

Grüvis Malt

"Wax On"

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The vinyl scratch of the 80's lifted up into the air like an
aroma that isn't there before I knew a bass from a
snare or
cared about clothes or hair or where I was headed my
mother was there if I got scared or to cover my eyes if
a
lady got bare chested for an hour I rested in front of
music
television wishin' to front this transmission instead of
missin'
afternoon session of kindergarden, mom was in the
garden
the ground was hardened up and Pookah wasn't yet a
dog
but a pup shluppin' up bologna corn chips and Star
Wars
figures I have pictures but that's about all in my mind
small
boxes and photo albums my first of course was Michael
Jackson's Thriller when I heard this pappy made the
purchase popped it on the plastic Fischer-Price
turntable, enabling me to get down alone in my room I
bopped and boomed in parachute pants and
kangaroos you got the knews so now kick itâ€¦!

CHORUS

People lift your heads up and listen to the chatter
Things are never black and white you got to use your
Gray matter
People lift your heads up and hear the mind static
Check the sound that we bring because true "soul" is
so sporadic People put your feet down and lose the ties
that bind Listen to the Malt because good funk is hard
to find People put your feet down and danceâ€¦!
C'mon, you know we're crazy tight

HEY HO I take the astrophone to finish what B started
I take it while I'm young but even at 60 I'll be carded
BIP BOOM I use caccoons to keep ya biters out my
thought

den this bug became the butterfly while other boys
became
the men POP POW I took flight and spread my wings to
show my beauty you can too, drop depression and the
fear---that's much too gloomy ZIP ZOOM Gruvis writes
history so put us on the shelf close your ears, shut your
eyes, and pay attention to yourselfâ€¦Doo Doo's

CHORUS

I got to rehearse the verse so no verse I invert so I
present the message clearly to every Gruvis Malt
convert to cavort on stage takes my wind away only
here it's welcome when my teachers used to say
"Please Calm Down" and frown at me for clownin'
soundin' kind of silly crackin' on my classmate inbred
hillbilly, so kill meâ€¦I did but administration couldn't
be slayed however Corrupted its State at least I took
the time to investigate my own local Watergate blew up
to late for me to participate so all my hate that
incubated was slated in fate to slay my rivals
automate---but hold up, WAIT! What about happiness?
Don't the tribe members promote joy with the music
sewn slickly? Yes, but too much cheer can be sickly and
like my boy
GT Romen says, "Y'all ain't no hippies!"

CHORUS

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