

Beck, This Is My Crew

Ah, you know it's on. It's on.

Let the funky music
Gouge your eyes out
Do you want to jam?
Take me home now

I can feel the bass
Your brother's a waitress
Your whole crew is whack
Weather's gettin' cold down at the bistro

Yeah, this is a motherfuckin' jam
This is my crew
Take ten steps back
Now you're in the danger zone
Yellow turns to black
This is my crew
Take ten steps back
Now you're in the danger zone
Yellow turns to black

Saw you at the jam
Throw me a lifevest
This is how we jam
I'm on the payroll

The doctor's on the phone
Put on a gas mask
Shivers up my spine
Down at the bistro

This is my crew
Take ten steps back
Now you're in the danger zone
Yellow turns to black
This is my crew
Take ten steps back
Now you're in the danger zone
Yellow turns to black

Now you're in the danger zone
Now you're in the danger zone
Now you're in the danger zone
Now you're in the danger zone

Jam! It's on, motherfucker! Jam!
Your whole crew is whack.