

Eminem, Its Murda (Cable Guy Remix)

Eminem:

i'll shove a gun in your grill
grease it and heat it
smother it in hot mustard
so when i feed it to you
it's easy to eat it
you need to be immediately
freezen
while you breathe
and you'll be leavin
in the recieven room
in the seat of a jesus
you hate on this
we'll be waiting on eight corners
swarming your hood with
a thousand angry skateboarders
i'll hop in a jeep
and slam down on the gas
and charge you
and bombarde you
in the car that your mom bought you
fucked around and get choked
and found remote
floatin around
down face down
in a boat
i'll pile five dudes
and a tentor will pull up
to a seven mile drive through
in mcdonalds and pile drive you
i've got the power
to snap the driver
out of his
zeddy bower
while he drives by it ninety miles an hour
this place is my house
i might as well erase my face with white out
cause y'all can't see me like mace's eyebrows
(where you at?)
climbed out of a nice house through the front window and heard this guy shout
(Hey!! thats my couch)
pulled a nine out during a rhinebout while i'm rippin the shit with a clip
and i spit 5 rounds and murder you ho's worse than a convertable flippin vertical nose
first with the top off landing upside down.
Or get tied down with duct ape,
fuck rape i'd rather just hump a sluts legs with my nuts shaved