

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill**"Dog Eat Dog"**

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It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places
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Extra, extra
What's that all about?
I'm wishin the position
Of my loving's sorted out
I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'
Nothing new or particular
Status once parallel
Now it's perpendicular
And everything is just as clear as day
Realistically explicit
In the things you say
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's
Gonna make the flavor fatter
But you gots to keep it for real
Forget about your jewels and gems
You won't be needin
None of them
The tool'll fix the era
My mellow used to wear a
Namebuckle, now he chuckle
'Cause he earn a dime Quicker
Talkin bout a burnin'
Sippin on some malt liQuor
And all these kiddies
Wishin they were supa emcees
But to earn my "s"
I had to learn some less
About a crime'll make million

A dime'll make a call
I'd rather hop on the line
And drop a rhyme to prince paul

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Hey kid
What's the word?
Man, it's all about mind
Keeping focused
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme
So no longer stand erect
'Cause your thoughts are drained
Walkin' round
Manifesting attributes of shame
Used to sQuabble for the mic
But now accordingly
We act
Unless a club can't afford the fee
We act
So name that any best man
To put us under
Created from the ground
Yet know nothin
'Bout the under
Take a glimpse
At them pimps
Playin record exec
Addin up all your zeros
So's to cut you a check
Saying why the blunder wonder
Could've g'd today
So you can put up some swings
For your seed to play
But a swing ain't that important
When the park's around the corner
Filled with life causing death
Greeting victims for the morning
It was the moment i feared
Nah, the moment i steered
Upon the right path
To know the right math
To over stand

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