

Everlast, Whitey's Revenge

What? Did I hurt your feelings
Aah I'm supposed to be scared now right
Yo I like to dedicate this record right here to Mr. Marshall Mathers mother
Yeah here's one for your moms...

Here comes the mighty,
The one they call Whitey,
Oh your son's a whitey,
An all dick writer,
So won't that bitch Slim Shady please act up,
Get smacked up,
Get your eye's blacked up,
Your got a candy assed name,
Your a candy assed rapper,
I'll smack you up shut you off like the clapper,
Who ever said you were raw son they lied,
I know that shit I spit on Dilated hurt your pride,
Screamin' on a record on how you wish I died,
But you don't want to see me on this physical side,
You just a fake tough guy tryin' to act hard,
But won't walk into a lobby without a body guard,
You ain't findin my car you ain't ridin' the train,
Back in the day kids like you got robbed for their chains,
Step to me like a man and the hands get slain,
Matter of fact when you see me bitch give me some brain,
Yo it's like that,
We can fight jack,
Let's put the mics down,
You'll catch a beat down,
I get love in New York,
Got fam in LA,
I heard you might be the MC thats gay,
With your platinum blunt season you look like a hoe,
Like Eminem stands for Marilyn Monroe,
talkin about killin' spreeds you ain't like that yo,
Making a lot of enemies that's all for show,
Your punk extesie junkie you waste of skills,
Stop ridin' my deals,
Stay high on pills,
Boy I hope you go bleed,
Don't be playin' with me,
Little bitch need to watch you sayin' to me,
Talkin' shit for shock value boy you ain't real,
Turn hard the day Dre gave you a record deal,
You went and sold your soul for some mass appeal,
Serve up that orderve kid now eat this meal,
Instead worry about who you should be dissin',
Need to worry about who your wifey been kissin',
And when go to prison while you doin' your bid,
I'll do look in on your lady and do things for your kid,
Make her write you letters about the things we did,
Send you pictures of me chillin' all up in your crib,
And that shit about Sway and Tek that was a fib,
The first time you met me I showed you love in DC,
But you were scared like a pussy with your eyes on the floor,
While your crew showed me love outside the front door,
Talkin' about hey yo what's up ain't you Whitey Ford,
i love that song what its like and jam praise the lord,
I don't do this for the money I do it for fun,
You might hang around some gangsters but you ain't one,
And you won't be slappin' me with no empty gun,
Talkin' about about a fag,
But your the one in drag,
You can't keep your woman from going a stray,

Better run and go check that kid for your DNA,
I take care of my moms,
And you get sued by yours,
What's your corny metaphors,
About drugs and crack whores,
You're a sucka

Word up for real
You wanna talk some shit money
Come talk it with the hands b
I ain't wastin' no more time with you
Fuck this shit that's it
That's it