

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
Sparking 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 Sicilion
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
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