

DualTow Night Eagle

Vinnie Paz

Who the hell do you think you are?
You any kind of artist?
Anybody know who you are?
Maybe everybody else wants to enjoy the peace and quiet
This is one of the most important places in all of North America
Who are you? Who are you!?
You miserable, presumptuous, no-talent
You're no artist
An artist respects the silence that serves the foundation of creativity
You obviously don't have the talent
You don't have enough respect for yourself or other people
Or know what it is to express yourself, in music, or in any other form of creativity

Step in the ring and I'll break yo ass up cuz I don't play clown

Yeah (hahaha)
Yeah, Yeah
A'ight, Yeah
I'm gettin tired of destroying his hopes
But my back against the wall like Floyd on the ropes
This a .300 Blackout toyin' with Ghost
Take a big metal spoon if you boil a dopes (boil a dopes)
This yoppa gone tear apart his entrail
Send kites tryna to get this mail like we penpals
Break a mutherfucker la koriyaki with windmills
Four bare twelve Arabian tribes Ishmael
Ya goma stepped on watered down like skim milk
Nothing here stepped on potna this is fish scale
It's several ways you can honor the vet
And if you wanna talk to you gona talk with respect
I wish you dumb muhfuckas didn't do what you done
Bunch of Voletta Wallace's that's losing a son
I'm done with you dirtbags you gone sing for the State
And tell ya shorty she a THOT and to bring me a plate, stupid

You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything, SUCKA!

Yeah
This muhfucka like a joke of the town
What you laughin' for you in the same boat when it drown
I'ma chill, I'ma have a little Coke with the Crown
Coke by the ounce, Money movin' dope by the pound
How you gonna let a veteran starve
And the timer's running out you better get on ya job
Put the MicroDots in and just let it dissolve
You will never shooter wit a better resolve
I'm just tired of you muhfuckas matter of fact

I'ma let this Bulldog bark that'll be that (dat dat dat dat dat dat dat)
You ain't gettin' nada gimme my collateral back
This is Gucci it was several thousand mackerals for that
Everything can change for you one slip of the tongue
And the bigger that the chopper then the bigger the drum
On my lap is a pistol gripped pump
You a bitch you about to be a pistol whipped punk

You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything, SUCKA!
You suck
You're a no-talent
If you really had talent go practice and then get yourself a gig instead of
ruining the end of the day for everybody down here
You disgrace
You're everything that has gone wrong in this world
You're a self consumed, no talent, mediocre piece of shit and I've earned my
right to say it
Who the fuck are you?
You nothing
You nothing
You are nothing and you will never be anything, never
How dare you?
How dare you?
You miserable, mediocre, NOTHING!