

Brandt Paul

"International Anthem"

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Intro:

To Japan they love the sound. Ha whoa. We made it.
What's up J-Ro?
(Aw I'm faded). Ah ha "check it out ch'all"
(Likwitadaded crew).
What's up pour me some of that shit nigga.
Giving big shouts outs to my man. Gettin' rid of all
wack MCs.
Tellin' 'em where we rock from.
Yo E-Swift break it down like this.

E-Swift:

All the way from the promise land to Japan
They love the sound of the Alkaholik band
International like interet you can bet
We'll be comin' through your town to get your crowd
wet
I'm like the horror thrilla Godzilla
When I attack the crowd goes crazy doesn't know how
to react
It couldn't be coincidental
That every time we grab the microphone we crush the
intramental
You don't want to feel the pressure so be cautious
I got the fatal Alkaholik shit to get you nauseous
Simple and plain from Europe to Spain
I'm like a bad knee sprain and you can't take the pain

Tash:

From where the Brooklyn Bridge cross to where the
gang throw signs
We blow minds and different kinds niggas love these
rhymes
Cause they be movin' like the dope cops downtown San
Fransico
From the herion to the coke to the antfedimine crystal
So you know my shit official you better hope we don't
clash
Tash will have your fiance' with her titties on the glass
Like a drug store mix representin' with the style
Throwin' up the "W" for all my peeps in Killa Cal

Cause that's where I chill on a day to day basis
While my homies sit in jail tryin' to beat they dope cases
So let's blow one for them while I hem up the world
If y'all niggas got the fourties Rico got the hooooo

Hook:

I was put here to spawn so my name would live on
And rock the mic till dawn and puff on a chron
To all my people it's really on
Wake up it's time to make a million (x2)

J-Ro:

Well I'm the fabulous can smashin' party crashin'
I eat MC's like a radish
Trashin' the stage with E-Swift and Tash and
The Likwit Crew loves hip hop with a passion
I'm mashin' meaning when I drive
The needle on my Chevy says 95
The Liks will keep it live no matter what you tell us
If you try to serve me I'll stab you in the neck like
Monica Seles
Well it's the eternally fresh rock the spot somethin'
awful
Individual rapper with the jawful
Of brain rhymin' uncommon I'm too tall for you to fuck
with
Chill before you catch the blue balls
I'm makin' legal money while your's is lookin' kinda
funny
My rap is solid while your shit is comin' out runny
Oh my I'm X-rated like Goldfly
I wrap the mic cord around your neck like the bow tie
I smoked Simon now it's "J-Ro Says"
I make your feet move like Nike Cortez
I sparkle from Arkal all the way to Sonoko
All the punks run cause they all poyo loco

Hook

Outro:

That's right make them yapes, drink them grapes. And
it's all not bad. Go
ask your dad. I got shit you never had.

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