

# Aimée Allen, Oblivion

Pharoah Monch w-w-w-w-with Aimee Allen  
Okay, whatever, oblivion  
I don't care  
That's how I'm living  
Im'a sing again  
Okay, okay, whatever, oblivion  
I ain't your average hip-hop/rock chick  
So start listening  
New to New York  
Just another demo with a pretty face  
Met a couple of kids on St. Marks  
That took me to this place  
(And then we) Dropped in an alley  
Started ba-ba-banging on the door  
The bouncer patted me down  
I give him a pound  
Walked right out into the floor  
(DJ) Mark Ronson  
(And somebody) Pharoah Monch  
Spun me 'round like a record, baby  
Spun me 'round there like a record, baby  
Get the fuck up  
(Yeah) G-g-g-g-g-get the fuck up  
Throw your hands to the sky  
And all my people in the back saying "It's alright"  
(Girls) Come on and expose your breasts to me  
(Ooh) We get you wild without the usage of ecstasy  
(Yeah) Hit the mosh pit, y'all, smack your head against the wall  
Wild out now 'cause we about to ball like... (yeah, yeah)  
Okay, whatever, oblivion  
I don't care  
That's how I'm living  
Im'a sing again  
Okay, okay, whatever, oblivion  
I ain't your average hip-hop/rock chick  
So keep listening  
Oh, new to New York  
Found a charter down on everyone  
I'm in dumb heels singing girls just wanna have fun  
Next thing I know  
I'm ba-ba-banging on the bar  
Now I must be drunk, telling everyone  
"I'm gonna be a star"  
Please, good times, don't kill me  
And the whole world, sing with me  
Put the record up for the revolution  
I'm gonna start it like this  
Get the fuck up  
(Yeah) G-g-g-g-g-get the fuck up  
Throw your hands to the sky  
And all my people in the back saying "It's alright"  
(Girls) Come on and expose your breasts to me  
(Ooh) We get you wild without the usage of ecstasy  
(Yeah) Hit the mosh pit, y'all, smack your head against the wall  
Wild out now 'cause we about to ball like... (yeah, yeah)  
Okay...  
Okay, whatever, oblivion  
I don't care  
That's how I'm living  
Pharoah, bring it in  
This is my word  
Every verse is superb  
From the hood to the 'burbs  
They can feel it from the jocks to the nerds

You can feel it on the block, on the curb  
Pharoah Monch rock for the hip-hop cats  
Sparkin' the herb  
We break through like hallow tips and black talons  
I'm back wildin' on a track with Aimee Allen  
Disagree, from Sicily, she's the Sicilian  
And vocally you can feel she's a chameleon (la la la)  
The executioner, lower the noose down  
We 'bout to smack these rap clowns and get loose now like...  
(Yeah)  
Get the fuck up  
(Yeah) G-g-g-g-g-get the fuck up  
Throw your hands to the sky  
And all my people in the back saying "It's alright";  
(Girls) Come on and expose your breasts to me  
(Ooh) We get you wild without the usage of ecstasy  
(Yeah) Hit the mosh pit, y'all, smack your head against the wall  
Wild out now 'cause we about to ball like...  
(Come on, come on, come on)  
Get the fuck up  
(Yeah) G-g-g-g-g-get the fuck up  
Throw your hands to the sky  
And all my people in the back saying "It's alright";  
(Girls) Come on and expose your breasts to me  
(Ooh) We get you wild without the usage of ecstasy  
(Yeah) Hit the mosh pit, y'all, smack your head against the wall  
Wild out now 'cause we about to ball like... (yeah, yeah)