

# Dot Your Eyes (feat. Jamey Jasta)

## Five Finger Death Punch

Bring it! My life is perfect, so you believe  
Are you that stupid 'cause I strongly disagree  
I'm not a martyr, more like a thief  
Your rules are twisted and they don't affect me  
You saw me comin', so why you runnin'  
What's the matter? Its just little old me  
I know your kind, you're fuckin' blind  
I give a shit, don't give a shit about anything  
There ain't nothin' in this world for free  
There's not a man, not a man I believe  
Give a rat's ass what you think about me  
I'll dot your I's and cross your fuckin' t's (Bring it!)  
You're just a trend, it's gotta end  
I stand in place while you mother fuckers bend  
You own a clock? Your time is up  
You bottom feeders it's just time to give up  
Ready to throw down, this is a showdown  
You get the memo? 'Cause it's all about to go down  
I know I'm twisted, I can't resist it  
I give a shit, don't give a shit about anything  
There ain't nothin' in this world for free  
There's not a man, not a man I believe  
Give a rat's ass what you think about me  
I'll dot your I's and cross your fuckin' t's (Bring it!)  
There's nothin' in this world for me  
I gave away, gave away fuckin' everything  
This is the man that I'm choosing to be  
I'll dot your eyes and I'll cross your fuckin' teeth (Bring it!)  
Pressures building, breaking down  
Suffocating 'til I drown  
You know how the saying goes  
It's not the size of the dog in the fight  
Its the size of the fight in the dog  
Bring it!  
There ain't nothin' in this world for free  
There's not a man, not a man I believe  
Give a rat's ass what you think about me  
I'll dot your I's and cross your fuckin' t's (Bring it!)  
There's nothin' in this world for me  
I gave away, gave away fuckin' everything  
This is the man that I'm choosing to be  
I'll dot your I's and I'll cross your fuckin' t's (Bring it!)

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