

Kick Off (Freestyle)

Eminem

"I've always looked at battle rap as competition or war, and the main objective is to destroy, completely fuckin' obliterate your opponent by saying anything and everything, whatever the fuck you can, to get a reaction from the crowd. So nothing's off limits."

I need you to spit that lyrical miracle... in the swimming pool

Before this kicks off, let me set my balls in this tees
'Cause I'm dottin' it's every time I cross one of these
There's not a redeeming quality at all in me
It's impossible, seems like an implausible dream
Positive clean thoughts intervene
But they're all either altered and mean
Assault and demean, tossed and they're being lost in the scheme
Squashed in between a brainwashing machine
Like an Islamic regime, a jihadist extreme radical
Suicide bomber that's seeing
Ariana Grande sing her last song of the evening
And as the audience from the damn concert is leaving
Detonates the device strapped to his abdominal region
I'm not gonna finish that, for obvious reasons
But bring your dogs, I'm a muzzle 'em
I'm not Middle Eastern but I'll make a bitch Raqqa hijab
And at least a extra large in a T-shirt
Headscarf and a piece of tarp underneath the carpet, hasta la vista
I go Hamas on the beats to a paradox on the beach
And a pair of crotchless underwear on a terrorist watch list
Gettin' head in the sand like an embarrassed ostrich
Professional shit sprayer
Bitch watch who you talkin' to, like Apple wristwear
Endangered species in this ABC shit a bit scarce
Prey's decreasing, I face extinction like disc players
Told this chick she's hot as Jada Pinkett
And just stared 'til I made her think it
Said, "Maybe we should just get married."
She's facing me, I placed my feet with my hips square
Tell her, "Turn around," spread her legs for me, then I hit bare
Leave her stretched out like a baby T-shirt on Ric Flair
As I rip, tear, anal beads in a split rear
Spray Febreze in the chick's hair
Make her wheeze tryna get air
I played for keeps, there's no escaping me, I have a bitch scared
And chained to me, and throw away the key
And she'll be so afraid to leave
That even if she ends up breaking free she'll just sit there
Tryin' to scrape up enough courage and strength to get up
It's impossible like rapin' a slut
We stay butt-naked and fuck
You're close, wait for you, what?
My idea, you comin' too, is waking you up
With smelling salts after I Quaalude your cup
That'll straighten you up if you try to stray like a pup
Hate to get bogged down in details
But bitch, I'm like the dog pound with females
My brain is corrupt, real life, Hillside Strangler
I strangle a skank's neck 'til it's triangular
Shape but it's upside down, and my mouth ain't gonna shut
And mention me in your raps if it makes you a buck

Or helps you rake in the ducats, I want payment in pub
'Cause I ain't tryna get in your bars like I'm waiting the club
But if you put me in your lines, I'm takin' a cut

Get a million writers inside of a room combined in it
Try to get every idea of every possible line to spit
Every punchline, every combination that rhymes with it
Bitch, a whole team can't see me, there's no I's in it
Head so big, I shot myself ten times in it
Tryna commit suicide and it, took five minutes
And I survived the shit
Someone's gonna challenge me, who?
Battle me and win, that's a fucking fallacy too
You name one motherfucker in this galaxy, *spits*, reality
You fantasy, rally your troops, try to boost the morale
Only time I start a movement's a bowel
I can't even give a "yeah" or a "woo" when you rap in the booth
Not even a "nah" or a "boo"
'Cause even though I'm allergic to the crap that you spew
When I'm 'bout to break out, I don't mean get a rash from it too
'Cause when I say I have allergies, I actually do
But that's just an analogy, I've never had a reaction to you

Creature from the Black Lagoon
I reach up and I smack the moon
You're grief struck that I'm back so soon
Your teacher for this afternoon
Creep up with a pack of hoodlums
We pack a punch like Capri Sun
Heat tucked like we each snuck in a submachine gun
We stuck in a submarine bun, with a bag of shrooms
Cup of lean up in the padded room
Justin Bieber in a Catholic school
Selling dust and reefer when your back is to him
Don't adjust your speaker
I'll cuss the stripes off of a fuckin' zebra when I'm at the zoo
Huffin' cleaner 'til I gag from fumes
Fuck Christina with a plastic spoon
While I bump some G-Funk and blast some Snoop
'Cause her double G-cups are massive, huge!
It's fun for me just to grab a boob
Plus my penis got an attitude
My fuckin' weiner's in a combative mood
Come and suck a mean one like it's mad at you
I speak tongue-in-cheek, what you asslicks do
'Cause you love to eat butt, it's sad but true

