Eminem, Bunny Rabbit Freestyle

Now everybody from tha 313
Put your mutha fuckin hands up and follow me
Everybody from the 313
Put your mutha fuckin hands up...
Look, look
Now while he stands tough
Notice that this man did not have his hands up
This Free Worlds got you gassed up
Now who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
One, two, three-it, to the four
One pac, two pac, three pac, four
Four pac, three pac, two pac, one
Ya'll pacs, he's pacs, ya'll pacs... None
This guy ain't no mutha fuckin MC
I know everything he's got to say against me
I am white, I am a fucking bum
I do live in a trailor with my mom
By boy future isn't Uncle Tom
I do got a dumb friend named 'Cheddar Bob' (That's me!)
Who shoots himself in his leg with his own gun
I did get jumped... By all six of you chumps
And Wink did fuck my girl...
I'm still standing here screaming 'Fuck the Free World'
Don't never try to judge me dude
You don't know what the fuck I've been through
But, I know something about you
You went to Cranbrook
That's a private school
What's the matter dawg, you embarrased?
This guy's a gangsta? His real names 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 there ain't no such things as half weight crooks
He's scared to death, he's scared to look
In his fuckin' yearbook
FUCK CRANBROOK!!!
Fuck tha beat, I'll got a-capella
Fuck a Poppa Doc, fuck a clock
Fuck a trailor, Fuck, everybody
Fuck ya'll if you doubt me
I'm a piece of fucking white trash. I'll say it proudly
And fuck this battle I don't wanna win... I'm out he
Here, tell these people something they don't know about me...