

Die Blöden

"Electric Relaxation 2003"

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You got to

[Chorus]

Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
All day long man, we back in town

[Consequence]

Homie check it out I got her mesmerized
So won't you hook a chew scorns, she tellin you buy
Street poetry is how ya boy get paid
And I wear no Escalade, metallic, black or beige
Yo when I walk up in the club you know I do not pay
Aiiyo my man Kanyezy he got something to say

[Kanye West]

Aiiyo my name is Kanyezy from the Roc-A fam
And where the glocks don't jam, so where we pop them
scrams
See I showed you on the champions how we get down
So don't twist ya lips, I'm like Bobby Brown
You got B2K on all your bedroom wall
But if you be with Kan, gonna work ya walls
Straight from the South side of dem Chi-town streets
The top three in the game, with these here beats

[Consequence]

And if you talk about him, aiiyo I take you out
Either with the nine or the tech's in his mouth
And let that dime gettin friendly than the orgie's at
eight
But y'all niggaz don't shine so you couldn't relate

[Chorus]

Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (You couldn't
relate)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Yo Quence, you
couldn't relate)

Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down

[Consequence]

Quence without the game, now he's back to ball
Drive you insane, drop a tat at the mall
You starin at my Rolls' cold way to long
But I ain't scared of robbers, why I wear tephlon
I took her on the ave and she expect me to trip
But I made up with no style while I bought me some
kicks
So if you want the drama holler at ya boy

[Kanye West]

Original rude boy like Pastor Troy
The G-500 is my favorite toy
'Cause it don't look like a thug or a hood
But he keep dem gorilla's so we still be good
By the way my name is K, don't forget the A
and the N-Y-E, out N.Y.C
I'ma still rep the gold, no matter where I go
Everybody say I'm hot, I'm sayin I'm cold
Hate when niggaz leave the city and switch up they
reps
On the real homie, I don't get down like that
I'ma milk the game, 'til we all can eat

[Consequence]

Now the Chocolate Factory is what I bump in my jeep
So roll me up a L, but don't lace it with leak
'Cause that shit'll have me zonin for a couple of weeks

[Kanye West]

Now your momma told you let the Cleveland show
'Cause that's the best way to get a nigga with dough
They're fakin pregnancies and Cartier tournier
But she ain't know I'm cheaper than IKEA furniture

[Consequence]

Kanye, White, Malik, Little and D
Menace, Skates to Lou and 'em Puffs from L.B
They know the Consequence be wearin gold and ice
'Cause I got out the projects, where it's flooded with
mice
Ey shorty let me tell you 'bout the rules of my Nikes
It seems they always keep on movin, I don't hear nuthin
twice

[Chorus]

So relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Don't hear
nuthin twice)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Don't hear
nuthin twice)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Calm down)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Yeah!)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Yeah!)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (It's the R.O.C.!)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Uhh)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Yeah)
Relax yourself or we'll whack ya down (Uh-huh, yeah)
All day long man, we back in town

[Repeat 'til end]
Relax yaself or we'll whack ya down

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