

## Sudden Death

### "That's How I Like It"

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That's how I like it, hardcore hip hop  
Bassdrum kickin' so the party don't stop  
In the music that you hear comin' out the box  
I want bass that growls and a rhythm that rocks  
I like a crowd that can really shout  
If you like it get down, if you don't get out  
'Cause I'm here, and I wanna take control  
And I'm takin' back all the lyrics you stole  
Style, I don't really have one  
I write what I like and I get the job done  
With a hardcore rhyme that leads the pack  
Got the dance floor shakin' with the music 'cause  
That's how I like it

Get back, get out of my way  
'Cause foolin' with fools is a game I don't play  
But some suckers still gang me thinkin' that I bend  
I knock 'em down, pick 'em up and then I beat 'em  
down again  
Spice is the name I was given  
And I got reputation for hardcore livin'  
Pumpin' up the bass drum, shakin' my car  
Got a rhythm comin' in on the guitar because I like to  
rock hard  
No sell out allowed  
My only mission in life is to rock the crowd  
I work great under pressure, no man I ain't jokin'  
You think you can beat me, what have you been  
smokin'  
Eight years ago I began writin' rhymes  
I was ten years old when I wrote my first rhyme  
Eight years later I've perfected the art  
And I'm here on stage cold tearin' it apart  
Spice is my name and Devo is my title  
I spend hours rehearsing for a rap recital  
Magic Mike mixed the music so the record sounds def  
Got my posse in effect backin' up what's left  
Bozhead, Ace, Baksai Nok  
M.C. Squared and Piles all help me rock  
That's the Dead Town posse from the Sudden Death  
crew

We're together for you're pleasure and we're doin'  
what we do  
Best, breakin' down a dope beat  
Got the dance floor shakin' so you gotta move your  
feet  
I cause a lot of damage and the damage shows  
It's worse than Freddy Krueger pickin' your nose  
I'm not done  
I came here for one reason, that's to have fun  
While I was doin' mine people yellin' "Go homeboy!"  
While you were doin' yours they just yelled "Go home!"  
That's what happens when the Devo Spice busts a  
rhyme  
With rhythm and it's always on time  
So prepare yourself, don't act like a slob  
While I keep the party rockin' and I finish the job

Spice is an M.C., get my gist  
Bet you never heard a white boy rap like this  
But now that you heard me, how do I compare  
I'm a white boy from Trumbull, sportin' red hair  
You think that I'm a sucker, you give me no respect  
You can call me what you want but don't call me collect  
I don't care, I'm only here to rap to the cut  
You wanna try to battle me, suck my what?  
People in the audience seldom get enough of me  
Makin' suckers into dead bodies is my specialty  
This is an example of the way that I rap  
And I do it like this every day because that's how I like it  
When I plan my attack  
I come prepared, never scared, and I'm always on  
track  
Devo Spice, the main rap contender  
Puttin' thoughts into words forcin' others to surrender  
People often think I can't do what I can  
I look like this because that's who I am  
Don't like what you see better close your eyes  
If you thought I was a sucker then you're in for a  
surprise  
Devo Spice M.D., M.D. stands for Majorly Demented  
I write my own rhymes, I don't steal them or rent them  
Bust a rap and disappear  
That's it for me homies, peace, and I'm outta here

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