Acumen Nation, Dirty Fighter

my winner's circle tattoo lit up like a vegas night
my charging knuckles with a force not unlike chrome up on a motor bike
when you push me to the edge of everything i hate
the sound of fear racing between your eyes, will be your last

fuck you man
i'm not afraid to fight for this
and i'm goddamn sure that you won't live through the night, this time

i am so tired slothlike in your bully's eyes i feel no shame
i'm packing more than heated metal cocked cuz this will never ricochet
i'm beating down the years of tears that stung my blackened eyes
tonight i'm gonna use your face to clear my fate, pity the backseat

fuck you man
i'm not afraid to fight for this
and i'm goddamn sure that you won't live through the night, this time!
time! time!

my hands command to stick it out and lay you out
retaliate and cleanse every hero never been before me
never should have picked a fight with me
if only deeper than my skin could that you see
and that's about the time that my vision caught the shine
oh my god, does this pussy pack a piece, i can't believe
if i go down in a hail of 40 rounds should i have just walked away?

if i'm not afraid to fight this time, then i might not stay alive tonight
if i'm not afraid to fight this time, then i might not stay alive to-NIGHT!
NIGHT! NIiiiiight