Eminem, Ken Kaniff

Ken: Let's call this motherfucker.

[dials operator]

Ken: Oh, fuck yeah... give him a piece of my mind... piece of my ass.

[operator comes on]

Operator: Thanks for waiting. Hello, may I help you?

Ken: Oh, thank you. I need to make a collect call.

Operator: What number?

Ken: Oh... the number's [censored]

Operator: At the tone, please say your name.

[Beep]

Ken: Kenith Keniff. From Connecticut. [connecting] Automated piece of shit.

Eminem: Yo?

Ken: Hey there, cock boy.

Eminem: Who's this?

Ken: This is Ken Keniff.

Eminem: Who?

Ken: Ken Keniff from Connecticut, you lil' bitch.

Eminem: From Connecticut?

Ken: Yeah, you wanna...

Eminem: I don't know nobody in Connecticut.

Ken: You wanna get a hotel room with me?

Eminem: A hotel room?

Ken: Yeah, you want me to lick your ass, EMINEM?

Eminem: [laughs] Yo, who is this? Cage?

Ken: [laughing] You want me to fuckin' melt in your mouth
and not in your hand? Melt in your ass, ya lil' cock boy.

Eminem: [snickers] Yo, shut up, you lil' bitch.

Ken: Oh, you think I'm lying, huh?

Eminem: [laughing out loud]

Ken: Ugh.