

Rita Wilson

"Fight Music"

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This kinda music, use it an' you get amped to do shit
Whenever you hear some shit an' you can't refuse it
It's just some shit for these kids to trash their rooms
with
Just refuse whenever they asked to do shit

The type of shit that you don't have to ask who
produced it
You just know that's the new shit
The type of shit that causes mass confusion
An' drastic movement of people actin' stupid

I come to every club with intention to do harm
With a prosthetic arm an' smellin' like Boone's Farm
Hidin' under tables as soon as I hear alarms
Paranoid thief that'll steal from his own mom

Connivin' Kon Artis with a bomb
Strapped to my stomach screamin', "Let's get it on"
A lush that love to drink, drunk drivin' a tank
Rollin' over a bank, cops see me an' faint

It's drastic, I'm past my limit of coke
I think I'll up my high by slittin' your throat
Push your baby carriage into the street 'til it's mince
meat
Your men's been beat the minute I step onto your street
This is fight music

You know why my hands are so numb? No
'Cause my grandmother sucked my dick an' I didn't
cum, oh
Smacked this whore for talkin' crap
So what if she's handicapped? The bitch said Bizarre
couldn't rap

I fuckin' hate you, I'll take your drawers down an' rape
you
While Dr. Dre videotapes you
Satan done got me on this song
Eatin' a hot dog readin' the Holy Quran while I'm on the

john

Tired of wearin' this yellow thong
Take it back, Sisqo, you know where it belongs
Now here's a gun, I'll put it in your palm
Now go over there an' blow up Dru Hill's arms, fuck the
love songs

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Just bring who you gon' bring on, who you gon' swing
on
I'm King Kong, guns blow you to kingdom come
Show you machine gun funk
Sixteen M-16's an' one pump

The snub in my paw, shove it in your jaw
Have you runnin' out this fuckin' club in your drawers
We lovin' the broads, there's nothin' to applaud
But fuck it it's all good, the hood is up in The Source
It's fight music

I'm a nigga that loves scuffles
An' won't hesitate to sock you again for swollen
knuckles
I'm like that, catch a nigga like bear traps
Blow his head back right in front of the priest sayin',
"You hear that?"

I slap your freak, bump you an' won't speak
If you step on my feet, you get drowned in your own
drink
I suffocated my shrink just for talkin'
Came back an' fucked up his pallbearers an' made 'em
drop his coffin
It's fight music

These beads I'm swingin' is stingin' 'em
See all these niggaz? When I step in the club, I'm
bringin' 'em
If any nigga lookin' too hard, we Rodney King'n 'em

Malice green to them an' gasolinin' 'em with premium

Light a cigarette, flick it at 'em or spit it at 'em
Hold up a picture of his family an' kick it at him
Blast while you right hookin', right when your wife's
lookin'
Fuck fight music, bitch, this is losin' your life music

If I could capture the rage of today's youth an' bottle it
Crush the glass from my bare hands an' swallow it
Then spit it back in the faces of you racists
An' hypocrites who think the same shit but don't say
shit

You Liberaces, Versaces an' you Nazis
Watch me 'cause you thinkin' you got me in this hot
seat
You motherfuckers wanna judge me 'cause you're not
me
You'll never stop me, I'm top speed as you pop me

I came to save these new generations of babies
From parents who failed to raise 'em 'cause they're
lazy
To grow to praise me, I'm makin' 'em go crazy
That's how I got this whole nation to embrace me

An' you Fugazi if you think I'ma admit wrong
I cripple any hypocritic critic I'm sic'd on
An' this song is for any kid who gets picked on
A sick song to retaliate to an' it's called

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