

CrazyTown, B - Boy 2000

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This is the last trip
This is the last trip
Cxt krs-one
Boogie down
Crazy town.

Chorus:
I'm a bad as b-boy two triple o
A space age hip-hop superhero.

I rock the block with glocks and brass knuckles
A pocket full of weed and a b-boy belt buckle
Space age rage
To rattle your cage
Running amok as we f**k up the stage
Taking hip-hop to a whole new level
8-0-8 bass over twisted metal
Shifty, the rebel.
Supernatural
A mac with a pull
Act a fool excalibur
Destroying m.c's with my vocal algebra
We got something new for you, for you to take your ass and move it
Hit to lose it
It's that crazy crew
Talking you on a hide to the other side
Check it
Bar codes on freaks
Programmed to freak mode
Black holes of lost souls
Let the story be told
I rock a b-boys stance
'cause it's time to explode.

Chorus

If you ever want to know what time it is, compared to what time it isn't
When you hear krs in the house just runs and get our ticket
Because when you come into this jam, the party will be kickin'
All the wic wacs and dj's in the house jealous it get so sickenin'
Now cxt are some cool guys
Still getting paid without no ties
At least no jack and I can't hack it when you gonna ask the question why
I never liked working at mickey d's
All my life I got b's and c's
Down with the crew called bdp
Shifty, and e.p.i.c
Now when you be?

Chorus

Put you mind over matter 'gather round the sound
Yeah gather 'round the sound
It don't get better, gather 'round the sound

Come on. gather 'round the sound.

Chorus

I roll at light speed through
Space and time with a boom box of beats and a book of rhymes

Cosmo kinetic
I just don't get it
These fools want to rock
But their rhymes are pathetic
The epic, digital bliss.
The mega sound consists of a hard drive bits
Written under ground
Crazy town rock so hard, you'll go berserk with the sound that travels around the universe
I'll thoughts disperse we're the first and last
High class, white trash
Rolling a classic hover craft
In strong days the wickedest ways
Because the norm but it's far from the norm
When we perform check it
B-boys make some noise
Get connected
Respect it, you should expect the unexpected
B-girl reping at the front of the show. I'm a bad ass b-boy two triple o.

Chorus

Dope thoughts come when I hear a kick drum a bass beat transforms
The level of the street and the lyrics
Boulevard status
Yo, I'm the baddest beach front punks
They insist I'm the raddest thing to hit ever since I.c.d
Hallucinate while I dominate
I bring satan to table
When I rock, there is not a label for it
Critics adore it
Homicidal as it gets your wrist slit
When I make suicidal imprints on your brain
I induce pain, so I'm insane
Hell bent burnt you like acid rain
Extraordinarily, I lyricize specialize
In body rocking rapping and macking two triple
O, I come to get down with my clique
Crazy town we came to get down
Yes, yes y'all we come to get down.

Chorus:

Put your mind over matter
Gather 'round the sound yeah 'gather round the sound
It don't get better gather 'round the sound come on, gather 'round the sound
Put your mind over matter
Gather round the sound yeah gather round the sound
It don't get better 'gather 'round the sound come on gather 'round the sound.

Cxt this the last trip.. this is the last trip.