

The Transplants

"Tall Cans In The Air"

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"Nobody move, nobody get hurt"

Take a look around baby, yeah my whole crew's ugly
But we still got the most game, the most money
The most hos, the most honeys, it's so funny
How you hate my fuckin' guts but at the same time love me
From the Lincoln to the gold to the lowriding bike
I always catch you hatin' but you know that you like
What you see is what you get, nothin' more, nothin' less
I'm chillin' smokin' chronic while you're chokin' on stress

Tall Cans in the Air, let me see 'em ... fuck you!
Tall Cans in the Air, let me see 'em ... fuck you!

I see you're mad at the fact that my pockets stay fat
Is it the cash I made on whacks or the cocaine sacks?
To the crew I roll with or the one that you lack
I wish you would come around, I'd lay you flat on your back
You better hope you fuckin' miss me if you see me
drinkin' whiskey
You know, me and Diablos get way past tipsy
Whether drunk, high, or sober, yeah we still get it over
'Cause it's 10 to 3 a.m., head to toe, tread to joker

Tall Cans in the Air, let me see 'em ... fuck you!
Tall Cans in the Air, let me see 'em ... fuck you!

I never sing, no, never, I only shout
We're coming clean forever, without a doubt
Like a machine gun trigger, you'd better watch out
Yeah, Transplants don't give a fuck, that's where we're at
So here we come with our original style
I said 'Who the fuck are you? I been here for a while.'
We got Distillers, AFI, LFB, and Crystal Sound
Transplants are fearless and the most original

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"Nobody move, nobody get hurt"

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If you think I give a fuck, well you better think twice

U.S. Thugs, Wolfpack, and I ain't nothin' nice

Check the date and time, lyrically committin' hate crimes

Noose from the cord of my mic, now it's hang time

Blow minds with rhymes designed to break spines

Transplants comin' through and we're one of a kind

With tha chrome to your dome, make you flip like a flapjack

Two tall cans and a packet of blackjacks

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