We always hit the decks with that rough rhyme stylin Snap back ya neck and keep the tunes a pilin Can you hear my crew scream I've got anorexia Damn straight my arse has got to get sexier It's the free radicals and chemical minds That slow down ya system and make your world survive Everybody in the room get on down Turn up the system move the fuck around Download it's time to crank up the system Move the fuck around Hey , Crank up the system When we hit ya mind in time you'll feel sublime Coming up on ya holy, you'll be begging for us next time Feel the temperature rising on the other hand Paranoid cut down bustin and in demand This is the time when ya fakes will be walking Strip back the phoneys , let this deal do the talking Hold back just like you understand This is the dope deal burning in ya other hand Ya see I'm madball with a taste for flavour Mr DJ hit the tune to savour We never seem to like to brag but well It's the exterminator coming straight from hell Release the pressure There's no fresher I insist Who hit the brakes , caused the alienation Shift back and forth , lyrical masturbation Make the song burn up in every verse Can you give me time off , fuck you it hurts Do I hold back , cut back , I feel like a dog Makin sure it's right You have come to let loose it's right Make sure we get it on tonight !