Eminem, Final Battle (From 8 Mile)

Now everybody from the 313
Put your muthafuckin' hands up and follow me
Everybody from the 313, put your muthafuckin' hands up
Look Look

Now while he stands tough
Notice that this man did not have his hands up
This Free World got you gassed up
Now who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf
1, 2, 3 and to the 4
1 Pac, 2 Pac, 3 Pac, 4
4 Pac, 3 Pac, 2 Pac, 1
You're Pac, he's Pac, no Pac, none
This guy ain't no muthafuckin MC
I know everything he's bout to say against me
I am white, I am a fuckin' bum
I do live in a trailer with my mom
My boy Future is an Uncle Tom
I do got a dumb friend named Cheddar Bob
Who shoots himself in the leg with his own gun
I did get jumped by all six of you chumps
And Wink did fuck my girl
I'm still standin' here screamin', "fuck the Free World"
Don't ever 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 Doc, you embarrassed
This guy's a gangsta, his real name's Clarence
And Clarence lives at home with both parents
And Clarence parents have a real good marriage
This guy doesn't wanna battle he shook
Cause ain't no such thing as half-way crooks
He's scared to death, he's scared to look in his fuckin' yearbook
Fuck Cranbrook

Fuck the beat, I go acapella
Fuck a Papa Doc, fuck a clock, fuck a trailer, fuck everybody
Fuck y'all if you doubt me
I'm a piece of fuckin' white trash, I'll say it proudly
And fuck this battle, I don't wanna win, I'm outtie
Here, tell these people something they dont know about me