

Zebrahead, Walkaway

Here I come around the bend again
Don't want to battle cause you know that I'll win again
Check it, battle scars earned and worn with pride
These words are where my soul resides
And never did I ever fit into this place, right?
And I couldn't stand looking at your face, right?
And you didn't mind making this a race, right?
So check out the bass
When I flow, I know, that I grow
Sit back relax and check out the bomb show, bet
And never could you ever bring me down, clown
Yeah, check out the sound!

Well I saw your face one time, I never thought I'd walk away
Then we hit the trip that wouldn't quit, and I never walked away again
I said I'd never walk away again

Let me jump back into the boom of the room
Come and take a ride to the top of the moon
I don't want to fight and make this a bad trip
I just want to sit back, relax, take a fat rip
Check out the shapes and the colors in the grooves
Check out the thoughts that make your mind move
Check out the lights that form the new patterns
Check out the beats and the rhymes that make us much phatter

Check out the zebrahead style
Boom, boom, boom in the room

And I kick
Free style form not the norm
Cause I slang it
Coming five fold take another hit and I hold
And don't try to wreck cause kid you'll get rolled
On the flip side if you choose to decide
Wreck it from New York to Cali or anywhere I reside
So check out the crew with the funk flow flavor
Spitting out smooth sounds that you know that you want to savor

I wish you could see all the that I see
Back in the day you were down with me
Back in the day when things were all right
Check out the lights
Check out the sounds that I found all underground
And the swing that I bring up all around
Watch the walls as they all come crumbling down
Check out the shake and the quake as I kick it down
This is the bomb track and we never take it back
Funky fresh flow is something that we never lack
So get up and ride this and never try to bite this
Aim for the sky cause you never know you might miss
Check out the shapes and the colors in the grooves
Check out the thoughts that make your mind move
Check out the lights that form the new patterns
Check out the beats and the rhymes that make us seem much phatter