

Kool Keith and TomC3 f/ Motion Man

"Clubber Lang"

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(Emergency, emergency! .. Emergency, emergency!)

[Kool Keith]

I'm the doorman, civil court elevation carrier
Press 18 to go up, BING BONG~!
You made it look out the window off the Enterprise
Your face show up, what is it, who are you? I want it
Lift this planetation now
God damnit, what is this Scotty?
Makin him out to be a 3-eyed monster restin on the
potty
Waitin 'til the bat is spanish
Coconut rum, wearin alloyed factors equal to the slum
E.T. tour with Igor
From the new runs to the sea core
The Bay rock with E-4'
Open the club to psychotic lights
After it's over it's time for the afterfuck and the grub
Everybody get they heads rubbed
A massage...

[Motion Man]

Yeah I know
Still double sensitive with two 40's of Olde Gold
I'm covered in regurgitation when askin wife for sex
Man move your borin ass
You need to come touch grime grit grease breath vomit
smell chest
Keith honk the Enterprise horn, scare that boy
with shadow puppets like come out of puppets who kill
I mean Canada, as a kid I looked under my bed
Saw the Boogeyman, I told him that's right
He sleep under my bunk, and hold my pocket out there
When we in population
My circulation Azazel fall in my jubilation
Lick my finger, put it in the air
The baromic club temp is low, soft interior hard fake
Makeovers, classic protection, people think they're
glamorous
Keith stare at that mammal 'til all the bodyguards turn
"I Robot"

With Dan Marino type accuracy
I send a spiral to Sealy posturepedic mattressing

Laying down, laying down, laying down, laying down
(laying down)

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