Killshot

Eminem

You sound like a bitch, bitch
Shut the fuck up!
When your fans become your haters
You done?
Fuckin' beard's weird
Alright
You yellin' at the mic, fuckin' weird beard
We doin' this once
You yellin' at the mic, your beard's weird
Why you yell at the mic? (Illa)Rihanna just hit me on a text
Last night I left hickeys on her neck
Wait, you just dissed me? I'm perplexed
Insult me in a line, compliment me on the next
Damn, I'm really sorry you want me to have a heart attack
Was watchin' 8 Mile on my NordicTrack
Realized I forgot to call you back
Here's that autograph for your daughter, I wrote it on a Starter cap
Stan, Stan, son
Listen, man, Dad isn't mad
But how you gonna name yourself after a damn gun and have a man-bun?
The giant's woke, eyes open, undeniable
Supplyin' smoke, got the fire stoked
Say you got me in a scope, but you grazed me
I say one call to Interscope and you're Swayze
Your reply got the crowd yelling, "Woo!"
So before you die let's see who can out-petty who
With your corny lines ("Slim, you're old")—ow, Kelly, ooh
But I'm 45 and I'm still outselling you
By 29, I had three albums that had blew
Now let's talk about somethin' I don't really do
Go in someone's daughter's mouth stealin' food
But you're a fuckin' mole hill
Now I'ma make a mountain out of you, woo!
Ho, chill, actin' like you put the chrome barrel to my bone marrow
Gunner? Bitch, you ain't a bow and arrow
Say you'll run up on me like a phone bill, sprayin' lead (brrt)
Playin' dead, that's the only time you hold still (hold up)
Are you eating cereal or oatmeal?
What the fuck's in the bowl, milk? Wheaties or Cheerios?
'Cause I'm takin' a shit in 'em, Kelly, I need reading material
...Dictionary..."Yo, Slim, your last four albums sucked
Go back to Recovery," oh shoot, that was three albums ago

What do you know? Oops
Know your facts before you come at me, lil' goof
Luxury, oh, you broke, bitch? Yeah, I had enough money in '02
To burn it in front of you, ho
Younger me? No, you're the wack me, it's funny but so true
I'd rather be 80-year-old me than 20-year-old you'Til I'm hitting old age
Still can fill a whole page with a 10-year-old's rage
Got more fans than you in your own city, lil' kiddy, go play
Feel like I'm babysitting Lil Tay
Got the Diddy okay so you spent your whole day
Shootin' a video just to fuckin' dig your own grave
Got you at your own wake, I'm the billy goat
You ain't never made a list next to no Biggie, no Jay
Next to Taylor Swift and that Iggy ho, you about to really blow
Kelly, they'll be putting your name
Next to Ja, next to Benzino—die, motherfucker!
Like the last motherfucker sayin' Hailie in vain
Alien brain, you Satanist (yeah)My biggest flops are your greatest hits
The game's mine again and ain't nothin' changed but the locks
So before I slay this bitch I, mwah, give Jade a kiss
Gotta wake up Labor Day to this (the fuck?)
Bein' rich-shamed by some prick usin' my name for clickbait
In a state of bliss 'cause I said his goddamn name
Now I gotta cock back, aim
Yeah, bitch, pop Champagne to this! (pop)
It's your moment
This is it, as big as you're gonna get, so enjoy it
Had to give you a career to destroy itLethal injection
Go to sleep six feet deep, I'll give you a B for the effort
But if I was three-foot-eleven
You'd look up to me, and for the record
You would suck a dick to fuckin' be me for a second
Lick a ballsack to get on my channel
Give your life to be as solidified
This mothafuckin' shit is like Rambo when he's out of bullets
So what good is a fuckin' machine gun when it's out of ammo?Had enough of this tatted-up mumble rapper
How the fuck can him and I battle?
He'll have to fuck Kim in my flannel
I'll give him my sandals
'Cause he knows, long as I'm Shady he's gon' have to live in my shadow
Exhausting, letting off on my offspring
Lick a gun barrel, bitch, get off me!
You dance around it like a sombrero, we can all see
You're fuckin' salty
'Cause Young Gerald's balls-deep inside of HalseyYour red sweater, your black leather
You dress better, I rap better
That a death threat or a love letter?
Little white toothpick

Thinks it's over a pic, I just don't like you, prick
Thanks for dissing me
Now I had an excuse on the mic to write "Not Alike"
But really, I don't care who's in the right
But you're losin' the fight you pickedWho else want it? Kells — attempt fails! Budden — L's!
Fuckin' nails in these coffins as soft as Cottonelle
Killshot, I will not fail, I'm with the Doc still
But this idiot's boss pops pills and tells him he's got skills
But, Kells, the day you put out a hit's the day Diddy admits
That he put the hit out that got Pac killed, ah!
I'm sick of you bein' wack
And still usin' that mothafuckin' Auto-Tune
So let's talk about it (let's talk about it)I'm sick of your mumble rap mouth
Need to get the cock up out it
Before we can even talk about it (talk about it)
I'm sick of your blonde hair and earrings
Just 'cause you look in the mirror and think
That you're Marshall Mathers (Marshall Mathers)
Don't mean you are, and you're not about it
So just leave my dick in your mouth and keep my daughter out itYou fuckin'... oh
And I'm just playin', Diddy
You know I love you

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