

Eyedeas f/ Blueprint

"Eyes of Today"

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[Chorus: Eyedeas & Blueprint]

You gotta realise your fuckin with the baddest
Make these so-called rappers re-evaluate their status
Cos before we touch the mic you actually were
believing that
The bullshit you knew was called emceeing (that ain't
emceeing)
You gotta realise your fuckin with the baddest
Make these so-called rappers re-evaluate their status
Cos after we rock the mic you cats will stop believing
That the bullshit you do should even be called
emceeing

[Verse 1: Eyedeas]

Keep it, I could brag and boast for pure recreation
If I say I served a rapper, I'm just giving you useful
information
You already proved that your fake
Choking in a vocal booth, poking holes in your swollen
throat
Hopelessly re-doing your tapes
I whip that crew into shape
Embarrass you so bad the arrogance you have
will turn into a voice telling you to move out of sync
Wait. Let me guess
You're the dopest out of everyone you know and got the
balls to think
Fuck with a pro? I don't think so
You need to reevaluate what you doin
Blueprint, Eyedeas, redefine your shit
Go climb those stupid hydras
Realise that's why I don't write battle music
Cos I don't need to write songs about battling bitch - I
do it
So tell your camp that if anyone got beef
They can pick a place with me and I'll greet them with
defeat but
If not tell them to keep coming to their shows
Waving their hands yelling "ho!" like the fans we all
know

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Blueprint]

I got the feeling I've already heard your verse
So any turn you take will only be a turn for the worst
That's the truth and I know it hurts
Your so bad I'll have the last laugh even when I rhyme
first
I hear them frontin, I hear loud talkin
I see the ho's and I hear the dogs barking
But listen dog nuts, you ain't a hard target
Cos every bar you rhyme is just a nail in your coffin
Every battle is a chance to see another cat lose to me
I don't write battle raps - I write eulogy's
My herbs, they got nerve, but think they can't be wack
Cos they undefeated in a mirror battling fantasy cats
I rep, grown men get man handled rap
You rep open toe vandles in fanny packs
Beat Blueprint or Eyedea? Can't see that
We'll give you a free ale plus your sanity back, bitch

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Eyedea & Blueprint]

So have you figured out what the fuck your doing
wrong yet?
Cats with no stage presence shouldn't rock a long set
If you come into my show you better have a strong neck
Cos heads nod way out of control when we're on deck
I couldn't keep myself awake for the five minutes your
song stretched
They can't move a crowd cos they lack the arm
strength
The kinda cats that I'd rather keep at arms length
Frontin' like their hard when we know that their
harmless
Less MC's; they be the first to get scared
While we're kicking verses, they weak squeezing their
teddy bear
The orphanage turned your concept of a rap career
From a pretty day dream into your worst nightmare
Ah yes right there, the feeling of perfection quite rare
Fully loaded mic bullies Blueprint, Eyedea
I can smell victory in the nights air
Witness, Rhymesayers

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