

Jeff Buckley

"B-Boy 2000"

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[KRS-One]

This is the last trip

This is the last trip

CXT KRS-One

Boogie Down, Crazy Town

(Chorus)

[Shifty Shelshock]

I'm a bad ass B-Boy two triple o

A space age hip-hop superhero

[Shifty Shelshock]

I rock the block with glocks and brass knuckles

A pocket full of weed and a B-Boy belt buckle

Space age rage to rattle your cage

Running amok as we fuck up the stage

Taking hip-hop to a whole new level

8-0-8 brass over twisted metal

Shifty, the rebel supernatural a mac with a pull

Act a fool, excalibur, destroying MC's with my vocal algebra

We got something new for you, for you to take your ass and move it to

Hit to lose it to, it's that crazy crew

Taking you on a ride to the other side, check it

Bar codes on freaks, programmed to freak mode

Black holes of lost souls, let the story be told

I rock a B-Boy stance, cuz it's time to explode

(Chorus X 2)

[KRS-One]

If you ever want to know what time it is, compared to what time it isn't

When you hear KRS in the house, just run and get our ticket

Because when you come into the jam, the party will be kickin

All the wic wacs and DJ's in the house, jealous, it gets so sickenin'

Now CXT are some cool guys, still getting paid without

no ties
At least no jack and I can't hack it
When you gonna ask the question why
I never liked working at Mickey D's, All my life I got B's
and C's
Down with the crew called BDP
Shifty, and E.P.I.C., now when you be?

(Chorus)

[KRS-One, Shifty Shelshock, Epic Mazur]
Put your mind over matter, gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound
It don't get better, gather round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound

Put your mind over matter, gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound
It don't get better, gather round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound

(Chorus)

[Epic Mazur]
I roll at light speed through space and time
With a boom box of beats and a book of rhymes
Cosmo kinetic I just don't get it
These fools want to rock but their rhymes are pathetic
The Epic, digital bliss, the mega sound
Consists of hard drive bits written underground
Crazy Town rocks so hard, you'll go berserk with the
sound that travels around the universe
Ill thoughts disperse we're the first and last, high class,
white trash, rolling a class hovercraft
In strange days, the wickedest ways become the norm
But it's far from the norm when we perform (Check it)
B-boys make some noise (Get connected)
Respect it, you should expect (the unexpected)
B-girls reping at front of the show
I'm a bad ass b-boy two triple O

(Chorus)x2

[KRS-One]
Dope thoughts come when I hear a kick drum
A bass beat transforms the level of the street
And the lyrics Boulevard status
Yo, I'm the baddest, beach front punks, they insist I'm
the raddest
Thing to ever hit since L.S.D.
Hallucinate while I dominate

I bring Satan to the table, when I rock there is not a
label for it
Critics adore it homicidal as it gets, your wrist slit
When I make suicidal imprints on your brain
I induce pain, so I'm insane
Hell bent burnt you like acid rain
Extraordinary, I lyricize, specialize
In body rocking, rapping, and macking
Two triple O, I come to get down
With my clique Crazy Town
We came to get down
Yes, yes y'all we came to get down

(Chorus)

[KRS-One, Shifty Shelshock, Epic Mazur]
Put your mind over matter, gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound
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Put your mind over matter, gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound
It don't get better, gather round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound

[KRS-One]
CXT
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Get em off, get em off
This is the last trip
This is the last trip
Word
Word
Word
Word
Jump, jump
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, let's, yeah
Come on, Come on
Make it HOT!
Word

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