

Eyedeas

"Just a Reminder"

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INTRO

God damn (Eyedeas), this is some serious gourmet shit!

Back off, I don't need you to tell me how fucking good my music is okay? I'm the one who makes it. I know how good it is. When y'all go to the studio, you make shit! I make the gourmet quality stuff because when I listen to it, I like to hear it. But you know what's on my mind right now?

â€¡What?

Yo, I'm sick of all you stupid motherfuckers talkin' shit about my man, Eyedeas. Matter of fact, if I catch you sayin' any stupid shit like that around me, I'ma punch a motherfuckin' hole in your head! Talkin' 'bout, Eyedeas this, Eyedeas that, get off his dick! And to all y'all critics talkin' shit, you can eat a dick too, you punk 2 bitchez.

[Eyedeas]

You got balls steppin' up to what you saying to me.

I'm probably your favorite MC's favorite MC,

So let these lyrics infuriate your head

And tear you a thread of my inferiority complex,

Delirium content, please hear when my mouth sets

To tear you into shreds and put your arrogance in its death,

It's your best bet to quit laughing,

Unless you're good at dodging bullets.

Ain't shit gonna happen til you shut your trap and learn to focus.

Open that overgrown head for a change

And don't underestimate me in a battle I don't play.

I rip every kid in your clique in five, less than four bars

I'll take this out to east and west,

Don't test the north star!

Oh are you pissed 'cause your talent ain't felt?

Well, just talkin' shit's easy, I challenge myself.

If you were really dope, you wouldn't say it all the time,

You would be creative and I'd see it in your rhymes.

You got the nerve to say I'm soft, 'cause the thoughts
that I talk
But I think that you're lost, why don't you go take a
walk?
And find someone who cares how diggity your style is,
Now quit bein' childish!
Shake my hand and smile bitch!

[Hook]

What gave you the right to have an ego?
You got no skills! It's obvious an MC's what you're tryin'
to be.
Well if it gets out of hand, my man, just remember,
I'll always be around to remind you you're weak!
Rhymesayers Entertainment, you know we be the
greatest
With the break and the paints, the cuts, the rhymes and
the beats!
Homebase is Minneap, come on through! And bring
your crew
Next time you need to be reminded you're weak!

...

Eyo, look at that Eyedea kidâ€!
I don't even know, man.
Yo, that shit he did on the Blaze Battle was kiiinda
tight!
Yeah, yeah no doubt, but his album's kind of weird!
I know man, he ain't never gonna get a record deal
soundin' like that!
True datâ€!

...

[Eyedea]

Check me out now!
I'm that kid, who never gave a fuck about a contract,
If you need to make a buck, get loose,
Rock the mic, but don't be dumb and come and test
me,
'cause we jockin' like the get-paid bus, swinging from
my testes.
Inch-by-inch I grow less convinced by those quote-on-
quote
Battle rappers that think they're in the triple-leagues.
Recently I took their title and I never gave it back,
How come my weakest freestyle probably beats they
best-written rap?
They doubt it, and then they call me out about it
And I flew off in these topics, I win, and the crowd
shouted
And you can say the same but you kid,

Beat, lines are skin-deep simply when you wimps
become turned into mince meat.
But bein' fresh is only half of the job,
There's a lot in this world that needs to be changed
And so I write each song with a message for humanity
And it expresses the wisdom expressed that's in my
brain,
Complainin'? No. Just drainin' pus before the cyst pops,
Boy, you player hate, I'm tryna elevate this hip hop!
So stop tryin' to pretend you're real,
And go write a song someone besides your friends can
feel! For real!

Sometimes you just gotta let 'em know!
Most of these MCs don't even deserve to be on a dick
like they doâ€¦and that's the truth.

[Hook]

(laughter)
So a masochist comes up to me and says, "I like your
record, shit was hot!"
(laughter)

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