Eminem, Nail In The Coffin By Eminem(Benzino I

(Eminem speaking)
This muthafucka, man!
Scum, shut up, will you?
Talkin' 'bout, I owe you!
Bitch, you owe me!
I'm promotin' you, right now!
Yo' let's put the nail in this coffin!
(Chorus)
I don't wanna be like this.
I don't really wanna' hurt no feelings,
but I'm only being real when I say,
"Nobody wants to hear they grandfather rap!" (Nope)
And old men have heart attacks,
and I don' wanna be responsible for that, so
put the mic down and walk away.
You can still have a little bitta' dignity.
(Verse 1)
I would never claim to be no
Ray Benzino,
an 83 year old, fake Pacino.
So how can he hold me over some balcony
without throwing his lower back out
as soon as he goes to lift me?
Please don't, you'll probably fall with me,
and our asses'll both be history,
but then again you finally get your wish,
'cause you be all over the street like 50 Cent (ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
You fuckin' punk pussy! Fuck you, chump!
Give me a one-on-one, see if I don't fuck you up!
Tryen to jump the Ruff Ryders and they cut you up,
and you put Jada on a track--that's how much you suck dick in the industry!
Swear that you in the streets hustling,
You sit behind a fuckin' desk at the Source, butt-kissin'
and begging muthafuckas for guest appearences,
and you cant even get the clearances,
'Cause real lyricists dont even respect you, or take you serious!
It's not that we don't like you--we hate you period!
Talk about a mid-life crisis, damn!
Last week, you was shakin' Obie Trice's hand,
Now he's a "busta"? What the fuck's with that,
get on a track dissin' us, kissin' 50's ass,
and askin' me what I know about indictments. Bite me!
Bitch, I got two cases, and probation! Fight me!
What do I know about standin' in front of a judge, like a man,
ready to take whatever sentence he hands?
What you know about your wife slicing her wrists
right in front of the only thing you have in this world,
a little girl,
and I'll put that on her.
When this is all over,
I would never try to make her a star, and eat off her
I don' know shit about no shopping blocks,
but what you know about hip-hop, shops, rockin' spots?
Well, you're the only white boy up in that bitch, just ripping
pressing up your own flyers, and your stickers, sticking
them bitches up after spending six hours at Kinko's,
Making copies of your covers of cassette singles
to sell them out of the trunk of your Tracer,
spending your whole paychecks at disc makers!
What YOU know about being bullied ova' half your life?
Oh, that's right, you should know what that's like--you're half white!
Vanila Ice, spill the beans-and-rice, I'm eating you alive inside! Jesus Christ!
If you that much of a gangsta', put the mic down--
you should be out killin' muthafuckas, right now!

Kill a muthafucka' dead! Kill him dead, bitch!
Shoot him in the fuckin' head! Go ahead, bitch!
Slap my mom, slap the fuck out of 'er!
She can't sue you--she wouldn't get a buck out a ya',
'cause your broke as fuck! You suck!
You're a fucking joke! If you was really sellin' coke,
Well then, what the fuck you stop for, dummy?
If you slew some crack,
You'd make a lot more money than you do from rap!
You'll never have no security! You'll never be famous!
You'll never know what it's like to be rich! Life's a bitch, ain't it, Raymond?
Here, Let me break this shit down in Layman's
terms for you, just to make sure
that you can understand this, and Cannibus ain't using to many complicated
fuckin' words for you--
Here, then let me slow it down for you, so that you can understand, if I say it slower--
Let it go, dawg--It's over!
I don't wanna be like this.
I don't really wanna hurt no feelings.
But I'm only being real when I say
"Nobody wants to hear they grandfather rap!" (Unh-Uh)
And old men have heart attacks
and I don' wanna be responsible for that, so
put the mic down and walk away.
You can still have a little bitta' dignity.
(Speaking)
Ha-ha. Talkin' 'bout how I have muthafuckas callin' your crib
Bitch, you ain't even got a fuckin' crib...
Don't even got a fuckin' phone, ya' fuckin' bum
threatenin' to...shut me down at your lil' fuckin' Source magazine,
If I come back on you, and attack you.
Bitch, you attacked me first! Take it like a man, and shut the Fuck up!
Fuck your little magazine, too! I don't need your little fuckin' magazine!
I got double XL's number, anyways,
and y'all can't stand it, 'cause they gettin' bigger than y'all.
Oh, and by the way, how'd I look on the VMA's,
when you was watchin' me, from whatever fuckin' TV you was watching me from,
in Boston? The "mean streets of boston."
Ya' fuckin' sissy.
and you gotta stand up, you lil' muthafucka'.
Suck my muthafuckin' dick!
(Echoing)
Oh, and for those that don't know--
don't get it twisted, yo--
the SOURCE has a white owner!