

Fight! Fight! Fight!

Watsky

Verse 1 [Watsky]

Spun a web of lies, took notes from Charlotte
Throw a red herring, paint the White House scarlet
Pennsylvania Ave was the last red carpet
Then Bush relapsed like a rehab starlet
I feel carsick
Stop the Paris Hilton carousel
Hot as hell and smells like kerosene and caramel
America's flaring and we're carrying parasols
Paranoid of terror cells, parents scared of aerosols
Said if you care at all, fight for the ones who fall
Fight for the ones who can't, fight for the one for the all
And fight for the ones who rep, and fight for the one percent
At the bottom against the one-two-one-two step for the ones who come correct
I don't wanna sit back with a Big Mac and a rack of natty ice
Six pack on my lap, skinemax on blast, sticking to the facts of life (right)
Said if you're taller better follow who you're steppin' on
Cause I'll be brawling like the fightin' Irish leprechaun

[Hook- "Till I Collapse," Eminem]

Till the roof comes off, till the lights go out
Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
Till the smoke clears out - am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit till my bone collapse
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[Verse 2: Dahlak Brathwaite]

Since I was little I've been fiddling with the riddle
Focus like folks addicted to Ritalin craftin' it with no chisel
You soft as Malcolm in the middle
I'm strong as the Nation of Islam with Malcolm in the middle
Uh Izza, Uh Izza, can you save them
Playful like skittles or that little minstrel delicious was kissing like a s
witch
Switch it up like a schizo
Pretty motherfucker would get ugly like gizmo
It's okay maybe it's not your day
I'm a winner couldn't even get beat by Dr. Dre
I couldn't even get beat if I was your slave (yay)
I got (?)
My designer clothes look like (?)
Angry like sin case thoughts once his chains unlocked
And this is why I'm hot
But not in that MIMS sort of way
More like you better get him sort of way
Cause until I kill Bill he won't put his sort of way
Been a professor like you got your tenure today
Got my vendetta to settle I ain't settlin' for close
When it comes to wantin' change I'm as unsettled as Mos
Spittin' live from the boondocks
With my boombox
Sittin' on my soap box
Spittin' got my folks locked
They patiently waiting for me to give em' some of freedom fighter

Kind like Huey Freeman of 21

[Hook]

Verse 3 [Watsky]

I don't need a chart to see that I look hard to me
There's no Chardonay pumping through my arteries
And my heart'll say I should take the harder way
If I got a part to play, I won't make it Bartleby
At least this Starter T is feeling like an armor piece
It's guarding me like it's righteous artistry
So far to lead us to inagaddadavida
To seeking god in your freedom
To God I gotta lead a vida bonita
Cause see to lead a beautiful life
Is more than eating, sleeping, and meeting suitable wife
You gotta fight
While luda's throwing bows in A-town
I'll be throwing blows like little children on the playground
You should know the bay, we're seeming sorta tame
But we can go insane
And if you're on lower plane like when a boeing lands
My fist detaches at the wrist, so I'll be throwing hands

[Hook]