

# Eminem (Mr. Porter & Swifty McVay D-12), Whatever

[Intro: Eminem]

Haha, Swifty McVay!

Mr. Porter, the Kon Artis (ha!)

I told you we wasn't leavin, c'mon!

[Swifty McVay]

I come from a jungle, with a trunk load of punk hoes (nigga)

Muzzle this animal, fuck with mechanical

Gun totin hazardous cutthroat, canteloupe can split it

And the Pope couldn't prevent me from shittin on niggaz

Fitted caps get blew back like bad wind, imagine backspinnin

into a casket, it happens when bastards try to act masculine (hoe)

A hell raiser, I smack the skin off your man's face

so fast it'll leave acne on my hand when it land (hah!)

Placed in a class where professors came to school with Smith 'n Wessons

just to teach us a lesson, had that ass hangin up with the flag (yeah)

Parental discretion, I'll send you a video

with me naked havin a session on my urinal (RESPECT IT! HAH!)

When you kill in the nighttime and claimin yo' innocence

I'll be waitin ready to A.K. you and yo' egg Bene-dick {AHH!}

Usin yo' balls to play tennis with (hah)

You'll be in some shit like flies and fuck the witnesses

[Chorus 2X: Swifty McVay]

(MOTHERFUCK!) Niggaz that doubt and thought we wasn't killin shit

(WHAT!) Whatever you want, we providin it diligently

(PUMP!) Double barrel wherever we go willingly

(DUMPIN!) On opposition in the streets or industry

[Kon Artis a.k.a. Mr. Porter]

You was born I was hatched, but you came out deformed

I have nuts of a horse, and you ain't got no balls

Come runnin with tec-9's whenever niggaz would call

Bang-bang-bang, bang-bang, shoot up classway halls

I don't give a FUCK, who you call to come

You came with thirty niggaz, I only came with one

That just goes to show you how much scrap a nigga got in me

You gone off Henny, that liquid courage drivin you into these

situations you in, don't get that "Purple Pills" shit confused

with us bein cool up here singin "My Band";

I'm sure you see these little kids cryin over me man

They'll do anything for a fuckin autograph

So say that shit loud enough out of the fuckin crowd and

I'll show you the meanin of die-hard fans

Saddam Hussein who sews, who radical act

A mechanical bomb attached to my pelvis

That's what I mean by get, back; I mean get, back

Or find your head detached from that Mitchell & Ness

So find your spinal cord, uh-uh-oh I digress

I guess I'm just too fresh, to finish that line

Denaun's ain't next

[Chorus]