can he hold me over some balcony
Without throwing his lower back out
As soon as he goes to lift me
Please don't, you'll probably fall with me
And our asses'll both be history
But then again you finaly get your wish
Cause you'll be all over the street like 50 cent
Fucking punk, pussy, fuck you chump
Give me a one-on-one see if I don't fuck you up
Try to chump the ruff ryders and they cut you up
And you put Jada on a track,
That's how much you suck dick in the industry
Swear that you in the streets hustling
You sit behind a fucking desk at the source butt kissing
And begging muthafuckas for guest appearences
And you can't even get the clearences
Cause real lyricists dont even respect you or take you serious
It's not that we dont like you... we hate you period!
Talk about a midlife crisis, damn
Last week you was shakin Obie Trices' hand
Now he's a busta? What the fuck's with that
Get on a track dissing us, kissing 50's ass
And askin' me what I know about indictments, bite me!
Bitch I got 2 cases and probation, Fight me!
What do I know about standing in front of a judge, like a man
Ready to take whatever sentence hands
What you know about your wife slicing her wrists
Right in front of the only thing you have in this world
a little girl
And i'll put that on her
When this is all over
I would never try to make her a star, and eat off her
I dunno shit about no shopping rocks
But what you know about hip-hop, shops, rocking spots
When your the only white boy up in that bitch just ripping
Pressing up your own flyers, and your stickers
Just sticking them bitches up after spending 6 hours at kinkos
Making copies of your covers to cassette singles
To sell 'em out of the trunk of your Tracer
Spending your whole pay check at discmakers
What you know about being bullied over half your life
Oh thats right, you should know what thats like, your half-white
Vanilla ice, spill the beans and rice, I'm eating you alive inside, Jesus Christ!
If it's that much of a gangsta put the mic down
You should be out killing muthafuckas right now
Kill a muthafucka dead, kill him dead bitch
Shoot him in the fucking head, go ahead bitch
Slap my mom, slap the fuck out of her
She can't sue you, she wouldn't get a buck out of you
Cause your broke as fuck, you suck
Your a fucking joke , if u was really selling coke
Well then what the fuck you stop for dummy!

If u sleugh some crack
You'd make alot more money than you do from rap
You'll never have no security, you'll never be famous
You'll never know what is like to be rich, life's a bitch ain't it
Raymond, here let me me break this shit down in laymans terms
Terms for you just to make sure
That you can understand it cause cannabis ain't using too many
Complicated fucking words for ya
Here, let me slow it down for you so that you can understand it if I say it slower
Let it go dog its over
chorus
Haha, talkin' about, I have muthafuckas calling your crib
Bitch, you aint even got a fucking crib
You don't even got a fucking phone, you fucking punk
Threatening to shut me down at your little source magazine
If I come back at you or attack you
Bitch, you attacked me first, take it like a man and shut the fuck up
Fuck your little magazine too, I don't need your little fucking magazine
I got double XL's number anyways,
And yall cant stand it cause they gettin bigger than yall
Oh, and by the way how did i look at the VMA's
When you was watchin me, from whatever TV you was watching me from
In boston, the mean street of boston
Fucking sissy
And you gotta stand up you mutha fucka
Suck my mutha fuckin Dick
Oh, and for those that dont know
Don't get it twisted
The SOURCE has a white owner!