

Not I'm not the type to just act like I know  
Puttin on an angle putting on a show  
Speaking on nothing makes you a stunt  
I'll tell you right here yo I don't front I cross the t's and skip nonlegiti  
macies  
Or else please I cannot handle all the negative vibe merchants  
Is that all you have in you per chance  
So much angst and pain it's so wack  
You should take a tip from the one Frank  
Black Playsome pachinko play some parcheesi  
Cause all the angst shit is just cheesy  
It's the 311 bliss too smooth for pissed  
Lyrics talkin loud again  
Yeah we are the party men  
Cosmetics that you fretted  
We sport the high aesthetic H  
ere go rapkickin the dazzled crazy mathematic  
I am what I am mix some old school jams onto tape cuz the  
Party's in the crates I scan step into the realm  
What you gonna do  
Give the party people something funky to listen to  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got  
Bodyrock pop and lock here's an example  
Boulevard chrome beats always ampin' your temple  
Punks get got in the age of hip hop  
It's just begun like stolen bikes on the blacktop  
Born to sing a lyric immaculately concepted  
No strain in your game if your game is respected  
Come as you are radio star  
Drown out the hatred with a rhyme  
An electric guitar  
Dispatched when rap shattered the glass of radio access  
May we turn some soul on their rhythmless dances  
You know the time and they'll know the scoop  
They'll say it was a rhyme and a beat of a rap group  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
Your rhymes have been outmoded  
So just quit your belly achin'  
You're saying that your tortured  
Give me a fuckin break and  
Maybe take out the source  
Of your disparing what do I mean  
Kick the fuckin' heroin I speak from experience  
Because I didn't see clearly once  
Acting like I dunce In 1989 I was cocaine and Jim Beam  
But now it's 95 and I'm ginseng  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got see  
Misdirected hostility, that's what you got