

Eminem

[Eye-Kyu:] Now what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free

So you wanna be a sweet MC, you gotta become me

If you ever wanna be one see

[Eminem:] Man what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free

So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me

If you ever wanna be one see

[Verse 1: Eye-Kyu] Yo some people say I'm whack, now if that's right

I'm the freshest whack MC that you ever heard, in your lifetime

My slick accapella sounds clever with the beats

Boy I'm the deepest thing since potholes to ever hit the streets

Forgot a gold digger's succubus , my souls thick with ruggedness

With the mic I'm like a dyke, can't no nigga fuck with this

I got more Different Strokes than Philip Drummound

On open mic I bone your women just to keep my lyrics coming (bitch)

We elevated to new heights premeditated

Let it be that I stated they hate it now that they see that I made it

The escalated can be put to the test of greatness

Snatch the heart from MC's and I ate it

So I take it that's the reason I'm hated

To represent my temperament

If rap was a dick all you so called hard MC's would not be imitant

But pimping it, and acting like you could rock a show (so)

Harder than LL's Rock the Bells, but you is a ho (now)

Everything that you collaborate I lacerate

My rhymes they keep coming like nympho maniacs that masturbate

At a faster rate, yeah I got something for your ass to hate

I blasterate, and have you all running master gates

And as for face clutching and touching the flows

I got them open like marijuana smoke up in your nose

Bucking these hoes, I got that shit down to a science

Leaving them hot and bothered, turned on like an appliance

Defiance, no we won't have that

You want your shit to blow up?

Well I'ma stuff some dynamite in your ass crack

And blast that shit to kingdom come

Then bring them some of this real hip-hop

I drop beats and you ain't singing or gonna do a thing about

And you all knew from Meeko  
That you couldn't hold your own with the strength of Lou Forigno  
So stop that bullshit and flow  
Yo, you need to come with the real skills, and act like you know

[Chorus: Eminem] So what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

[Eye-Kyu:] Now what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313

None of these skills you bout to see come free  
So you wanna be the sweet MC, you gotta become me  
If you ever wanna be one see

[Verse 2: Eminem] So what, you know about a sweet MC, in the 313

You don't know shit so when you see one flee  
You can be Run-D, you'll never beat the MC  
I'll stop the alphabet at S and got it down to a T  
I'm sure your bound to agree, a sweet MC crashes the spot  
I'll make the roof hot like I was Rock Master Scott  
Your ass forgot, so just in case you don't remember me  
I'll run your brain around the block to jog your fucking memory  
It's either them or me man, kill or be killed

You will and be sealed your casket closed you still gonna be billed  
My facilities filled with fans, packed to capacity  
I'll send a rapper back with the crack of his ass shitty  
If he's acting soft and he cowers

He better come cleaner then Jay Rue jacking off when he showers

You flowers got no clout with a thing

You could date a stick of dynamite and wouldn't go out with a bang  
I showered the slang, simple as A,B,C's

Skip over the D's and rock the microphone with E's

Dethrone MC's and I'ma max alone

Relax your dome like a solo from a saxophone

So facts are known, writers get treated with shocks

I rock a beat harder then you could beat it with rocks

I'm greeted with flocks, of fellow follower's singers

You couldn't make the fans throw up their hands if they swallowed their  
fingers

But you can bring yours let's see what you got

But don't front and never try to be what you're not

Cause you can be quick, jump the candlestick, burn your back

And fuck Jill on a hill, but you still ain't Jack

[Chorus: Eye-Kyu] So what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313  
None of these skills you just seen come free  
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you'll never become

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>