

Akos "Crabbuckit"

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Took a trip on a bus that I didn't know
Met a girl selling drinks at the disco
Said you'd come back when you let it go
Seems complicated cause it's really so simple
Walking down Yonge Street on a Friday
Can't follow them, gotta do it my way
No fast lanes, still on the highway
Moving in and out, no doubt there's a brighter day

[chorus]

No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up
No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up
No time to get down 'cause I'm moving up, ah-ah
Check out the crabs in the bucket
[repeat]

It's like flies on the windscreen, writing on walls
Square these clones claim they're having a ball
Blaming themselves just before last call
Tic-a-tic-a-toc, tic-a-tic-a-toc
Clock strikes twelve, clock strikes one
Smoking Gun put these fools on the run
I know it's not that simple, I know it's not that hard
Where's your goal?

[chorus]

[rap]

You know what I mean
Yeah, I heard ya, man
Yo check it out
Yeah, it's a conniption fit on the microphone lit
I take it higher like a bird on a wire
Retire the fire, I never cause I'm just movin' on up
Choosin' to touch the unseen, cravin' the clutch
The most inevitable legible pyromania
Slayin' the devil and sending them back to
Transylvania
Strangely enough I uphold that side as ghetto
From my heavy metal, will settle the puppets like
Gepetto
Damn if mirrors were created by sand

Then I'm looking in the water for reflections of man
Understand the minds above time when it's empty
MC tragically hip ahead by a century
Rah!

[chorus]

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