

The Prodigy, Get Up Get Off

You got to get up
If you wanna get

I hate people that ain't movin' their shoes
and I hate everybody that I see not feelin' my groove
I like rhymes that be quick as we be takin' the bar
but I hate everybody that don't like electric guitars and I
hate people who think they can dose up their medicine fuckin' with venom... and I
twista... show them the force I'd like to see somebody talkin shit get turned up a corpse
only model with the ones that got the wickedest drawers... kick it with ya'll

but I hate phony ass people
and I hate having no dro
and I hate bitchy-ass clubs that don't be havin no bitches that break it down to the floor
and I hate when I can't help somebody
and I hate when I ain't got dough
and I hate everyone feelin twista and prodigy rockin' music party music control

You've got to get up
If you wanna get off

Keep your eyes open... so I can stop you from blinkin
Make you feel... try to see what you're thinkin
Through the hole in your dome while I'm holding my own
Get so cold in the zone I'm destroying my clone
I can fill the fuckin' room up with torture and pain..
lyrical... is coursing my veins
It's the trilogy of terror... from my era
... agility that I scare ya because I hate ya'll