

## Gavin Rossdale

### "Catastrophe"

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(B-Real)

I slay punks who don't know their own identity  
You spit my name and use it like an obscenity  
You got more skulls in your closet than a Kennedy  
You on my nuts so you better hold tenderly  
I can tell you what's crackin' and done get splitten  
You corrosin' on the floor, shaken and snake bitten  
You in a cold sweat like James of the names you knew  
Don't mean shit to me and you ain't got a clue  
of what's about to happen - interaction  
Two worlds collide - one survives the reaction  
Hold tight, keep yourself together  
cause we're about to storm you like shitty weather

(Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog)

(B-Real)

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself up for catastrophe

(Sen Dog)

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way  
that is has to be  
The whole damn world is mad at me  
But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be  
All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a  
formality  
How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"  
Without you takin' it personally

(Sen Dog)

Ten, proper years of bringin' funk  
I, still count mine, it's hella gettin' over the hump  
I got the loads on the skull, I got my hand on the pump  
Still got the boss to go nutty on you punks (yeah!)  
I don't wanna be the King of the Sing  
Just a Soul Assassin for the Cypress Team  
I rhyme and sing and make bitches scream  
They love that old South Side gangsta lean  
Call the Psycobeta, I guess you're crackin'  
Turn into Mad Dog when I start rappin'  
Look at hostile - ah, damn wild

Shake you up in a hurry from the voodoo child  
Don't get caught up hangin' on the mortar  
Hold on and I'll turn y'all punks all wild

(Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog)

(B-Real)

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself up for catastrophe

(Sen Dog)

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way  
that is has to be

The whole damn world is mad at me  
But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be  
All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a  
formality  
How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"  
Without you takin' it personally

(10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, come on!)

(B-Real)

I'm tired of whack rappers and fame seekers  
Like you know the deal to be in my same sneakers  
I don't mind exposin' you hollow bitches  
I got the medicine over the swallow bitches  
You play roles like an actor but get no oscar  
Gun spray, gunned away, cut from the roster  
You're just an imposter, you lost your composure  
Respect your exposure to bring you to your closure  
But you're in denial and still remain vile  
In a place within last style and senseless wild  
I take you down the long trail you failed to keep up  
That's when you get introduced to the street sweeper

(Chorus: B-Real & Sen Dog)

(B-Real)

I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself up for catastrophe  
I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself up for catastrophe  
I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself up for catastrophe  
I can see what you see what you asked for it has to be  
You set yourself UP FOR CATASTROPHE!!!

(Sen Dog)

Set yourself up for catastrophe and that's the only way  
that is has to be

The whole damn world is mad at me  
But I don't give a damn, I'm just glad to be

All pain and the fame a society, actuality, it's a  
formality  
How can I say: "You ain't shit to me"  
WITHOUT YOU TAKIN' IT PERSONALLY...

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