Eminem, Freestyle (Dissin' The Source)

I got a riddle,
What's little and talks big,
With midget arms and creamy white filling in the middle,
That'll do anything to throw dirt on my name,
If it means walking the whole Mediterranean,
Is it an Albanian, Armenian, Iranian, Tasmanian,
No, his name's Raymond and oh,
Oh sorry, yo, so sorry, whoa
But that was a long time ago,
When I was just Joe Schmo,
Rapping in Joe Blow's basement,
I apologized for it before so,
Either accept it or you don't,
And let's move on,
If I ain't shown that I've grown you get the bone,*
Keep lickin these nuts you industry mutts,
Keep walking around sniffing each other's butts,
Or should I say asses,
What would be the more politically correct term to use for the masses,
The question I ask is how can I explain this,
How can I swing this in English language,
If I switched to slang and turned man to mane,
Do I do it in vain or simply to entertain,
Am I being real or am I being fake,
Am I just a fraud or am I truly genuine,
Or am I caught up in this hot water,
Word on my daughter,
I told you That I love this culture,
Don't let 'em insult ya,
I'ma tell you once more again
This is the environment I was brought up in,
But every now and then,
I use my pen to get rid of some frustration,
Or should I say shun,
Is it just another one of my subliminal ways of racism,*
Your face is numb, you're stunned,
Your look is cold like that of a man of 70 some years old,*
And it only gets colder,
Which is why I understand,
You can't be mad at a 44 year old fan with a chip on his shoulder,
Who only owns a half of a magazine,
And the only way to have it seen is to put me on the front of it again,
Only thing that makes him grin is to see me frown,*
Papa can't stand me,
Papa needs to take his medication and sit the f**k down,
In his new chair that goes round and round,
That he bought from the money in his bank account,
That I get him every issue when the thing comes out,
Sit back and let his puffy clown hair come out,
And let his black side arm wrestle his white side,
Yell apartheid loud enough that he might slide,
He might find someone dumb enough who might ride,*
But ain't nobody over here buying two white guys,
Disguised as pro-black,
There is no slack for a Harvard college grat in a fitted hat,
And a hunchback standin by the clearance coat rack,
In some old slacks and some RSO throwbacks, yeah*
Shady in the place to bc,
And it takes what I got to rock the mike, right*
Still not gonna cater these punks,
F**kin cock-suckin, pussy-lips, hated, dicks, cunts.*