

CrazyTown "Face The Music"

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Now we push rhymes, crazy rhymes
Words forced fed through your mind trace the source
Brother, brother
Face the music don't confuse it for another

Nothing comes close to this
Kiss the sky
These grands change hands as our fans multiply
We push rhymes

People gather 'round when we kick 'em
Go boy shifty stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em
Burning bridges, smokinism, losin' my religion
Shooting the breeze

We got these MCs ass kissing
So if you can't take the heat get your ass outta the
kitchen
I freak it off the wall
Crammin,' slammin', point of views into your fucking
skull
Bitch that's why we stick 'em

Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
stick 'em
Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em, stick
'em
(Stick e, stick e)
Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
stick 'em
Bitch
Stick 'em

Well if I tapped you on the spinal with an
Anaesthetic epic is the definition written into grooves
of vinyl
It's called survival
Without drop the stylish into friction
Tectonic traits drifting like the plates

It shakes like the quakes in Cali
The mystic Maharaji
Mission of the kamikaze comeback kid
Producer supper status
I'm here to claim my rein as the baddest beat peddler
So place your bet middler

The roof is a blaze and yo
Were smoking out the fiddler
We're sippin' on a hundred proof liquor
Welcome to the dooms day, dawnin', hot like the sun
No time to relax we pack the dooms day gun

Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
stick 'em
Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em, stick
'em
(Stick e, stick e)
Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
stick 'em
Bitch
Stick 'em

Call me a drifter, richter when I hit you with the stick
I'm talking shit, the pit starter a wanted man
The one who cuffed your daughter to my bed stand
and
I talk a lotta shit because I know a lotta shit

I know, I said I'd quit but I just want another hit
It's madness pimpin' like Gladys
The baddest maintainer status that is no question
Releasing tension as we step into the seventh
dimension

This jabber jaw's jaws are slappin'
We's what's happenin'
The bones are breakin' and fingers snappin'
The pressure is on with non stop action
Whether bangin' your head or steady maxin'

Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
stick 'em
Bitch
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, stick 'em, stick 'em, stick
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(Stick e, stick e)
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Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em, ha stick 'em, ha ha ha
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