

## **Crazy Town "B-boys 2000"**

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This is the last trip.  
This is the last trip.  
CXT KRS-One  
Boogie down, Crazy Town.

*[CHORUS:]*

Iâ€™m a bad ass B-Boy  
Two triple O.  
A space age hip-hop  
Superhero

I rock the block with glocks  
And brass knuckles.  
A pocket full of weed  
And a B-Boy belt buckle.  
Space age rage  
To rattle your cage  
Running amok as we  
Fuck up the stage.  
Taking hip-hop to a whole new level.  
8-0-8 bass over twisted metal.  
Shifty, the rebel. Supernatural.  
A mac with a pull.  
Act a fool. Excalibur  
Destroying M.C.'s with my  
Vocal algebra.  
We got something new for you.  
For you to take your ass and move it to.  
Hit to lose it to  
It's that crazy crew.  
Taking you on a ride to the  
Other side.  
Check it.  
Bar codes on freaks  
Programmed to freak mode.  
Black holes of lost souls,  
Let the story be told  
I rock a B-Boy stance  
Cuz it's time to explode.

*[CHORUS]*

If you ever want to know what time it is,  
Compared to what time it isn't,  
When you hear KRS in the house  
Just run and get our ticket.  
Because when you come into the jam,  
The party will be kickin'.  
All the wic wacs and DJ's in the house,  
Jealous, it gets so sickenin'.  
Now CXT are some cool guys,  
Still getting paid without no ties.  
At least no jack and I can't hack it.  
When you gonna ask the question why.  
I never liked working at Mickey D's,  
All my life I got B's and C's.  
Down with the crew called BDP  
Shifty, and E.P.I.C.  
Now when you be?

*[CHORUS]*

Put your mind over matter  
Gather 'round the sound  
Yeah, gather 'round the sound.  
It don't get better, gather  
'Round the sound  
Come on, gather 'round the sound.  
Put your mind over matter  
Gather round the sound  
Yeah, gather round the sound  
It don't get better, gather  
'Round the sound  
Come on, gather round the sound.

*[CHORUS]*

I roll at light speed  
Through space and time  
With a boom box of beats  
And a book of rhymes.  
Cosmo kinetic.  
I just don't get it  
These fools want to rock  
But their rhymes are pathetic  
The Epic, digital bliss,  
The mega sound  
Consists of hard drive bits  
Written underground.  
Crazy Town rocks so hard,  
You'll go berserk  
With the sound that travels  
Around the universe.

Ill thoughts disperse  
We're the first and last,  
High class, white trash,  
Rolling a classic hovercraft.  
In strange days,  
The wickedest ways  
Become the norm.  
But it's far from the norm  
When we perform.  
Check it.  
B-boys make some noise.  
Get connected.  
Respect it.  
You should expect the unexpected.  
B-girls reping at the front  
Of the show.  
I'm a bad ass b-boy two  
Triple O.

*[CHORUS]*

Dope thoughts come  
When I hear a kick drum  
A bass beat transforms  
The level of the street  
And the lyrics  
Boulevard status.  
Yo, I'm the baddest  
Beach front punks,  
They insist I'm the raddest  
Thing to ever hit since L.S.D.  
Hallucinate while I dominate.  
I bring Satan to the table.  
When I rock, there is not  
A label for it.  
Critics adore it.  
Homicidal as it gets.  
Your wrist slit  
When I make suicidal imprints  
On your brain.  
I induce pain, so I'm insane.  
Hell bent burnt you like acid rain.  
Extraordinarily, I lyricize,  
Specialize.  
In body rocking, rapping,  
And macking.  
Two triple O, I came to get down.  
With my clique Crazy Town.  
We came to get down.  
Yes, yes y'all  
We came to get down.

*[CHORUS]*

Put your mind over matter  
Gather 'round the sound  
Yeah, gather 'round the sound.  
It don't get better, gather  
'Round the sound  
Come on, gather 'round the sound.  
Put your mind over matter  
Gather 'round the sound  
Yeah, gather 'round the sound  
It don't get better, gather  
'Round the sound  
Come on, gather 'round the sound.

CXT

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