

V1 (16)

Slack fucks, back it up, Act rough, smash cups/  
Crack thumbs Catch a lump, The mad rush anthem  
Jab Guts, Slap Cuffs on hands of strapped thugs/  
Flap Gums, Tap their Mug, Catch slugs? Bad luck/  
Clap guns? I've had enough, Stack ones? Pass the buck/  
Amped, Son? Examine the last punk who's trap's shut/  
Wack chumps, & fags duck, in the back of a packed club/  
We stand front, snatch em, and vanish once the cab comes/  
Fast Love? Shag sluts, ass hump, stab muffs/  
Women grab studs, show em upper class Tantra/  
Now Dance dumb, have fun, I'll rap till I collapse lungs/  
Chickens flash jiggs if you wanna have your man sprung/  
Dash, crush in the fashion of Mack trucks, that's crunk,  
Leave your hat spun, bash drums, after the band's done/  
You're trapped, stuck, throw a mass tantrum! You can't front/  
We bout to light it up, tell em where you snagged the match from.

V2 (24)

Monsterous, stompin shit, without the risk of consequence/  
Watch it kid, outta respect, learn how to use your common sense/  
Rockin it, shock your system out with this atomic kick/  
Ominous, sound that picks you up to put you down again/  
Dominiant, confident, troopin, on without a hitch/  
The QN slaughterhouse 5 like Kurt Vonnegut/  
Ironie, is it not a bit? You cocky pricks, wanna bitch?  
You must've lost your noodles like you dropped a pasta dish/  
Preposterous! Shout at kids, blockin 'em with a hockey stick/  
Your fosse click, gets sent back to the dot com, with lots of hits/  
It's obvious, geologists with documents, have proven that we're toppling/  
The continents by the amount we're hopping and/  
We're proud of it! I'll Allow the crowd to vent/  
Hip-Hop to politics! No matter what the topic is, we're squashing it!/  
The clock is set! Tick-tick-tock It's about to get/  
Brolic, yet, we always got ya gawkin in astonishment!

Break:

Tear this bitch down right now.

V3 (16)

I got the lethal lingo - with a street flow, to keep more/  
People eagerly breathing, fiending for the repeat dose/  
But there be no sequel, or cheap clone of the team known/  
As Deac, Kno, Elite, Tone and beats grown by Domingo/  
From the East Coast to Reno, We swing bows and Meet hoes/  
With freak jones, and leaves holes so they're wide enough for free throws/  
Now, Reach throats, squeez hold, but freeze though, police hope/  
You do something illegal - like deal coke - you seen blow?  
Like Deep snow, we shut em down - Peaceful/  
Bring your pea coats, if you thinking to drink more, with the chug of a stea  
mboat/  
Wanna beef, yo? You bleed, so, don't leave home with clean clothes/  
We 'Plink!' Bones, like fink Joe Pesci's role in Casino/

My speech holds diesel! Heats coal, Please don't/  
Sleep, or your bound to wake up screaming with your sheets soaked/  
Fuck a c-note, this here's free show/  
Cause tonight, we're all millionaires, like the ATM machines broke!

Chorus:

Lets get set with this, freshness,  
Restless Kids, Just step to this!  
Yes, It's on!  
This excuse to just wreck shit/  
Flex Chicks! Cause we ain't sexist!  
Yes, It's on!  
Press up to next to this entrance  
Hence, don't jet for those exits  
Yes, It's on!  
Vexed? Upset? With your section?  
Then, don't stress! Release Tension!  
Yes, It's on!