

Flaming Lips "Riding to Work in the Year 2025 (Your Invisible Now)"

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You crunchy chump crabs get crumbled up like crack
rock

Fuck wit the Wu we bustin' ya whole snot box
Throw ya right ear to ya bitch up in a zip lock
Spazzola to ya fury form of hip hop

Here's something to advertise, promote it keep the fan
satisfied

Load data for the disc drive, ghetto citywide
Leave 'em paralyzed, they stolen every word I provide
Without no clearance, I nurture this track like Amish
parents

Got requests from retail stores, for my appearance
First we target it, then they market it, to kill ya artist wit
The hungry shark, contra hit, whoevers starting shit
Got as many rap soldiers, for how much this record
ships

Fuck them niggaz you record with, I make them forfeit
Send a bomb rap in Fed Ex into ya office, son we build
and deliver
Came to build with the Gza
[Incomprehensible] the chorus from the Rza, the real
album spitta

Me and my street team be holding congress meetings
Audio visual video treatments internationally speaking
Got managers scared to shop you, ready to drop you
It's the coming of the newest hip hop Christ

Pop you, try the BDS and ya sound skins from war fans
Ya whole roster cant take on, one Sun of Man
Get ya street team, get ya sickest out, put ya posters
up
Boost ya bucket up, still Razah gonna fuck it up

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Industrialize niggaz change soon as ya get in
Throw 'em on a auction block, CEO's bidding
Highest price paid, for them wack rhymes made
It's over rated, cut off, never reinstated

I be fruitful and multiply with marvelous tales
Feed the hungry MCs and be starving as hell
I laid the first verse and quenched a dry ass niggaz
thirst
Who drank my wisdom up like water, till his stomach
burst

Full tank, with the premium quality raps
Mickey mouse niggaz get caught on the trap
Ya Cottonelle kids from Scottsdale cleanex
Looking like Rockwell wearing V necks

Ya learn from this earn from this
Niggaz getting tossed and turned for this, burned for
this
Extort from a thousands degrees of live MCs
I melt ya niggaz down to the size of fleas

The microphonous, collect the bonus, aiyo, we on this
House niggaz verse the homeless
Ten to one, Tim's the one
Royal famous, the verbal painless

The dark gallery, million dollar pictures
Import from poor to riches, leanin' on doors
We move across the Brooklyn bridge doing 60
Illegal driving, from dusk to red dawn
The Gza, Genius, Wu tang we live long

True indeed, I hook tracks like my seed
Persona, wack MCs do me notta
King Solomon the great, came to evaporate the fake
Yeah you, you know your power U

Ya recognize the voice, it's that nigga from the Wu
Every dart I spit gets mastered and promoted
Ya just been demoted, 'cause ya sweet and sugar
coated
Ya folded, ya style is half stale and molded, so mold it

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