

# 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)  
Aight 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, HAAAAHA 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 muslim, 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 ooouzi 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  
[Swift]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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