Quitter

Third World Chaos

[Eminem]
Yo.. I dedicate to this.. to yo..

[imitating Slick Rick]
To all my fans, keepin y'all in health
Let's tell this Whitey Ford to go fuck himself
Cause it's cruel when you cause a bad heart conditionin
which I create, cause that's my mission
So listen close, to what we say
because this type of fag claims to never be gay, I..

[rapping normally]
.. knew you was jealous from the day that I met you
I upset you, cause I get respect I bet you (boy)
I'm even liked better by your niece and nephew (c'mon!)
And now you hate Fred because Lethal left you
Peckerwood mad cause his record went wood
No respect in the hood, fled to his neck of the woods
Got in touch with his roots, found the redneck in his blood
and said, "Heck, country western rap records are good!!"
So he picks the guitar up and he strums a few notes
He can't rap, or sing, but he wants to do both (haha)
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 idea
Figure you can diss me to jump start your career
I punch you in your fuckin chest 'til your heart kicks in gear (bitch)
And fuck your underground buddy's nameless crew
Like I'ma say they names so they can be famous too

[Chorus 2X: Eminem (sung)]
You just a.. quitter, and you bitter cause I came along
and the days of House of Pain are gone
And if you talk about my little girl in a song again
I'ma kill you (I'ma kill you)

[Eminem]

Yo.. heart attack to stroke from the crack you smoke
to the rap you wrote, your fuckin answer back's a joke
And I'ma 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 star-struck, come over to you
You better shut your fuckin mouth while you oh-for-two
Back in ninety-four Limp opened the 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
Mr. Mr. Ass Kisser to get accepted in rap
quicker but never last, and Everlast is a..

[Chorus]
Aight listen (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, bitch-slap him
Do it for me, do it for Fred, do it for Limp
Do it for Rock, do it for rap, do it for Kid
Do it for Ice-T, do it just to do it, fuck it
He's a bitch, he ain't gon' hit you back, he's nothin!
Shit in five years we'll all be "Eating at Whitey's"
And he'll be bussin tables in that bitch, cleanin the toilets
Aiyyo.. fuck this, cut this shit off

[music stops]

Aiyyo Head, that's why I fucked your mother you fat motherfucker!

[beat changes to 2Pac's "Hit 'Em Up"]

Kill Whitey! - Hahaha
Kill Whitey! - Detroit! What? What?
Kill Whitey! - .. yo, yo
Kill Whitey! - Haha! Look

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 punch you in the chest, weak hearts I rip
Whitey Ford, forty and white, lethargic ass dickhead
I keep 'em comin while you runnin out of breath
Steady duckin while I'm punchin at your chest, you need to rest
Dilated, go ask your people how I leave ya
with your three CD's, nobody sees, when they released
Evidence, don't fuck around with real MC's
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!

[Chorus: Eminem]
Grab 380's 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!

Hahaha, yo check this out
You faggots ain't even on my level
I'ma let D-12 ride 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 Hamburgular, I show you where the burgers are
At your own restaraunt, while I'm servin ya
Drop and stomp your whole heart 'til it stops
Call the cops, I'ma beat your ass while they watch

[Kuniva]
Ha ha, now we got the whole industry makin fun of you Erik
Where's your House of Pain now? There's only one of you Erik
You a petty coward, you ain't ready to steady go a round
with some killers from 7 Mile to the motherfuckin Belle Isle Bridge

[Chorus]

[Eminem]
Got in his ass and now this faggot wanna 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 why 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 paleface killer whale
on his way to fuckin prison, pistol whippin tail, ha
Erik remember when I passed you in the lobby that day?
That shit was obvious you probably was gay, ha
Now it's all about country, you gave up hip-hop
Forty-nine thousand copies, the week your shit drop
while my sales makin records break
Two and a half million scanned by the second week
Motherfucker I hit 'em up!

[Proof]
I'm from Detroit's Pemberton Ave., where bullets tear you in half
Fuck the music, we got an uzi for all you fags
Get the shit out of our stereo, Dilated you violated
Now you 'bout to get annihilated, we gon' bury you
Iriscience get choked up and yoked up
All you underground bitches get your throats cut

[Swifty]
What the fuck?! Is you stupid?
I choke Whitey Ford with his fuckin guitar cord
and stuff him in cardboard, chopped up in a box
with sixteen parts, I stomped on his heart
D-12, Amityville, fuck your mother while you watch
Keep your restaurant 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 to country

[laughing]
Yo, aiyyo cut this shit off
[needle drags, beat stops]

Fuck him, that's it, I'm done, I promise, I'm done, that's it
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I promise
I just believe in kickin a man while he's down

God damn! I quit
Mention my daughter's name in a song again you fuckin punk
Aiyyo..

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