Eminem, Split Shine

Verse 1
I 'ma clean this whole shit out like climax,
With words put togeather better then sony electronics,
King of the jungle, humbly stay honest,
Eat with the lions, swim with peranas,
Gassoline the scene, strike the match,
Inferno, I'm to throue nigga, so stand back,
I spit shine, get mine and rip rhyme
And make my career take a incline,
I'm strick with knives, straight with razors,
Good with grenades and great with gadges, (yeah)
Been around the world on a million stages,
Watch nigga's bitch up and go through changes,
I had gun's before guns was in fashion,
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin,
I knew terror before the plane started crashin,
I got punch lines and nigga's ain't laughin...

Chorus

I'm gon be here after the smoke dye down,
Insomnia style I won't lye down,
Fight the good fight don't need no help,
Keep your hands up defend yourself,
Move like I move and live lifelong ,
Can't move up if your hearts not strong,
Get your own shit cause this shit's mine,
Every time I spit, I shine

Verse 2

Cock-sucker I preach what I practise,
Back shit up, wrap this, rap shit up,
Still actin up, get found in the trunk of an acuva,
Yall suck like jail in dracula,
X turn up the heat, increase the hatred,
Straight stone face don't f**k with gay shit,

So I guess that means I cant f**k with you now,
Drew down, let off, facate to new town,
You feel like bishop, induced now,
Gotta flame thrower that will burn
Great holes till you goose down, (yeah)
Rough sound, same strong background,
Bent on black the big boys playin tips down,
My whole train of thought is the party,
Any motherf**ker with problems and not get caught,
I was blessed with life when I cursed to death,
I'm a spit till my very last breath...

(f**k y'all)

Chorus

Verse 3

Let me get a three second look, I hit a million dollar target,
You ain't came up yet well nigga' let me show ya, (aaaa)
Come across dope like planes and boats,
Like baloons filled with coke, down a mexican's throat,
You ever seen a man get smoked and shit on himself,
The body shake for a second, then it can't stop a second,
The evidence are the weapon and the people involved,

Let one nigga talk, everybody gettin caught, for sure,
I say that, to say this,
If you cant handle the time then ride the beach,
Might as well touch your tail and jump the fence,
Castrate yourself expose the bitch,
X go head up, the f**k never ran from it,
I got engadged with buck shots that you can't stomach,
You ain't a killer you a album filler,
You ain't a soldier you a rap premoter,
Game over...

Chorus