

The Transplants, Crash And Burn (Feat. Rakaa)

"Crash And Burn"

(feat. Rakaa)

Album : Hounted Cities

[Chorus x2:]

Crash and burn crash and burn crash and burn tonight

We're gonna keep on partying till the wake of daylight

[Tim]

Rosy is a Puerto Rican porn star; that girl knows how to get down

Yeah, making money, making movies, lying horizontal dropping all her clothes on the ground

Yeah, now Rosy said: "Wake up, Tim it's midnight, it's a city out there to go for a ride"

Yeah, like two vampires, we ride through the cities, we stripped her backside

I don't give a fuck, never did never would, never could back down, not one time

So I'm gonna keep, making music, making records, keep telling people what's on my mind

I'm the same kid that I ever was even though I got platinum plaques on my walls

And I dress in black and it's a fact I don't give a goddamn at all

[Chorus]

[Rob]

I think back to better days, took a license to ill

Before I ever held something I fell in love with them pills

Back before I had to ride and go in for a kill

Way before I tried to rhyme and go in for a deal

It's real survives with guns playing only from the shoulders

Wrong way down a one way still avoid the rollers

Still I beat a motherfucker like it's going outta style

Tried to cheat me outta my cash so I beat it out his child

I'm wild, my pupils dilated same as my people

I'm the only mother present to build you a church steeple

Speak evil to the world teach all the boys and girls

That they can't trust no one, show 'em fuck what you heard

Cause I mind my own business and I do my own dirt

And I make my own money cause I got my own work

I swear somebody better send a ceast and desist

Before I squeeze it with my fist and they cease to exist

[Chorus]

[Rakaa]

A party was bash for how long it was lasted

Some turn cash like hash to ashes

some dash hot slugs run the fastest

Who we fought to eat, unless we fasting

But thugs are not like most actors casted

Thugs might blast and smash your casket

America's worst fear, white, brown and black kids, together

fed up, strapped up to tatted

bald heads, jerry curls, classic perms,

various sets that'll flash off sherm

toast to a new day having its turn

tequila, the bottle is like a bath for worms

the paranoid, that's way past concerned

I hope the country and the world get past this term

this is show and tell, so the class will learn

party go until the cops come and crash and burn

[Chorus]