

# No One's Iller

Eminem

Yeah...ha ha ha (BANG!), Yeah, Bizarre Kid comin' at you  
Eminem and Fuzz, and Mr. Swifty, ha ha

No one's iller than me (wha?)  
No one, no one is iller than me  
No one is iller than me  
It's Mr. Swifty from the 313...

I make rappers wanna turn into singers  
I keep hoes lickin' they fingers  
Bring this competition and face this meanin'  
Got your whole crew doing subpoenas  
Hell nah you ain't seen a crew genius  
Murder whoever's between us, pack your heaters  
Keep it close, you can't beat us  
While your whole crew treat us like G's, you best believe this  
I done made quadrapalegics outta these non-rappin rejects  
While the whole world ejects your tape, it ain't no secret  
That your shit sounds fake, you can't stop it my mind state  
Makes it too late for cops in tryin' to stop the crime rate  
I'm like Two-Face, I'm painful to rappers then you can tell  
From these shells, how I gotta bend 'em like route canals  
I erase all trails, somethin' farther from gettin' bail  
Makes you wanna kill an emcee yourself, you might as well  
Be within a 25 to life sentence, on linkin' trials  
Horrificed, and keep on frontin', repentin' and lose they bowels  
Everything is foul when Swift's around, vacate now  
Niggas dumb enough to try to front and escape, how?  
I'm gonna take this 'gnac and drink it straight wild  
Niggas steady fallin' in my face like milk crates, BLAAAOW!

It's Swifty from the 313  
Like I said no one is iller than me, unnnhh!

Me and Eminem and Mike  
Drivin' down Van Dyke  
Get my dick sucked late at night by a fuckin' transvestite  
Still on probation for stranglin' my boy Jason  
Should be takin' my medication, it's 9 to 10 I'm facin'  
Last week this old man I had to blast  
Cuz he tried to help me out when my car was out of gas  
Ripped this old lady, hung her neck by a hook  
Didn't realize it was my grandmother 'til I checked her pocketbook  
Fuckin' with the white boys got me back on crack  
Better explain where the hell your TVs and VCRs is at  
I done lost 100 pounds, I ain't been eatin' like I should  
This wounded dog in the street is sure lookin' good!  
Rob this little boy in his fuckin' paper route  
Throwin' bottles at day care centers and yell "EVERYBODY GET OUT!"  
My girl beat my ass and shot me in the back with a 2-piece  
Cuz she found out I was havin' an affair with her 10-year old niece

No one, no one's iller than me  
It's Bizarre Kid straight from the 313  
No one, no one is iller than me  
It's Bizarre Kid straight from the 313

Nobody better test me, cuz I don't wanna get messy  
Especially when I step inside this bitch, dick freshly  
New Lugz, give the crew hugs, guzzle two mugs  
Before I do drugs that make me throw up like flu bugs  
True thugs, rugged unshaven messy scrubs  
Whippin' 40-bottles like the fuckin' Pepsi clubs  
Down a fifth, crack open a six  
I'm on my seventh 8-ball, now I gotta take a piss  
I'm hollerin' at these hoes that got boyfriends  
Who gives a fuck who they was  
I'm always takin' someone else's girl like Cool J does  
They probably don't be packin' anyways, do they Fuzz?  
We walked up, stomped they asses and blew they buzz  
Mics get sandblasted  
Stab your abdomen with a hand crafted pocketknife and spill your antacid  
Sprayed your motherfuckin' crib up when I ran past it  
Fuckin' felon, headed to hell in a handbasket  
Talkin' shit will get you, your girl and your man blasted  
Kidnapped and slapped in a van wrapped in Saran plastic  
Get your damn ass kicked, by these fantastic  
Furious four motherfuckers  
Flashin' in front of your face without the Grand Masters

Slim Shady, ain't nobody iller than me

I run shit like an ass with legs  
Massive lead to leave your cabbage red  
Similar to your ass in a casket dead  
Drastic spread of acid heads  
Come to abort you like a bastard egg  
That trash you said got you standin' on plastic legs  
Ask the feds from past the edge  
Rockin' the most classic threads  
Flashin' bread, roll down the window  
Bitch you got some fantastic legs, you can get 'til that ass get red  
You can get 'til that ass get red  
Bizarre you get him and him, Swift you get him and him  
I'll get him and him, leave the other two for my nigga Eminem  
Never writer's block, I block writers  
My block's tighter, ante up and get your top fighters  
Got fired for jumpin' the counter with a mop stick  
Some bitch ran up screamin' GET THE COPS QUICK!  
And got drop kicked, now she screamin' "Stop it..."  
Got clips to stop shit, rock shit and grab this hot shit  
Wherever you shop bitch, Fuzz Scooter '97 crop pick  
Sick a-ya'll niggaz lookin' at me like I got tits  
I shoot a rocket through your optic  
You niggaz still don't know the top pick?  
I got bricks, lose my foot in your ass  
And have you shittin' socks bitch!  
We rock shit, leave your fuckin' knot split  
Grab the green from Al by showin' him hot grits  
(No one...)

Ain't nobody iller than me

It's the Mr. Fuzzy from the 313  
No one, no one is iller than me  
It's Eminem and Swift from the 313  
No one, no one is iller than me  
It's Fuzz and Buzz-arre from the 313

You have now witnessed 4 ill emcees!

From the home of potholes and trash  
We'll lyrically blast...