

**Barbara Dickson****"You"**

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[Intro: Slaine]

Ladies and gentlemen  
There's a lot of people have to thank  
For gettin me where I am today  
But most of all... I wanna thank you

[Chorus: Slaine]

You sick of my fat face? Sick of my fat basslines  
And unapologetic rhymes that I spit cause I'm sick of  
(YOU)  
In this rat race, I'm stuck at a fast pace  
So everybody back up and fall in line, yeah I'm talkin to  
(YOU)  
With this anger, that's fuelin my engine  
When I'm back with a vengeance, to aim every  
sentence towards (YOU)  
I'm breakin in windows, and hoppin the fences  
I'm here lookin for (YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU-YOU, YOU-  
YOU, YOU~! )

[Slaine:]

Yeah; the game is full of crabs, the world is my oyster  
right  
The snakes in the grass with a poison bite got a voice  
tonight  
My pen screams anger you ain't got the voice to write  
The choice to like, I hoist the mic, it's a heist  
Jesus Christ, my forehead's covered in thorn cuts  
Head full of robbery visions, powder and porn sluts  
I was born nuts, grew to be more crazy  
Raised by Scorsese and St. Ide's 40's, I'm all hazy  
Slanty-eyed shorties look at me crookedly  
In high school I cracked fortune cookies  
Bet with the bookie and played hookey  
Puffed Crazy Eddie and leaky-leaky until it took me  
To a state of grace, I processed it in my database

I realized that you haters ain't shit to me  
My future's my destiny, my present's my gift, I'm makin  
history  
My past was catchin up to me but damn it I outran it

I used your hatred for motivation and ran it across the planet

[Chorus]

[Slaine:]

Who told me I had rules to follow there wasn't no way around  
And was faced with a chance to stand up and dance but was layin down  
Who was talkin while someone else was doin and layin ground  
When it was time to speak up, who didn't even make a sound?  
Who had certain thoughts they always tried to keep from me, fellas  
Like I couldn't see it, tell me who was secretly jealous  
Who said they woulda, coulda and shoulda  
Never understood or put a foot in the game  
Splashin the mud outta the gutter  
Do it stitter-stitter-stutter, who's the idiot that muttered  
The cocksucker who hated on me, every word I uttered  
Who had the balls and the ego to be called an amigo  
Like they down for the cause, but we saw shit and we know  
You a faker, a phony, a fraud, guess they don't know me at all  
Can't even look in my eyes, you ain't my homey or dawg  
You just a bitch and a snitch, you just a fag with no balls  
I'll throw my fist in your face, watchin you stagger and fall

[Chorus]

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