

## Blondie

### "No Exit Extended Video Version"

Visit "[No Exit Extended Video Version](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Coolio, Inspectah Deck, Mobb Deep, U-God

\*harpsichord solo\*

[Blondie]

THERE'S NO sinning, bears getting dressed to kill  
Laughing down the sun like a jackal will  
With his eyes ablaze and his lips apart  
He's gonna fill his cup with the love in your heart  
And drink it up till the morning starts  
Circulate the red light this is get the girls and get the  
sis'  
Pinch him up and give em bliss  
Kissin fears with all his might forever

[Coolio]

Standed on the verge of the edge of the ledge  
Waitin for me to fall, then I got a call  
It said, "WAIT HOLD UP HOMEY, YOU MUST BE TRIPPIN  
YOU CAN'T BE PUTTIN THAT STRIPPIN AND WHIPPIN  
UP IN YOUR PIMPIN, YOU BETTER STAND TALL  
FOOL YOU WAS BORN TO BALL  
TOOK A LITTLE FALL AND NOW YOU WANNA END IT ALL  
YOU BEEN CHASIN DREAMS LIKE A HOUND DOG ON THE  
HUNT  
Take your place in the front wit yo' hands on the blunt  
And it's right in your grasp man, I know they laughin  
BUT YOU'LL BE LAUGHIN LATER CUZ TIMES IS GON'  
GET GREATER!"

[Blondie]

That's when you least expect it  
You understand there is no exit

[Prodigy]

Aiyyo rock that \*shit\*, slamdance to this  
Move the \*fuck\* back when you see us in the mosh pit  
Smash something when my heavy metal raps thump in  
Crack more heads open than Beck's, you and your  
mans floated  
Tales From The Crypt, Rocky Horror couldn't Picture it

Spine-tingling, give you goose bumps singin it  
\*Bitch-ass niggas\* scared to party wit The Infamous  
We jumpin over the bar snatchin mad liquors

[U-God]

Out of the darkness, spark this total chaos  
Mark to scheme the hardest, nothing can save us  
All that is sacred, dearly departed  
Braveheart slave brave contains something  
courageous  
Salute shining armor, persona rip stages  
Loud as Nirvana, beneath the golden ages  
The road rash explode, little rigor that devour  
Don't cry for me, I'm bout drunk off the power

Chorus [Blondie] 2x

Who's gonna cry for ya  
Who's gonna cry over you

[Havoc]

Now if you think my Infamous Mobb remains untamed  
And we out for the cash while you out for the fame  
Lay back, count on my stack down to Cognac  
Writin my raps, here hold that, it's bound to go plat  
When my bang hits, relentless, whatever I spit  
Like a fresh pair of kicks outta the box, ready to rock  
You know the drilly stay collaboratin wit my committee  
Then it's on the L-I-E to QB city

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo yo

We storm the sound clash, but none heard the sound  
of the blast  
Send the mass outta control, the system found smash  
There's blood on the dance floor, they still chant  
"More!"  
The nitty gritty, New York inner city  
Fifty caliber thoughts force the world to bang wit me  
Bound to hit hard like twenty gods benchin in the yard  
Men at large take charge, out to make ours and take  
ours  
We fought against all odds  
Party crusher, verbal assault, quick to blast ya  
Ya stunned momentarily, dropped seconds after

Chorus 2x

\*guitar solo\*

Chorus to end

Visit [Blondie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.