

Manhattan Transfer F/ Ben E. King

"No Exit"

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harpsichord solo

[Blondie]

THERE'S NO sinning, bears getting dressed to kill
Laughing down the sun like a jackal will
With his eyes ablaze and his lips apart
He's gonna fill his cup with the love in your heart
And drink it up till the morning starts
Circulate the red light this is get the girls and get the
sis'
Pinch him up and give em bliss
Kissin fears with all his might forever

[Coolio]

Standed on the verge of the edge of the ledge
Waitin for me to fall, then I got a call
It said, "WAIT HOLD UP HOMEY, YOU MUST BE TRIPPIN
YOU CAN'T BE PUTTIN THAT STRIPPIN AND WHIPPIN
UP IN YOUR PIMPIN, YOU BETTER STAND TALL
FOOL YOU WAS BORN TO BALL
TOOK A LITTLE FALL AND NOW YOU WANNA END IT ALL
YOU BEEN CHASIN DREAMS LIKE A HOUND DOG ON THE
HUNT
Take your place in the front wit yo' hands on the blunt
And it's right in your grasp man, I know they laughin
BUT YOU'LL BE LAUGHIN LATER CUZ TIMES IS GON'
GET GREATER!"

[Blondie]

That's when you least expect it
You understand there is no exit

[Prodigy]

Aiyyo rock that *shit*, slamdance to this
Move the *fuck* back when you see us in the mosh pit
Smash something when my heavy metal raps thump in
Crack more heads open than Beck's, you and your
mans floated
Tales From The Crypt, Rocky Horror couldn't Picture it
Spine-tingling, give you goose bumps singin it
Bitch-ass niggas scared to party wit The Infamous

We jumpin over the bar snatchin mad liquors

[U-God]

Out of the darkness, spark this total chaos
Mark to scheme the hardest, nothing can save us
All that is sacred, dearly departed
Braveheart slave brave contains something
courageous
Salute shining armor, persona rip stages
Loud as Nirvana, beneath the golden ages
The road rash explode, little rigor that devour
Don't cry for me, I'm bout drunk off the power

Chorus [Blondie] 2x

Who's gonna cry for ya
Who's gonna cry over you

[Havoc]

Now if you think my Infamous Mobb remains untamed
And we out for the cash while you out for the fame
Lay back, count on my stack down to Cognac
Writin my raps, here hold that, it's bound to go plat
When my bang hits, relentless, whatever I spit
Like a fresh pair of kicks outta the box, ready to rock
You know the drilly stay collaboratin wit my committee
Then it's on the L-I-E to QB city

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo yo
We storm the sound clash, but none heard the sound
of the blast
Send the mass outta control, the system found smash
There's blood on the dance floor, they still chant
"More!"
The nitty gritty, New York inner city
Fifty caliber thoughts force the world to bang wit me
Bound to hit hard like twenty gods benchin in the yard
Men at large take charge, out to make ours and take
ours
We fought against all odds
Party crasher, verbal assault, quick to blast ya
Ya stunned momentarily, dropped seconds after

Chorus 2x

guitar solo

Chorus to end

