Eminem, Eminem- Lotto Vs. Rabbit (8-Mile Frees

(Lotto)
We rollin muthafuckaz
What's goin on baby?
Yo, it's time to get rid of this coward right here once and for all
Sick of this muthafucka
Check this shit out (Rip it Lotto rip it baby it, yeah)
Huhhh, huhhh
Yo
I'll spit a racial slur, honkey sue me
This shit is a horror flick, but a black guy doesn't die in this movie
Fuckin wit Lotto dog you got to be kiddin
That makes me believe you really don't have an interest in livin
You think these niggas gone feel the shit you say?
I got a better chance joinin the KKK
On some real shit though, I like you
That's why I didn't wanna have to be the one you commit suicide to
Fuck Lotto? Call me a leada
I feel bad that I gotta murder that dude from Leave It To Beaver
I used to like that show
Now you got me in fight-back mode
But oh well if you gotta go then you gotta go
I hate to do this
I would love for this shit to last so I'll take pictures of my rear end so you won't forget my ass
And all's well that ends ok
So I'll end this shit wit a fuck you, but have a nice day
(Crowd cheers)
(Rabbit)
Ward
I think you were a little hard on the Beaver
So was Eddie Haskal
Wally and Ms. Cleaver
This guy keeps screamin, he's paranoid!
Quick, someone get his ass another steroid!
Blabbedy bloom blah blum blabbedy bloo blah
I ain't hear a word you said
Humitit hupla
Is that a tank top, or a new bra?
Look Snoop Dogg just got a fuckin boot job
Did you listen to the last round Meathead
Pay attention your sayin the same shit that he said (I'ma fuck you up)
Matta fact dog, here's a pencil
Go home write some shit, make it suspenseful
And don't come back until somethin dope hits you
Fuck it, you can take the Mic home wich you
Lookin like a cyclone hit you
Tanktop screamin Lotto "I don't fit you"
You see how far them white jokes gets you
Boys like, how Vanilla Ice gone diss you?
My motto
Fuck Lotto
I'll get the 7 digits from your mother for a dollar tomorrow
(Crowd cheers)