

Faith Hill & Tim McGraw

"Hostile Takeover"

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[Intro]

Attention, attention, all security
we have reason to believe that British rap acts
may be attempting a hostile takeover of the building

[Blade]

Synchronise watches, memorise the plans
The blueprints and wear gloves on your hands
Check the walkie-talkie incase of an emergency
Execute the conspiracy, baffle the enemy
Overthrow the presidency, when its on get me
I'll be there, don't let the residents see
Keep your eyes open for security
We'll crack the code in unity
The mission is to steal the microchips, anything audio
Recordings of our beats and our vocals, get em to
radio stations (stations)
Time will tell, don't leak this information to
acquaintances, friends or relations
The danger factor, he's a producer I'm a professional
rapper
Audience attractor, enemy subcontractor
The defender of the realm, rap protector
Invading your sector

[Chester P]

Security alert, we have intruders on the premises
Believed to be agents, militant menaces
They must be apprehended and brought to a
disclosure
If they are who we suspect, it's a hostile takeover

[Blade]

Wearing balaclavas, carrying loaded microphones
Cellotape the covers and lens of surveillance cameras
We can't afford to be caught in the act
Damage the scene with the music to see the way they
react
Leaving no evidence, no fingerprints, no clues
The situation is volatile and hard to diffuse
The plan is simple, we'll meet at Ten

Head in the direction of Radio One, don't apprehend
(let's move)
The guards are lured but they're slow
We had to get this to Tim so he could let the world
know
It won't be long before the LPs available
I might be signed but I'm still untamable
And for now unobtainable
Caning the scene because the scene is canable
Tell em this felon ain't a criminal
His weapons are minimal, the approach subliminal

[Chester P]

Surveillance is down, I've lost their position
Protect the live room, they mustn't stop our
transmission
This is red alert, kill on sight, these men are soldiers
Do anything you can, it's a hostile takeover

[Blade]

The security's trapped, confused by the act
Two men with balaclavas leaving him tied and gagged
Dragged into the toilets with his hands cuffed
Where his legs are now tied to the radiator
And now we memorised the way around the building
According to the masterplans and blueprints
Turn left out of the toilet up the stairs
Take a right, straight ahead, room 206 live on air
Its time to execute, hold the rest of em back
While I deliver the record into the hands of Westwood
Pull off the balaclava to reveal all
As the record rotates, he says you've got balls
I reply, yeah I know it

[Westwood]

Blade wassup, what's the deal?
You got the album, let's get the joint on and blast off
for the UK
Yeah, that's hot. Damn, let's drop the bomb baby, yeah,
lets go

[Chester P]

They've taken over, they've taken over, what? what?
They've taken over, they've taken over, yo, yo (x3)
They've taken over, they've taken over, what? what?
Mark B and Blade, it's a hostile takeover

(Scratching: *Step aside ... stand clear*)

Phoney entertainers...

(*step aside ... stand clear*)

DJs with no skills...

(*step aside ... stand clear*)
The rest of the universe, make way for the UK.
(*Step aside ... stand clear*)

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