# Eminem, Rhymin' Wordz Freestyle

First word, excrement
Exclimate, is that what you said?
My next defense, against these extra men
Who try to step to me and wanna have sex again
(Vaseline)
You little sickass, I'll spray em with gasoline
They try to jack me off with Vaseline
My ass is mean, I smash your spleen
When I crash the scene
(Cell phone)
With a cell phone, now who the hell is home?
Y'all can't tell Paul how to throw me words
(Animal crackers)
Cause animal crackers is what I do when I eat MC's like a cannibal backwards
Ha ha, I got it, that's not it
Fake rappers been spotted
(Broken headphones)
Like broken headphones, you head home, you sped home
You get your head blown, rappers try to step, they speak in the dead tones
So I ain't trying to hear them, give me another, word for your mother
(Stretch Armstrong)
Stretch Armstrong, my brother, coming with rhymes every time that I be drumming
Running with this shit when I kick a bitch in the stomach
And star wars, this car's a Taurus
Yo, how many bars we hit tonight, cause I'm drunk off
(Peanut butter)
Off peanut butter, you see my dick and you start to stutter
Start to utter, words that you shouldn't utter
(Mark Whalberg)
Cause Mark Whalberg is a small turd, and I'ma step on him like dogshit
A fore fist, so rappers just get off it, I come across with
(Pulp fiction)
With pulp fiction, yo I'll eat you like a big gulp addiction
Like slurpees, got herpes, got a hair piece, rest my anises(?)
Got brain damage, I'm dumber than rain man is
There's mayonnaise on this, I need a plain sandwich
Hurry up, give me one, rappers try to step to this static they wanna give me none
(Fresh vegetables)
With fresh vegetables, my testicles are hanging off to the left of you
You're bisexual, and there's a guy next to you, standing, rappers know that I
be-
(Preparation H)
Preparation H, you didn't even let me finish my rhyme
Just shut up for one more time, while I just shine, on this
Microphone, cause I'ma be honest, any MC who tries to step to this
I'm making you a promise, that what? Give me a word
(Nostradamus)
That Nostradamus is blowing up your house, killing your foster mammas
And coming back to get your parents, well I have it
These rhymes are fourteen karat, solid gold
Rappers step to me, you get your wallet stole
(Times Square)
In Times Square, I got blonde hair, I'm higher than con air
Rappers don't want to see me, I'll butt f**k Goldie Hawn bare
In a lawn chair, cause I'm there
(Kurt Russell)
With Kurt Russell, saying come here Goldie, you want my love muscle?
I know you want it, I get blunted, then I
Kick these, freestyles just like whipped knees
(Taxicab)
With a taxicab, I'll smack a bitch with a maxi pad
Where we going? Don't ask me dad
Leave me alone, I'm not trying, to even hear you
Dad, I hope you're f**king dying, off this porno mag

Yo, did you see my ad? Yo, wait a minute, did you see my ass?
Is what I meant to say, I meant to say a rhyme that goes this way is elementary
For the century, Slim Shady's is gonna be the illest
(Flamingos)
What? Flamingos? My mother goes out and plays bingo
Every single day, at the bingo hall, that's why my dick is single, small
Didn't blow up, just don't give a what? A cuff?
Didn't blow up, just don't give a what? A cuff?
(DT's fired)
But DT's fired, he's retired, he's not hired, yo plus I'm tired
Of busting and spitting this rhyme nonstop, I'm on top
Taking records to the pawnshop, stretch
Damn, see my big ick? Catch
Put a D in front of it, rappers don't want none of it
Coming with a ton of shit to spill, Slim Shady out, I get ill with the skill
Baby, aight baby, Slim Shady
Kick eighty million rhymes, till I'm older than Grady
Spilled gravy, all over my damn navy blue avi
Bye bye