

# 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 (brrrt)  
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 it Lethal 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 Halsey Your 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 picked Who 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 it You fuckin'... oh  
And I'm just playin', Diddy  
You know I love you

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