

**Dolby Thomas****"Hyperactive"**

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At the tender age of three  
I was hooked to a machine  
just to keep my mouth from spouting junk  
they must have took me for a fool  
when they put me in a school  
'cause the teacher knew I had the funk  
but tonight I'm on the edge --  
better shut me in the fridge  
'cause I'm burning up  
with the vision in my brain  
and the music in my veins  
and the dirty rhythm in my blood  
they are messing with my heart  
and they're messing with my heart  
they are messing with my heart  
and they're messing with my --  
ripping me apart!  
hyperactive when I was small  
hyperactive now I'm grown  
hyperactive and the night is young  
semaphore out on the floor

messages from outer space  
deep heat for the feet  
the rhythm of your heartbeat  
'cause the music of the street,  
it isn't any rapattack  
I can reach into your homes  
like an itch in your headphones  
you can't turn it up  
I'm the shape in your back room  
I'm the breather on the phone  
and I'm burning up  
but there's one thing I must say  
before they lock me up again ---  
you'd be safer at the back  
when I'm having an attack!  
hyperactive when I was small  
hyperactive now I'm tall  
hyperactive as the day is long  
hyperactive in my bones  
hyperactive in your phones  
hyperactive and the night is young  
hyperactive when I was small  
hyperactive now I'm grown  
hyperactive till I'm dead and gone  
stand up hyperactivate!

get up hyperactivate!

wise up hyperactivate!

stand up hyperactivate!

Europe hyperactivate!

South Bronx hyperactivate!

London hyperactivate

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