

Fort Minor

"Spell It Out"

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It's like a triple-staged darkness, listen and drift
Every muscle in your skin starts to shake and shift
You can hate the gift, but my phrases daze your click
Spray your when i spit, i mean it
You're just too conceited, repeating and repeating
You're a thugged out gangster pimp 'til you believe it
Seems like there's too much pack, we don't need it
I'm cool on your heat, you can keep it
It's not a big secret, this is a game you can't win
You're singing the same thing, but we're bringing the
answer
Just close your eyes and pretend again that your skin
Isn't as thin as the skin you're in, bitch

Give me a second just to spell it out
So nobody can twist what i'm talking about
I don't have to fake anything i feel
Because we both know every word is real
So
Give me a second just to spell it out
So nobody can twist what i'm talking about
I don't have to fake anything i feel
Because we both know every word is real
(Right abou...)
Bitch
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