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# **Crazy Town** "Face The Music"

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Now, we push rhymes, crazy rhymes Words force fed to your mind. Trace the source brother, brother. Face the music, donÂ't confuse it for another. Nothing comes close to this Kiss the sky. These grands change hands As our fans multiply. We push rhymes. People gather Â'round when we Kick them. Go Boy, Shifty stick A'em. Ha ha ha stick Â'em. Burning bridges, smoking ism, Losing my religion, Shooting the breeze, We got these MCA's ass kissing. If you canÂ't take the heat, Then get your ass out of the kitchen. I freak it off the wall. CramminÂ', slamminÂ' points of view Into your fucking skull. Bitch, thatÂ's why we stick Â'em.

### [CHORUS:]

Stick Â'em Ha ha ha stick Â'em Ha stick Â'em, ha ha ha stick Â'em. Stick Â'em, ha ha ha stick Â'em Stick Â'em, stick-em, stick Â'em. Stick Â'em, ha ha ha stick Â'em. Ha stick Â'em, ha ha ha stick Â'em.

Well, I tapped you on the spinal With an anesthetic. Epic is the definition Written into grooves of vinyl. ItÂ's called survival, When I drop the stylish into friction. Techtonic traits. Drifting like the plates, It shakes like the quakes in Cali.

The mystic Majaraji.

Mission of the kamikaze comeback kid.

Producer super status.

lÂ'm here to claim my reign

As the baddest beat peddler.

So, place your bet middler.

The roof is a blaze.

And yo, weÂ're smoking out the fiddler.

WeÂ're sipping on a hundred proof liquor.

Welcome to the dooms day dawning.

Hot like the sun.

No time to relax.

We pack the doomsday gun.

## [CHORUS]

Call me a drifter, richter.

When I hit you with the stick Â'em.

lÂ'm talking shit.

The pit starter.

A wanted man.

The one who cuffed your daughter

To my bed stand

AND

I talk a lot of shit

because I know a lot of shit

I know, I said IÂ'd quit.

But I just want another hit.

ItÂ's madness.

Pimping like Gladys,

The baddest.

Maintain our status.

That is no question.

Releasing tension,

As we step into the seventh dimension.

This jabber jawÂ's, jaws are slapping.

WeÂ's whatÂ's happening.

Bones are breaking

And fingers snapping.

The pressureÂ's on

With non-stop action.

Whether banging your head

Or steady maxing.

### [CHORUS]

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