

## The Midnight Beast

### "Another Crap Secret Song"

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Stefan:

Okay, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

Howdy partner, my names Stef. Rhymes so bad, I'll rhyme you to death

My English teacher said I should quit. When I rock the mic, I rock the mic

Shit.

Freestyling Stef, that's my name Being a massive players my game.

If you can't handle it, I'll put you in pain. You'll end up in the hospital

Wayne

Bruce Wayne, that's what I mean, Batman and the Robin team. With his dick,

That's his weapon,

Weapon of choice.

Hello everybody, my name is Stef. Another introduction, could rhyme you to

Death.

The same old words, used again. Recycling that's my-

That's my art, I'm

Good at art

Not good at painting not good at far- noise- Everybody knows that I'm a

Really good rapper.

Everybody knows per-rapper, the rapper, the game, on playstation, PS1.

Hello girls let- come to the club, ~Laughing~ we'll dance, we'll, we'll

Hug, we'll kiss, we'll snog.

1, 2, 3 I'm the rapper Stefan James Donald John

Abingdon, everybody knows

That I'm number

One. In the club I do dances, putting trances, I said that line before

It's recycling, I've even recycled the recycling line, motherfucker whoa,

Yeah

Uh, yeah we're The Midnight Beast, Drew's allergic to glutton and yeast

Is it useful(?). Glutton, Glutton, Sausages, Glutton. I'm

a rapper from the  
Bad rap  
I'm from a bad neighborhood called Fulham. We don't  
~Laughing~  
~I can't think of anymore, Uhm Okay~

Chorus  
We can't rap or freestyle that well  
That's why we make the chorus catchy as hell  
We can't rap and our free-stylings whack  
But what do you expect from the secret track

Drew:  
~Yeah, funky beats, nasty dirty sex music, and the  
beat goes and the beat  
Goes~  
My name is Drew and I like to party, I really don't look  
like Tom fucking  
Hardy  
Sometimes my bum goes a little bit farty, but hey  
~noise~ Sorry  
Arguably the worst rapper alive, but what other rappers  
still drinking five  
Alive  
Got some daddy issues, have some tissues, thanks  
mister  
And we know that I really be spitting this, lyrical shit,  
person pitch  
Sounds a bit like passion pit, what is this, bloody hell  
I'm looking at  
Things in the room for inspiration  
Yeah, southwest, you know we're south best. We rhyme  
with the. Tightest.  
Fly-est.  
I'm all alone, you tag along. Now you're pregnant too,  
no you're not.  
Whoops did we have sex  
I think not ~Laughing~  
Weezer, Wheezing, it's freezing, what the fuck am I  
doing in this freezer  
Everything can rhyme with poo, I once sat on the loo,  
and I was nude  
What is he saying  
I'm Andrew Francis Wakley. That's right, I got a little bit  
of French in me  
Not in me at the bum, just quarter French, if you're  
asking, maybe about a  
Fifth, probably not even that, it's just Francis really it's a  
name  
~Laughing~

Chorus

We can't rap or freestyle that well  
That's why we make the chorus catchy as hell  
We can't rap and our free-styling's whack  
But what do you expect from the secret track

Ash:

~Oh yeah, Okay, Okay, Here we go, Here we go, Here we go with the flow~  
Hello girl what's your name, my name is Ash, I like your name.  
Yeah that's right, I named a name, but what you expect when your rapping  
Skills are lame  
Swagga, Swagga, I've got swagga, Hop digga, digga, digga, swagga, swagga,  
Swagga  
Don't be jealous, 'cause I'm badder than you, badder than you, sadder than  
You, badder than you  
What's my name, my name is Ash, I got loads of cash, I've got nappy rash  
But what do you expect from a guy from Reading.  
Rapping skills that aren't  
That very good  
I'm a harsh boy rapper from Reading, I've got really good bedding. It's  
Got really nice feathers in it  
It's really soft, really soft, really soft, really soft. Ba, dagga, ooh.  
My name is Mogley, I'm from the jungle. I like to swing, in the trees  
I can't really rap so I make loud noises; ~noises~ Okay ~more noises~  
Hop, digga, digga, dagga, dom, badda, boo, sippa, la, ba, da, dagga, ha,  
Dagga, ooh, skip, ubba, dubba, dabba, sub, bub, la, buzza, buzza, buzza,  
Buzza, canna, getta, oh, eh, ooh  
Bubble gum up my bum, it's really numb, I gotta get it outta there before  
It makes my bum all sticky  
Jedward, Jedward, what you gonna do next  
How does Eminem rap, so well, because he's American. And I'm English  
~Laughing~  
Oh, my god, Ah well

Chorus

We can't rap or freestyle that well  
That's why we make the chorus catchy as hell

We can't rap and our free-styling's whack  
But what do you expect from the secret track

Thumbs up, thumbs up, thumb up my bum up  
~Laughing~

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