

## **Transplants f/ Rakaa Iriscience**

### **"Crash and Burn"**

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[chorus 2x]

Crash and burn crash and burn crash and burn tonight  
We're gonna keep on partying till the wake of daylight

[Tim Armstrong]

Rosy is a Puerto Rican porn star; that girl knows how to  
get down  
Making money, making movies, lying horizontal  
dropping all her clothes on the ground  
Then one said: "Wake up Tim, its midnight, its a city  
out there to go for a ride"  
Like two vampires, we ride through the cities, we sleep  
as dogs backside  
I don't give a fuck, never did never would, never could  
back down, not one time  
So I'm gonna keep, making music, making records,  
keep telling people what's on my mind  
I'm the same kid that I ever was even though I got  
platinum plaques on my walls  
And I dress in black and it's a fact I don't give a  
goddamn at all

[chorus 2x]

[Rob Aston]

I think back to better days, took a license to ill  
Before i ever held someone fell in love with the bills  
Back before I had to ride and go hunt for a kill  
Way before I tried to rhyme and go hunt for a kill  
It's real survives with guns playing only from the  
shoulders  
Wrong way down a one way still avoid the rollers  
Still i beat a motherfucker like its going outta style  
Tried to cheat me outta my cash so i beat it out his  
child  
I'm wild, my pupils dilated same as my people  
I'm the only mother present to build you a church  
steeple  
Speak evil to the world teach all the boys and girls  
That they can't trust no one, show them what you heard  
Cause I mind my own business and I do my own dirt

And i make my own money cause I got my own work  
I sware somebody better send a ceast and desist  
Before i squeeze it with my fist and they cease to exist

[chorus 2x]

[Rakaa]

A party was a bash for how long it was lasted  
Some turn cash like hash to ashes  
some dash for hot slugs run the fastest  
Who we fought to eat, unless we fasting  
But thugs are not like most actors casted  
Thugs might blast and smash your casket  
America's worst fear, white, brown and black kids,  
together  
fed up, strapped up to tatted  
bald heads, jerry curls, classic perms, various sets that  
will flash off sherm  
toast to a new day having its turn  
tequila, the bottle is like a bath for worms  
the paranoid, that's way past concerned  
i hope the country and the world get past this term  
this is show and tell, so the class will learn  
party go until the cops come and crash and burn

[chorus 2x]

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