E&A Day

Eyedea & Abilities

[Eyedea]
This is a big "Fuck You" to anyone out there that hates us
It ain't my fault you fail to recognize what great is
If you weren't so caught up in who you dick ride
You'd see the flaws in your so called generals(?) and crawl to this side
You misinterpret the purpose of what we do
Plus you probably mad that we get our props and no one's feelin you
But don't tell me how to rip this microphone bitch
If your advice was so nice, w'on't you apply it to your own shit?
The truth is I can do what you can't
Sellin' twenty thousand units hand to hand to the true fans
On top of that, freestyle and you'll get served
On top of that, all your friends know my words
I accomplished more than you will in your whole life by the time I was eighteen
Never workin' a 9 to 5, that's the E&A theme
And it's a must we constantly keep elevatin'(?) the hustle
The music, the ethic, muscle the movements the methods
Huh, what's wrong, you still don't get it? Still feel you're so gifted
Still think your sky has no limits?
It takes a minute to get rid of the cynics
But now each piece in it's place, so you can't fuck with us

And it's suicide to battle this UMM

The genius supreme team is the E&A
Believe that this year we receivin' MC and DJ kingship
Perceived as the most deviously seen in the media
Remedial critics don't give us love but we don't need 'em to
It ain't your weak reviews that keep people in shrink(?) with us
They leave our shows thinkin' what these kids do is unachieveable, and they right
You never in your life could do as much as we do with just two techs and a mic
I leave kids like Raymond O'Neill pissed
Cause he knows without me ain't no way he'll make it in this record biz'
How d'you advertise some shit I want or not, mention me
Fuck you and that ugly co(?), we goin' ghetto gold this spring
And anyone that begs to differ wait until this hits ya
The illest scriptures killin' listeners with the real elixir
For these Top 40 blowjobs packagin' a hit single
Ya'll flaunt pussy so hard it gives the average kids dick tingles

But who can keep your sick(?) with cuts to clot your ego trip
Beats that hit and speech that spits, raise a fist, throw a fit
It's E&A day, 2003 until forever
Ya'll should've never let to motherfuckers like us get together
It's on..it's on..it's on..it's on

I came to claim shit this year
I ain't playin' cause I'm here to reign supreme
That so?
Bitch
Competition
Better recognize
Competition
Shut yo mouth
And on that note, let's get back to the program

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