

# Eminem, 8 Mile B-Rabbit On The Roof Top

Yo, yo  
Your style is generic,  
mines authentic made,  
I roll like a renegade,  
you need clinic aid,  
My techniques bizarre and ill,  
I scar and kill,  
You were a star until I served you like a bar and grill,  
And I proceed to cook and grill ya,  
Thats all it took to kill ya,  
You betta recognize me like I look familiar,  
You wanna battle?  
You beat around the bush,  
Like youre scared to lick pussy so you eat around the tush,  
I need a clown to push,  
someone that I can bully,  
Wait a minute,  
I dont think you understand fully,  
See me without a style like mustard without the Heinz,  
I lead the new school,  
you' re a 'busta without the 'rhymes',  
I'll crush the shit out ya lines,  
no nigga sheky  
smokin the leak leaky  
ten freaky girsl  
inside the Chin Tiki  
girl when u see me u gots to believe me  
this aint a game n  
pimp it aint easy  
anything goes when it comes to hoes  
im the kingpin when it comes to flows  
u betta ask someone if u dont know  
when u see me girl say, "What up dog"