

Edan "Sing It, Shitface"

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Donavexx, lyrical asshole, taking shitty MC tongue, to
the frozen flagpole
I fart at family functions, landin' punches, in the face of
life
I paid a grand and three hundred for my beat machine
My body, I keeps it clean, by eating vegetables
While you claim indestructible
I made em feel uncomfortable
By talking bout some hemorrhoids and how my
parakeet's unemployed
I enjoyed, watching old men put Pennzoil inside their
engines,
while eating cookies kept in tinfoil
I been spoiled like the underwear thats been soiled
"By my opponents when I assemble microphone kits
Most kids appear dome-less,
I wonder their folks did to make em think they flow
swift with broken focus
Folk hymns are sung while my guitar is strung, and
then plucked, to make a hip hop
purist tense up
Sure it's 10 bucks to come and see me at a show
But when I stage-dive into Jello you won't care about the
dough
But if you still think my shit is wack you'll get your
money back
And then you'll leave the show and run into two men in
funny hats
They'll beat the fuck outta you, take your wallet out
your back pocket
After that you'll swell up in the eye sockets
Then I finish my show and go to the parking lot
And meet the two men, who then, put your loot in my
pocket
I tried jockin myself, but that didn't work
After I realized that God was watching with a hidden
smirk
I shit a turd that stunk the house for three weekends
Instead of R&B bitches, I do my hooks with Japanese
kids!

[chorus] Japanese kids singing

Edan: So sing it shitface!

Ooh, I love farting in the bathtub, at clubs, at home
On the road, in your face unload, in your eyeball
Fart while walking on the sidewalk, after nightfall

To the point you spray Lysol, despite all the things
That the people might say, I grab my genitals and tell
em "Have a nice day"

The right way, to grab a mic is constantly exhibited
By me, and the MC that knows that he's unlimited, its
eminent

like water splashing on the coast lines

Then I go to town meetings

And on the bulletin board I post rhymes, most times
don't give a fuck bout what you telling me

I get excited and crash a third grade spelling bee
and just as a girl named Bethany is about to win by
spelling cheese

I interrupt the train of thought by yelling "Freeze!"

And when she sees that I am nothing but a prankster
she tells the teacher, but I proceed to go

And yank her for her title, of third grade vocabulary
champion

she starts to cry, I say: that's what you get for
tampering

with the wordsmith, with the verb gift

The principal got nervous, when I ran into his office
shirtless

What's the purpose of terrorizing elementary schools?

I don't know, but I penetrate your brain with entry tools

Narratives from the battle-tongue

My record collection consists of twenty two copies of
Aqualung

Half a lung is what I need to rock the venue

I then do some Herculean shit on the wheels to cold
end you

Got the versatility of ten dudes, next up my little
shitfaced friend

Serves up a chorus from the menu

[chorus] Japanese kids singing

So sing it scumbug, yeahhhh

This is Donavexx, a.k.a. Edan

Signing off, Baby

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