

Sudden Death

"Theory"

Visit "[Theory](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Back in the game though I never really left
Givin' more of the same somethin' funny somethin' def
Lot of rotting in my brain and there isn't much left
Spice is the name and the band is Sudden Death
I do it for the fun with the help of my friends
And we're always on the run like used Depends
I had a little fun tying up loose ends
Now that the work is done let the insanity commence
Normal emcees come a dozen for a dime
And I blow 'em to their knees a dozen at a time
'Cause I am the cheese, I stand alone with my rhyme
So would somebody please serve me with a fine wine
OK maybe that's not appropriate for me
Maybe more like a vat of moldy iced tea
No rhymes about gats or a blunted emcee
No frontin' like that, what you get is what you see

A lot of people wanna know where the name came from
Well I'll tell ya, although it's kinda dumb
A long time ago when we were very young
We were working on the flow and where the beats
came from
I gave too much credit to the guys that night
We were thinkin' and we let it pass to the wayside
I picked one and didn't get it but we had to decide
"Sudden Death," Dave read it in the TV Guide
I didn't see what the name had to do with the band
I thought it was kinda lame but for now I let it stand
I didn't think it'd be the same for the long term plan
How it didn't change I may number understand
So that's it, no clever hidden meaning what'soever
Sudden Death is here forever or as long as we're
together
Not fine like leather or sharp like cheddar
The truth is that I never thought of anything better

I get inspired by anything and everything around me
Ponder for a minute, to continue hit the pound key
Scribble my ideas in a beaten up notebook
Think about it till I'm caught by it like a fish hook
When the time comes to get the song done

I think about whether to write a short or a long one
Decide on a structure or whether or not to have one
Then I just start writin' rhymes and trying to have fun
It may be finished after lunch or maybe next year
Doesn't really matter I just want it to be the best here
Whenever that happens I get workin' on the music
And if it all comes out OK then I use it
If it doesn't then I throw it to the scrap heap
And let it rot there like four day old crab meat
And when I get enough good songs put together
I put 'em on an album, a pointless endeavor

That's the way it goes, '86 was the year
Had a lot of highs and lows, but the highs were rare
A lot of tight flows with comedic flare
And a couple live shows thrown in here and there
If I get my way and I always do
Then we'll be here to stay pumpin' out something new
Maybe not every day but every year or two
And look for us someday at a theatre near you
For the next millennium expect more of the same
Somethin' kinda dumb, somethin' funny, somethin'
lame
I may be a bum 'cause to me this is a game
But I don't care if I've won because I got now shame
We'll be around despite people dissin'
If you don't like the sound then you don't have to listen
I'll be making the rounds as my saliva glistens
Sudden Death will pound your ear drums, that's the
mission

Visit [Sudden Death](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.