

# Everlast, Whitey's Revenge (The Eminem Diss)

What?

Did I hurt your feelings?

Uh...I'm supposed to be scared now, right?

Yo...I'd like to dedicate this record right here

To Mr. Marshall Mathers' mother, yeah

This one's for your moms

Here come the mighty

One they call Whitey

All you sons of Whitey

Are all dickbiters

So won't the real Slim Shady please act up?

Get smacked up

Get your eyes blacked up

With your candy-ass name you're a candy-ass rapper

I'll smack you up, shut you off like the Clapper

Whoever said you was raw, son, they lied

I know that shit I spit on Dialated hurt your pride

Screamin' on a record how you wish I died

But you don't wanna see me on this physical side

You're just a big tough guy, tryin' to act hard

But you won't walk a lobby without your bodyguard

You ain't pullin' my card, you ain't ridin' the train

Back in the day, kids like you got robbed for they chain

Step to me like a man, with the hands, and get slain

Matter of fact, when you see me bitch, gimme some brain

Yo, it's like that, we could fight, Jack

Let's put the mics down, you'll catch a beatdown

I get love in New York, got fam in L.A.

And I heard you might be the MC that's gay

With your platinum blonde Caesar, you look like a ho

Like M and M stands for Marilyn Monroe

Talkin' 'bout killin' sprees, you ain't like that, yo

Makin' lots of enemies, but that's all for show

You punk ecstasy junkie, you waste of skills

Stop ridin' my dill, stay high on pills

Yo, I hope you OD, don't be playin' with me

Little bitch need to watch what you're sayin' to me

Talkin' shit for shock value, boy, you ain't real

Turned hard the day Dre gave you a record deal

You went and sold your soul for some mass appeal

Servin' up that hors d'oeuvre, kid, now eat this meal

Instead of worryin' about who you should be dissin'

You need to worry about who your wifey been kissin'

Or if you go to prison while you're doin' your bid

I'll look in on your lady and do things for your kid

Make her write you lots of letters about the things that we did

And send you pictures of me chillin' all up in your crib

That shit about Sway n' Tek? That was a fib

First time you met me I showed you love in D.C.

But you were scared like a pussy with your eyes on the floor

While your crew showed me love outside the front door

Talkin' 'bout "Yo, whassup, ain't you Whitey Ford?"

I love that song 'What It's Like' and that jam 'Praise the Lord'&quot;

I don't do this for the money, yo, I do it for fun

You might hang around some gangstas, but you ain't one

And you won't be slappin' me with no empty gun

Talkin' 'bout a fag but you a one in drag

And you can't keep your woman from goin' astray

Better run and check your kid for your DNA

I take care of my moms, you get sued by yours

With your corny metaphors about drugs and crack whores

You're a sucker

Word up, for real

You wanna talk some shit money, come talkin' with the hands, B  
I ain't wastin' no more time with you, man, f\*\*k that shit, that's it