

All American Rejects

"3000"

Visit "[3000](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Three thousand!!!

Three thousand!!

I crank up lyrical flows, spit spats, what's that
The pattern records, don't touch the DATs, yo
Check out the pro skills, medic fulfills
Contact react to style I'm back you lack
Channels and handles, Automator's on the panels
Turnin knobs you slobs suckers like Baskin Robs
Carvel don't tell your whole crew is ice cream fudge
Rappers that budge, makin moves step in grooves
And ride the pace like at thirty-three dark shades
Now you seein me
Rap moves on to the year three thousand

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Let me shuffle red red red see the black heart it ain't
hard
Pick and choose you lose oops you lost
Check out the boss on Broadway down to walkways
Suckers with mics that end up with tooth decay
I, the Doctor, stop ya, in your world rock ya
Heads bop, forever tunes and they won't stop like hip-
hop
keeps growing, sick of sick of showing
Scratches in mattress business money reattaches
worldwide
deep inside stops the diamond rocks
In a million world, billion world, quitrillion world
Rap moves on to the year three thousand

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

Three thousand!

As space I've shown participator acts walk up clog up
and mess up

water down the sound, that comes from the ghetto
In the middle the core you tour explore experience
what is real you feel, changing ways
Commercial rap's in the grave, stuff on disc that's very
wack
that you saved, you think it's good won't go platinum
or even turn wood, sell the cassette
Your homey's tape deck gets wet
You my pet, my poodle chicken noodle's on the rise
Open your eyes and see my life
Rap moves on to the year three thousand!

Three thousand!!
Three thousand!!
Three thousand!!
Three thousand!!!

Visit [All American Rejects](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.