

## The fight

She left me for you, you're a pig, you're a swine.  
I know just what I'll do when your path crosses mine.  
Ill step right up to you, yeah you're taller than me,  
but I know this lock and confidence is the key.  
You'll see I'm lookin for trouble, you'll probably give me a fist-full,  
but it's a dog-eat-dog world, and me, I'm a pitbull.  
Okay, I'll be honest there are lovers and fighters,  
soldiers and teachers and I'm just a writer.  
So let's rewind, back to the start of this rhyme,  
back to the mention of paths, and when yours crosses mine.  
you might be physically bigger, more strength and more power,  
but you took her from me, so to me you're a coward.  
In a fight there's two outcomes, a winner, a loser.  
You could have any girl so why did you choose her?  
Round one went to you when you somehow convinced her,  
to pick up my heart and smash it into splinters.  
I went from sunshine and summer to the coldest of weather,  
she kicked me out of her life. No you did it together.

Now the first round is over and we're on to the second,  
the burning, the bleeding and realization has set in.  
I will stand up and fight, there's a few ways to do this.  
I might strike you with words, I could give you a true fist.  
I know what you're thinking, I must be out of my mind,  
there's only sticks and there's stones, you remember the rhyme.  
So round two goes to you, when you're done smashing my teeth in,  
and we go home to bed, you get the one that she sleeps in.

But years down the road when your looks have all faded,  
your exterior assets are all wrinkled and grayed in.  
You've smoked way too much and your breath smells like moth balls,  
you can get out of bed about as fast as a sloth crawls  
Its then I will strike you with this punishing hit.  
You lost all your outsides and your insides are shit.  
She'll leave you, she'll see what I always could see,  
you're a snake in the grass and you lost round three.