

Quitter

Eminem

Yo, I dedicate to this to yo To all my fans, keeping y'all in health
Let's tell this Whitey Ford to go fuck himself
'Cause it's cruel when you cause a bad heart conditioning
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 knew you was jealous from the day that I met you
I upset you, 'cause I get respect I pet you
(Boy)
I'm even liked better by your niece and nephew
(C'mon)
And now you hate Fred because Lethal left you Pecker wood 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
(Ha, ha)
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 trying 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 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) 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) 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 motherfucking 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 motherfucking 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 Aight listen so this is what we ask of our fans
 (Look)
 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
 Cleaning the toilets
 Aiyyo fuck this, cut this shit off Aiyyo Head, that's why I fucked your mother you fat motherfucker! 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 coming while you running out of breath
 Steady ducking while I'm punching 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! 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! 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 getting 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 Ha ha, now we got the whole industry making 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 motherfucking Belle Isle Bridge[Unverified]Got in his ass and now this
faggot wanna mention me still
This ain't no freestyle battle everlast getting' 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 packing pistols but it's funny to me
You ain't never been in trouble, you just wanna be me
I'm a paleface killer whaleOn his way to fuckin' prison, pistol whipping 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-HopForty-nine thousand copies, the week your shit drop
While my sales making records break
Two and a half million scanned by the second week
Motherfucker I hit 'em up!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
Irisceience get choked up and yoked up
All you underground bitches get your throats cutWhat 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 heartD-12, Amityville, fuck your mother while you watch
Keep your restaurant locked and block your door
'Cause we hit 'em up like motherfucking' Tupac Shakur
You a, "Black Jesus," heart attack seizuresToo many cheeseburgers McDonald's Big Mac greases
White devil, washed up honkey
Mixed up cracker who crossed over to country
Yo, aiyyo cut this shit offFuck 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 kicking a man while he's down goddamn, I quit
Mention my daughter's name in a song again you fuckin' punk, aiyyo

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