

Eminem, 8 Mile Dvd Unseen B-Rabbit Vs. Marv C

[Marv One]

yo yo, yall ready for death

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Marv One that fat killer the game done got ugly, lets go

yo, yo, I seen your type before you think you tough, battle you

Bitch you lucky I dont beat you up

In the game of fist ta cups Ill push your face back

You cant fuck with me man, really just face facts

As he verses me in a battle of ten rounds

Its like Mugsey Boags tryin to bark with Jim Brown

Dumb fuck, Im the type to run a muck, come in the club drunk as fuck

Slap your bitch who even buck, when I walk..

Tell your a man the size of a ?D and D dof?

Tryin to take his ear off, like mike types,

I quite nice on fight night, an why he popped shit

I thought he liked flyin, appearntly not

Im Nickel hairinly hot, and if I meant you

may your parents be shot

You im a bad boy, bitch is on, I pull 44s in your chest

Like your freak mahone

[B-Rabbit]

Hold on faggot, let me turn this mic on

Dont think for a minute Im goin let you get away with that song

Cause that shit was wack, you aint spittin

As a matter of fact all of that shit was written,

And I no it wasnt for me, shorely, you really must adore me,

Now look it,

Yo, you might as well move to Italy

Look this guy is ripped (skkkrr) literally

You dont wanna really fuck wit this,

On this microphone, I aint stuck-a lot-to-kiss

But I dont give a fuck, you can keep that doe rap

And turn your ass back around with your fuckin skull cap,

and your bandana or your mother fuckin sweat band

fuckin with this style youre a dead man,

I aint redman but on this mic yo I pick it up,

Just like your face when I had to rip it up,

You dont wanna see me,

Yo, uh