

311**"Misdirected Hostility"**

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Not I'm not the type to just act like I know
Puttin on an angle putting on a show
Speaking on nothing makes you a stunt
I'll tell you right here yo I don't front
I cross the t's and skip nonlegitimacies
Or else please
I cannot handle all the negative vibe merchants
Is that all you have in you per chance
So much angst an pain it's so wack
You should take a tip from the one Frank Black
Play some pachinko play some parcheesi
Cause all the angst shit is just cheesy

It's the 311 bliss too smooth for pissed
Lyrics talkin loud again
Yeah we are the party men
Cosmetics that you fretted
We sport the high aesthetic
Here go rap kickin the dazzled crazy mathematic
I am what I am mix some old school jams onto tape
'cause the
Party's in the crates I scan step into the realm
What you gonna do
Get the party people something funky to listen to

Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see
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Bodyrock pop and lock here's an example
Boulevard chrome beats always ampin your temple
Punks get got in the age of hip hop
It's just begun like stolen bikes on the blacktop born to
sing a lyric
Immaculately conceived
No strain in your game if your game is respected
Come as you are radio star
Drown out the hatred with a rhyme
An electric guitar dispatched when rap shattered
The glass of radio access

May we turn some soul on their rythmless dances
You know the time and they'l know the scoop
They'l say it was a rhyme and a beat of a rap group

Your rhymes have been outmoded
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Your rhymes have been outmoded
So just quityourbellyachin'
You're saying that your tortured
Give me a fuckin break and
Maybe take out the source
Of your disparing what do I mean
Kick the fuckin heroin
I speak from experience
Because I didn't see clearly once
Acting like I dunce
In 1989 I was cocaine and Jim Beam
But now it's 95 and I'm ginseng

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