

Uncle Kracker "(I'm Gonna) Split This Room In Half"

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I know a guy who took too many pills
Now he's got a mansion that sits on a hill
14 million served that's correct
17 cars, 3 cribs and 2 jets

I came to test to blood, sweat, tears
Persevered for ten long years
10 years, I was there for 8
And I ain't seen a meaner mutha puttin' food on our
plate

I've learned to hate and that's a damn shame
Because I'm gettin' pretty good at this bitch ass game
See, fame ain't the problem, it's broke
Pissin' on my dog 'cause they're down on their luck

Now you're stuck like a pig in the poke
You know you're makin' him mad and you're goin' to
get choked
Don't you know every dog has a limit
Yo, I'm about to kick somebody's ass in a minute

I'm gonna split this room in half
(Why'd you have to go and get my dog all mad?)
I'm gonna split this room in half
(I said, why'd you have to go and get my dog all mad?)

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Sometimes success leads to stress
Legal roles and dumb hoes and death threats
Nat work for network and that works
And people jerk for perks that ain't theirs

And that hurts, you work your whole life
And that still ain't enough
'Cause a bunch of punks wanna poach your stuff
(That's not your stuff)
So don't touch that

(And don't make me break with this baseball bat
'cause)

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You're not playing nice
My dog likes to share
You're goin' to get smacked for not playin' fair

It's in the air you can feel the tension
We don't take kind to senseless dissension
You bark like a dog, you fight like a dog
You live by your dog, you die by your dog

Now there's a calm before the storm
And I'd hate to be you when it starts to get warm
Clouds are forming, crowds are swarming
You've had for warning, now pray for mourning 'cause

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