Appetite for Distinction

E.Town Concrete

I am back with a vendetta
With that same hunger I had back
In the day when my TV
Had a hanger for an antenna.
Y'all is just beginners.
We been sweating through hot summers
And frozen cold dinners.
And now y'all ask
What the fuck got in our shit.
You want to know, let me explain this.It's the same shit that we came with
Back in 95 and built our name with.
We maintained it and now your lame clique
Want to come out of thin air
Trying to claim this.
You see, you ain't shit
And just about through.To all my peoples who was close to me,
To all my peoples who used to
Smile and toast to me,
Those who boast with me,
How come we ain't down
Like we supposed to be?Everything we got we got the hard way.
Built it brick by brick our way.
So put your hands up high.
I'm so fucking hungry,
I'm starving to death,
Trying to eat until there's no food left.
I'm so fucking hungry,
I'm starving to death,
Trying to breathe until I got no breath.I'm coming through putting dents in the game.
I'm sick and tired of all
These wack bands all sound the same.
I should have rented your name,
I'm ending your 15 minutes of fame.
I'm here now...
Things will change.A rock and roll singer with a rap mentality.
It's your fault, y'all did this,
Y'all brought this out of me.
Doubtin' me ain't ever got
No one nothing but proved wrong,

I been doing this here, sonny, for too long.
This is the sound of your world coming down.

Songwriters
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