

Brooks % Dunn F/ Sara Evans, Martina McBride, Kenn "The Flyer"

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[Verse 1]

Staring at this old show flyer
Seems our reputations couldn't get no higher
The first time we marquee as headlining acts
rewinding back
To the final defining crack that would paralyze our
comradery
Your brotherhoods of commodity, they coulda kept the
game
I was na~ve to your hatred and I fully accept the
blame
Corporates was putting above you injury em from year
one
By the time it reciprocated, the damage was near done
You struck conniving, stuck a knife in me when I'm
thinking it's all love
Your intent was to draw blood
All along when I was under the wrong impression
Now I know this nigga is not subliminally dissing me up
on stage in serve expression
Drunk my drink, it's damn near shattered, stop and
think
Keep my sanity gathered, it's no longer the concept of
family matters
Knowing, the day you help that mic
We both took an 'L' that night, what was you thinking?

[Chorus] 2X

If it's loyalty in question, then I'll bleed
If your life is in the wrong direction, then I'll lead
I've extended my hand my whole life
But it's your decision to hold tight if plans don't go right

[Verse 2]

I showed you love from the gate since kingdom
introduced us both
And when I addressed you as family, then the truth was
spoke
But when I heard your song, the truth was broke
But not because of the ruthless quotes, but it's the
principal involved

Fetal acts of reprehensible resolve
More so relevant: who, what, where, and why and even
sense and will to solve
But still I supported you, assumed every grief to catch
When RCA dropped you and you was having beef with
Treich
It's not as if it was fly or sentimental and such
Our friendship was crushed when the gentle is touched
Oh yeah, congratulations on the adrenaline rush,
success was just due
Nothing but praise worthy comments when niggaz
discuss you
If it's beef and bad blood I put the cow on dialysis
My style is on some callousness until financially my
peeps is improved
Maybe one day I rose and leave you swishing
Chief with Twista, 'til then for now I keeps it moving

[Chorus] 2X

[Verse 3]

Every move made it's like 'What's up with Juice, why we
ain't heard from him?'
Shoulda been blown up every since the battle occurred
with Slim
That don't equate success in this game
Disdained in thought that every undisputed MC
eventually gets fame
What you think, the nigga win one battle so the war is
over?
That's just an extra burden toward is shoulder
If record deals wasn't rewarding soldiers, we'd all be
five-star generals
But it's the luck of the draw, makes you realize a
remediable
I live to see my fans dream envision that cream full
wishing
Support a seed, whether a trust fund or a mean tuition
But to the public eye it seems you missing
The anticipation and expectation is too extreme for
wishing
I hold you down whether you succeed or quit this
instance
Before I can spit this sentence, blood thick, nothing can
split this friendship
Try and go for life with me, ya heard
Let's get off our ass and take what we rightfully
deserve

[Chorus] 2X

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