

Crazy Town, B-boys 2000

This is the last trip.
This is the last trip.
CXT KRS-One
Boogie down, Crazy Town.

[CHORUS:]
Im a bad ass B-Boy
Two triple O.
A space age hip-hop
Superhero

I rock the block with glocks
And brass knuckles.
A pocket full of weed
And a B-Boy belt buckle.
Space age rage
To rattle your cage
Running amok as we
Fuck up the stage.
Taking hip-hop to a whole new level.
8-0-8 bass over twisted metal.
Shifty, the rebel. Supernatural.
A mac with a pull.
Act a fool. Excalibur
Destroying M.C.s with my
Vocal algebra.
We got something new for you.
For you to take your ass and move it to.
Hit to lose it to
Its that crazy crew.
Taking you on a ride to the
Other side.
Check it.
Bar codes on freaks
Programmed to freak mode.
Black holes of lost souls,
Let the story be told
I rock a B-Boy stance
Cuz its time to explode.

[CHORUS]

If you ever want to know what time it is,
Compared to what time it isnt,
When you hear KRS in the house
Just run and get our ticket.
Because when you come into the jam,
The party will be kickin.
All the wic wacs and DJs in the house,
Jealous, it gets so sickenin.
Now CXT are some cool guys,
Still getting paid without no ties.
At least no jack and I cant hack it.
When you gonna ask the question why.
I never liked working at Mickey Ds,
All my life I got Bs and Cs.
Down with the crew called BDP
Shifty, and E.P.I.C.
Now when you be?

[CHORUS]

Put your mind over matter
Gather round the sound

Yeah, gather round the sound.
It dont get better, gather
Round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound.
Put your mind over matter
Gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound
It dont get better, gather
Round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound.

[CHORUS]

I roll at light speed
Through space and time
With a boom box of beats
And a book of rhymes.
Cosmo kinetic.
I just dont get it
These fools want to rock
But their rhymes are pathetic
The Epic, digital bliss,
The mega sound
Consists of hard drive bits
Written underground.
Crazy Town rocks so hard,
Youll go berserk
With the sound that travels
Around the universe.
Ill thoughts disperse
Were the first and last,
High class, white trash,
Rolling a classic hovercraft.
In strange days,
The wickedest ways
Become the norm.
But its far from the norm
When we perform.
Check it.
B-boys make some noise.
Get connected.
Respect it.
You should expect the unexpected.
B-girls reping at the front
Of the show.
Im a bad ass b-boy two
Triple O.

[CHORUS]

Dope thoughts come
When I hear a kick drum
A bass beat transforms
The level of the street
And the lyrics
Boulevard status.
Yo, Im the baddest
Beach front punks,
They insist Im the raddest
Thing to ever hit since L.S.D.
Hallucinate while I dominate.
I bring Satan to the table.
When I rock, there is not
A label for it.
Critics adore it.

Homicidal as it gets.
Your wrist slit
When I make suicidal imprints
On your brain.
I induce pain, so I'm insane.
Hell bent burnt you like acid rain.
Extraordinarily, I lyricize,
Specialize.
In body rocking, rapping,
And macking.
Two triple O, I came to get down.
With my clique Crazy Town.
We came to get down.
Yes, yes y'all
We came to get down.

[CHORUS]

Put your mind over matter
Gather round the sound
Yeah, gather round the sound.
It don't get better, gather
Round the sound
Come on, gather round the sound.
Put your mind over matter
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CXT

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crbt2('Crazy Town', 'B-boys 2000')

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Artist Info