

Choclaire, Marvel, Solitair

"E&A Day"

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[Eyedea]

This is a big "Fuck You" to anyone out there that hates us

It ain't my fault you fail to recognize what great is
If you weren't so caught up in who you dick ride
You'd see the flaws in your so called generals(?) and
crawl to this side

You misinterpret the purpose of what we do
Plus you probably mad that we get our props and no
one's feelin you

But don't tell me how to rip this microphone bitch
If your advice was so nice, w'on't you apply it to your
own shit?

The truth is I can do what you can't
Sellin' twenty thousand units hand to hand to the true
fans

On top of that, freestyle and you'll get served
On top of that, all your friends know my words
I accomplished more than you will in your whole life by
the time I was eighteen

Never workin' a 9 to 5, that's the E&A theme
And it's a must we constantly keep elevatin' (?) the
hustle

The music, the ethic, muscle the movements the
methods

Huh, what's wrong, you still don't get it? Still feel you're
so gifted

Still think your sky has no limits?

It takes a minute to get rid of the cynics

But now each piece in it's place, so you can't fuck with
us

And it's suicide to battle this UMM

The genius supreme team is the E&A
Believe that this year we receivin' MC and DJ kingship
Perceived as the most deviously seen in the media
Remedial critics don't give us love but we don't need
'em to
It ain't your weak reviews that keep people in shrink (?)
with us

They leave our shows thinkin' what these kids do is
unachieveable, and they right
You never in your life could do as much as we do with
just two techs and a mic
I leave kids like Raymond O'Neill pissed
Cause he knows without me ain't no way he'll make it in
this record biz'
How d'you advertise some shit I want or not, mention
me
Fuck you and that ugly co(?), we goin' ghetto gold this
spring
And anyone that begs to differ wait until this hits ya
The illest scriptures killin' listeners with the real elixir
For these Top 40 blowjobs packagin' a hit single
Ya'll flaunt pussy so hard it gives the average kids dick
tingles
But who can keep your sick(?) with cuts to clot your ego
trip
Beats that hit and speech that spits, raise a fist, throw a
fit
It's E&A day, 2003 until forever
Ya'll should've never let to motherfuckers like us get
together
It's on..it's on..it's on..it's on

I came to claim shit this year
I ain't playin' cause I'm here to reign supreme
That so?
Bitch
Competition
Better recognize
Competition
Shut yo mouth
And on that note, let's get back to the program

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