

We bringing it back to basics
Situating under the basement
The nation is guaranteed
To hit the pavement
You slept, now your bobbing your head
So hard you left with a
Permanent injury to your neck
The turn of the century's way behind
We raped the time when she gave birth
To the First Born drafted this design
What! You thought our second record wouldn't be live?
Surprise! Why did it take you so long to realize
Only the strong survive
Without the need for compromise
No one's above us in context
Your whole genre's elevator music
Playing on the way up to where my song sits
You've sold a lot of records
But I've gotta question
How many ended up back in the used section
All of them!!!
Yeah Abilities beats bang
But he ain't making nothing for you
So stop calling him
I had enough of these pretty punk
MC/DJ Duos pseudo boy bands
Holding hands in public
Your candy coated condom flavored karaoke cover songs
Are no longer accepted so I suggest you exit
Back on the mission to corrupt human brain waves
Unconcerned with circumstantial targets
When we learned to aim straight
With every ending there comes a new beginning
Listen we 'bout to clue you in
On just what you've been missing