The Epilogue

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Yeah, uh. a-one, two
Uh, had to dim the lights for this shit
Makin beats half of my life
Some I gave away but never at half price
No dice 'til I call it a night, get it right
Sayin might one more time, then (My Name is D-Nice)
("My name-my name is D-Nice") No question, total silence
Better yet, better get a set of pliers
The heavy metal king, Chaka Demus is my idol (yea)
Competitin with my rivals, proof for my title
...So who the fuck don't tour?
No one, music don't sell no more
Watch out now, this shit'll be so embarrassing
Your merch vs. my world - there's no comparison
(Lost...) Yeah yeah, I'm pickin pockets
The bass up, deliberately knockin (boom)
Big picture lens, try to see it all then crop it
(Now...) That all depends how you break it down and chop it
Fuck coppin a big body Benz
When you keep friends who check to check and barely makin profits
(Uh!) Instead of tryin to say E's quite obnoxious
(Well...) You could say E rules my synopsis (Hahahaha)
Uh, it's pourin pots and pans
On the grey lots and spoits barely travelled by man
Only been a couple hours since I landed (true)
And rollin up these trees I got handed
It's hard to take his name in vain, but God-damn it
("When I bring it to ya face" - [Mad Skillz])
("Hit 'em, hit 'em" "Hit 'em, hit 'em"

"Hit 'em with a thousand pounds of pressure" - [Big Pun])
("On the mi-microphone" "On the microphone, I come COR-RECT!" - [King Ad Rock])
("Internationally known and respected" - [LL Cool J])
("But this industry'll play with ya life, man" - [Rakaa Iriscience])
("That's what I consider real!" - [O.C.])
Uh, keep it movin now
Rakaa, Babu, keep it movin [echoes]
In Switzerland today, don't know why I choose to come here
Actually I say it's because I ain't from here

My people told me when we travel we live
And if the carpet might unfold then that moment is his (or hers)
Damn I need this (yea), Skyping to my manager
Calculate pad and pen analog (...shit to do)
Damn, it's wrong to see it first-hand in Panama (I seen it)
U.S. dollars at the airport hand 'em off
Feelin grateful, the feeling might pass me
I thank some now and thank the West for not askin (That's real)
Preemo laced me (true), Alche' did too
Momma raised me right when I date shit in interviews
These are my feelings and they really exist
The gift and the curse, or maybe really
It's the fuckin curse and the gift
Read the same thing from different angles
Eatin from the same meal from different sides of the same table (Yeah!)
And I ain't claim to be the game changer (uh-uh)
I claim the West, Venice Beach, RSE and Dilated (all day)
My grandmama said the day is what you make it (Love you)
Clingin to this patience, my words are overstated
The greatest... [echoes]

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