

Eminem, KillShot [MGK Diss]

you sound like a bitch, bitch
shut the fuck up
when your fans become your haters
you done?
alright
you yellin' at mic
you weird beard
we doin' this once
you yellin' at mic
your beard;s weird
why you yelling; at the mic?

rihanna just hit me on the text
last night I left hickeys on her neck
wait, you just diss me?
I;m perplexed
insult mi In a line
compliment me on the next
damn, I'm really sorry you want me to have a heart attack
was watching 8 Mile on my NordicTrack
Realized I forgot to call you back
here's that autograph for your daughter
I wrote in on a starter cap
Stan, Stan son, listen, man, Dad isn't mad
but how you gonna name yourself after a damn gun
and have a manbun?
the igant's woke eyes open, undeniable
supplying smoke, got the fire stoked
say you got me in a scope, but yo're Swayze
you reply got the crowd yelling Woo!
so before you die let's see who can out-petty who

with your corny lines (slim, you're old) oh, Kelly, oh
but I;m 45 and I'm still outselling you
by 29 I had 3 albums that had blew
now let's talk about somethin' I don't relally do
go in someone's daughter's mouth stealing food
but you're a fucking mole hill
now I'ma make a mountain out of you
ho, chill acting like yiu put the chrome barrel to my bone marrow
gunner?
bitch, you ain;t a bow and arrow
say you'll run up on me like a phone bill
spraying lead
playin' dead that;s the only time you hold still
are you eating cereal or oatmeal?
what the fuck's in the bowl, milk?
wheatlies or Cheerios?
cause I'm taking a shit them, Kelly
I need reading material

yo, Slim, your last 4 albums sucked
go back to Recovery
oh shoot, that was 3 albums ago
what do you know, oops
know your facts before you come at me, lil goof
luxury, you broke bitch?
yes, I had enough money in '02
tu burn in in front of you
ho, youner me
no, you're the wack me
it's funny but so true
I'd rather be 80 year old mean, than 20 yers old you
till I am hitting old dge

still can fill a whole page with a 10 years old rage
got more fans than you in your own city
lil kiddy, go play
feel like I'm babysitting Lil Tay
got the diddy ok so you spent your whole day
shooting a video just to fucking dig your own grave
got you at your own wake, I'm the billy goat
you ain't never made a list next to no Biggie, no Jay
next to Taylor Swift and and that Iggy ho
you about to really blow
Kelly, they'll be putting your name
next to Ja, next to Benzino – die mother**

like the last motherfuc* sayin' Hailie in vain
alien brain, you Satanist
my biggest flops are you the greatest hits
the game's mine agine and ain't nothing changed but the locks
so before I slay this bitch, I awah give Jade a kiss
gotta wake up Labor Day to this
bein rich shamed by some prick usin' my name for clickbait
in a state of bliss cause I said his goddamn nam
now I gotta cock back, aim
yeah bitch, pop champagne to this
it's your moment
this it as big as you're gonna get, so enjoy it
had to give you a career to destroy it
lethal injection
go to sleep 6 feet deep
I'll give you a B for the effort
but if I was 3 to 11
you'd look up to me
and for the record
you would suck a dick to fucking be me for a second
lick a ballsack to get on my channel
give your life to be as solidified
this smother* shit is like Rambo when he's out of bullets
so what good is a fuckin' machine gun when it's out of ammo? :)))

had enough of this tatted-up mumble raper
how the fuck can him and I battle?
he'll have to fuck Kim in my flanne;
I'll give him my sandals
cause he knows long as I'm Shady
he's gon' have to live in my shadow
exhausting, letting off on my offspring
like a gun barrel, bitch, get off me!
you dance around it like a sombrero
we can all see
you're fucking' salty
cause Young Gerald's balls-deep inside of Halsey
your red sweater, your black leather
you dress better, I rp better
that a death treat or a love letter?
little while toothpick
thinks it's over a pic
I just don't like you, prick
thanks for dissing me
now I had an excuse on the mic to write Not Alike
bur really, I don't care who's in the right
but you're losing the fight ypu pcked
who else want it, Kelly?
attempt fails, Buddesn, L's
fucking nails in these coffins as soft as Cottonelle
killshot, I will not fail, I'm ith the Doc still
But this idiot's boss pops pills and tells him he's got skills

but, Kelly, the day you put out a hit's the day Diddy admits
that he put the hit out that got Pac killed!
I'm sick of you being whack
and still using the mother* auto-tune
so let's talk about it /2x
I'm sick of your mumble rap mouth
need to get the cock up out it
before we can even talk about it
I'm sick of your blonde hair and earrings
just cause you lookin in the mirror and think
that you're Marshall Mathers
don't mean you are, and you're not about it
so just leave my dick in your mouth and keep my daughter out it

You fuckin'.. oh
and I'm just playing, Diddy
you know I love you