Quitter

D12

Yo, I dedicate this, to yo...
To all my fans, keeping y'all in health
Let's tell this Whitey Ford to go fuck himself
'cause its cruel when you cause a bad heart condition-in
Which I create, 'cause that's my mission
So listen close, to what we say, Because...
This type of fag claims that every gay
I, knew you was jealous from the day that I met you
I upset you, 'cause I get respect I bet you
I'm even liked better by your neice and nephew
Now you hate Fred because leathal left you
Peckerwood mad 'cause his record went wood
No respect in the hood, led to his neck of the woods
Got in touch with his roots, found a redneck in his blood
And said, "Heck, country western rap records are good!"
So he picks a guitar up and he strums a few notes
He can't rap, or sing, but he wants to do both
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 idear
Figured you can diss me to jump start your career
I'll punch you in your fuckin chest til your heart kicks in gear
Fuck the underground partys, names, his crew
Like I'ma say their names so they can be famous too
[Chorus]You just a...
Quitter and you bitter 'cause I came along
And your days of house of pain are gone
If you talk about my little girl in a song again
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)
You just a...
Quitter and you bitter 'cause I came along
And your days of house of pain are gone
If you talk about my little girl in a song again
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)
Heart attack to stroke from the crack you smoke
To the rap you wrote your fuckin answer back's a joke

And I'm gonna 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 starstruck, come over to you
You better shut your fuckin mouth while you 0 for 2
Back in 94 limp opened a 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
Mister Mister ass kisser to get accepted in rap
Quicker but never last and Everlast is a...
Quitter and you bitter 'cause I came along
And your days of house of pain are gone
If you talk about my little girl in a song again
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)
You just a...
Quitter and you bitter 'cause I came along
And your days of house of pain are gone
If you talk about my little girl in a song again
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)
Aiight 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, bitchslap him
Do it for me, do it for Fred, do it for Limp
Do it for Rock, do it for Rap, do it for Ken
Do it for Ice T, do it just to do it, FUCK IT
He's a bitch, he ain't gonna hit you back, he's nothin
Shit, in five years, we're all gonna be eating at Whitey's
And he'll be busin tables in that bitch, cleaning the toilets
Hey yo...
[Eminem speaks]Fuck this, cut this shit off. Hey yo, Head.
That's why I fucked your mother, you fat motherfucker
[Scratching/2 Pac's "Hit 'Em Up"]Kill Whitey, HAHAHA Kill Whitey, DETROIT, WHAT WHAT!
Yo, Yo, look, look, Kill Whitey
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 muslum, but you Irish-White
So fuck you, fat boy, drop the mic, let's fight
Plus I cut you in the chest, weak hearts I rip

Whitey Ford, Forty and White, lethargic ass dick head

I keep em comin while you runnin out of breath
Steady duckin while I'm punchin at your chest, you need to rest
Dialated go ask your people how I leave ya
With your three cds nobody sees, when they released
Evidence, don't fuck around with real emcees
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!
[Eminem/Chorus]Grab 380s 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
[Eminem talking...]HAHAHA, Yo, check this out, you faggots ain't even on my level.
I'ma let D12 rhyme 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 amarillo, I show you what murders are ?
At your own restuarant while I'm servin ya
Drop and stomp your whole heart til it stops
Call the cops, I'ma beat your ass while he walks [in locks?]
[Kuniva]Now we got the whole industry makin fun of you Eric
Where's your house of pain now, there's only one of you Eric
You a petty coward, you ain't ready to steady go around
With some killers from seven mile to the motherfuckin bellow, bridge
[Eminem/Chorus 2]Grab 380s 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
[Eminem]Got on his ass and now this faggot want to 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 white 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 pale faced killer WHALE
On his way to fuckin prison pistol whippin tail, ha
Eric, remember when I passed you in the lobby that day
That shit was obvious you probably was gay, ha

Now it's all bout country, you gave up hip-hop
49,000 copies, the week your shit dropped
While my sales making records break
2 and a half million scanned by the second week
Mother fucker I hit em up
[D12 and Eminem spit on the next few verses. Proof goes first...]I'm from Detroit's Pemberton now
Four bullets tear you in half
Fuck the music we got a oouzi for all you fags
Get this shit out of my stereo
DIALATED YOU VIOLATED
Now you bout to get ANNIHILATED
We gon burry you, Harris [?]
Cire's [?] get choked up and yolked up
All you underground bitches get your throats cut
[Swifty]What the fuck, is you stupid?
I choked Whitey Ford with his fuckin guitar cord
And stuck him in cardboard
Chopped up in a box, with sixteen parts
I stomped on his heart D12 havin you filled [?]
Fucked your mother while you watch
Keep your restuarant 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 the country
Haha, oh hell!
Cut this shit off, SHIT.. fuck him.
That's it, I'm done, I promise, I'm done.
That's it. I'm sorry. No more. I'm sorry,
I'm sorry, I promise. I just believe in kicking a man while he's down.
God DAMN...I quit.
Mention my daughter's name in a song again, you fucking punk. HEY YO.

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