

# Eminem, Quitter

(Eminem)

Yo.. I dedicate to this.. to yo..

{\*imitating Slick Rick\*}

To all my fans, keepin y'all in health  
Let's tell this Whitey Ford to go fuck himself  
Cause it's cruel when you cause a bad heart conditionin  
which I create, cause that's my mission  
So listen close, to what we say  
because this type of fag claims to never be gay, I..

{\*rapping normally\*}

.. knew you was jealous from the day that I met you  
I upset you, cause I get respect. I bet you (boy)  
I'm even liked better by your niece and nephew (c'mon!)  
And now you hate Fred because Lethal left you  
Peckerwood mad cause his record went wood  
No respect in the hood, fled to his neck of the woods  
Got in touch with his roots, found the redneck in his  
blood

and said, "Heck, country western rap records are good!!"  
So he picks the guitar up and he strums a few notes  
He can't rap, or sing, but he wants to do both (haha)  
Puts an album out and rules for part of the year  
then Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit come  
from  
out of nowhere  
It's the start of an era, rock rap's harder this year  
No one's tryin to hear some fuckin old fart in a chair  
sittin on stage, strummin acoustic guitar in your ear  
So you start to get scared, sit back and spark an  
idea

Figure you can diss me to jump start your career  
I punch you in your fuckin chest 'til your heart kicks in gear (bitch)  
And fuck your underground buddy's nameless crew  
Like I'ma say they  
names  
so they can be famous too

(Chorus 2X: Eminem \*sung\*)

You just a.. quitter, and you bitter cause I came along  
and the days of House of Pain are gone  
And if you talk about my little girl in a song again  
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)

(Eminem)

Yo.. heart attack to stroke  
from  
the crack you smoke  
to the rap you wrote, your fuckin answer back's a joke  
And I'ma tell these motherfuckin fans the truth  
The reason why you dissed me first and I answered you  
You said I passed you in a lobby and I glanced at you  
like I ain't notice you? BITCH, I had a show to do!  
Like I'm supposed to be star-struck, come over to you  
You better shut your fuckin mouth while you oh-for-two  
Back in ninety-four Limp opened the show for you  
Rocked the crowd better and stole the whole show from you  
Took your motherfuckin DJ and stole him too  
So you fall in a slump and get all emotional  
So now you sing and mix slang with blues and pluck strings  
Confused as fuck cause now your

music  
sucks dick  
Mr. Mr. Ass Kisser to get accepted in rap  
quicker but never last, and Everlast is a..

(Chorus)  
Aight listen (look)  
So this is what we ask of our fans  
If you ever see Everlast, WHOOP HIS ASS  
Hit him with sticks, bricks, rocks, throw shit at him  
Kick him, spit on him, treat him like a hoe, bitch-slap him  
Do it for me, do it for Fred, do it for Limp  
Do it for Rock, do it for rap, do it for Kid  
Do it for Ice-T, do it just to do it, fuck it  
He's a bitch, he ain't gon' hit you back, he's nothin!  
Shit in five years we'll all be "Eating at Whitey's"  
And he'll be bussin tables in that bitch, cleanin the toilets  
Aiyyo.. fuck this, cut this shit off

{\*music stops\*}

Aiyyo Head, that's why I fucked your mother you fat motherfucker!

{\*beat changes to 2Pac's "Hit 'Em Up"\*)

Kill Whitey! - Hahaha  
Kill Whitey! - Detroit! What? What?  
Kill Whitey! - .. yo, yo  
Kill Whitey! - Haha! Look

First off, fuck your songs and the shit you say  
Diss my wife, but at least I got a bitch, you gay  
You claim to be a Muslim but you Irish White  
So fuck you fat boy, drop the mic, let's fight  
Plus I punch you in the chest, weak hearts I rip  
Whitey Ford, forty and white, lethargic ass dickhead  
I keep 'em comin while you runnin out of breath  
Steady duckin while I'm punchin at your chest, you need to rest  
Dilated, go ask your people how I leave ya  
with your three CD's, nobody sees, when they released  
Evidence, don't fuck around with  
real  
MC's  
who ain't ready for no underground beef, so fuck geeks  
I let you faggots know it's on for life  
but Everlast might die tonight, haha  
Fat boy murdered on wax and killed  
Fuck with me and take a heart pill, you know!

(Chorus: Eminem)  
Grab 380's when you see Slim Shady  
Call the doctor to heal your heart  
They shocked you back to life at the clinic  
but you 'bout to get relapsed any minute  
Honkey, I hit 'em up!

Hahaha, yo  
check  
this out  
You faggots ain't even on my level  
I'ma let D-12 ride on you bitch-made ass faggots!

(Kon Artis)  
Yo! Get out the way yo, get out the way yo  
Whitey Ford's heart just stopped

Eminem shocked him back, he had another heart attack  
Whitey Ford's gettin his ass floored for talkin back  
Little faggot Hamburgular, I show you where the burgers are  
At your own restauraunt, while I'm servin ya  
Drop and stomp your whole heart 'til it stops  
Call the cops, I'ma beat your ass while they watch

(Kuniva)

Ha ha, now we got the whole industry makin fun of you Erik  
Where's your House of Pain now? There's only one of you Erik  
You a petty coward, you ain't ready to steady go a round  
with some killers from 7 Mile to the motherfuckin Belle Isle Bridge

(Chorus)

(Eminem)

Got in his ass and now this faggot wanna mention me still  
this ain't no freestyle battle Everlast gettin killed  
with his chest open  
Tryin to throw a fuckin punch, but you just chokin  
Havin a stroke and now you learn why crackers never earned a dime  
cause you SUCK motherfucker you should learn to rhyme  
Talkin 'bout you packin pistols but it's funny to me  
You ain't never been in trouble, you just wanna be me  
I'm a paleface killer whale  
on his way to fuckin prison, pistol whippin tail, ha  
Erik remember when I passed you in the lobby that day?  
That shit was obvious you probably was gay, ha  
Now it's all about country, you gave up hip-hop  
Forty-nine thousand copies, the week your shit drop  
while my  
sales  
makin records break  
Two and a half million scanned by the second week  
Motherfucker I hit 'em up!

(Proof)

I'm from Detroit's Pemberton Ave., where bullets tear you in half  
Fuck the music, we got an uzi for all you fags  
Get the shit out of our stereo, Dilated you violated  
Now you 'bout to get annihilated, we gon' bury you  
Iriscience get choked up and yoked up  
All you underground bitches get your throats cut

(Swifty)

What the fuck?! Is you stupid?  
I choke Whitey Ford with his fuckin guitar cord  
and  
stuff  
him in cardboard, chopped up in a box  
with sixteen parts, I stomped on his heart  
D-12, Amityville, fuck your mother while you watch  
Keep your restauraunt locked and block your door  
Cause we "Hit 'Em Up" like motherfuckin Tupac Shakur

(Eminem)

You a, "Black Jesus," heart attack seizures  
Too many cheeseburgers McDonald's Big Mac greases  
White devil, washed up honkey  
Mixed up cracker who crossed over to country

{\*laughing\*}

Yo, aiyyo cut this shit off  
{\*needle drags, beat stops\*}

Fuck him, that's it, I'm done, I promise, I'm done, that's it  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I promise  
I just believe in kickin a man while he's down  
God damn! I quit  
Mention my daughter's name in a song again you fuckin punk