Tunnel Vision

John Petrucci

The year is two double 0 two, nothing is brand new
Kid Jimmy, you know you hear me spittin' lyrics over loops
Close friends used to call me Supes, Mad respect to CI crew
Still rippin' over PFK, so what ya gonna do?
Nothing, puffing out my fucking chest, crims rock the best
Shout out to mesk for putting run ups to the test
Dressed for success but we look like some bums
So easy fucking go, not easy fucking come
Tunnel vision won't enhance your view
So think it through, do it for yourself
Everything you read might not be true
So think it through, do it for your, for yourself
We rock London, Amsterdam, Carrum Downs and Osaka
You don't have to dig my style, so step back, fuck ya
And you're getting jealous man
Claiming that it's luck, ya can't handle it
I don't give a shit you can suck my dick
Say you can smoke me, you probably could
Going down south with your mouth wrap
Wrapped around my wood
Say you can smoke me, you probably could
Going down south with your mouth wrap
Wrap, wrap wrapped around my wood
(Wrap, wrap, wrap wrapped around my wood)
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So think it through, do it for yourself
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Whoa, slow down, I got the low down
On this bigger than Ben Hur sound
That we just lit so I hit it with a lip
That spits real in harmony with hits
I can't help it when you shit your pants
I saw you fucking dance
Up and down when the record went number one
Fuming 'cause they're paying for my skills
While we're having fun, now you're sober
Not drunk from thinking it's over
Time to face the facts walk, its only just begun

London, Amsterdam, Carrum Downs and Osaka
You don't have to dig it
Fuck ya, fuck ya
Tunnel vision won't enhance your view
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