

Talking About You

Deuce

They're talking about you
As if all hell broke loose
They don't even know you
They're just lighting your fuse
They're talking about you
Like revenge is there too
You're everybody's fool
Can't win, you'll just lose

When I walk through LA, and it's smelling like death
I done murdered all these MCs, there ain't none left
Their bodies are fucking rotting, decomposing their flesh
What man responsible for all of this? Just guess
Same one you can't keep up out your mouth, oh yes
The same one they keep asking about in the press
Who gives a shit? Like a magazine means success?
Make everybody fucking wonder what I'm gon' say next
Kerrang don't know a thing about rock unless
You focus on these pussy, emo, fucking pop projects
That talked some shit about and dissed the homie Deuce, no less
Well, I can rock and rock it like a rocket launcher to chest
So ticky-tock-tickety-tock, watch the clock and stress
Run up in your label, flip the table on the execs
Tell 'em all to kiss my ass when I jump on their desk
And show 'em what a fucking promise is instead of a threat

Mirror, mirror, answer me this
Will I pay for all of my sins?
If it is, let judgment begin
I'll keep marching on until then
Mirror, mirror, give me one wish
Give me strength so I don't give in
Heaven or hell, wherever I stand
I'll keep marching on till the end

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Who the hell wants to fuck with us? There's nobody, they're in the dust
'Cause we left 'em whenever we stepped inside of the tour bus
Onto the next city with fans screaming for us
Vibing with hands up, sing along to the chorus
Hard to ignore us, step in, give a fucking fuss
So much when they say our name, nobody can stay hushed
Pretty girls get their face flushed and red from when they blush
No need to have make-up whenever they face us
We give 'em a straight rush like we do to these fake fucks
Who can't entertain us, mainly 'cause they suck
I wish they'd just break up, these groups who just can't cut
It out and go about it with me without getting ate up
I'm eating these rappers alive, filling my plate up

Became cannibalized like I'm at a buffet stuffed
Still feeling my face up 'cause the hunger just stays stuck
And won't go away 'cause my tapeworm is done taped up

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Is it because I wouldn't follow you to my self-destruction?
Or maybe it was because these words have so much more contradiction
This is my only addiction, you're only out for revenge
It's like your rhymes are some fiction the safer I get
I get more, more vicious so don't get me upset
Kids are paying to listen, you don't wanna accept
Then you're under the victim of innocence's success
Cut the head off a chicken, he keeps on making sense
Is he so far from dead? Bitch, is he all set?

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No!
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