

Quincy Jones

"The List"

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You cut me off in traffic, Butt in front of me in line.
One day you'll get what's coming but till then I'll bide
my time
Rude waitresses and waiters, the assholes at the DMV,
And that macho jocko drunk whose trying to pick a fight
with me.
You're on the lost.
You're on the list. Of people who I owe some payback
to.
You're on the list. You're number seven-hundred, thirty-
two
You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to
you
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!
From the cop who pulled me over to the bitch who
stood me up,
To the asshole that I work for.(Your name is at the top.)
I'm coming for you one by one that you can depend.
The one who laughs the bests the one who's laughing
at the end
You're on the list.
You're on the list. Of people who I owe some payback
to.
You're on the list. You're number seven-hundred, thirty-
two
You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to
you
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!
You abused my friendship, you stole from me and lied.
I could have just accepted it, I could have sat and cried
Instead I've got plans for you, ones you'll never know,
Till I show up least expected no matter where you go.
You're on the list.
You're on the list. Of people who I owe some payback
to.
You're on the list. You're number seven-hundred, thirty-
two
You're on the list. You won't be laughing when I get to
you
You're on the list. Whoa-oh!!
You're on the list!

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