

## **Blitzkrieg**

### **"Start Something"**

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[Chorus]

C'mon stand up, get your hands up, Word up  
Start somethin, get your heart pumpin  
Yeah start jumpin around, if you're under the ground  
I know you're down wit this thunderous sound

C'mon stand up, get your hands up, Word up  
Start somethin, get your heart pumpin  
Start somethin, why? The world needs what you have  
Back to the lab til you master your craft  
This is it

[Phanatik]

I'm out to destroy this track, ya boy is back  
Who would think gospel tactics would employ rap  
But since I know head will enjoy that  
I'll rock til the wheels fall off like a benz or jag  
See, if I never get dough like "Whoa"  
It's cool jus to know I never sold my soul  
My goal is to get souls, not to go gold  
And get answers to shortys before she's dancin go-go  
And to talk to boy before they call the po-po  
Or he ends up in the morgue wit a tag on his toe  
See, if they can talk about cash and trash in their raps  
Then we can talk about snatchin cats out of traps!  
That's set for your soul, let's see it roll  
Til we end up in our heavenly home  
Who cares about how much or whether we've blwon  
Its not man but by God that's best to be known

[Chorus]

[Phanatik]

It's time to strike up the band, rise up and stand  
And draw lines in the stand of time, we stand behind  
What we believe in followin God, who squad read to die  
like Stephen  
Whether put to death or put to test, beef wit God?  
Better put it to rest  
What we kick will leave an imprint like a foot to the  
chest

Wit truth that'll shoot through your bullet proof vest  
Watch out He's ventin... no! He's vintage  
Like aged wine a sage wit rhyme sentence  
But since man at his core is mad hard to reach  
We know the Lord is usin more than jus parts of speech  
Paragraphs paird up to smash  
He'll bring the heat open up air ducts and shefts  
Who can last in the smolderin heat?  
When He throws the cold shoulder at His judgement  
seat?  
Huh? The very breath that we breath and every gift we  
recieve  
Is in the palm of His hand wit no tricks up His sleeve  
Isn't that a relief? So sit back in your seat  
Kick up your feet take it in and take it back to the  
streets

[Chorus]

[Phanatik]

I'm in the eye of the storm, high above norm  
Before the Most High when I perform  
An audience of One watchin, One chair, one stair hopin  
He's still there when I'm done watchin  
And if He's there then I hope that He's pleased wit me  
This is not done easily, I cook mics, but the rhyme  
books I write  
Changed since the Father wants to see Jesus Christ  
look-a-likes  
So the more like the Son, the Phanatik becomes  
That's less laps around the track that I have to run  
New character sprung, old habits get hunged  
Now we're havin some fun, too band cause now the  
tracks done

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