I just sprung a leak suddenly
What I think in my gut instinct become in sync
My thoughts and my stomach link up with each other
Ink touches the pad, then boom!
Since the day Dre gave me beats, I was made elite
That's basically what makes me me
Creating stink, 'til these tats are fading ink
Who's the greatest? Think we're still debating, wink
ADD, and better put out an APB
'Cause it'll take LAPD and me layin' in the street
For you to see Shady beat
And I'll bet ya they'd need cleats
'Cause I'd have to be stomped by forty men to suffer a defeat
I pray please Jesus to make me decent
Inhaling the main ingredient of pain relievers, and saline
I take three Aleves, tryna break these fevers, I'm ailing

I stay free of divas and ladies screamin'
'Cause they keep schemin' on me
Vading keepin' the women at bay
Like Laci Peterson, baby fetuses
Legs and feet have been weighted, chained in semen
It's straight demon—and wait!
Even if it takes meat cleavers to make believers
Mistake-free schemes are enablin' me to remain deviant
Breakbeat, eat her like steak meat
Emcees take seats like AMC theaters
Deranged ringleader, depraved king
Who mainstream media hates
Which makes things easier, still under scrutiny
Villainous smooth criminal, livin' room
With the nude Reese Witherspoon
Who was bruised, beat with a broom
It's in two pieces, and lays deceased in it
Pit with a chewed leash, and his chain-link leapin' it
Live in the booth, shave, eat, bathe, drink, sleep in it
R-A-P bleed the shit, still and I poop, pee it
It's a spillage, a sewage leak, waist-deep feces
The syllables ooze fecal, they feel like renewed leases
'Cause my brain releases 'em

Like waste excretion, it's simultaneously
As I'm givin' these fools grief, they're feelin' the blues
'Cause even if stealin' my shoes, thieves
Just to fill 'em's a huge feat
A hill and it's too steep
Obey these demons, we're still in cahoots
Keep feedin' me blank sheets
As soon as I sink these teeth
And I'm killin' the loose leaf
Time to shake these trees again
Wait, make that phrase repeat again
Killin' the loose leaf, shake these trees again
Get the rake, but it ain't me leavin' 'em

Vicodins, Nuprins, I bite them and chew them
The whites and the blues mixed with nitrous balloons
And I like to sniff gluesticks, put Ricin on toothpicks
On the mic I'm just ruthless, a crisis, a nuisance
Who I influence I give two shits
If they wanna license my music to entice with
Then use the shit like it's the blueprint for ISIS recruitment

Excuse me while I stare into space for a few
In a daze or haze, glazed over, crazed warped loon
Mental cased off, always had a straight-forward view
But you bozos keep givin' the flamethrower fuel
No one's ever sank lower, shrewd, and way more rude
Beast-mode like a lawn-mower blade rolled through it
And this has little to do with bein' gay, boy
It's just where the wordplay's goin'
But ain't much I can say or do
'Cause ain't no excuse, the way I go at you {censored}
You say I'm always screw-faced
So if I look your way, you're screwed
'Cause if looks could kill, I could start a hate war too
'Cause I'd murder you straight bitches by turnin' the gaze on you

Let's take it back before the tightly-worn pants
To the Nike, Jordan, hats

The stripe Lee's, Jordache, and the white tees
Lightning storms might be formed fast
Such a frightening forecast
But when you're slightly hoarse, rasp
From the cyphering or-gasp, but still reciting your raps
While you're tightening your grasp around the mic 'cause you done shitted on
it so much, you're always reminded of your past
'Cause your heiny's sore, that's
'Cause you still haven't finished fuckin' wiping your ass
From the night before last
No good, but rap somethin' I'm too-good-for-my-own-good at
Fuck adulthood, I'm a grown-up brat
Where your cojones at? Mine are always being rode, in fact
They're frozen, you ever seen a cul-de-sac?
So big they fell out my scrotum, I just sewed 'em back

Dick so long, need a shoulder-strap
For that, gotta unroll it and fold it back
So difficult to wrap in the prophylactic, it overlaps it
So I pack a Trojan so fat, when I lay it flat it's like a yoga mat
Make a bitch think she's in aerobics class
The bear you don't wanna poke is back
The backbone of rap, your fuckin' lead singles are my bonus tracks
When I appear, my peers stop
Hearts fall in their stomach, their spirits drop
Careers flop, their gears lock, severe shock
Fear at the mere thought
Lyrics are top-tier, I'm so high at the top
I'm in the sky when I talk
Bitch, I'm so fly when I walk, my ears pop

Oh, and I'm just playin' ladies, you know I love you
I got a idea for a line